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EXPOSITORY TIMES.

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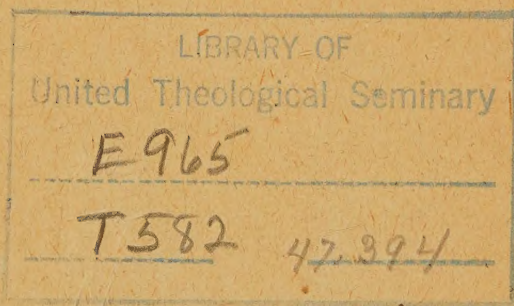
by

Harold D. Halderman

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JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D.



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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

THE Editor of *The Record* has probably done a courageous thing, he has certainly done a wise thing, in publishing an article on 'The Limits of Evangelical Unity.'

The writer of the article, the Rev. T. Guy ROGERS, M.C., B.D., Vicar and Rural Dean of West Ham, is an evangelical. What is an evangelical? The answer to that question is given in the second half of the article. We shall take the second half first.

'I take it,' says Mr. ROGERS, 'that we [that is, the evangelicals of the Church of England] are primarily a group of people within the Church who have always, by tradition and personal choice, put the work of the conversion of souls in the forefront of our programme. We prefer the prophetic to the priestly ideal, and we have fought and suffered for the inalienable right of the soul to immediate access to God. Our contribution to the corporate life of the Church may be deficient, but where we have been true to our history we have never failed to preach a Crucified Saviour. The glamour of the West-cottian teaching has not diverted, and does not divert, us from the Cross as our primary aim.'

What does that mean for Church Orders? It means that Episcopacy 'is wholly independent of

the fallacy of Apostolical Succession. The Apostles had no successors and could have none. Our Episcopate emerged and was not handed down—a gift to be enjoyed and rightly used, but constituting in no sense a test of vital union with Christ as the Head of the Church.'

What does it mean for the Sacraments? Mr. ROGERS mentions only the Holy Communion. And he finds it difficult to state the evangelical view of the Holy Communion in a single sentence, 'especially in view of the fact that it has so greatly deepened and become so much enriched.' How has that come about? Mr. ROGERS does not say, but he would probably have said without hesitation, if it had occurred to him, 'through the influence of the Oxford Movement.' One of the signs of that influence is the use of the name 'Holy Communion.'

He has difficulty in putting the evangelical view of the Holy Communion into a sentence. 'But I think I should not be misunderstood if I said that our emphasis on the Sacrament is not on the offering made to God, but on the gifts that we receive from Him, and on the corporate fellowship which we enjoy around the Father's board. We stand for Pauline freedom in the right to have our Eucharist at any hour in accordance with the needs of the parish or the individual.'

The purpose which Mr. ROGERS has before him in this part of his article is not to instruct his evangelical brethren, or even the heirs of the Oxford Movement. It is to give him the right to make an advance in the direction of Church unity. He makes that advance. He makes it towards his Nonconformist neighbours. 'Our "Orientation" is towards the Reformed bodies of Christendom rather than the Church of Rome. Without dismissing from our minds the hope of Reunion on a wider basis which shall include the Roman and Eastern churches, as far as practical politics are concerned, our first objective is to compass reunion with such bodies as share in common with us the faith of the Reformation. We turn longing eyes towards the Nonconformists with whom we have so much in common. Between them and us is no such insuperable bar as is interposed on the other wing by the attitude of Rome.'

But the real purpose of the article is found in the first part of it. Mr. ROGERS is an evangelical, and he wants to be recognized as an evangelical. He wants to be recognized by other evangelicals. He wants to be recognized as an evangelical and treated as an evangelical, by the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and whatever other body of evangelicals there may be in the Church of England which has the power—not of the keys but of the screw.

Why should he not be recognized? Because he has views about Biblical Criticism, Prayer Book Revision, and other matters which differ from the views of the majority of evangelicals, and particularly of the majorities which rule in the evangelical societies.

Take Biblical Criticism. Mr. ROGERS prefers the title Biblical Research. 'The word "criticism" conveys a suggestion of irreverence to some and of unspirituality to others.' He does not claim to be an expert in Biblical Research, but he 'would not stop it for the world.' 'The

hypothesis of two Isaiahs illuminated Scripture for me with a most welcome light when I first became acquainted with it. I do not pin my faith to the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, though the facts, so far as I know, may confirm it. I hold my present views on eschatology subject to revision.'

And that is not all. 'I am prepared to admit flaws in St. Paul's arguments and to distinguish difference of altitude and inspiration. St. Paul is so great that he can correct himself. "I suffer not a woman to teach in the churches" may be a temporary direction full of good sound practical common sense based on local knowledge and local conditions, but it is an utterance of very different spiritual value to words with such a Catholic and Christ-like ring about them as these: "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, there is neither bond nor free." You must read the lower by the higher, and subordinate accordingly.'

On the Revision of the Prayer Book Mr. ROGERS is just as outspoken and astonishing. He longs for 'a less mechanical use of the Psalms, a shorter and more edifying lectionary, and freedom from the metaphysics of the Athanasian canticle.' It is intolerable to him to have to live his life under the dead hand of an unchangeable past. He believes in inspiration; but believes in the inspiration of the new as well as in the inspiration of the old. To deny the Church of to-day the right to amend the old-fashioned Liturgy is to blaspheme the Holy Spirit.

'Candidates who hold such views must be accepted honestly and in the light of day by the Church Missionary Society, and not smuggled in by the back door with as much secrecy as possible. The type of worker supplied by the C.P.A.S. to our home parishes must not exclude people who would be in sympathy with us, and the preparation of ordinands must not be conducted in such a way as to deprive the parishes for which we are

responsible of the hope of reinforcements. Younger men who want to think, we hold, ought not to be suspect and regarded as marked men by Evangelical Trustees. Let us be delivered from the reign of terror which prevails with regard to the free expression of opinion. Let us set more value upon sincerity and the love of truth; and if we prefer the leadership of Evangelical Bishops to the leadership of Protestant Societies, let us be considered no worse Churchmen for our choice.'

The Faculty of Divinity in Harvard University recently began the issue of Harvard Theological Studies. The third volume has been written by Professor William R. ARNOLD of Andover Theological Seminary. Its title is *Ephod and Ark* (London: Humphrey Milford).

What was the ephod? What was the ark? And what is the meaning of 'the Lord of Hosts'? These are the questions which Professor ARNOLD answers. The title 'the Lord of Hosts' is considered in an excursus at the end. The ephod and the ark are discussed throughout the volume. The conclusions are enough for us here and now. First of all, What was the ephod?

The ephod was simply the primitive loincloth. As civilization advanced, the primitive loincloth was transformed into a ceremonial apron. It was worn by all persons, old or young, priestly or lay, when they entered into the presence of God and were engaged in religious exercises. This is all that can be said about the ephod until we reach the period of the Exile.

After the Exile, in the ritual of the second temple, it was a more elaborate garment and was worn by the High Priest alone. For the High Priest alone had now the right of entrance into the presence of Jehovah, and on an occasion of such ceremony as the Day of Atonement an ornate garment was befitting. But neither before nor after the Exile, neither as a loincloth nor as the elaborately adorned High Priest's apron, had the

ephod anything whatever to do with the consultation of oracles.

With the ark it was otherwise. What was the ark? It was a box. It differed from other boxes in being an instrument of divination. Other religions had their divination boxes. 'The ark of God' was the box of the Israelites. Whether it was known to the Israelites before their settlement in Canaan we have no means of saying. But if so, it was under another name. For Professor ARNOLD rejects at once and almost contemptuously the story of the Ark of the Covenant in the Wilderness. The earliest historical sacred box of which we have any record, he says, dates from the period of the Judges.

What did the ark contain? Not a pot of manna, not Aaron's rod that budded, not the tables of the Law—all these belong to the theoretical construction of the tabernacle. The ark contained the sacred lots. When a worshipper came to consult the oracle and donned the ephod because he was now in the presence of the Lord, it was from the ark that the lots were drawn which declared the will of God.

But if the ark of God contained nothing but the lots for divination, was it not needlessly large? Sometimes a single priest could carry it by means of a strap passing over his shoulders and round his neck, but usually it required two persons to carry it comfortably. Professor ARNOLD believes that it 'was conceived of as a miniature temple, which actually housed the spirit of the divinity at the moment when the disposition of the sacred lots was being effected—a sort of shrine or refuge within which the numen could work its mysterious spell upon the lots while shielded from the scrutiny of the human eye.'

The ark of the Lord 'was consulted by all sorts of people under all sorts of circumstances. But of course its counsels were most highly prized in connection with military enterprises. Accordingly

we find a sacred box with its attendant priest regularly accompanying the royal forces on their military expeditions, both in the reign of Saul and in the reign of David. And early in his career, while leading the life of an outlaw chief, David had eagerly welcomed the accession of a fugitive priest with an ark, which he never thereafter omitted to consult.

What became of the ark? Was it carried away by any of the foreign kings or captains who captured Jerusalem—Shishak, or Hazael, or Tiglathpileser, or Sennacherib, or Nebuchadnezzar? It had not sufficient intrinsic value to tempt the cupidity of any of them. 'If it survived the ravages of four hundred years—which, for a plain wooden box at least fifty years old at the outset, housed in a damp stone building not seldom out of repair, is rather doubtful—it will have perished in the flames when the temple of Solomon was finally destroyed. But more probably it fell into decay before 586 B.C., and was not replaced.'

The ark was often called the ark of Jehovah of Hosts. What does that title mean?

Professor ARNOLD believes that it has nothing whatever to do with the angels in heaven. It is simply a designation of Jehovah when He goes out to war on behalf of His chosen people of Israel. Strictly, it ought, he says, to be rendered 'Jehovah on the War-path,' or 'Jehovah Militant.' For there never was a nation that believed more implicitly in the necessity of the presence of God on the field of battle. They may not have distinguished clearly between a righteous war and an unrighteous; but they believed in their own divine destiny. Their God was therefore a God of power. And when the Greek translators came to the phrase they preferred the idea of power to the idea of militancy, and translated the 'Lord of Hosts' into 'the Lord Almighty.'

Who gave us the story of the Woman taken in Adultery? It now stands in the Fourth Gospel,

but it was not written by the author of that Gospel. That is as certain as anything in textual criticism can be. For it is found in only one of the great manuscripts (the Cambridge Codex D). And its style is not the style of St. John.

It is the style of St. Luke. And so distinctive is St. Luke's style, so unmistakably his own, that many a student of the Gospel text has held that St. Luke must have been its author. The latest is Professor Henry J. CADBURY of Haverford College, in an article in *The Harvard Review* for July.

To argue that the story was written by St. Luke is not to argue that it is not true. There are few who doubt its truth. For if Christ did not say to the woman, 'Neither do I condemn thee,' who would have dared to say that He said it? The style may be the style of St. Luke, the story is certainly a story of Christ.

But if St. Luke wrote the story down in the form in which we now have it, how did it get into the Gospel according to St. John? Nobody can tell us. The only conjecture worth considering is that it was cut out of St. Luke's Gospel by some early scribe—no doubt because he was afraid of its moral tendency—and then, some later scribe, finding it floating about, inserted it either in the eighth chapter or at the end of St. John's Gospel—for it is found in both places in the manuscripts.

But when we have proved that the Pericope Adulterae, as it is called, is written in the style of St. Luke, we are not out of the wood. A serious and insurmountable dilemma arises. Either the Pericope Adulterae was omitted from St. Luke's Gospel at a date earlier than all the great manuscripts and versions, and without leaving any trace of its omission, or it was written by some one who could imitate St. Luke's style very closely.

What is the result if it was written by St. Luke

and was then omitted from his Gospel? The result is that we can no longer depend with any confidence upon our present New Testament text. If it is possible that a considerable section has been omitted from one of the Gospels, 'then certainly many of the most radical theories of interpolation and the most unsupported textual conjectures are also possible. Even radical scholars have often declared for the probable integrity of the best texts. Here, however, we should have a flagrant case of primitive tampering, for the omission could only be intentional. And so our confidence in the transcriptional accuracy and in the doctrinal primitiveness of the earliest available text of the New Testament would be considerably shaken.'

On the other hand, if the narrative is not by St. Luke, 'then some one, whether another author, a translator, or a scribe, intentionally or unintentionally, wrote a style that is indistinguishable from the most distinctive of New Testament styles. In this case style proves to be a most unreliable criterion, and all critical arguments drawn from identity of style—such as the common authorship of John and 1 John, of Luke and Acts, of the Pauline letters, and even of the separate parts of a single work—lose some of their weight.'

One conclusion especially, a conclusion that has lately seemed to be assured, will have to be reconsidered. For if another man can imitate St. Luke's style so successfully, why may not another man than the author of the Acts have written those portions which differ from the rest of the book by being written in the first person? The 'we passages,' as they are called, have all the characteristics of the style of the Third Gospel and the rest of the Acts. But now the 'we passages' may have been written by one person and the rest of the Acts by another.

The dilemma is at present insurmountable. All that is certain is that the story is true and that it

is written in the style of the author of the Third Gospel.

There is an article in the *Constructive Quarterly* for March which ought to put to shame the preacher of the gospel who is ignorant of the comparative study of religion.

Why is he ignorant? Professor H. Th. OBBINK of the University of Utrecht, who writes the article, gives two reasons. One reason is that scholars who were hostile to the Church entered upon this study first and used it to discredit Christianity. The other reason is that Christian preachers themselves, more enraptured of novelty than of accuracy, 'instead of preaching the gospel truth, have treated their hearers to "the wisdom of past centuries" taken from the sacred books of the Chinese, Egyptians, Indians, and so forth. Anthologies have been collected, in good or bad translations, from sentences of Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, and other "great masters," and these have been put on a level with "aphorisms of Jesus Christ." A minister of the gospel in Holland even expressed a wish that Buddhistic teachings might penetrate the Christian dogmas and practice, and that Christian pulpits should proclaim the names of the great heroes of mankind, Buddha, Confucius, Christ. Babylonian penitential Psalms are said to breathe the same spirit as the Biblical Psalms, and many events in the life of Christ are said to be recastings of incidents in the life of Buddha.'

Professor OBBINK does not wonder that men have distrusted the new science and remained ignorant of it. Did it not put the Bible on a level with 'other sacred writings'? Did it not sweep away the distinction expressed in the Confessions between a special and a universal revelation? He does not wonder that men left the comparative study of religion alone and clung tenaciously to the old formulas. He does not wonder, but he does not excuse them.

Now Professor OBBINK is ready to admit that many of the things hitherto considered most characteristic of the Bible and Christianity are found in other books and other religions. 'The forms of law-giving in which the deity acts as legislator and the whole law gets a divine sanction, the piety of the Psalms with the lamentations for sin, the priesthood, the ark, the prophets, the religious ceremonies—Babylon is proved to have possessed them all. The Christian dogmatic terms borrowed from the Bible: sin, remission of sins, faith, atonement, justification, chosen people, saviour, mediator, new birth, eternal life, resurrection, and so forth—these were known in pre-Christian heathendom.'

What then? Is the Bible less because it is less singular? Is anything taken from the glory of Christianity because the hell from which it offers escape has been universally dreaded, or because the heaven which it opens as a Paradise of God has been universally longed for? It is the comparative study of religion that has proved the world-wide need of salvation and the world-wide fitness of Christianity to meet it.

The words which are used in other religions are sometimes the same as the words which are used in Christianity. The Babylonian *kapparu* is identical with the Hebrew *kipper*. You translate them both by 'atonement.' But the Babylonian and the Biblical words do not cover the same idea. In the one case the predominant meaning is physical, in the other it is absorbingly ethical.

Professor OBBINK turns to the New Testament. 'The term "new birth" is used in the Gospels as well as in the mystery religions. Does that imply that this word is used in both religions in the same sense? By no means. In the New Testament "new birth" means the whole renovation of the inner spiritual man and implies a radical change in inner mood, an ethical-religious renewal. In the mystery religions it is a ritual

noun: the undergoing of certain ritual ceremonies, in order to become initiate, whereby the inner feeling is not necessarily concerned.'

Professor OBBINK turns to the Pauline Epistles. 'The Egyptian religion has the well-known judgment seat of Osiris in the "Hall of Righteousness." St. Paul speaks of the judgment seat of Christ (2 Co 5¹⁰). No one can doubt for a moment that the noun "judgment" has in either case quite a different sense. The atmosphere turns the scale. Or take this, an instance of the greatest verbal harmony: The Egyptian as well as the Biblical words speak of union in death and resurrection with Osiris or with Christ. In Egypt Osiris is the firstfruit of them that slept, in 1 Co 15²⁰ it is Christ. Can there be any doubt that the underlying religious ideas are of quite a different order? The distance between them is as great as that between the physical and the ethical.'

'The Bible arose from a Semitic people in ancient times, and the scholar who is not attuned to the deep religious spirit of the Bible is in continual danger of being informed by the words alone. His penetrating sagacity cannot make up for his impotence to enter into the religious atmosphere of the Bible. Many scholars have been the dupes of that mistake. Misled by the external appearance of words and terms they have failed to take account of the special religious character of Scripture. For instance, the ancient world was polytheistic; there were gods of the heaven and of the earth, of the mountains and of the sea, of vegetation and of the rain, and so forth. All these gods had their own attributes; in the Old Testament many of these attributes are also applied to Jahve, the God of Israel, on the principles already mentioned. From this many scholars inferred that Jahve also was a nature deity, a conclusion suggested indeed by appearances, but completely in disaccord with the inner tenor of the Old Testament.'

Was, then, our Lord mistaken?

BY THE REV. RAYNER WINTERBOTHAM, M.A., CANON OF EDINBURGH.

THIS paper is an attempt (only an *attempt*) to answer the question from the point of view of the devout believer in our Lord's Divinity—of one who assents *ex animo* to the Creed of Constantinople (commonly called the Nicene Creed), and that not merely with submission but with joyful conviction. Any answer must be ruled out which does not agree with the tremendous fact, 'and was made man.' Nor can any be allowed which is not congruous with that other great and notable fact that the Divine Spirit of God 'spake by the prophets.' The Incarnation, the Inspiration of Scripture—except one hold fast by these, any answer he may find will have no validity for the devout believer.

At the same time the question is a live one, and at the present moment a pressing one. If we take our Lord's sayings, as recorded in the Synoptic Gospels, at their face value, it is evident that He expected to return very soon. Thus He said to the members of the Sanhedrim assembled to compass His death, 'from henceforth shall the Son of man be seated at the right hand of the power of God' (Lk 22⁶⁹): 'and ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven' (Mk 14⁶²). That these sayings belong together is clear from the context: and so Mt 26⁶⁴, 'henceforth ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven.' It is very noteworthy that the Greek phrase *ἀπ' ἄρτι* used by St. Matthew here was rendered 'hereafter' by the A.V., so that the reader might suppose that it referred to some still far-distant day. It was not unnatural to take that liberty with the phrase, but it was unjustifiable. *ἀπ' ἄρτι*, like St. Luke's *ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν* certainly implies the *near* future, not the remote, not even the indefinite. Using the word 'presently' in its English rather than in its Scottish meaning, we might paraphrase our Lord's words thus, 'ye shall presently see the Son of man . . . coming with the clouds of heaven.' If He was reported accurately (and the mere fact of this unfulfilled prophecy being reported at all so long afterwards is an almost certain proof of its genuineness), it seems on the face of it clear that He expected to

return during the lifetime of His judges—an expectation which He had already expressed emphatically on other occasions (Mt 10²³ 16²⁸; Mk 13³⁰, as compared with 13^{20, 24, 26}, etc.). That our Lord *did* thus expect to return in glory almost immediately—that this 'eschatological' or 'apocalyptic' expectation formed an integral part of His teaching—nay, that it fairly dominated the claims which He made on the personal loyalty and obedience of the faithful—has been closely pressed upon this generation by a number of earnest men. And, whatever may have been urged to mitigate the consternation produced, it cannot be described by a milder word than consternation. It seemed, when first realized, a staggering blow to faith to have it proved out of our Lord's own mouth that He expected to return in glory almost immediately, whereas He has not so returned yet. Of course there are ways of solving or shelving the difficulty. It must be admitted that faith, when uneducated and unintelligent, is singularly credulous. Anything whatever, no matter how false or silly, will serve the turn if it only have the appearance of being an argument. We are not concerned with these explanations here. They are hopelessly artificial. For us, real and serious difficulties must be met by explanations which are real and serious too. Of such there would seem to be only two.

I. The first meets the difficulty squarely enough by casting all the blame upon the three Evangelists. They were themselves full of the eschatological expectations so common in that age amongst that people—especially in connexion with the apocalyptic title 'Son of Man.' Therefore they misunderstood and misreported our Lord, and put into His mouth definite predictions which He never made. And they point to the acknowledged fact that such predictions of return are absent from the Fourth Gospel. But if you destroy the credibility of the Synoptic Gospels, if you find them guilty of so gross a misrepresentation, you confound the defences of the Christian faith, you practically allow that we know little or nothing about our Lord except that He taught in Galilee, and was 'crucified under Pontius Pilate.' Unless the Gospels may be taken

as substantially true, it seems hardly worth while to remain a Christian. Moreover, the very fact that these extremely uncomfortable sayings of our Lord remained part and parcel of the gospel testimony, and were indeed first published to the world (as by St. Luke) at a time when the grave difficulty of them must have been already apparent, is a very strong critical argument for their genuineness, as well as for the honesty of the records in which they stand. That they do not appear in the Fourth Gospel may be quite reasonably explained by the obvious fact that the author of that gospel was deliberately minded to set forth in his own way a side of our Lord's teaching, very necessary for the Christians of his day, which had been but slightly revealed by the Synoptists.

II. The other explanation which meets the difficulty fairly and squarely—the only other, we may venture to say—is that which has the courage to acknowledge that these predictions of an almost immediate return in glory *were* made by our Lord, *were* not fulfilled, and therefore *were* mistaken—in a sense. No devout believer will readily entertain a notion which at first sight looks dishonouring to the Divine Master; we must therefore inquire carefully whether that is necessarily the case. It is agreed (let us say) that our Lord was and is most truly God—consubstantial with the Father as touching His Divine nature. It is agreed that our Lord was and is most truly Man—consubstantial with us as touching His human nature. He who does not clearly acknowledge *both* these 'consubstantials' is out of harmony with the faith of Nicæa and Chalcedon. But if any one thinks it is a simple thing to understand *how* these two 'consubstantials' can possibly be clasped together in a single Personality, he is grievously mistaken. It remains the deepest, as it is the sublimest, of all mysteries. Equally impossible is it to say beforehand, on grounds either of reason or of faith, *how* the qualities and attributes proper to these two 'consubstantials' will assert themselves in the action and passion of a life lived under human conditions, such as is described in the Gospels. Let no man think that the matter ever was, or ever can be, other than excessively difficult. From the first age devout believers have contended over it with opposite convictions pathetically sincere and even passionate. First it was, Is it possible that the Redeemer suffered and died? 'Oh no,' cried a multitude of Docetists, 'He was God, and God

cannot suffer, it were blasphemy to suppose that God could die.' They were ruled out, and our Canonical Gospels make it plain that He *did* indeed suffer and die. We accept it as a matter of course: it makes for us a very great part of the ineffable charm of the gospel; and we never stop to notice that both mere human reason and obvious Christian reverence were on the side of the Docetists. Taking your stand on the truth of the Incarnation, how can you say, *without guidance*, that One who was personally God could either suffer or die? Would not the Divine nature repel these things? Well, we *have* the guidance—the Gospels keep us straight—so straight that we hardly grasp the possibility of going astray. Then it was 'Could our Lord be really tempted? could He possibly feel the drag and draw of that strong tide which so often brings us within measurable distance of sinning?' 'Oh no,' they said, 'far be it from any true believer to think that One who was God could possibly be tempted! is it not written expressly that God *cannot* be tempted with evil? How, then, could Jesus be tempted seeing He was God?' Indeed, that might well seem conclusive (and would seem conclusive, I venture to say, to many of our self-elected champions of orthodoxy to-day), if it had not been for the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, after some hesitation, was received into the Christian canon. Again we have guidance: we are told distinctly and authoritatively that He *was* tempted in all points like as we are. So we have to submit our judgment (unwillingly perhaps), and acknowledge as a matter of fact that in this also it was the human quality, not the Divine, which asserted itself in the actual manifestation of the God-man. It does surely throw a vivid and unexpected light upon the tremendous mystery of the Incarnation. Here is a condition (openness to temptation) *impossible* to God, *necessary* to man. Which will prevail in Jesus? The Scripture tells us it was the human. In some way which we cannot fathom, the Divine impossibility of being tempted *yielded* to the human necessity of meeting and overcoming temptation.

On all-fours with this last runs a controversy which has lately agitated certain theological circles. Was our Lord omniscient? or was He ignorant of certain things? He *said* indeed that He was (Mk 13³²), but can we allow that He really meant it? He appeared to 'grow in wisdom'—but must we not explain that away? And then they quote

obiter dicta of divines who lived so long ago as Pope Leo I. or so recently as Canon Liddon. Now it goes without saying that if you take your stand simpliciter on the fact that He was God, you will be quite certain that He *must* have been omniscient, for God cannot be ignorant of anything whatever. Similarly, before you received the Epistle to the Hebrews, you would have felt quite certain that He could not have been tempted: and before St. John wrote his Epistles you would probably have felt convinced that He could not suffer, really. Some people seem to fancy that the difficulty is disposed of when they say that He died, or was tempted, 'in His human nature.' Of course He was: no one ever imagined that He died or was tempted in His Divine nature. But the difficulty is this: He was personally God the Son, the Logos. It was God the Son who was made man—it was God the Son who died on Calvary, who was tempted in the wilderness, and elsewhere. And God cannot die, nor can He be tempted. Put it how you will, the difficulty remains insoluble, insurmountable. Nevertheless, like so many other far lesser difficulties, *solvitur ambulando*. The Word was made flesh, and walked among us as the man Christ Jesus, and the impossible happened, and the inconceivable manifested itself quite simply and naturally. But it is only solved *ambulando*, *i.e.* by letting go of *a priori* theories, and the insisting (from one particular point of view) on what *must* be the case, and watching instead what did actually happen, when God was made man. What did actually happen is told us in the Gospels, and in the New Testament at large. Contrary to all preconceived opinion of what was possible, He *was* tempted, He *did* suffer cruelly, He died. Contrary to much opinion which still prevails, He was ignorant of some things, probably of many: He sought information, He learnt by experience. That is the impression naturally made upon our minds by the narratives of the Synoptists. This impression may, it is true, be destroyed by *a priori* reasoning from the point of view of our Lord's Divinity. But then we have seen clearly that on such a theme *a priori* speculation is worthless; and also that it would have led us for certain to positions distinctly false and heretical. No one can possibly reason out the consequences of the Incarnation, wherein our God becomes also our brother. Whether, in any particular department of the ensuing manifestation, what *we* look upon

as the necessarily Divine will overwhelm the essentially human, or the essentially human will exclude the necessarily Divine, cannot possibly be known by reason or argument. All we can do is to 'come and see' in the inspired record how this Life of God incarnate was in fact manifested. If this record be consulted simply, trustfully, without prejudice, it will appear that as our Lord could suffer and could be tempted, so He could be ignorant of some things, and could use (without any difficulty, or any hint of 'condescension') the unscientific and historically inaccurate language of ordinary men about other things. If we allow ourselves to be guided by the inspired records we shall conclude that in all those matters which are not of primary religious importance, which are left by the Almighty to investigation and research, our Lord was just a child of His age and land and race. Had He been omniscient—and that from earliest infancy—He would have been inhuman: but the records contradict this on every page.

To-day, another chapter in the same old controversy is being opened. Granted all that the Creeds affirm concerning our Lord, is it possible that He made mistakes—that He made the mistake of thinking that He was, as Son of Man, 'timed' (if I may say so) to appear again almost immediately? There are one or two considerations which may be urged against a hasty answer in the negative. One is that according to the true Latin adage *Humanum est errare*—the liability to error is a part of human nature. That might no doubt be understood of moral error, as if *errare* were tantamount to *peccare*—and then it could not possibly be true of our Lord who was sinless. The Scripture tells us that (if we need to be told) as to actual sin—the fact of His Virgin-birth guarantees it as to any hereditary taint of sinfulness. But 'errare' may be absolutely innocent—may refer only to that liability to intellectual error which seems inseparable from any humanity we know about. If He, being God, nevertheless suffered, like other men; was tempted, like other men; grew in wisdom and learnt by experience, like other men: need we repudiate off-hand the suggestion that He made mistakes, like other men? May it not be just another of those results of the stupendous mystery of the Incarnation of God which we could not have foreseen, could not have dogmatized about, beforehand—but which we may

recognize in the sacred records, and acknowledge humbly, and with awe assent unto? It is indeed true that we could not believe it if it implied any failure of that great mission on which He came, namely, to reveal the Father unto us. Any 'error' which could hurt the souls of men, or dishonour or obscure the Father, or make more hard the narrow way, must be ruled out at once. For our Lord was (as man) absolutely obedient to the Father, and was filled with the Holy Spirit of God, so that He could not have been suffered to fall into any error which was 'contrary' to us men and to our salvation. But in things which, religiously speaking, *did not matter*, He might be left—to speak—to His human self.

Another consideration is, that our Lord in certain regions of His ministry was certainly in a special way a 'minister of the circumcision,' as St. Paul says. He stood in a peculiar relationship towards the former covenant, and as far as this relationship was concerned He was 'as one of the prophets,' He was indeed 'the prophet' foretold of Moses. Now the Holy Ghost Himself, the very, infallible, Spirit of truth, *spake by the prophets*. They were God-inspired men, and spake as the Spirit moved them; and yet they all made the same mistake concerning the coming of Christ which He might be thought to have made concerning His own second coming. They all antedated it, they all saw it (and therefore spoke of it) as much nearer to them in time than it really was—saw it in fact, generally speaking, as though it stood in close connexion of time and place with something then at hand. So, *e.g.*, the prophet Micah, in that glorious prophecy of his fifth chapter, says of Him who was to be born in Bethlehem, 'this man shall be our peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land.' It is easy for us to interpret 'the Assyrian' of some spiritual foe, but of course Micah did not mean it so. He meant the actual Assyrian, who was *the enemy par excellence* in his day, as the German is now. Like all the prophets he foresaw the Great Deliverer, the ever-victorious Son of David, going forth conquering and to conquer, against a background of those hopes and fears which were even then present to his mind. Now if this was the way of the Spirit of God, the Spirit of truth, in the case of all those prophets by whom He spake, may it not also have been the way of the Spirit in the case of the Son of Man? May not He too have been

subject as man to that law of prophetic fore-shortening which affected them all in their vision of future things? The true faith is that He foresaw these things, and spake of them beforehand, not as God, but as the perfect man, wholly guided and governed by the Holy Spirit. However absolutely true it is that He was co-equal with the Father as touching His Godhead, it is certain that that tremendous fact did *not* interfere with the free self-development and self-manifestation of His perfect manhood. The question 'how *can* these things be?' does not trouble us, because we know that it lies beyond the comprehension of human thought. We only know it was so; and knowing this, we are not startled to find that, as a matter of fact, the Holy Ghost spake by Him concerning things future in much the same way as He had spoken by the prophets.

Once more, maybe, we are taught that the way to learn is not to make theories beforehand and then try to force the facts observed into conformity with them; but rather, with a willing and obedient mind, to observe and register the facts, and to suffer them to guide us to the right conclusions. The queen of sciences, Theology, does not differ in this fundamental respect from any other science, *so far as the manifestation of the Son of God in time and place is concerned*. And that manifestation, as we know, is the key and clue to all the rest. 'Such as the Son is,' in all that human life and ministry and passion of His, 'such is the Father, and such is the Holy Ghost.' 'If ye had known *me*, ye should have known my Father also.'

To return. *Humanum est errare*. That will be true even in heaven. Error—liability to mistake—will always adhere to the limited, the conditioned, the human, so far as is compatible with the guidance and governance of the Holy Spirit. If He permits it, it can be neither sinful nor harmful. It becomes a part of His economy in the interests of truth and of mankind. So it was in the case of the prophets. So it would seem to have been in the case of the Son of Man. We should not have expected it to be so—but there are many things found in Him very different from our expectations. Should it appear certain to any of us that our Lord *did* use language about His return in glory, language which was not actually fulfilled, language which gave rise to expectations which proved to be fallacious, we shall not be staggered. It will but reveal to us something unexpected in the working

out of the great mystery of the Incarnation, in the actual manifestation of the life of God in human nature. We are not going to set our preconceived notions in battle array against the observed facts of the case. We are not going to lose our faith

because the mystery of the Incarnation turns out in some notable particulars to be even more wonderful than we had thought. Once more 'the foolishness of God is wiser than men: the weakness of God is stronger than men.'

In the Study.

The Application.

I. WHAT has become of the Application? 'That sermon just lacked one thing,' said a man recently, as he left church with his wife; 'if it had had an application it would have been perfect.' 'What is an application?' she asked. 'I never heard an application in my life.' So that is one generation that has not known the application. But there must be more than one. For Dr. Dale, in his Yale Lectures for 1877, already spoke of 'what our fathers used to call the application of their sermons'; and Canon Hay Aitken speaks of 'the application that used to close the discourses of the evangelical fathers.'

What is the reason of its disuse? Canon Hay Aitken thinks it had become 'somewhat stiff and formal,' and coming punctually at the end of each discourse it was disregarded, 'much as a fable is usually expected to end with a moral which children are always careful not to read.' And so there came a reaction, which has lasted even until now.

Perhaps it was a mistake to leave the application of the sermon always to the end. We must recover the application, but we need not make it the formal close of the sermon every time. If the bearings of the subject on life and duty have been kept steadily in view all along, this is not necessary. If they have not, it is apt to be formal. People are little moved by admonitions that are railed off in a place by themselves, or that only come in by rule at the end as a concession to pulpit traditions. The mere suspicion that anything of that sort is said *pro forma*, or in cool blood, is fatal to its moral effect. Besides, it looks as if, until the 'application' is reached, both preacher and hearers might safely forget that the gospel has to do with the actual needs of living men. One must never suffer an audience to take the sermon for an academic or intellectual exercise through five-sixths

of its length, only redeemed for pulpit use by a sting in its tail.

'Sometimes we may preach a sermon which is 'application' from the first sentence to the last, as an eloquent friend of mine once delivered a speech an hour long which was enthusiastically described as 'all peroration.' Mr. Finney's sermons were not unfrequently of this kind. I do not mean that he 'perorated' all through, but that the whole sermon was 'application.' I heard him very often during his visit to England when I was a student, and it seemed to me that the iron chain of the elaborate theological argument which sometimes constituted the substance of his discourse—an argument on Free Will, or on the Evil of Sin, or on the Moral Necessity which obliged God to punish Sin—was fastened to an electric battery. Every link of the chain as you touched it gave you a moral shock. But even in Mr. Finney's sermons the supreme impression usually came at the end; the effect was cumulative.¹

'The published addresses of D. L. Moody are so astir with personal appeal from beginning to end that we can hardly say there is more of it in one part of the discourse than in another. 'Am I in communion with my Creator or out of communion?'—'Do not think I am preaching to your neighbours, but remember I am trying to speak to you, to every one of you, as if you were alone'—'And can you give a reason for the hope that is in you?'—'Father, you have been a professed Christian for forty years; where are your children to-night?'—'O prodigal, you may be wandering on the dark mountains of sin, but God wants you to come home'—'Oh, may God bring you to that decision'—such are the keen moral search-lights that flash out all along from introduction to conclusion. Brief statements of doctrine, scripture expositions (always purposeful, though not always correct), lifelike description, numerous pertinent illustrations, and *continuous application* are the materials of these revival talks that have been so greatly blessed in turning men to God.²

II. Yet, as the end used to be, so it still is, the most natural and perhaps the most effective place for the appeal of the sermon. For the end is more than the beginning. An English preacher of the last generation used to say that he cared very little what he said the first half-hour, but that

¹ R. W. Dale, *Nine Lectures on Preaching*, 146.

² J. A. Kern, *The Ministry to the Congregation*, 345.

he cared a very great deal what he said the last fifteen minutes. Dr. Dale says: 'I remember reading many years ago an address delivered to students by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, in which he gave a very striking account of the sermons of Jonathan Edwards. Mr. Beecher said that in the elaborate doctrinal part of Jonathan Edwards's sermons the great preacher was only getting his guns into position; but that in his "applications" he opened fire on the enemy. There are too many of us, I am afraid, who take so much time in getting our guns "into position" that we have to finish without firing a shot. We say that we leave the truth to do its own work. We trust to the hearts and consciences of our hearers to "apply" it. Depend upon it, gentlemen, this is a great and fatal mistake.'¹

We may have the appeal throughout the sermon and then brought to a climax at the end. This may be regarded as the perfect application. Scripture truth is so full of applicatory forces, of that 'strange movingness which is to be found nowhere else,' that, in the hands of an earnest preacher, it does not readily lend itself to a merely intellectual discussion, with the practical assigned its own place and restricted thereto. The spirit of application will pervade the entire discourse, and make itself felt again and again. But this same spirit of earnestness that prompts continuous application may prompt the compact application of the whole truth at the close of the discussion. And when both these can be employed effectually, the applicatory force of the sermon reaches its highest development.

III. Would it not be better, however, that people should make their own application of the truth? Undoubtedly; and, likewise, it would be better that they should not need to be preached to at all. But neither of these two preferable things is a fact. Men, being such as they are, need preaching; and, for the same reason, applicatory preaching. The time will come when no man will have to say to his neighbour, Know thou the Lord; for all shall know Him, and His law shall be in every heart. But that millennial day is not now.

Dr. Storrs tells of a fellow-student of his in the seminary who said: 'I like to discuss subjects, but I never know what to do with them after they are discussed. I can only leave them and go along.' This may be good theological lecturing,

but is it preaching? It might be so regarded if the ethical doctrine of Socrates were true—that virtue is knowledge, and accordingly a man who clearly sees what right conduct is will be sure to practise it. But the fearful moral inertia and the evil passions of the heart are constantly impelling men, even in the clearest light of truth, to do wrong.

Oft have I lain awake at night and thought
Whence came the evils of this mortal life;
And my creed is that not through lack of wit
Men go astray, for most of them have sense
Sufficient, but that we must look elsewhere.
Discourse of reason tells us what is right,
But we fall short in action.

Not only when we see the good, but even when we would do it, evil is present with us. That is human experience and New Testament doctrine. The preacher, though his teachings were absolutely perfect, must be more than a teacher. He can be satisfied with nothing short of persuasion. Sometimes he calls upon men to respond openly and immediately, at the close of the sermon, to his appeals—to commit themselves to the Christian life then and there. And always this urgency to immediate action is the true spirit of preaching.

¶ A clergyman once told a friend of mine that he had laboured for eleven years in one parish without knowing of a single conversion. My friend and I knew very well that the man who made this confession was one of the ablest and most acceptable of teachers, honoured and loved by his people and all who knew him. But, as my friend explained it, 'the fact of the matter is, he provided a splendid meal, but he did not show the people how to eat it.' In other words, he was a teacher, but he did not apply his teaching and lead to immediate acceptance and obedience.²

¶ Sometimes, when I realize what trifling infirmities we allow to interrupt our appointed work for the Master, I reflect on such men as Knox with wholesome shame. With what ardour and zeal he wore himself out in the arduous campaign! Listen to this, of a certain James Melville, who had the eye and ear of a born reporter: 'Of all the benefits I had that year [1571] was the coming of that most notable prophet and apostle of our nation, Mister John Knox, to St. Andrews. I heard him teach there the prophecies of Daniel, that summer and winter following. I had my pen and little book and took-away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening of his text he was moderate the space of half an hour; but when he entered to application he made me so to grüe and tremble that I could not hold the pen to write.' Mr. Melville goes on to tell us that at the time Knox was so ill and weak that he had to be assisted to the church and actually lifted into the pulpit, 'where he behaved to lean at his first entrie . . . but ere he was done with his sermon he

¹ R. W. Dale, *Nine Lectures on Preaching*, 146.

² W. H. G. Thomas, *The Work of the Ministry*, 215.

was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding [beat] the pulpit into blads [pieces], and fly out of it.' Such was the victory of the spirit over the flesh. If only young preachers knew to-day the power of a 'mighty application' of their sermons, and the supreme art of training all their guns upon actual temptations and tendencies, upon actual sins and selfishnesses of their hearers, we should not have as much cause as we have to lament the decline of pulpit influence and authority.¹

IV. To whom is the application to be addressed?

It was once the custom to separate the congregation into two classes, the saints and the sinners—or even into three, the unconverted, the hopeful, and the faithful—and address the application to each class separately. Let us return to the application, but not to that. *Rather the answer is that the appeal is to be addressed to every person present and to every part of their personality, but especially to their emotions. 'Owen preached earnestly to the understanding, reasoning from his critical and devout knowledge of Scripture; Baxter preached forcibly to the conscience, reasoning from the fitness of things; while Goodwin appealed to the spiritual affections, reasoning from his own religious experience and interpreting Scripture by the insight of a renewed heart.'

Now the understanding, the conscience, and the feeling all abide with us still, but for the preacher's appeal the greatest of these is the feeling. 'Of all life the very heart, the central fire, is feeling. On one hand of it stands truth: with that the speaker begins; it is his instrument for awakening feeling. On the other hand of it stands action: to that the hearer is to be led. Between the two, linking them together, there must be high, spiritual, noble emotion. Truth published in love breeds it and feeds it. Once generated, it sets the will in motion; impels it to righteous effort and generous deeds. No mistake is greater than when a young preacher sets out with a dread for emotional preaching, or with a contempt for it.'²

V. There are certain elements which belong to the effective appeal.

1. *Appropriateness*.—It should be appropriate to the hearers without formally separating them into saints and sinners. And it should be appropriate to the sermon. If the sermon is a unity, if it has had one leading idea running through it, then the application should be in harmony with or else in contrast to that idea. Dr. Shedd says always in

harmony. 'If the law has been preached, then let the conclusion be legal, damnatory, terrible. If the Gospel has been preached, let the conclusion be winning, encouraging, and hopeful.' Dr. Hoyt corrects him. 'While the appeal should be single in its effect, the effect is sometimes heightened by contrast. The truth of Lk 13^{23, 24} would not be served by an appeal in the same thought and tone as the body of the sermon. "The door is narrow; the duty is imperative, strive ye; the risk is real, many shall fail." The noblest appeal is not in the same key, but in a sudden change of thought. "The city of God stands four square, three gates on a side. There is room for all."'

2. *Authority*.—In an essay on the intellectual future of Romanism, Mr. Mallock endeavoured to show that 'if the Christian religion holds its own at all in the face of secular knowledge, it is the Christian religion as embodied in the Church of Rome, and not in any form of Protestantism, that will survive in the intellectual contest.' The fascination of the Church of Rome for many minds has been its claim of *authority*. To the false authority of the Church thus claimed we must oppose the truer and nobler authority of the Spirit of Life in the 'Word,' if our mission is to be rightly accomplished.

¶ Lean hard on authority. Keep yourself in the background, as far as possible, and let God speak through you. Paul's attitude is the one that wins a reverent hearing: 'I then, as an ambassador of Jesus Christ.' It is not what the man in the pulpit is or thinks himself to be, but what he stands for, that counts. Wherefore, keep your credentials in sight, and make yourselves impressive not by your 'cloth,' nor by any 'holy whine' or other ministerial airs or affectations, but by the faithful presentation of your message.¹

3. *Sympathy*.—Authority may be claimed, but the claim will not be conceded unless we can also convince men of our sympathy and earnest desire to help them. The men who felt the authority of Christ admired the graciousness of His words. And our task is not accomplished when by our fervent appeals we have roused the aspirations of men, when we have revealed their need and helplessness—not even when we have led them to the Fountain of all grace and inspiration, and pointed them to Him who can beget in them the new life; we must endeavour to lead them on to perfection, and to show them the glorious privileges and the

¹ C. Silvester Horne, *The Romance of Preaching*, 174.

² J. Parker, *Ad Clerum*, 70.

³ D. J. Burrell, *The Sermon: Its Construction and Delivery*, 193.

rich inheritance of the sons of God. We ourselves must know something of the Psalmist's experience, 'Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts; we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, the holy place of thy temple.' Unless we can offer certain and unfailing help and comfort, unless we can point to a source whence all the deeper yearnings of men can be satisfied, we shall not be able to justify our authority, or make our appeals authoritative.

¶ Let him not dart the lightnings, or roll the thunders, except with the utmost solemnity, the utmost fear of God, the utmost love of the human soul, and the utmost solicitude, lest he be actuated by human pride or human impatience. 'Were you able to preach the doctrine *tenderly*?' said M'Cheyne to a friend who had spoken to him of a sermon which he had delivered upon endless punishment.¹

4. *Insistence.*—The addresses reported in the New Testament are tremendously personal. There is an insistent 'ye-ye' running through them all. Never does the speaker miss his mark. He always 'gets there.' We are not, indeed, bound by the mere style of New Testament preachers; but we shall be more than foolish if we miss their spirit. Salvation is an act which takes effect in the will of men. The Saviour is a Person, unknown and uninfluential, unless He receive personal homage in an act of trust.

¶ The application in the homilies of Chrysostom illustrates this spirit of insistent and irrepressible appeal. This great preacher—surpassed by none since his day—applies the Word as he expounds it all through the discourse. But not only so. His impassioned earnestness increases as he goes on; so that his last exposition is almost always followed by an application both more extensive and more intensive than any that have gone before. It would seem as if his soul has now become so inflamed with holy zeal to send the truth home to men's hearts that he can give no more exegesis, but must spend the whole remaining time in exhortation. It may be some sin that he is exposing—theatre-going, drunkenness, covetousness, an unforgiving spirit; or some Christian grace that he is commending—kindness to the poor, Christian communion in the house of God, family religion; whatever it may be, he is determined that this last truth at least shall make its due impression on the hearts and consciences of the people.²

5. *Persuasiveness.*—This is the end of all preaching; it is the immediate object of every application. To what motives can appeal be made that men may be persuaded?

(1) Perhaps to *Fear*. We hesitate to appeal to fear, forgetting how often our Lord does so, and forgetting how many of the greatest and best on the roll of Christian saints were first driven to Christ by fear. Henry Ward Beecher said that preaching that is wanting in shadow will want in power. If we would persuade men, we must be able to appeal to them by the tragedy as well as by the glory of human life, by the depth and the height of its responsibility, and of its hope.

(2) Certainly to *Love*. For the mightiest of all motives is *love*. In the relations of the present life, love is the greatest antagonist of selfishness. They who 'have none to love,' by any natural ties, must always interest their hearts in the needy and the afflicted, or they will grow more and more narrow and selfish. Accordingly, we may constantly appeal to men's love of their fellow-men, as a motive for doing right. Parents may be urged to seek personal piety, and higher degrees of it, for the sake of their growing children; and so with the husband or wife, the brother or sister or friend. Now to this motive the gospel appeals in a very peculiar manner. We *ought* to love God supremely, and such supreme love would be our chief motive to do right and to do good. But sin has alienated us from God, so that we do not love Him. And Christ presents Himself, the God-man, the Redeemer, to win our love to Him and thus to God. 'Whosoever shall lose his life *for my sake*,' are words which reveal the new and mighty gospel motive—love to Christ.

Mephibosheth.

A STUDY IN REMEMBRANCE.

'And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?'—2 Sam. 9¹.

To come upon this beautiful story of faithfulness to the memory of a dead friend amid the noise of battle is like coming upon an oasis in a wilderness. David, however busy and perplexed he might be, could never forget Jonathan. The cares of his official life and the attractions of an exalted position had not yet done him spiritual damage. The man was not lost in the king: it was as yet the golden era of David's life, and the story of Mephibosheth is reminiscent of it.

¹ W. G. T. Shedd, *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology*, 181.

² J. A. Kern, *The Ministry to the Congregation*, 346.

I.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

1. Mephibosheth has been called an enigma of motive and a study in self-interest. The same author goes on to say: 'The sacred writer sets us the enigma of Mephibosheth and his servant Ziba; but he gives us no hint at all as to how we are to decipher that enigma. He tells us Mephibosheth's story from the outside and on the surface, and so leaves us to make of the inside of it what we can. By that time both Mephibosheth and Ziba and David had long passed away; and already their motives and their mainsprings may well have become a sacred riddle in Israel. Given the story of Mephibosheth, and the story of Ziba, first at the flight of David and then at his victorious return, and then—was Mephibosheth a heartless, selfish, contemptible time-server, while Ziba, his servant, was a prince beside him? Or, was Ziba a lying scoundrel, and Mephibosheth a poor, innocent, ill-used lameter saint?'¹

¶ There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.²

2. On what was doubtless one of many similar occasions David wondered if possibly there might be some descendant of his beloved comrade Jonathan still living. Jonathan's name had been written on his heart when it was impressionable, and the lettering was as if 'graven on the rock for ever.' A heart so faithful to its old love needed no prompting either from men or from circumstances. Hence the inquiry after 'any that is left of the house of Saul' was occasioned by nothing external, but came welling up from the depth of the king's own soul.

Now 'there was of the house of Saul a servant whose name was Ziba. And when they had called him unto David, the king said unto him, Art thou Ziba? And he said, Thy servant is he. And the king said, Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may shew the kindness of God unto him? And Ziba said unto the king, Jonathan hath yet a son, which is lame on his feet. And the king said unto him, Where is he? And Ziba said unto the king, Behold, he is in the house of Machir, the

son of Ammiel, in Lo-debar. Then king David sent, and fet him out of the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel, from Lo-debar.'

Mephibosheth's history had been a sad one. When Israel was defeated by the Philistines on Mount Gilboa, and Saul and Jonathan were slain, he was but an infant; and his nurse, terror-stricken at the news of the disaster, in her haste to escape had let him fall, and caused an injury which made him lame for life. He had been taken for safety beyond the Jordan, and brought up in the house of the generous and wealthy Machir, the son of Ammiel, at Lo-debar, in Gilead. There he remained, probably in such obscurity as left few aware of his existence; for it could not have consisted with the policy of Ishbosheth, or Abner to bring him conspicuously into notice, and David could have had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with a fact shrouded from view in a quarter so remote, and in the dominions of his rival. Besides, if David had ever heard of his existence, it had been by his rightful name of Merib-baal, and he would hardly recognize him under the altered name of Mephibosheth. This nickname was not at all a pleasant one for any man to be called by; but, having got into use, it would be preferred by those anxious for his safety on the one hand, and by those whose interest it was to keep him out of mind on the other. When Ishbosheth was slain, and all Israel went over to David, Mephibosheth was about twelve years old, and there were obvious reasons why the friends who had taken charge of him should desire his existence to be forgotten.

3. The staunchest supporter of the ruined house could never have made of Mephibosheth a Young Pretender. He would live on, in the house of the rich sheikh, unknown and unhonoured, but happy with little Micha—when suddenly the uneventful days are broken by the galloping of the couriers from the king. Can we not picture the dread that would fall on Mephibosheth when he heard that he was summoned to the court? It is said that the most powerful governor in Afghanistan used to tremble when he received an unexpected letter from the late Ameer. But the message of David was rich in loving-kindness—it was the beginning of the kindness of God. The king, in a tone which no written words can indicate, said, 'Mephibosheth!' We all know what volumes of meaning may be conveyed by addressing an individual by

¹ A. Whyte, *Bible Characters*: Ahithophel to Nehemiah, 21.

² George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*.

his name in a certain tone. And, lest this should not suffice, there came the words, 'Fear, not!' As a brother and friend, on the same level, he speaks to the heart of the weak and troubled one.

¶ Ma Eme, who heard of a certain slave-transaction but paid no attention to it, had a respectable slave-woman at one of her farms whom she ordered to come and live in her own yard. The woman obeyed somewhat unwillingly, and in the village began to grumble to others about her enforced removal. The new slave-girl was cooking her master's food when she heard the voice. As she listened memories were stirred within her and she ran out and gazed at the woman, then went nearer and stared closely into her face. The woman demanded what she was looking at. The girl screamed and caught her round the neck and uttered a word in a strange language. It was the name of the woman, who, in turn, stared at the girl. When the latter called out her own name the two embraced and held each other in a grip of iron. The daughter had found a mother who had been stolen many years before. Both went into the yard and sat on the ground discussing their experiences and receiving the warm congratulations of the other women in the village.¹

4. Doubtless David again recalled the dear memory of Jonathan, and was, no doubt, stirred to deeper tenderness by the sight of his helpless son; but he swiftly passed to practical arrangements, full of common sense and grasp of the case. The restoration of Saul's landed estate implies that it was in David's power. It had probably been 'forfeited to the crown,' as we in England say, or perhaps had been 'squatted on' by people who had no right to it. David, at any rate, will see that it reverts to its owner.

But what could a lame man do with land? It was assigned for cultivation to Ziba, who, with his sons and servants, was to devote himself to it, and was to retain one-half of the produce in recompense for his expense and labour, paying the other moiety as rent to the owner of the land. The numerous landowners in Israel so generally cultivated their own grounds that there is scarcely another instance which enables us to see on what terms farming was conducted. It was probably on some plan like this, which is indeed a very common one in the East. It is found to be in most soils a very equitable arrangement, especially when, as is usually the case, the landowner supplies the seed.

Mephibosheth was thus enabled to keep up a becoming establishment for his family in Jerusalem, while habitually taking his principal meals at the

royal table, and associating with the king's sons, some of whom were nearly of his own age. As men do not, when at home, sit down at table with their wives and children in the East, this constant dining at court was a distinction unaccompanied by any of the domestic drawbacks it would bring to us.

¶ It has been suggested that David's disposition of affairs was prompted partly by affection for Jonathan and partly by policy. 'It was prudent,' says Dr. Maclaren, 'to keep Mephibosheth at hand. The best way to weaken a pretender's claims was to make a pensioner of him, and the best way to hinder his doing mischief was to keep him in sight.'

II.

ZIBA'S STORY.

In the subsequent history of Mephibosheth and Ziba we are brought face to face with the 'enigma.' The general impression formed is that the former was slandered by the latter. There was treachery somewhere, and it is for us to consider whether or not Ziba was the treacherous person, and Mephibosheth the innocent and injured party.

1. David had the hard experience of being compelled to wander forth in his old age from his beloved city, his pleasant home, and the place of the Lord's tabernacle, and of finding himself forsaken by his own subjects who owed so much to him and by the friends in whom he had trusted; and all this at the instance and by the contrivance of the son whom he loved so well. No wonder that he departed as a mourner. 'David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up.'

When he was a little past the summit of Mount Olivet, and had just sent back Hushai, Ziba came after him. He brought gifts—'a couple of asses saddled, and upon them two hundred loaves of bread, and an hundred clusters of raisins, and an hundred of summer fruits, and a bottle of wine.'

Where is thy master's son? David asked. Ziba's account of him was that when he heard of the insurrection he remained at Jerusalem, in the expectation that on that very day the kingdom of his father would be restored to him.

2. On Ziba's behalf it is pleaded that he demonstrated attachment to David at the time when self-love would have kept him silent. It took some

¹ *Mary Slessor of Calabar*, 133.

courage to come with gifts to a discrowned king ; and his allegation about his master has at least this support, that the latter did not come with the rest of David's court to share his fortunes, and that the dream that he might fish to advantage in troubled waters is extremely likely to have occurred to him. Nor does it appear clear that, if Ziba's motive was to get hold of the estate, his adherence to David would have seemed, at that moment, the best way of effecting it.

On the other hand, Ziba knew what David had done for Mephibosheth, how generous was the king's heart, how he would appreciate fidelity in the time of trouble and scorn ungrateful conduct, how his associates in trial would approve of any favour conferred on the loyal at the cost of the disloyal, and how it was within the prerogative of a monarch to confiscate the property of a traitor. Avarice is a careful student of human nature and of the usages of the world. Its success often depends on quickness of discernment, and a practical application of the knowledge of men and things to the purposes of a base, greedy heart. A good and generous man may be as quick in discernment, and may in the intercourse of life gather as much knowledge of human nature, but he differs from the avaricious man in that he scorns all this to the sole promotion of purely selfish interests.

There is a fiendish sagacity in avarice. Ziba, we must believe, saw that the sorrows of David furnished a choice opportunity for making an impression on his generous sympathetic nature by a manifestation of loyal interest and kindly consideration for his comfort ; and he saw also that the bodily infirmity of Mephibosheth would prevent his going out to David to express his own loyalty. How splendid the opportunity of so representing matters as to secure the confiscation of Mephibosheth's inheritance to himself as a reward for his personal faithfulness !

¶ The s.s. *Dixiana*, bound from Savannah to Havre, with a cargo of cotton, was passing Ushant on May 28, 1915, when her captain observed what looked like a small craft with her sails up. Suspecting no harm, he continued his course, until from the innocent-looking sailing-boat a shell was fired which struck his ship. Beneath those spread sails was a German submarine, intent on the destruction of merchant shipping. Too late was the real nature of this crafty foe of humanity discovered. After eight shells had been received into the hull of the *Dixiana*, the submarine sank her.

There are men in ordinary life like the submarine. To all outward appearance they are harmless, seeming to be

occupied like other folk in the usual business and routine of a useful life. They are pleasant in manner, hearty of speech, sometimes even pretending to be religious. But beneath the outward veneer of a smooth tongue and a frank bearing there beats a heart full of wicked thoughts. The real man in his private life is known only to a few, like-minded with himself. Woe be to those who are deceived by him ! When too late, perhaps, his real nature is discovered. His only purpose is to prey on innocence and to destroy virtue.¹

3. That Ziba was calumniating Mephibosheth is sufficiently obvious. How could Mephibosheth, an insignificant cripple, who had never claimed the crown, or taken any part in politics, expect to be made king, even in the confusion of parties which might ensue upon Absalom's rebellion ? Ziba's story was an audacious one, invented in the hope of getting a grant of the estate which he was cultivating for Mephibosheth's benefit, and, in spite of its improbability, it passed muster in the haste and confusion of the moment.

We can only say, in vindication of David, that his confidence, even in those who had been most indebted to him, had received so rude a shock in the conduct of Absalom that he was ready to suspect every man of deserting him, except those who gave palpable evidence that they were on his side. In this number it seemed at the moment that Ziba was, while Mephibosheth was not ; and, trusting to his first impression, and acting with the promptitude necessary in war, he made the transfer.

¶ Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds ? but how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them ? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold ? But who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them ? Look into the history of any civilized nation ; analyse, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this ; pride, and lust, and envy, and anger, all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas.²

III.

IN VINDICATION OF MEPHIBOSHETH.

1. David was a man of many crises. The day of victory had come once more to him, and his return to Jerusalem is described minutely and graphically. In the course of his journey from Mahanaim several interesting episodes occur—

¹ J. W. W. Moeran, *Illustrations from the Bible*.

² Ruskin, *The Ethics of the Dust*, § 10.

Among these was the action of Shimei in coming to meet him with a considerable following, which included Ziba, Mephibosheth's servant. Shimei's purpose was to beg to be pardoned the insult he had offered the king when he left Jerusalem. Then came the meeting with Mephibosheth, which probably took place at Jerusalem.

There is no trace of Mephibosheth's having by treasonous means done wrong to David, though it is possible that, in real Oriental manner, he, like the sons of Zadok, may have assumed an outward prudential appearance of fidelity to the cause of Absalom. He was a helpless man, deceived and oppressed, and placed, by reason of his physical infirmity, in such a position as not to be able to extricate himself from trouble. His only chance was to wait and cherish hope that the generous king, who had so bountifully befriended him for his father's sake, would return to power. On being asked why he had not gone with the king into exile, Mephibosheth explained that it was owing to the deception of Ziba.

¶ But what, then, is meant in 2 S 19²⁴ by his 'going down' to meet the king? If, too, he had been at Jerusalem all the while, how could he come there? Some, therefore, translate, 'Then Jerusalem came to meet the king'—a possible, but not a natural, rendering, nor one that agrees with verse ³⁰. Others consider that he had withdrawn to his house in the highlands of Benjamin at Gibeah of Saul; but David had given these lands to Ziba, and the crippled Mephibosheth would have met with rough treatment had he endeavoured to contest the ownership. The Arabic Version reads, 'when he came from Jerusalem'; but it is not confirmed by any trustworthy authorities. The view of Kimchi is probably right, that Mephibosheth did go down to the Jordan fords to meet David, and certainly his duty required of him no less. He had been slandered and ill-used, but the king believed him to be guilty, and regarded him with displeasure. To have remained, therefore, at home when all Judah and half Israel had gone to welcome David back, would have been culpable remissness. And though he was lame, yet the ride was not so long as to be very fatiguing. But he did not rush through the river, as Shimei and his thousand men had done; and when David had crossed, there was too much going on for him to get an audience. He followed, therefore, in David's suite; but in Jerusalem the meeting actually took place. Thus the verses briefly record different facts: v. ²⁴ that Mephibosheth went with the vast crowd to welcome the king back; v. ²⁰ that in due time, in Jerusalem, the explanation was given, and Mephibosheth restored to favour.¹

2. The position in which David found himself when, on hearing the story of Mephibosheth and

observing his distressed circumstances, he had to decide with respect to the property at stake was one of extreme delicacy and difficulty. In all good faith he had handed over the property to Ziba, and Ziba had befriended his friends in a time of need, and had been foremost to welcome himself back. The kindness of the man in the hour of need was a set-off to his deceit. On the other hand, the forfeiture of the property of Mephibosheth by royal decree was based on false information; and, being a member of a royal house, and not proved to have been openly disloyal, he certainly had a claim to restoration to rights. The brevity of the narrative leaves the actual decision of David in some obscurity.

3. It is probable that David was irritated at discovering his mistake in believing Ziba, and hastily transferring Mephibosheth's property to him. Nothing is more common than such irritation, when men discover that through false information they have made a blunder, and gone into some arrangement that must be undone. But why did not the king restore all his property to Mephibosheth?

It may be that David did not feel sure about him, and stopped his voluble utterances somewhat brusquely: 'Why speakest thou any more of thy matters?' That is as much as to say, 'Hold your tongue.' And the final disposition of the property, while it gives Mephibosheth the benefit of the doubt, yet looks as if there was a considerable doubt in the king's mind. 'And the king said unto him, Why speakest thou any more of thy matters? I have said, Thou and Ziba divide the land.' He saw the injustice of his hasty action, and ought at least to have reversed it, if not to have punished Ziba besides. Either, however, because he had still some doubt of the real merits of the case, or more probably because he was unwilling for political reasons to offend Ziba, he resorted to that half-way and compromise course which was both weak and unjust.

¶ Will you let me ask you, without cavilling at words, whether the phrase 'a true mean' accurately represents your own present wish? I am sure we are substantially agreed on this head, and yet I could not use this language. Surely there is no mean between reason and authority. Does not the mischief consist in their separation rather than the excess of either?²

¶ If we could but know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do

¹ R. Payne Smith, in *The Pulpit Commentary*: 2 Sam., 467.

² *Life and Letters of Fenton J. A. Hort*, i. 145.

it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object, and confident promise, of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful alike in all the States, old as well as new—North as well as South.¹

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Shoes that Never Wear Out.

'Old shoes and clouted.'—Jos 9⁵.

'Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.'—Eph 6¹⁵.

Read Jos 9³⁻¹⁵.

There is no season of the year about which more beautiful things have been said than Autumn.

It is sometimes spoken of as the dawn of the year. That just means the morning—the opening of a new year—the time when we feel braced up for a fresh start in our work.

I believe most of your fathers look upon Autumn in this way. They plan out new work at the warehouse or in the office. If your father works under some master, in October he is probably feeling thankful that he has had a holiday, and thinking, 'If I only keep as fit as I am just now I don't care what happens.'

¹ Lord Charnwood, *Abraham Lincoln*, 145.

He may be a man who reads poetry. If he is, in these Autumn days many fine thoughts will pass through his mind. One poet says:

Red and yellow, russet-brown,
 Claret, gold and green,
 Underfoot and overhead,
 Autumn walks a queen.

Fresh and crisp her healthy breath,
 With a hint of frost;
 Brilliant is her sunny heart
 Though by storm-clouds crossed.

Rich and beautiful her reign,
 Earth's best wine the last,
 Ere in winter's arms she dies
 Fast, alas! too fast.

I believe some of you boys can recall every Saturday in last year's October. You remember especially the one on which you went to gather nuts, and you count on having just such another this year.

What of mother? She may read poetry too—she did at one time, I feel sure; but she has generally a great deal on her mind in October. To her October is certainly the dawn of the year; but it is a dawn that makes her anxious and worried. She thinks of the coldness of winter; and she keeps looking through your clothes. 'John needs a new coat—that could be managed,' she says to herself, 'Annie a school dress, Katie a waterproof. And shoes—they all need to be seen to. Oh dear! where is the money to come from? I wish there were shoes that didn't wear out.'

You all hear a good deal about boots and shoes. When you left home to pay a long visit, or to go to school, mother put all sorts of clothes into your little box. If it were in October, there were changes of warm underclothing, and perhaps a big overcoat, and she always made sure that your shoes were in good condition.

Have you ever heard little children pitied in such words as these: 'Poor little girl, I am sure her shoes let in water; they are old, and they are past mending'? Be thankful for your mother's care. Even if, when the shoemaker's bill comes in, you think father looks cross and mother worried, remember that the worried looks are only on the surface, for when father's wages come in,

among the very first things mother does is to see to buying new shoes or mending old ones.

A wise general looks after his soldiers' boots. If they give out, nothing else they wear can bring any comfort. Many of the roads over which soldiers have to march are very rough and very long, so you see that their boots need to have strong soles and well-sewn uppers, and they are none the worse of a bit of iron on the heels and toes, that they may not wear out quickly.

The wily Gibeonites of the story from which our text is taken knew what meaning could be put into their wearing old shoes. They wanted to get round Joshua by stratagem, so they dressed themselves as if they were ambassadors from a distant country, and in their make-up nothing would be more convincing than the 'old shoes and clouted.'

I once heard a Spanish lullaby that interested me very much. The tune of it was pretty and the words were so curious. The first verse was:

Little shoes are sold at the doorway of heaven,
And to all the tattered little angels are given.

Slumber, my darling baby.

The words were enough to make a baby frightened. A long journey, worn-out shoes, tired little feet. Happily, however, a baby does not understand everything that is said or sung to her.

Boys and girls, the road of life may be a long and rough one. There are sure to be parts where one has to climb up hard hills; and others where one has to go downhill into very gloomy places. Before setting out you ought to have shoes that will take hold of the ground, and help you to steady yourselves. You know that for a long tramp you don't want specially heavy ones; the best kind are those that make you forget about your feet altogether.

You have all heard of the wonderful book called the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I hope you will read it if you have not read it already, for it is one of the finest books in the English language. In it John Bunyan has set down the old idea of life being a journey, and in language that can be understood even by little children. Some of us read it before we could grasp what the book really meant. But how we loved the pictures that it brought before our minds! One was that of the Armoury in the House Beautiful. There Christian was shown all manner of *Furniture*—as Bunyan calls it—which

the Lord had provided for pilgrims, Sword, Shield, Helmet, Breastplate, and *shoes that would not wear out*.

I read in a very interesting American book of a man called Dick Sunshine. That was just his nickname. His real name does not matter. He was partly a grocer, and partly an invalid. He spent half his time laughing and half his time coughing. You could tell by a glance at the shop what Dick was doing. If the shop was open, he was behind the counter laughing. If it was closed, you knew that he was in bed coughing. At the church to which he went, when things were going well, he made most of it, and drew attention to how God was helping them. If things went only so-so, he pointed out that they might have been worse.

Dick scarcely felt the rough road over which he was compelled to travel, for his feet were shod with those very shoes of which I have been speaking to you. He did a world of good, and shamed many out of the gloom in which they bore their little illnesses. You sometimes hear boys and girls asking each other, 'Where did your mother buy your new shoes?' And perhaps this morning you are asking yourselves, 'How can I get a pair of the shoes that never wear out?' You want to be able to go on your way feeling light of heart and happy, at peace with God and your companions. They are amongst the things that can be bought from your Heavenly Father without money and without price. If you earnestly pray every morning, 'Forgive my sins, and help me to do what is right to-day,' you will begin to understand the meaning of one's feet being *shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace*. God is a loving Father; His children need never arrive at the doorway of heaven in the condition of the little angels of the Spanish song, for they will be wearing the *shoes that never wear out*.

II.

A Driven Leaf.

'A leaf driven to and fro.'—Job 13²⁶.

If you take a country walk just now, or go down any road where there are trees, you will find my text. It may wear a crimson dress, or a brown one, or a gold, but it will be there sure enough along with many others of its kind.

Have you guessed the text, I wonder. It is 'A leaf driven to and fro.' You will find it in the

Book of Job, but I'm not going to tell you the chapter or the verse, because I want you to look for it.

I was watching some of those leaves the other day and they gave me a message to take to you. Would you like to know what they said?

1. Well, first they said, 'Tell the boys and girls *to be glad.*'

They seemed such jolly little fellows, and they seemed to have so very little to make them happy, I wondered if they never felt dull. But they answered, 'Not in the least! We've had a gay old time all summer up in the sunshine and the breeze, and this is rather a bit of a come-down, but what's the use of fretting? There's a nice gust blowing, so we're off for a scamper.' And away they went rollicking and frolicking, dancing and prancing down the path.

And so the leaves driven to and fro say to you, 'Be glad.' If you cut your finger, or break your toy, cheer up! The world isn't coming to an end because of that. Keep a bright face when things go a bit wrong. That's the plucky thing to do. It isn't always the people with the fewest troubles who smile the most.

2. But, next, the leaves driven to and fro said to me, 'Tell the boys and girls *to have a purpose.* Just look at us. We are at the mercy of every wind that blows. Sometimes we are scuttled away in one direction, then we are whisked away in another, and next minute we are whirled round and round in a circle. We have no stability of our own, and so we are influenced by the first breeze that comes along.'

And then they said, 'We are just a picture of the people who have no purpose in life, the people who are easily led astray. They are very lovable people often, but they have no high aim of their own, and so they just do exactly what the people around them are doing. They are influenced by whatever wind is blowing. If it is a good wind they are good, but if it is a bad wind they are bad. So tell the boys and girls *to have a purpose.*'

3. But lastly they said, 'Tell the boys and girls that *God has a purpose for them.* God has a purpose for us if we will lie still and rest. He will make us into a warm blanket to cover the seeds and the plants from the winter cold. He will send the rain and the snow and the worms to work on us and to turn us into food for the plants,

and we shall be built up into some beautiful flower, or some fresh green leaf next summer.

'And God has work for the boys and girls too if they will lie still and rest. If they will come to rest in Jesus, if they will make up their minds to be His disciples and let Him do with them as He will, then He has a glorious work for them to do. He can use even them to make the world a better and a happier place, to make His kingdom of love come on earth.'

III.

The Lighthouse.

The Rev. Campbell L. Macleroy, B.D., of Glasgow, is one of the few preachers to children whose sermons are fit to face the light of day. We shall quote one of them. The title of the volume is *A Garden in the Waste* (S.S. Union; 2s. net). This sermon is called 'The Lighthouse.'

'Longfellow, in his poem, speaks of a lighthouse as "a pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day," compares it to the giant Christopher:

"Wading far out among the rocks and sand,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save,"

calls it

"A new Prometheus chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove."

'Surely a lighthouse is one of the most beautiful things that man's hand has ever made. The story of lighthouses is a fascinating one—from the great tower of Pharos, at Alexandria—one of the seven wonders of the world—down to the splendid lighthouses of our own time. It is pleasant to remember that the first sealights of England were shown from monasteries on the coast as a religious service—at St. Michael's Mount and the Farne Islands and Ilfracombe and Boston, and many another place. Some of the splendid towers around our coast stand where once a candle, lighted by the loving hands of anxious and praying women, sent out its kindly beams to guide their beloved home.

'It is sad to think that the first lighthouses in our country had their enemies. In 1619, when the first light at the Lizard was to be set up, the people of the neighbourhood petitioned against it, alleging that it would guide pirates and foreign enemies to our shores, and "because it would take away God's grace from them, and they would

have no more benefits from shipwrecks." And there was an old saying:

"Save a stranger from the sea,
And he'll turn your enemy."

'When we ask the reason why each lighthouse stands just where it does, we get always the same answer. On that spot or near, it many a good ship has been lost. The "Wreck Chart" of the British Isles has a black spot to mark every wreck, and several places show each more than a thousand marks.

'Every lighthouse is a monument of brave men—the men who built it, often at the mercy of the sea, the men and the women, too, who have kept the light burning through many a dark and stormy night.

'The lighthouse tells us of those things we need most, if we would live as God would have us live.

'1. It tells us first that we need a firm foundation. Amidst fierce winds and devouring billows, no life is safe that is not founded upon a rock—the Rock of Ages. "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 11).

'2. It tells us that on this firm foundation it is our task to build the fabric of our life—strong and beautiful—according to the laws of the great Master-builder. Each stone of the tower must be sound, well hewn, truly laid, exactly fitted into the other stones. Every weakness is searched out by those terrible waves. At Dhu Heartach, when the tower was building, fourteen stones, weighing each two tons and joggled together, were washed away after being set in cement at a height of 37 feet above the sea. And in our character nothing will stand the strain of trial and temptation but what is true—like Christ the Truth.

'3. Then it tells us that our life's supreme purpose is to give light to our fellow-men. The lighthouse towers exist to bear the lantern, that it may send forth its light far over the sea, above the breaking and driving waves. And the higher the light is set, the farther does it send out its rays. No life can attain God's ideal that does nothing to save from shipwreck the mariners "sailing o'er life's solemn main," to show them the way, "'mid the quick-sands and the rocks," to the haven of peace. If we are disciples of Jesus, we must be "seen as lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life" (Phil. ii. 15 f.).

'The lighthouse tells us also two things about the kind of light we must show.

'(a) It must be clear. The old St. Agnes lighthouse on the Scilly Isles was lighted by a fire of coals in a glass lantern, with a funnel on the top. And sometimes the lantern was allowed to get dirty, or was burned low on purpose, or not lighted at all, when the keeper was drinking. It was on account of such carelessness that Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet was wrecked on the Islands in 1707. Not dimly, but clearly, must we let our light shine before men.

'(b) It must be distinctive—easily known from other lights. In 1810 the ships *Nympe* and *Pallas*, of the Royal Navy, were wrecked near Dunbar, through the light of a lime-kiln being mistaken for the coal light on the Isle of May. Now each light has its own character—white-fixed, red-fixed, revolving, flashing—and the sailor can identify it from his chart. The Lizard gives a short flash every three seconds, the Eddystone six flashes in quick succession, and nobody can mistake the one for the other. So must we also shine with our own light, not imitating others, that we may give true guidance to voyagers over the sea of life.'

Point and Illustration.

Perspective in Prophecy.

The third series of the Mendenhall Lectures at DePauw University was delivered by Dr. Francis J. McConnell, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The topic chosen was *Understanding the Scriptures* (Methodist Book Concern; 75 cents net). The choice of lecturer was as wise as the choice of subject was timely. It is distressing to receive so much literature from America that still ignores or opposes a critical study of the Bible. Bishop McConnell welcomes the utmost critical and historical study. Yet he is in no sympathy either with such critical study as would divide a verse of Scripture into several parts and assign each part to a separate author, or with such historical criticism as would eliminate all supernatural narrative from the Gospels simply because it is supernatural. It is altogether a sane and reliable book; and it is so carefully written that the least instructed may read it with ease and profit. What could be better or more effectively said than this?—

'We have come to see that any revelation to be

really a revelation must speak in the language of a particular time. But speaking in the language of a particular time implies at the outset very decided limitations. The prophets who arise to proclaim any kind of truth must clothe their ideas in the thought terms of a particular day and can accomplish their aims only as they succeed in leading the spiritual life of their day onward and upward. Such a prophet will accommodate himself to the mental and moral and religious limitations of the time in which he speaks. Only thus can he get a start. It is inevitable, then, that along with the higher truth of his message there will appear the marks of the limitations of the mold in which the message is cast. The prophet must take what materials he finds at hand, and with these materials direct the people to something higher and better. Furthermore, in the successive stages through which the idea grows we must expect to find it affected by all the important factors which in any degree determine its unfolding. The first stage in understanding the Scriptures is to learn what a writer intended to say, what he meant for the people of his day. To do this we must rely upon the methods which we use in any historical investigation. The Christian student of the Scriptures believes that the Bible contains eternal truths for all time, truths which are above time in their spiritual values. Even so, however, the truth must first be written for a particular time and that time the period in which the prophet lived. When the Christian speaks of the Scriptures as containing a revelation for all time, he refers to their essential spiritual value. The best way to make that essential spiritual value effective for the after-times is to sink it deep into the consciousness of a particular time. This gives it leverage, or focus for the outworking of its forces. No matter how limited the conceptions in which the spiritual richness first took form, those conceptions can be understood by the students who look back through the ages, while the spiritual value itself shines out with perennial freshness. Paradoxical as it may sound, the truths which are of most value for all time are those which first get themselves most thoroughly into the thought and feeling of some one particular time.'

Points of Departure.

Dr. Alexander Smellie has published 'a book of counsel and company for the Sabbath evening.'

Its title is *Out of the Desert a Gift* (Melrose; 3s. 6d. net). It is no doubt a volume of evening addresses, but then such addresses. Only the reading of one of them will give the right impression. Let us take the sixth. Its title is 'Points of Departure':

'Here and there in the New Testament we come on a verse which commemorates a breaking-point. The listeners have heard God's messenger for a while, and are more or less impressed. But then he says something which repels. He advocates a belief, ventures an assertion, postulates a demand, which provokes his auditors to contemptuous ridicule or to hot anger or to sullen resentment. The intellect is displeased, or the conscience, or the will. And that terminates all real connection between him and them. Urgent as the truth may be which he rings in their ears, they have no more use for it or for him. Now, why do these foolish and fatal departures happen?

'I. Some are alienated, when the preacher passes from the temporal to the spiritual.

'It was the experience of the Greatest of preachers, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. He began His ministry in a blaze of outward success. But the crowds followed Him for material advantages and political ends. Never was there such an incomparable physician; and they hurried to Him for physical health. Never was there a more magnetic leader; and the statesmen and the priests and the plotters would fain have employed Him to promote their own ambitions. That was all, with great numbers at least of those who thronged round Him, glancing and nodding and bustling by. One day He tested them. In the Capernaum synagogue He spoke of Himself as the Living Bread, and of the soul which dies unless it feeds on Him, and of how each man and each woman must by faith eat His flesh and drink His blood. But this deep regeneration, this Christ enthroned not in Jerusalem but in the humble heart, these spiritual liberties and satisfactions, were not what the people coveted. They were too intangible, ethereal, drastic, personal, pure. They failed to appeal and to attract. They irritated and annoyed. *Many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him* (John vi. 66).

'That, first and last, Christ's salvation is spiritual, a salvation not from poverty or injustice or social disability but from sin—this is still the stumbling-block. There are thinkers and writers, eager to

commend Him because of what He is doing in the amelioration of external wrongs. They appreciate the change the Gospel has wrought in the State, the family, the relations between class and class, the very air we breathe. But bid them believe that they are perishing themselves with a hunger which the great globe itself cannot quell and cannot mitigate, and that only Christ can end this mighty famine within, and they may not understand what you mean, or, if they do, they are likely to resent the imputation that they are sinners who need for their redemption the Saviour of the guilty, lost, and helpless. And many of us, who have no claim to be thinkers and writers, resemble them. We are glad of the palpable benefits Christ and His Church confer. We have eaten of the loaves and are filled. But we have not seen and known in ourselves *the signs*—the new birth, the forgiveness of sin, peace with God, the communion of the Holy Ghost, the transfigured history, the hope of glory. That is an unexplored territory. That is a revolution of soul, of which we have little wish to be reminded. When Christ insists on it as the essential thing, we shut our ears, we take our departure, we break away.

‘II. Others are alienated, when the preacher passes from the ephemeral to the eternal.

‘The ephemeral may not be a matter merely of outward advantage and comfort. It may be an interest and engrossment of the mind. What a picture is that of the meeting on Areopagus between Paul, the wandering missionary of Jesus, and the teachers and senators of Athens—Athens, “the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence”! He has expounded questions of worship, problems of theology, speculations about God, such themes as they love to debate. He has quoted the aphorisms of their sages and the lines of their poets. He seems a man after their own hearts. But then he turns swiftly, imperiously, to that which he has come to Athens to proclaim—the risen Christ, Who will raise all dead men, and before Whose face all dead men will stand to receive His sentence. This vision of the future is incredible, unforgivable, intolerable. Paul’s certainties are delusions and repugnances to these light-hearted Greeks. *Some mocked* (Acts xvii. 32); they laughed long and loud. *Others said, We will hear thee again*: they bowed the speaker out of court with polite procrastinations and empty

courtesies; they were as sceptical as their franker neighbours. Athens and Paul had arrived at the breaking-point.

‘Thus the best ephemeral things can be foes of the better eternal things. Science carries us across the spaces of the universe, and gives us many lessons about God; there is an amazing breadth in science, and we may be content with it. History and literature transport us through the past, and illustrate God’s continual providence and manifold wisdom; there is an astonishing length in history and literature, and we may ask nothing more. Philosophy sounds the abysses of personality, and reveals the inner temple God has built for Himself; there is an extraordinary depth in philosophy, and it may be sufficient for us. Breadth, length, depth—but the fourth dimension, the most indispensable, that of height, is lacking; and we shall not find it apart from the exalted and everlasting Christ, Who comes again, first to take His people to Himself, and afterwards to judge the quick and the dead. Science, history, literature, philosophy—yes, and worship and theology—are useless, unless we are panting and thirsting to behold His face in righteousness. And how utterly unbelievable to clever and learned minds, in numerous instances, are the advent of the Lord, and the rapture of the saints, and the opening of the graves, and the decisions of the Throne! They *mock*. Even inside the Church, too many of us are impatient and critical. We say to the preacher, *We will hear thee again*. We are not captivated by the majestic facts in front of us. We disparage all other-worldliness; and the fleeting present is more enthralling than the unshakable future. God make us wiser! God enrol us among the servants whose loins are girt and whose lamps are burning! And may it be well for ever with you and me, “when the King comes in.”

‘III. Once more: Many are alienated, when the preacher passes from the centre to the circumference.

‘When Paul left the little centre of Judaism, the garden enclosed, the chosen generation and the peculiar people, to announce God’s mercy for the wider world, and Christ’s purpose to gather in to His flock other sheep than those of the hills and fields of Palestine, at once his Hebrew listeners were up in arms. They had God’s glorious Presence, and the Covenants, and the giving of the Law, and the Temple service, and the ancient

Promises. They could not brook the notion that despised strangers were to be admitted to their patrimony and inheritance. They wanted to go on forgetting the circumference, and the dying millions who peopled it. And they hated the man who told them that God loved the circumference as well as the centre, and that Christ's pardon and peace and holiness and heaven are not for the Jews only but for the Gentiles also. "The Gentiles!" "They gave him audience unto this word, and lifted up their voices, and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live" (Acts xxii. 22).

'Are we so far removed from their selfishness that we are at liberty to condemn them? Eight persons out of ten in the Christian society do not sympathise with the yearnings of God and Christ

for the world's salvation. What sympathy they have is academic, theoretic, ineffective. It does not compel them to intense and agonising prayer. It does not draw the tears from their eyes. It does not set them to the devising of all methods and means to save some, ere night falls and says, "Too late!" It does not persuade them to make real sacrifices for the sake of human souls, and for the Good Shepherd's sake Who laid down His life for us. *Far hence unto the Gentiles*—it is still the word which angers many, and still the dividing-line that separates the Christian in name from the Christian in deed and in truth. But may God help us to pass, with the preacher, out of the warm centre into the cold, dark, dead circumference, and to spend and be spent, until it too is bright, warm, alive.'

The Conflict of Faith and Unbelief in France: 1670-1802.

BY THE REV. HENRY COWAN, D.D., D.TH., D.C.L., PROFESSOR OF CHURCH HISTORY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

A NOTABLE historical want has been supplied by Professor Albert Monod of Paris, whose family have rendered signal service to evangelical truth and French Protestantism, by his comprehensive and masterly review of French Apologetics from 1670 to 1802 (*De Pascal à Chateaubriand: les défenseurs français du Christianisme*, pp. 607. Paris: Félix Alcan. Price 7s. 6d.).

The 18th century has been called the Pentecost of Unbelief, and might be expected, in France as elsewhere, to be also specially productive of apologetical literature. In Britain it was the age of Hume, Gibbon, and Woolston: it was also that of Butler, Paley, and Campbell. French religious thought was then largely dominated by Bayle, Voltaire, and Rousseau. But the opinion is widespread that Christian defence during that period was negligible. M. Monod quotes Professor Chastel of Geneva, who declares that opponents of Christianity then 'encountered not more than four or five apologists'; and the late Principal Cairns refers to the 'testimonium paupertatis' of the Roman hierarchy in France, while 'from the

Protestant Church of that day,' he adds, 'I do not know of any reply at all.' Professor Monod's work will go far to alter such estimates. Starting from the *Pensées* of Pascal, 'the most original modern plea against irreligion,' he enumerates 950 apologetical works by 650 authors published in or for France between 1670 and 1802. He candidly acknowledges that many in this 'legion' are 'ineffective'; but there remains a series of treatises well worthy of recognition. Among Catholic defenders are the pulpit orator Bossuet, whose 'Universal History'—a Christian Philosophy of History—reached its fifth edition in 1732; Bishop Huet, whose erudite *Demonstratio Evangelica* passed through seven editions between 1679 and 1722, and stimulated the composition of other apologies; Dupin, the notable Jansenist, who replied effectively to the English Deist Blount's attempt to place Christ on the same level with Apollonius of Tyana; Abbé Houteville, whose *Truth of the Christian Religion*, five times re-issued, evoked an enthusiastic welcome and numerous replies; Abbé de la Chambre, the 'Catholic

Turretin,' whose treatise against Atheism and Deism is commended by our author for its 'liberal spirit'; Abbé Bergier, who, in answer to Rousseau, shows, like Butler, how the logical outcome of rejecting Christianity is disbelief in all Natural Religion; and Abbé Guénée, whose *Letters of Seven Jews*, seven times republished, expose Voltaire's numerous errors (amid merited commendation of his championship of toleration) with a polite pungency which moved the smarting arch-infidels to write: 'He bites you to the bone while pretending to lick your hand.'

Among Protestant Apologists are Abbadie of Berne, pastor of the Huguenots in London, whose *Truth of Christianity* passed through fifteen editions between 1684 and 1800, was translated into English and German, and includes an able vindication of Christ's Resurrection as necessary to explain apostolic success; Gröteste de la Mothe and Jaquelot, two other refugee pastors, who anticipated modern and moderate views of Inspiration, limiting it to doctrine and duty with exclusion of mere Scripture History, emphasizing the progressiveness of divine revelation, and thus removing many stumbling-blocks to faith, especially in connexion with the Old Testament; Vessière, a convert to Protestantism, whose 'Discourses,' several times re-issued, M. Monod designates the 'masterpiece of internal evidence' during the period; Boullier, who defends Pascal's Apologetic, in answer to Voltaire; and Professor Vernet of Geneva, who earned from the Catholic *Journal de Trévoux* the tribute that although 'he has the misfortune to be a Protestant, his demonstration

of the truth of Christianity equals in clearness the most brilliant sunlight.'

Interesting sections of the book deal with Bayle, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau, the last of whom is included among Apologists, in so far as he helped to 'restore in the souls (of his countrymen) the essential foundations of faith,' dependence on, submission to, and communion with God; while the fatal absence of any deep sense of sin from his religion is pointed out, and the failure of his theism to reconcile Divine Goodness with human suffering—the reconciliation which the Cross of Christ reveals.

Down to the French Revolution, notwithstanding all apologies, infidelity, as M. Monod shows, increased in France. Whence this triumph? Partly, doubtless, the great literary power of men like Voltaire and Rousseau. But the main cause lay deeper. In the 18th century the dominant Church in France had become closely associated with selfish, despotic, and oppressive national government; and the *malfaisance* of Churchmen was imputed to Christianity and led to the 'eclipse of faith.' The reaction came only when, at the Revolution, triumphant infidelity instead of breeding toleration, purification, and brotherhood, generated worse despotism and deeper corruption. It then became clear that 'morality could not exist without religion, nor religion without social worship.' The revival of Church and Faith was exemplified and promoted by Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, which embodied Pascal's plea for Christianity as the religion which alone truly and fully meets the higher needs of mankind.

The Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT., HON. M.A.(OXON.), GLASGOW.

III.

THIS absence of the Pauline idea of the Law and the Wrath means that the author does not share the sombre view of the flesh which pervades the Pauline psychology. He has therefore no difficulty in assuming not only that the sinless Jesus shared flesh and blood with men, but that, instead of possessing sinlessness as a messianic prerogative, Jesus had to realize and maintain it in

the days of his flesh by moral conflict. A glance at the primitive Christian literature proves that Hebrews is practically alone in this.

We might expect, as some have argued, that sinlessness was attributed to Jesus as a messianic or ritual inference, because it was vital to his celestial vocation or to the validity of his offering. But the Christology of Hebrews implies features

and characteristics in Jesus which cannot be explained as deductions from messianic postulates, in spite of all that critics like Bousset urge, who resolve the realistic traits into pictorial suggestions from the mystery-cults or from some pre-Christian christology which fortuitously crystallized round the person of Jesus. This is to fly in the very face of evidence. Hebrews does not evolve from any *a priori* metaphysical notion of the divine Son as a supernatural being who dips into humanity for a brief interval, to rise once more into celestial glory. Hebrews can speak even of the piety of Jesus, of his faith, his prayers, his endurance, and his reverence, of all that he underwent as an exponent, and object-lesson of faith under the supreme trial of being tempted to renounce God. The allusions to the historical career of Jesus are not numerous but they are too direct to be explained away as deductions from messianic mythology or O.T. prophecy. The speculative Christology is developed from a religious experience which goes back to the primitive historical tradition, not vice-versa. Take, for example, a touch like this: 'though he was a Son, yet he learned by all he suffered how to obey' (5⁸). Paul described the great Obedience of Christ, but he never said anything so daring. For the Greek phrase carried associations which were literally incongruous; it almost invariably implied the discipline of a stupid or wayward character, and had been mostly 'applied to the young and foolish, or to thoughtless offenders who learn by suffering not to repeat a second time what has once caused them suffering.' It is certain, I think, that no one who was merely painting a human face into the messianic categories and speculations of a divine Son, would have ventured upon such a realistic human trait.

If the writer does not discuss the problem of sinlessness in the flesh as that meets our modern psychology, he is equally silent on the question, how the pre-existent Son entered the world. We have no data to fix his view of the incarnation. When he speaks of Melchisedek, the prototype of Jesus, as 'without father and mother,' he is not giving any hint that this was a parallel to the origin of Jesus. We cannot put this casual utterance alongside the later misquotation from the fortieth psalm—'a body hast thou prepared for me'—and infer that the birth of Jesus was conceived as abnormal. The well-known Alexandrian ideas of

the soul could quite well permit the author to combine pre-existence with normal birth.

The object of the incarnation is more definitely stated. Jesus entered the world of men to suffer and die; he suffered and died in order to enter the upper world not simply as the captain of God's chosen company but as their high priest. At what point he became high priest is not quite so clear, but it is clear that the incarnation was for the purpose of his vocation, a purpose which was realized through his personal sufferings. By suffering without giving way to the besetting sin of apostasy, he was enabled to sacrifice himself to God in such a way as to secure the communion of men with God. It is assumed that he did not need to sacrifice on his own behalf. The rationale of his death is that it was inexplicable apart from his relation to men as their representative and high priest, and that in virtue of his *τελείωσις* he was exempt from those shortcomings of service which the O.T. priests incurred, especially from the defective sympathy which attached to them. *Τελείωσις* carries with it not only the idea of adequacy to save but of perfected character, a character or personality so ripened as to be fit for its divine work of purifying the conscience and drawing men into the inner presence of God himself.

As I have already hinted, one factor which helped to determine his outlook on the person of Jesus was the temptation to renounce God which was occasioned by the strain and suffering to which his readers were exposed—to renounce God, or at least to hesitate and retreat, to relax the fibre of loyal faith, as if God were too difficult to follow in the new, hard situation. As in First Peter so here the encouragement is that 'you belong to the community of a messiah who has himself passed through suffering into the glory and presence of God, not as an individual but for your sakes.' The interesting feature of Hebrews, however, is that it seeks the proof of this not in O.T. prophecies but in the historical traditions of the life of Jesus. Hebrews does not argue from the law and the prophets that Jesus had to suffer: it argues, Jesus *did* suffer as part of his vocation.

There is indeed a partial anticipation of this in the Enochic conception of Son of man; for although we must not read too much into the apocalyptic phrases of that book, although the Son of man is the personal α quantity of the age of future bliss, still in Enoch this pre-existent messiah

is Son of man as transcendental and also in some sense as human; we get the two ideas that he must be Man, in order to help men, and he must be superhuman or transcendental, in order to redeem. But Hebrews, like Paul, avoids the term Son of man, and although these two ideas are held together, they are derived from meditation upon the meaning of Christ's earthly life and not from a theological combination of apocalyptic speculations. Hebrews prefers to call Jesus the Son of God. He is present in the history of Israel and present as Son of God in a transcendental sense, but the author's main interest in Jesus as the divine Son gathers round his earthly existence. He shares the primitive point of view which associated the prophecy of the second psalm with the resurrection—the baptismal association is nothing to him. Yet, like Paul, he must believe that the Son was eternal, though he never succeeds in explaining how the eternal Sonship is compatible with the earthly mission, any more than Justin after him. There is a large section of his thought on the Sonship of Jesus which remains indefinite to us, and which probably was indefinite to him. He took over the idea from the primitive church, seized on its ethical value as an interpretation of what Jesus suffered, and linked it on to the idea of the high priesthood, but he never harmonized it with his special gnosis of the eternal Christ as part of the eternal, higher world of reality.

In saying this, I do not mean to suggest that he was conscious of any dualism such as moderns have felt between the metaphysical speculative reconstruction and the Jesus of history. Our attitude starts from a human Jesus. How was he conceived as fulfilling divine functions? The primitive Christian started from a risen and reigning Lord, and his problem was, how did such a Christ ever become man? This is even more true of Hebrews than of Paulinism. The supernatural metaphysical category of Son of God was for the author of Hebrews the form in which he thought out his sense of the absolute religious value of Jesus—not of the historical Jesus but of the Jesus to whose eternal intercession the Church owed her standing before God.

It is from the same angle that we can estimate another outlying feature of the Christology, the connexion of Jesus with the creation of the world. This does not seem to be mediated, as we might suppose, from the Philonic notion that the tran-

scendence of God required some intermediate agent between him and the created cosmos, as if there could be no direct contact between the spiritual and the lower world. It is with Hebrews as with Paul: the creative function of Jesus is connected with the redemptive. The Jesus through whom God carries out his saving purpose for the world must be connected with the creation of the world. That God the creator is God the redeemer forms a postulate of primitive Christianity, and our author voices this intuition, whether or not he was conscious of any incipient gnostic tendency to separate creation from redemption. 'In bringing many sons to glory, it was befitting that he *for whom and by whom the universe exists* should perfect the Pioneer of their salvation by suffering.' Hence from the agency of Christ in redemption as God's work it was natural to infer his agency in relation to creation (*e.g.* 1²). Phrases and categories of later Jewish speculation lay to hand, especially in Alexandrian circles, and the author avails himself of some, occasionally; but the dominant interest which shaped his mind was religious. As Robertson Smith puts it, 'the whole course of nature and grace must find its explanation in God, and not merely in an abstract divine *arbitrium*, but in that which befits the divine nature.' No doubt, it is 'a theological notion—a notion which does not rest on direct religious experience, but on subsequent reflection.' Still, it is one of the inferences which fill out the Christology of Hebrews and which is essential to an adequate view of the relation between the Christian God and the world of men.

At the same time the author makes next to no use of the great Kurios conception which played so vital a rôle in the early Christian theology. Once or twice Jesus is called Kurios, *i.e.* apart from O.T. quotations. But this is not one of the characteristic categories. The divine authority and the divine relation to a people which the Kurios title expressed are stated in another way, in the remarkable idea of the high priest 'after the order of Melchisedek.' The author does not develop his argument from Melchisedek merely to prove that from primitive times a natural or real priesthood existed which was superior to the Levitical and was fulfilled in Jesus. He does imply that the Levitical priesthood was not permanent; it was not original, but anticipated by the mysterious priesthood of Melchisedek, he argues, using the

same kind of chronological proof as Paul employs on rabbinic lines in the third chapter of Galatians to prove that the promise to Abraham involved the inferiority of the later Torah. Priority means superiority, in fact. The argument in neither case sounds convincing to us. Still less convincing is the fanciful suggestion that Abraham's deference to Melchisedek involved a similar deference on the part of the unborn Levi. Here we notice Hebrews going still further than Paul. Behind even Abraham there was a divine anticipation or type of God's perfect will in Christ. Nevertheless, the real reason which led the author to appropriate the mysterious legend of Genesis xiv. was not simply that it enabled him to discredit the Levitical priesthood out of his favourite scripture, the Pentateuch. The Melchisedek priesthood had already been operating in Jewish speculation, even in connexion with the messianic hope. Philo, fastening on the curious episode, had identified Melchisedek outright with the Logos, or possibly even with the messiah. But whether or not the author of Hebrews was contradicting Philo, he took a different view, falling back on his favourite hundred and tenth psalm, which in the Greek version had already expressed the Alexandrian belief in the pre-existence of messiah, and discovering, by his Philonic methods of exegesis, scripture proof for an original priesthood which was not Levitical, not transmissible, and at the same time permanent. 'Jesus entered God's presence for us in advance, when he became high priest for ever with the rank of Melchisedek. For Melchisedek, the priest of Salem, a priest of the Most High God . . . is primarily a king of righteousness (that is the meaning of his name); then, besides that, king of Salem (which means king of peace). He has neither father nor mother, no genealogy, neither a beginning to his days nor an end to his life, but, resembling the Son of God, continues to be priest permanently.'

Now, this seems incongruous enough with the high priesthood of Christ, for Melchisedek does not suffer. But the writer's interest lies in other features of the legend, not in the uncircumcised position of Melchisedek nor in his offering of bread and wine as typical of the atonement or the Lord's Supper—although both of these interpretations were afterwards common in the Church. The principal attraction of the Melchisedek-legend for the author of Hebrews was evidently its combination of sacerdotal and royal privileges. Like Philo,

though less fancifully, he notes the religious significance of the etymology, 'king of righteousness' and 'king of peace.' But the point is that in his development of the priestly office of Christ he is attempting, every now and then, to preserve something of the more primitive view of Jesus as the messianic king, especially as the kingdom of God plays next to no part in his main argument. Sometimes the fusion of metaphors or of ideas is strange, though impressive, as in the sentence—'he offered a single sacrifice for sins and then seated himself at the right hand of God, to wait till his enemies are put under his feet.' The latter touch is a survival of the militant messianic idea which is relevant enough in the first chapter, for example, but out of place in a sketch of the high priest and his offering. I imagine that the reference to seating himself at God's right hand denotes the dogmatic interest of reaffirming the absolute finality of Christ's work, but for the author of Hebrews the metaphor has already faded from its earlier and direct colouring.

This leads me, in conclusion, to notice that the category of high priesthood was not adequate to the writer's full thought. (a) It could not be fitted in to his eschatology, any more than, strictly speaking, the Alexandrian notion of the two spheres could. Both are irrelevant to eschatology. The latter is dovetailed in by the idea of faith as practically equivalent to hope; the world to come already enters our experience in some degree, but the full realization is reserved for the end—and meantime the Christian must hope and hold on to the Christ, who guarantees his final bliss. As for the high priesthood, that could not by any means be adjusted naturally to the eschatology, and adhering to the latter—it is one proof of his primitive theology that he does so—the writer usually drops the notion of Christ as high priest when he has to speak about the future. Thus, the end is heralded by a cataclysm which is to shake both heaven and earth—a feature which corresponds to the primitive eschatology but not to the scheme of the two spheres of existence. Again we note how the latter is not worked out thoroughly. The writer's intense consciousness of living in the last days, on the verge of the imminent end, proves too strong for his speculative theory of the two spheres and also for his gnosis of the Melchisedek priesthood of Jesus.

Then (b) the priestly category was not large enough for his ethics. It did involve ethical

features, *e.g.* the cleansing of the conscience for a worship of God, which meant devotion to the service of God. But when he wants to speak of Jesus as the example and inspiration of men, he drops the idea of priest for that of pioneer (*ἀρχηγός*), for, unlike the O.T. priest, Jesus does not leave his people outside when he enters the Presence; he carries them with him, not only representing them before God but going where they can and must follow. 'Therefore let us run our race steadily, our eyes fixed on Jesus as the pioneer and perfection of faith'—the perfect embodiment of what faith in God means, the One who shows us how faith should live and move. In the context of both references to *ἀρχηγός* there is an allusion to movement: 'in bringing many sons to glory, it befitted God to perfect their *ἀρχηγός*. . . . Run the race, looking to Jesus the *ἀρχηγός* of faith.' Which tells against the idea that *ἀρχηγός* is to be read in its Hellenistic sense of founder, as we find it used on inscriptions for the divine or official personage who founded a state and managed it. In Hebrews we are justified, I think, in taking the term in its primitive sense of hero-leader and pioneer. There are several other subsidiary elements in the Christology, but while they are interesting they only confirm what I have already said about the danger of an exclusive attention to the high priesthood as

the sole religious category. At the same time, it is at the heart of the writer's argument about Jesus. His ideas were, like the later ideas of the Fourth Gospel, a new theology for the first century. Our conventional and canonical attitude sometimes hides from us the originality and the startling nature of this attempt to reset the person of Christ in the light of a semi-philosophical theory of the universe, as the eternal priest who by his sacrifice opens the higher sphere of reality for men in the lower. But there is nothing startling in his aim. That is central. To our author Jesus has neither rival nor successor. The higher sphere of absolute divine realities, to which he strives to raise his readers, is, 'a world in which everything is dominated by the figure of the great High Priest at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, clothed in our nature, compassionate to our infirmities, able to save to the uttermost, sending timely succour to those who are in peril, pleading our cause. It is this which faith sees, this to which faith clings as the divine reality behind and beyond all that passes, all that tries, daunts, or discourages the soul; it is this in which it finds the *ens realissimum*, the very truth of things, all that is meant by God.' And any discussion of Christology ought to end upon that note, upon the name and thought of God.

Literature.

DREAMS.

THERE is scarcely anything left now of which the sceptic can say sceptically, 'There is nothing in it.' The last rescue is the Dream. Men of scientific eminence have made a study of dreams and have written many great scientific books about dreaming. The ordinary dreamer is not perhaps greatly enlightened or unburdened. But at least the scoffer can no longer say that the interpretation of dreams is the occupation of old women.

The latest scientific book is entitled *Dream Psychology* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). It belongs to the Scientific Series entitled 'Oxford Medical Publications.' Its author is Maurice Nicoll, B.A., M.B., B.C.(Camb.), who may be further identified for the present by remembering

that he is the only son of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. This is not Dr. Nicoll's first book. He has written tales which have 'caught on' under the name of Martin Swayne. He has also written one of the most vivid descriptions of the war in a volume on Mesopotamia, where he served as captain in the R.A.M.C. But this is his first scientific and medical work.

And the surprise of it is that Dr. Nicoll has such versatility. What fellowship hath fiction with medicine, or what communion hath Mesopotamian descriptiveness with dream psychology? One mastery runs through them all and gives them eminence. It is the mastery of the English tongue. That is the wonder of this book. Others have written as learnedly on dreams, few if any have written as lucidly. And it is not clearness that is

the only merit. It is that touch, call it by what name you please, which turns all sorts of writing into literature.

THE SEPTUAGINT.

We had no hope of receiving any more of the great variorum edition of *The Old Testament in Greek* till after the war. But the editors, Dr. A. E. Brooke and Mr. Norman McLean, have been able to give time to it along with whatever war duties fell to their share, and here, to our great joy, is the Fourth Part (Cambridge: At the University Press; 15s. net), which completes the first volume. The first volume covers the Octateuch. This part contains the books of Joshua, Judges, and Ruth.

Besides the short preface to this part itself, there is a preface to the whole volume. This preface gives first of all an explanation of the origin of the edition and its characteristics; next a list of Octateuch MSS. and a list of Lectionaries; then a list of scholars who have co-operated in the collation and photographing of MSS. and in the collection of Patristic quotations; finally a list of corrections for the text and the notes of the volume.

It is so long since the first instalment of the work appeared, and the work is of such vital importance for the study of the Old Testament, that we shall repeat what the editors say about the origin and object of this edition of the Septuagint.

In the *Cambridge University Reporter* for March 13, 1883, the announcement was made that the Syndics of the University Press had undertaken an edition of the Septuagint and Apocrypha with an ample *apparatus criticus*, intended to provide materials for the critical determination of the text. It was proposed to give the variations of all the Greek uncial MSS., of select Greek cursives, of the more important Ancient Versions, and of the quotations made by Philo and the earlier and more important ecclesiastical writers. As a preliminary step a portable text of the Septuagint and Apocrypha was published under the editorship of Dr. Swete. The text was taken from the Vatican MS., supplemented from the Alexandrine or other MSS. where the Vatican MS. is defective. The variations of three or four other early MSS. were given. This edition, of which the first volume, containing Genesis—iv Kingdoms, appeared in

1887, and the third and last in 1894, has gained recognition in all countries as the standard edition of the Old Testament in Greek. The first volume has reached its fourth, the second its third, and the third its third edition.

When this was finished Dr. Swete unfortunately felt himself obliged to relinquish the completion of the larger task. The Syndics of the Press had never abandoned the idea of carrying out their original plan, and at their request Dr. Hort in November 1891 drew up a scheme for the larger work, giving fuller details for the Octateuch (Genesis—Ruth), which, he proposed, should form the first volume, and which he estimated would be about a quarter of the complete work. Subsequently Dr. Rendel Harris in 1892 made a journey to the East to examine and report upon the MSS. of the Septuagint contained in Eastern Libraries.

The uncial MSS. of the Octateuch known to Dr. Hort were twelve, **BADEFGHJKLMN**, besides a few uncial fragments published by Dr. Rendel Harris, and some palimpsest leaves of one of the Burdett-Coutts MSS. mentioned by Scrivener. It was also known that besides the 70 cursive MSS. of the Octateuch described or used by Holmes and Parsons a considerable number of others were extant, especially in Eastern Libraries. But he anticipated that with the economy of using the more trustworthy of the collations made, at the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century, for Holmes and Parsons, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, and perhaps those made by Lagarde and preserved at Göttingen, it would not be necessary to make fresh collations of more than ten or twelve representative cursives in order to present satisfactorily the textual evidence of the extant minuscules.

With regard to the Ancient Versions he suggested the use of the Old Latin, Egyptian, and Hexaplar Syriac as essential, emphasizing the necessity of supplementing published and unpublished fragments of the Old Latin texts by collecting the pre-Hieronymian quotations of the Octateuch "scattered through Latin ecclesiastical writers of the first five centuries," and leaving open the question of the necessity of quoting the Ethiopic, Arabic, and Armenian Versions.

He thought it would be well to limit Patristic quotations "with few exceptions" to the first three centuries and a half, warning those who should carry out the work that "the conditions of the text

will in some cases interpose serious difficulties which must be dealt with as they arise."

The editors add that their edition of the Octateuch is based on this memorandum, but they have had to enlarge the scope of it and modify it somewhat in other respects.

J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE, K.C.

Dr. Balfour Browne has written his *Recollections Literary and Political* (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). He has written them in a free and easy style, with very little moralizing and only an occasional philosophical reflexion. He has had much experience as a writer, and mainly of the journalistic style of writing, which perhaps accounts for the ease and freedom of the book. Before he became a famous lawyer he was glad, he tells us, to occupy such a position as that of London Correspondent to the *Leeds Mercury*. And even after fame came to him he continued to write essays, articles, and, we think, even novels.

He has known many men. He names first and foremost Sir T. Wemyss Reid, editor of the *Leeds Mercury* and afterwards of the *Speaker*. But he knew men in nearly all the walks of life, and remembers them. No doubt he was brought into touch with medical men through his brother, Sir James Crichton-Browne, but an early and lasting friendship was with Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton.

Dr. Browne has been a teller of good stories all his life, and he tells many of them here. But we shall not tell them after him. Rather shall we show the book and its author at their best in the following account of Carlyle's Address to the students of Edinburgh as Lord Rector. It is a good recollection, and the moralizing at the end is both unusual and good.

'We students heard the lecture of our lives. The wonder was that the noise of the cheers of the boys, with their hoarse guttural voices and the shuffling and stamping of their big clod-hopping feet, did not lift the roof off the Music Hall. The enthusiasm was a hurricane of sound. I have seen somewhere that on that occasion he was clothed upon with a Rectorial gown, with frogs and tassels, and that before rising to address us he let it fall from the shoulders which had already shrugged off an LL.D.-hood offered to him by the University, and stood like any common man to talk sense to a lot of common youths. I did not

see these antics. I was too interested in the man, with his face which was deep carved with thought and even with the lines of sorrow which come with it—a face which, like aqua fortis, bit its way into memory—and a manner which was like the country which had borne and bred him—a little rough and uncouth, but with thought and words which came from an earnest soul and pondering head. Of course that lecture is or can be known to every one. To begin with, he told us that he had tried to write a speech for us but abandoned it. And there he stood without notes, speaking with his lips and his eyes, and impressing the wax of our youth as few ever had done or could have done. There is, or there was, a strong feeling in Scotland against ministers who "turn the leaf," or in other words read their sermons. If it is a prejudice, it is, I think, a justifiable one. A man should speak to people from his heart, and not from his paper. Besides, a man who has his eye on a page is docking himself of half his means of expression. When you speak to a man you look at him, and the eye helps the lips. But if you have your eyes glued to your manuscript you are not *en rapport* with your audience. Carlyle understood the first duty of an orator, which is to speak to the people. You feel the man through his speech. And, after all, a man is God's messenger to men.

'There was even humour in some of his earnest words—when he bated his natural breath and changed the word "fools," which he had meant, into the milder "foolish persons." But I am not reporting his lecture, but referring to a memory which has not been without its inspiration for me and for many others who heard him on that memorable occasion.'

ST. MATTHEW.

No book of the Bible is better supplied with commentaries now than is *The Gospel according to St. Matthew*. The latest commentator is the Rev. Philip A. Micklem, M.A. (Methuen; 12s. 6d. net).

Mr. Micklem's commentary belongs to the 'Westminster' series which is under the editorship of Professor Walter Lock. That series takes a place which is described by its editor in this way: 'less elementary than the Cambridge Bible for Schools, less critical than the International Critical Commentary, less didactic than the

Expositor's Bible.' Its great volumes, the volumes which have given it its reputation, are Driver's *Genesis* and Rackham's *Acts*. Mr. Micklem's *St. Matthew* does not take a place beside those two, but it has a right to the second rank.

St. Matthew is so large a book to write a commentary on that space has to be economized like war-time bread. It can be said of Mr. Micklem that he has wasted not a line. His Introduction is restricted to fifty pages, and yet it has everything in it that the serious student will look for. It has two sections which the student may not look for, but will rejoice to find—the presentation of Jesus in this Gospel, and its teaching on the Kingdom of Heaven. The Introduction leaves room for Notes that are quite enough to satisfy the purpose of the series, as well as for an additional feature which is not found in all commentaries even of this size, but is of quite as much value as the usual Introduction and Notes. That feature is a series of discussions prefixed to each section which interpret the section as a whole in the light of modern conditions.

Thus there is a discussion of the Sermon on the Mount—its theme, the conditions of its application, its literary form and setting, the circumstances of its delivery, its analysis, its integrity, and its history in the early Church. The most important part of that discussion for the present time is the conditions of the application of the Sermon. What Mr. Micklem says is worth quoting:

'Underlying the main theme of the sermon, assumed rather than explicitly taught, are a number of fundamental truths, in the light of which alone the whole becomes intelligible. Its main pre-suppositions are (a) that God is a righteous and loving Father to all men (v 45, vi 8-13); (b) that men are sinful (vii 11a) yet children of God (vii 11b) and capable of increasing approximation to his character (v 45); (c) that the individual is a member of a society (implied in term "brother" v 22 f., vii 3-5), and in his treatment of its members must discharge the claims involved in their common Fatherhood (vi 14 f., vii 12); (d) that the Teacher stands in a peculiar relation to God, which distinguishes him from other men (cf. *Your Father*, v 16, 45, *my Father*, vii 21), that as Prophet he speaks with direct authority (v 17, 20, 22 ff., vi 2, 5, 16, vii 24, 26), and that he is the destined Judge of mankind (vi 21-23); (e) that mankind though corrupt is capable of redemption from corruption by the influence of those who are

true to their birthright (v 13-16); (f) that a time would come when men would be recipients of a gift (vii 11, cf. Lk xi 13) which would enable them to rise to the standard set before them in the sermon. These truths, however, lay in the background rather than the forefront of the discourse. It would need time to bring them to light in their full implication; and yet only as men became explicitly conscious of them, could they enter into the fulness of the teaching. Thus the sermon points throughout to a regime only to be established in the future. It appeals to men not as they are but as they are destined to become (v 45). To the Jew its teaching would be revolutionary, to the natural man foolishness: for it makes demands which neither law nor unregenerate nature can meet. It regards men in living their true life as governed by a supernatural motive, discharging a supernatural task and upheld by a supernatural power. It could only therefore come to its own, when the Holy Spirit was come to guide men into the fulness of its application. Then and only then would the truths of the Divine nature assumed in it find their place in a coherent creed: and the moral teaching attain its full scope and application in a regenerate world.'

The commentary is conservative. It does not give sufficient consideration, in our judgment, to the critical questions so ably discussed by Mr. Allen in his 'International' edition (T. & T. Clark). It does not perhaps quite accurately reflect the present position of critical scholarship on the First Gospel. But we confess to be glad that Mr. Micklem is emphatically sure of the genuineness of the Apostolic commission with which the Gospel closes. It has been for some time considered necessary by every missionary speaker who referred to the words 'Go ye,' to insert a caution as to their genuineness. It is not necessary. The words have excellent authentication.

THE IDEALS OF PAINTING.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has written many books but never a better than *The Ideals of Painting* (Macmillan; \$2). He has written for the lover of art whose work on life is elsewhere, and he has never written for such an one more acceptably. We do not need to be alive to all the possibilities of light and colour in order to understand this book, we need only to know that

beauty is one of the three great facts of life. Then Mr. Carr will take us all over the world to seek and find it. He will show us that beauty has presented itself differently to different nations and been expressed in different forms. He will make us see that one nation's ideal of art may not be compared with another nation's ideal by any easy footrule of better and worse, but by recognition of atmosphere, environment, heredity, and very likely the influence of some striking early personality, so that good in Holland would be bad in Italy only if Holland were Italy and Italy Holland.

Mr. Comyns Carr is appreciative everywhere. He is particularly appreciative when he enters Holland. Perhaps we might quote what he says about Jan Steen—at least part of what he says, for he has a good deal to say of that painter from first to last. 'Jan Steen as a faithful chronicler of scenes of social life has been compared with our English Hogarth. But, although in the courage with which they faced reality even in its more repellent forms they have much in common, their point of view is not exactly identical. In nearly all his work Hogarth frankly owned the mission of a moralist, and it was only in the pursuit of his didactic purpose that he was overtaken by the larger and more insistent claims of the artist—claims his innate genius rendered irresistible. This ethical impulse that serves as the spur to his invention sometimes mars the complete unity of the final impression. The poet and the painter have not completely ousted the formulated message of the teacher and the satirist, and the result betrays the existence of a kind of conflict that art in its more perfected forms does not acknowledge. In Jan Steen we discover little trace of this divided allegiance. Life as it revealed itself to his vision was the sole incentive that he needed, though in virtue of the concentrated intensity with which he penetrated to the heart of his subject he sometimes reached a result that lashes the follies of the world with a power that deliberate satire fails to rival. With a sinister force that is almost terrible in its exercise, Jan Steen in his picture of *The Drunken Couple* at Amsterdam has realized a picture of debauchery that the English master might eagerly have claimed for his own. And yet, apart from the grim message it conveys, it has beauties of design and expression that no one but Jan Steen could extract from so unlikely a theme. Who else but he could have

grouped these two central figures in such a faultless composition, and what other master could have expressed with such delicate resource the stupor of the drunken woman from whose inert fingers the pipe she has been smoking is slipping downwards to the floor, while her viler companion in his besotted ecstasy has still strength enough to hold the newly filled glass over her recumbent form.

'As I have already hinted, Jan Steen is not greatly beloved in the more orthodox ranks of art criticism. His vigorous individuality, refusing to be cooped within the confines imposed by any pedantic system of classification, is disconcerting to those timorous souls who are shy of acknowledging any perfection not clearly referable to canons of taste already proved and accepted. But genius so great as his will always force recognition. Out of those very qualities of invention whose presence in art is adjudged to be questionable, he has evolved new beauties that belong exclusively to the painter's domain. Even if a time should come when the drama he loved to expound wholly failed in its message, the form into which he has thrown it would remain, in a purely artistic sense, imperishable and incomparable. The envelope in which it is folded would still be found to have beauty enough, even though the letter it once contained were lost or destroyed. As a draftsman in all that is subtly expressive of character and emotion; as a master of composition who was ever finding new patterns of design, he stands absolutely alone among the painters of the Dutch school; and even as a colourist when he is judged at his best, and no great artist will tolerate any other standard of criticism—he makes an appeal that is wholly individual and independent. No man out of the volume of his invention has produced so many motives in the rendering of form and expression which, while they proclaim their attachment to the ideas that inspire them, become, by right of sheer beauty, the inalienable property of the art in which they appear.'

The volume is illustrated throughout in the most lavish manner. But none of the illustrations are in it as ornaments; without exception they are there to illustrate the text.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The interpretation of the Old Testament has passed through two periods. It has now entered

upon the third. In the first period the Old Testament was treated as one book, or rather as one book including the New Testament, and when it was used in support of doctrine the texts were chosen indiscriminately. Then came the period of Biblical Theology. Every book was separately studied, and kept separate in all discussions of theology or ethics. It was no longer what does the Bible say, but what does Deutero-Isaiah say and what the Epistle to the Ephesians. With the third period the Bible has come to its own again as a unity.

Dr. Harlan Creelman, Professor of Hebrew Language and Literature in Auburn Theological Seminary, has written *An Introduction to the Old Testament Chronologically Arranged* (Macmillan; \$2.75). In introducing the book Professor Frank K. Sanders of Yale says: 'Everyone is now recognizing the indisputable fact that the Bible must be interpreted as a whole, in order to be safely and sanely interpreted at all.' But there is a very great difference between the old and the new 'interpretation of the Bible as a whole.' The old method took the Bible as it was arranged by the Jewish Church and was handed down to us, calling a text chosen from Genesis more ancient than one chosen from Hosea, and tracing 'the history of redemption' in the order of the books as they stand. The new method re-arranges the books chronologically. There is a 'history of redemption' as of old, but it does not begin with Genesis and end with the Apocalypse. It is more observant than the old method of the laws of order and development, not to speak of the facts of human psychology. Without doubt it makes the Bible a greater book as well as a more profitable book for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness.

Professor Creelman's book is the best introduction to the chronological method of studying the Old Testament that has yet been published. The whole of the literature has been arranged in historical order, and the utmost care has been taken to see that every verse, or part of a verse, is in its proper place. The conclusions are based on a careful study of the Bible itself and on all the literature of the last thirty years or more that is of any value. 'At the end of each of the periods, to which the different portions of the Old Testament writings belong, there is found an outline of the historical narratives relating to the particular period, and the literature belonging to it, arranged

in chronological order. The grounds for the order followed are furnished by the introductory section on the historical narratives and literature of each period, supplemented by the notes on "sources" and "chronology" in connexion with the outline of the Biblical material. This is a feature, as previously noticed, which is not found in the standard Introductions of the present. In the order adopted, while the attempt has been made to be guided by the most assured results of modern Biblical scholarship, variant views, within reasonable limits, are also given. It is to be noted that there is practical agreement among scholars to-day in reference to the *leading* questions of the date and sources of the Old Testament books. In the main the position of the contributors of Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible* is the one represented in this volume.'

PALESTINE FOR THE JEWS.

The Jews have an interest of their own in the war. What will be done with Palestine when it is over? The Turk must go. As a ruler he must certainly go, for he cannot rule. Who will take his place? Mr. A. M. Hyamson knows who *ought* to take his place!

Mr. Hyamson has written a history of Palestine. Its title is *Palestine: The Rebirth of an Ancient People* (Sidgwick & Jackson; 10s. 6d. net). His history rushes rapidly over the centuries, until it reaches the nineteenth. It reaches the nineteenth century with the sixth chapter. There are eighteen chapters to follow. These eighteen are occupied with the colonization of Palestine by the Jews. It is certainly an interesting story, a story of early failure and much suffering, rising gradually into success. Before the war began there was every prospect of steadily increasing prosperity. It may be said with some confidence that in all the history of Palestine there had been no more heroic or more hopeful episode.

But now? Now we hear terrible tales of suffering and death. Mr. Hyamson says little about it. Perhaps the news had scarcely begun to come when his book was out of his hands. But he is very clear that the Turk, the unspeakable Turk, must go. And he is very sure who should take his place.

'For the greater part of history,' he says, 'Palestine and Egypt have been closely connected,

for the smaller state is in effect a shield to the larger on its only vulnerable side. The religious interests of England may be less than those of other Powers, but this renders the presence of England in Palestine—if it is necessary to find a substitute for the Moslem—all the more essential. To keep the peace between the Latin and Greek, and to prevent the Holy City from becoming a perpetual shambles, the Moslem soldiery has hitherto been on guard. If it is withdrawn its place must be taken by another neutral—Protestant or Jew. The latter has no desire for any such office, and would not for many years—until the new nation has passed out of infancy—have the strength to hold it. The Protestant, as the guardian of the Holy Places of Christendom, is at present the only possible alternative to the Turk. If the Turkish sway passes from Jerusalem, the Moslem Holy Places, second in importance only to those of Mecca, will also need a protector. For such an office the Great Power which counts its Mohammedan subjects by tens of millions seems indisputably marked out. Thus the security of the one weak link in the chain of empire, the religious rivalries of Christendom, the interests of the Moslem world and the desires of the many peoples of Palestine, all combine to invite that Power to extend its invincible protection to the Holy Land.

The book is well written and well illustrated.

THE UNITY OF THE PENTATEUCH.

Once more we have received an elaborate defence of *The Unity of the Pentateuch* against the disintegrating theories of the Higher Critics. The author is the Rev. A. H. Finn, lately Chaplain in Burma and India, at one time Hebrew Lecturer in the Leeds Clergy School (Marshall Brothers; ros. 6d. net). If it is not only the latest but also the last defence, as it is very likely to be, then it is a most satisfying conclusion to a long controversy. For the tone of it is altogether courteous and considerate. The last word will then be the most Christian word.

Mr. Finn's purpose is simple. He desires to prove that the Pentateuch is trustworthy in all that it contains, and consistent with itself. He does not say much about its authorship; he is content to demonstrate, if he can, its reliability. And his method is as simple as his purpose. He takes the

books of the leading critics—Driver, Chapman, Gray, McNeile, Sayce, and others—quotes their words (in black type) and then refutes them, word by word and sentence by sentence.

For example, there is the question of the numbers of the Israelites who came out of Egypt with Moses. Even Mr. Wiener frankly dismisses the numbers in the present text as impossible. Mr. Finn will have none of that. He goes industriously through the numbers and all the arguments against them; and (although he is too fond of phrases like, 'it might well be') makes out a plausible footing for each step he takes. One feels, probably everybody will feel, that his case would have been more plausible as a whole if he had allowed a little to the equal industry of the critics; but perhaps he has a theory of the infallibility of Scripture which made that impossible.

His claim at the end is quite modest. 'The writer,' he says, 'can claim no weight of scholarship or authority for his work, but he does venture to claim that it may be regarded as an honest attempt to estimate the real force of the evidence, on the part of one who has spent no small amount of time and trouble in endeavouring to consider the critical position from an impartial point of view. He even ventures to hope that his work may show that it is possible and reasonable (quite apart from any preconceived ideas of Inspiration, or fears for belief in Revelation) to come to the conclusion that the critics have been unsound in their methods, and mistaken in the results at which they have arrived.'

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The autobiography of Sir Rabindranath Tagore has been translated into English and issued in this country under the title of *My Reminiscences* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). It is a curiously interesting book. Its direct value for historical fact is not considerable, though it gives us a picture of life in a great Indian house which in its truth and authority has rarely been surpassed. The picture is not altogether attractive. Up to the tenth year or thereby the children are left in the hands of the servants, who are often brutal in their behaviour, and persistently brutal, year after year. The father and mother live in some other region of the house; they might be living in another country. There are tutors of a kind and schools of the same kind.

One of young Tagore's teachers was so foul-mouthed that he refused to answer his questions. The removal to a Eurasian school was a distinct advance in decency.

There seem to have been several families in the house; we think we can make out five, but there may have been more. Yet they appear to live happily enough together. They are all artistic, especially in respect of poetry and music. The father is often absent on long journeys. Once he took young Rabi with him. It was a great experience—freedom the most complete after the most galling servitude; and the father used the occasion for doing something at last to educate the boy. We hear or see little of the mother. Occasionally one of the brothers' wives is introduced to us, and always attractively. But the Indian ideal of a wife is scarcely our ideal. When Tagore came to England on his first visit, he had the great good luck to board with the family of a certain Dr. Scott. He says: 'One thing struck me when living in this family—that human nature is everywhere the same. We are fond of saying, and I also believed, that the devotion of an Indian wife to her husband is something unique, and not to be found in Europe. But I at least was unable to discern any difference between Mrs. Scott and an ideal Indian wife. She was entirely wrapped up in her husband. With their modest means there was no fussing about of too many servants, and Mrs. Scott attended to every detail of her husband's wants herself. Before he came back home from his work of an evening, she would arrange his arm-chair and woollen slippers before the fire with her own hands. She would never allow herself to forget for a moment the things he liked, or the behaviour which pleased him. She would go over the house every morning, with their only maid, from attic to kitchen, and the brass rods on the stairs and the door knobs and fittings would be scrubbed and polished till they shone again. Over and above this domestic routine there were the many calls of social duty. After getting through all her daily duties she would join with zest in our evening readings and music, for it is not the least of the duties of a good housewife to make real the gaiety of the leisure hour.'

But the mysterious interest of the book is not in the author's home; it is in himself. For this is what is called a spiritual autobiography. The experiences as outward events are ordinary enough; their worth is due to the spiritual interpretation

given to them by the man's own imagination. One experience stands apart. 'The end of Sudder Street, and the trees on the Free School grounds opposite, were visible from our Sudder Street house. One morning I happened to be standing on the verandah looking that way. The sun was just rising through the leafy tops of those trees. As I continued to gaze, all of a sudden a covering seemed to fall away from my eyes, and I found the world bathed in a wonderful radiance, with waves of beauty and joy swelling on every side. This radiance pierced in a moment through the folds of sadness and despondency which had accumulated over my heart, and flooded it with this universal light.'

That was Tagore's Damascus journey. He was a new man from that day. 'From infancy I had seen only with my eyes, I now began to see with the whole of my consciousness. I could not look upon the sight of two smiling youths, nonchalantly going their way, the arm of one on the other's shoulder, as a matter of small moment; for through it I could see the fathomless depths of the eternal spring of Joy, from which numberless sprays of laughter leap up throughout the world.'

A volume of *Prayers for the Home Circle* has been issued by authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand (W. H. Adams). First there are Morning and Evening Prayers for Four Weeks, and then there are the following special prayers: The Children's Morning Prayer, the Children's Evening Prayer, A Prayer for Salvation, A Prayer for the Church Universal, A Prayer for our New Zealand Church, An Intercession for Our Church Agencies, A Prayer in Time of War. The volume also contains the Lord's Prayer, the Apostolic and Aaronic Benedictions, the Apostles' Creed, Forms of Grace before Meat, and a Selection of Bible Readings for Four Weeks. We like the prayers well and feel that we can pray them. If one word of criticism may be allowed, we should say that the word 'bless' is rather frequently used. It is a good word, but it does not always know its own mind.

Sardinia in Ancient Times (Blackwell; 5s. net). This is the book for us. The comprehensive history, which covers centuries in minutes, makes no mark upon us. We have to travel leisurely.

One book to Sardinia alone—that is the measure. No, two books. And now that we have read *Sardinia in Ancient Times*, by E. S. Bouchier, M.A., we are on the outlook for Sardinia in Modern Times—if possible by the same author. Is there a corner of the earth without its interest? Who could have made us believe that Sardinia had such a multiplicity of interests, if we had not read this book?

Those who have read the last two books of Mr. H. G. Wells—*Mr. Britling Sees it Through* and *God the Invisible King*—must read the new edition of *First and Last Things* (Cassell; 6s. net). If they have read that book already, in the old edition, all the more must they read it now. For it is impossible to know Mr. Wells without recognizing his growth. What he was in 1908 he is not now in 1917. He is not now in the autumn of 1917 what he was in the spring. And without knowing Mr. Wells as a growing personality, no one can get the good of his books. Without realizing that he will have passed to-morrow beyond the beliefs he entertains to-day, no one will be able to estimate the worth of these beliefs. It is because he is progressive that he uses metaphorical language, and puzzles the unprogressive, whether they are Rationalists or Romanists.

Hence it is the Rationalists and the Romanists that have criticized him. In the Preface to this new edition of *First and Last Things*, he says: 'There are groups of those who criticize *God the Invisible King*—the most striking cases are my critics from the Rationalist Press Association and from the Roman Catholic Church—who are manifestly saturated by the absolutely opposite idea, the conviction that the terms of human thought are solid, opaque and stable. They will allow no licence to poetry unless it scans, rhymes, is printed in lines and otherwise marked clearly as such. Otherwise they insist upon a literal and material consistency. When they encounter such a phrase as "God walked in the garden" they insist that it follows that He cast a shadow, crushed stray caterpillars in the turf and kicked aside the gravel. The former group demand therefore footprints and the size of His boots for purposes of verification, being equally prepared to deny the Presence altogether or prove a Cockney trespasser; the second, following the same line of thought in an opposite direction, are ready to welcome any stray

scraps of boot-heel, any cast shoe protectors or the like as evidence to silence the sceptic.'

The dark cloud of the present war has its silver lining in the spectacle of the close association it has brought about between the soldiers of differing races and religions. Relatively to their numbers, Jews have contributed their just quota to the fighting forces of Britain; and, in providing for the spiritual needs of these young Jews whether by the holding of Divine Services in camps or by the issuing of Prayer Books and pamphlets bearing on religion, the Jewish authorities are doing what is but an obvious duty. The Chief Rabbi (Dr. J. H. Hertz), however, has gone a step further. He has published, through Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode Ltd., *A Book of Jewish Thoughts* which is intended as a companion volume to the Prayer Book for Jewish Soldiers and Sailors which made its appearance soon after the commencement of the war. The aim of the book is to put before the Jewish soldier a selection of some of the best utterances of the Jewish genius, whether in prose or verse, on all questions affecting life, death, war, peace, the Bible, religion, race, duty of man to man, nation to nation, as viewed from the standpoint of Judaism. The reader is thus given an opportunity of learning what are the exalted ideals which his Faith stands for, and why it is that these ideals can and ought to retain their values for him, nay, for the world outside him, over and above all the changes of time and thought. The long roll of Israel's sages, poets, and martyrs breathes a message at once sublime and deathless; and the record of their deeds and words is always an inspiration to the highest and the best. Besides numerous extracts from the O.T., the book scintillates with striking passages from the Apocrypha, the Mishna, the Talmud, the mediæval Hebrew theologians and poets, as well as many a *pièce de résistance* from the writings of modern representative Jews like Israel Zangwill, Claude G. Montefiore, and Theodore Herzl, the founder of the Zionist movement. The task of giving, in small compass, a bird's-eye view of the many-sided contributions made by Judaism to the world's thought, involves no small measure of literary discriminative taste. Dr. Hertz has certainly succeeded in this respect. The book is arranged on a clear, precise, and logical plan and will win for itself permanent worth by the fact that it makes its appeal to all

classes of readers no matter what their education may be. The first edition is already exhausted, and a second and considerably enlarged edition is about to be issued forthwith. The Chief Rabbi is to be congratulated on his success in thus bringing home to both Jew and Gentile a point so often forgotten or ignored, namely, the effective part which Judaism has at all times played in the world's culture and civilization.

The second volume of the 'Harvard Theological Studies' is devoted to an exposition of *The Pauline Idea of Faith* (London: Humphrey Milford; 4s. 6d. net). The author is Professor W. H. P. Hatch, D.D., of the General Theological Seminary, New York.

Professor Hatch knows that the Pauline idea of faith has to be attached to the idea of faith in the Old Testament and in the Synoptic Gospels. In both of these sources he finds the leading and almost exclusive idea to be that of trust. With that there is no contradiction in St. Paul. But there is an advance upon it. Dr. Hatch does not say that St. Paul struck out a wholly new conception of faith, but that he gave faith a fuller content and a more momentous place in life. 'Faith' and 'saving faith' are not two distinct faculties. Yet the faith that saves is a more inward (almost mystical) power than the faith that is simple trust in God.

Perhaps the most original part of the book is the section in which the author discusses the value of faith in the religions of the Græco-Roman world. It is a significant fact that he keeps St. Paul free from more than the most superficial influence of these religions.

A very short time before he died, Professor S. Law Wilson, D.D., of the Presbyterian College in Belfast, published a volume on the *Progress of the Soul* (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). It is a fine combination of the theological and the devotional, the accuracy of the one, the intimacy of the other. 'The daughter of Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, having once told her father on a certain Sabbath that she had heard an excellent sermon on the text, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," Dr. Duncan immediately asked, "Did it begin with regeneration?"' Dr. Wilson begins with regeneration. And from that firm and essential beginning he proceeds step by step, not

mechanically but methodically, to the last step of all—'and whom he sanctifieth, he also glorifieth.'

However it may be in Germany, however it may be in this country, in America the Bible is still a fact of immense significance. Nor is its significance due to conservatism. There are great conservative patches in the Biblical scholarship of America, but there are also great spaces of the most liberal research. And it is from the liberalism, not from the conservatism, of American thought that the numerous books are issued for the study of the Bible. We have to record the issue of another book of the kind almost every month.

This month the author is Dr. Henry Thatcher Fowler, Professor of Biblical Literature and History in Brown University. The title is *The Origin and Growth of the Hebrew Religion* (Cambridge: At the University Press; \$1 net). It is a guide to the study of the Old Testament. The reader is dissuaded from reading the book before he has read the Old Testament itself. But he is advised to read it as soon after that as possible, in order that he may have his impressions and understandings tested and corrected. No doubt it may be read alone; it is very readable in truth; but the author's purpose is not to furnish another book about the Old Testament, but to encourage us all to the systematic thoughtful reading of the Old Testament itself. That purpose he has fulfilled excellently.

From Drummond's Tract Depot in Stirling there is issued a number of booklets appropriate for the present time. We may name *The Healer of the Broken Heart*, by the Rev. James Main, B.D.; *The Soldier's Message*, by the Rev. James Silvester, M.A.; *Lives Handed Over*, by the Rev. F. J. Horsefield; and *The Rock of Ages*, by the Rev. James H. Hodson, B.D.

The grandson of Renan has written a powerful apologetic for Catholic Christianity. Ernest Psichari is his name. He studied at the Lycée Henri IV. in Paris, and in 1902 took a brilliant degree in philosophy. He entered the army. In 1909 he was sent to Mauritania; and during the three years he spent there he wrote two books, *l'Appel des Armes* and *Le Voyage du Centurion*. It is the latter that is now translated into English

and issued under the title of *A Soldier's Pilgrimage* (Melrose; 5s. net).

We say it is an apologetic for Christianity. For through whatever experience he passed before he went to Mauritania, Mauritania was his Wilderness of Arabia. He returned to take his place as a follower of Christ and to persuade others also. His method of persuasion is his own. *A Soldier's Pilgrimage* is a work of fiction. The truth as it is in Jesus is seen in its power over the life of a hero in a novel. But the fiction is real enough; the hero of the novel is the author's own soul.

On the 22nd of August 1914, Ernest Psichari fell at the battle of Rossignol in Belgium, defending his guns to the last minute, and faithful unto death to his religious and patriotic convictions. He was thirty years old.

It is not very long since we reviewed Sir Charles Waldstein's book *Aristodemocracy*. A new edition has been issued at a cheaper price (Murray; 4s. 6d. net). It is the same handsome volume, and it contains the Preface to the American edition, an Open Letter to Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson and the Hon. Bertrand Russell, together with Mr. Dickinson's reply.

The Rev. G. Currie Martin, M.A., B.D., has published, through the National Adult School Union, a series of Daily Study Notes on *The Gospel of Luke* (4d.). Each section is treated in one short readable narrative with a title. All is up to date in scholarship.

Mr. H. Pickering has collected and published *One Thousand Tales worth Telling* (Pickering & Inglis; 1s. 3d. net). There are a few misspellings, but on the whole the accuracy is beyond that of most books of the kind. Mr. Pickering is not above a touch of humour. Thus: 'Mr. J. M. Hamilton tells of two little boys who quarrelled. At night nurse said: "Charlie, you must forgive." "No, I won't," said Charlie. "Well, but Charlie, if you die to-night, how will you stand before God?" enquired nurse. The little fellow thought a while, and then replied: "Nurse, I'll forgive Wallace; but if I don't die during the night he may look out in the morning." The exhortation is: "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven" (Luke 6. 37). Too many, old as well as young, "forgive" in Charlie's style, which is *not* the way, and is no

forgiveness at all (Ephes. 4. 32).' The humour is sometimes in the connexion between the story and the text, as in this: "'Nurse's Fatal Mistake.'"—*Glasgow News*, of August 9th, 1907, reported that "Mistaking medicine containing morphia for brandy and water, a St. Helens nurse gave a dose to a two days' old child, with the result that the baby was poisoned." Parents, teachers, and friends should be careful that "new born babes" are fed with "the sincere milk of the Word" (1 Peter 2. 2), and not the deadly poison of infidelity, Higher Criticism, New Theology, and such like.'

Messrs. Pickering & Inglis of Glasgow have published an exposition of St. Luke's Gospel by Mr. John Nelson Darby under the title of *The Man of Sorrows* (1s. 3d. net).

Messrs. Routledge have issued a *Word-Book of the English Tongue*. It is a smaller and no doubt cheaper Roget. Here are the first four Words of the letter D:

DAINTY: *see* DELICATE, etc.

DAMAGE: *v.* blacken, harm, hole, mar, nip, scathe, wreck, wrong; *see* INJURE; *n.* drawback, hardship, loss, wear and tear; DAMAGED: worse for wear; DAMAGING: *see* NOXIOUS.

DAMN: *see* CONDEMN; DAMNABLE, DAMNED: blasted; undone, dashed (to bits); fiendish, hateful, hellish, lost (soul); *see* ABANDONED.

DANGER: breakers (ahead!); (go through) fire and water; quicksands, reefs, shallows, shoals; (at) death's door; adder (in the grass); (no) fear; (at) stake; DANGEROUS: breakneck (speed); deadly, harmful, slippery; ugly (wound); two-edged (weapon); tottering; (sail) near the wind; (skate on) thin (ice); (too) warm (for me); (in a) bad (way); *see* DESPERATE.

The Christian Evidence Society has persuaded Miss M. Carta Sturge, the author of an excellent book on Christian Science, to write a book on Theosophy. She has written it in two parts, one part being a brief description of Theosophy, the other a comparison between Theosophy and Christianity. The title is *Theosophy and Christianity* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net).

The Rev. William Temple has written *A Chal-*

lenge to the Church, being an Account of the National Mission, 1916, and of Thoughts suggested by it (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 3d. net).

We speak of recovering the doctrine of the Descent into Hades. There are those who have never lost it. One is the Rev. Albert George Smith, L.Th., A.K.C. In *The Anchor Within the Veil* (Stock; 2s. net), Mr. Smith uses the fact of the Descent as his best argument for 'the larger hope.' The object of the book is to bring comfort to mourners. This he does by declaring his faith in the state of the dead, the state of the dead between their death and the Last Judgment. He is careful to abide by the teaching of Scripture, but he uses his own mind in its interpretation.

Mr. Oswald Bateson Greenwood is much astonished that people should go to church. 'For my part,' he says, 'I can get nearer the Divine Mystery when in some quiet secluded spot than in any church, and I am sure that the thoughts and petitions that are born in these moments have far more truth and reality about them than when I am at a public service.' He abolishes the Prayer Book because its petitions are selfish. He cannot pray unless he is absolutely alone. Mr. Greenwood has written a book and has called it *A Green Oasis* (Stock; 2s. net).

One of the most successful volumes of the 'Story of the Nations' series is the volume on *South Africa*, by George McCall Theal, Litt.D., LL.D. (Fisher Unwin; 5s. net). It owes its success partly to the Boer War, but mainly to the fine spirit in which it is written. Its spirit is the love of truth. And that spirit makes the author careful regarding his facts and careful regarding his judgments. He is a scholar, accurate, and unbiased to a surprising degree for a historian.

The book has now been issued in its eighth edition, and for that edition it has been largely rewritten. The history is brought down to the conquest of German South-West Africa. Additions are made to the illustrations. In the last chapter there is a fine portrait of General Smuts, whose head is as massive as was the head of Cecil Rhodes.

In these days of delight in mysticism and in all the inner experience that mysticism is made to stand for, a book on *Dreams and Visions* in

English Poetry (University of London Press; 2s. net) will surely find many readers. It is the Quain Prize Essay for 1916 at University College, London. The prize was won by Miss Marjorie N. How, B.A.

Let us see how it goes. There are all sorts of dreams and of visions. One sort is the nightmare dream and the satirical visions. 'James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" is the longest and most effective nightmare poem in this language. Here the essence of life as it appeared to this unhappy poet is put into concrete form. Perhaps the city of horrors that he describes was indeed built out of his dreams:

"The sun hath never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair—
Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
Though present in distempered gloom of
thought,
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is
brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks few or
many
Recur each year for several years, can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught?"

This passage recalls the account given by Stevenson of the double life which he lived in his student-days. He dreamed in sequence, the same circumstances recurring night after night. In his dream-life he was a medical student, who all day long had to witness the most horrible monstrosities and ghastly operations, and who all night long climbed dismal flights of stairs, in a vain attempt to reach the top landing where he lodged.

'That dreary region of thought in which a sufferer from melancholia like Thomson dwells by day, might quite naturally represent itself to his dreaming consciousness as a City of gloom and terror; and because the sleep into which he falls is but the restless doze of the fever patient, he is throughout in a state of semi-consciousness, and feels all the time the lack of true sleep:

"The City is of Night, but not of Sleep."

Some other verses of his, called "Insomnia," may help us to understand the working of Thomson's gloomy imagination in his greater poem. He cannot sleep, but in the darkness of the night is tortured by his imagination, which starts into un-

natural activity, and represents the whole dreary length of the night in concrete form. Beside him he feels a dark Presence with folded wings. This "awful image of a nameless dread" is the Second Hour, who cannot fly away until he sleeps. He falls at length into a restless doze, and the night appears to him as a

"Black waste of ridge-walls, hour by hour apart,
Dividing deep ravines; from ridge to ridge,
Sleep's flying hour was an aerial bridge."

But the bridge was not for him to cross, and he had to climb down into the ravine, and then up the further side, torn by brambles and tripping over stones, until, after an interminable period, he

reached the second ridge, and felt "a change of Watchers" in the room. And then the whole wearisome struggle began again. These verses show us very clearly what elements combined to produce "The City of Dreadful Night"—the mind of a poet, sensitive and imaginative, a natural disposition to melancholy, strengthened by disease, and the torturing powerlessness to relax consciousness in sleep.

That is a long quotation, though it does not include the description of the satirical vision, of which Byron and Shelley seem to be the masters or slaves. But that quotation will give some idea of the modern interest of the book, and its author's ability.

Contributions and Comments.

Revelation xvi. 19.

I WROTE to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES shortly after the beginning of the war, to point out the likeness between the hailstones in Rev 16¹⁶ and modern bombs. The plague thereof has grown greater since that time, and I fear will grow greater still, when the American aeroplanes come on the scene. I write to-day to point out a coincidence with another verse describing the events that are to accompany the Battle of Armageddon in what we see taking place in Europe, 'The cities of the nations fell.' The word *πόλεις* among the Greeks had more the meaning of an organized society or community than its equivalent has with us. Therefore 'the cities of the nations' probably means the ordered administrations of Governments among the nations; and how many of these have fallen since August 4th, 1914? The lawful Belgian, Servian, and Montenegrin Governments have been driven from home; the Russian, apparently so firmly fixed, has come down with a crash; the Austrian throne is toppling; the Greek one is bereft of power; and the Portuguese preceded this war. I do not pretend to explain v.²⁰; nor do I wish to venture on the thorny subject of Babylon, who, being a harlot, must symbolize an apostate Church, as in Ezk 23 Aholah and Aholibah. But surely it is not presumptuous to suggest that as the 'Beast' in the Apocalypse is, by the consent of

most modern commentators, the Roman Empire, which was then persecuting the Christians, and which rested on 'Might being Right, its true successors and representatives are Kaiserism, Czarism, and the Austrian or Holy Roman Empire, in other words, Cæsarism.

I leave to my readers to consider, if this identification be correct, which of the Christian Churches has been continuously sitting on this Beast.

MARGARET D. GIBSON.

Cambridge.

Our Lord's Clothing.

THERE are but two occasions on which the clothing of our Lord is referred to, namely, at His birth—and at His death. As to each there is something to consider, and no help can be found in the published commentaries.

1. At our Lord's birth His mother 'wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger' (Lk 2⁷); and the angel said to the shepherds, 'This is the sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger' (Lk 2¹²).

The shepherds praised God 'for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.' What they had heard may have been the angel's message, but probably was more—spoken by Mary and Joseph. What they

had seen was what they had been told to look for—something that was a sign—therefore not what they would pass by as an ordinary sight of no special character. The sign was a combination of things which was not expected; but apart from the combination the things themselves would not have been significant. Merely to be told that they would find a babe lying in a manger would have led to nothing; there must have been poor people and indifferent characters in those days as well as in ours, and for such to be reduced to using the roughest accommodation for a new-born babe would be nothing to be surprised at. But that was not the sign.

Swaddling clothes may not have been uncommon, but swaddling clothes at hand imply much. Foresight, expectation of the birth and provision for it, self-respect, a mode of life consistent with decency, possibly a code of manners above that of the lowest class—in our words what we call respectable habits, and such as we might expect from one who was mindful that he was of the house and family of David.

That a child so carefully clothed and tended should be laid in a cattle manger was evidently not to be expected, and this was the sign which shepherds looked for and found. The popular hymn:

All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,

appears to misinterpret the meaning of the angel's message. There is nothing squalid associated with our Lord, and it is possible that 'swaddling clothes' were an indication of greater refinement or higher rank than we are accustomed to imagine.

2. The only other mention of our Lord's clothing is at His death. After the mocking by the soldiers, 'they took off from him the robe, and put on him his garments' (Mt 27³¹), and 'when they had crucified him, they parted his garments among them.' Joseph of Arimathea, when he received the body, 'wrapped it in a clean linen cloth' (Mt 27⁵⁹), or, as St. John says, 'bound it in linen cloths.' After the resurrection, Peter 'beholdeth the linen cloths lying' (Jn 20⁷). We see how carefully all connexion of our Lord's risen glorified body with His earthly clothing is definitely severed.

Then follow our Lord's several manifestations of Himself. To Mary Magdalene He seems a

gardener—to the disciples at Emmaus a traveller; to the disciples in the place where the doors were shut, He may have appeared in His ordinary clothing; but when He directed Thomas to 'reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side,' His garments were evidently no obstacle. In Galilee, if He had had His habitual appearance, St. Peter would have known Him at once, and none would have doubted. Does not all this show that the outward manifestation of our Lord was according to His will? If He willed to be visible by human eyes, He willed also in what character and with what accessories He would be seen before He assumed the splendour which St. John saw only when he was 'in the Spirit' and of which he tried to give some idea by recalling such images from terrestrial things as would best convey to others the overwhelming impression made upon him.

Compare the irradiation of our Lord's raiment at the Transfiguration.

HENRY H. BOTHAMLEY.

The Crossways, Bromley.

Luke xv. 16.

'No man gave unto him.' Gave what? The common answer is, 'Husks': 'he longed for the food the swine ate, and no one gave him any of it.' This has always seemed to me an unintelligent reading of the parable. I understand it means: 'No one gave him food in adequate quantity—suitable food.' The reference to the husks seems to imply simply that at times he was so hungry that he envied the animals that had enough to eat, and that no one took pity on him and relieved his hunger with proper food and a reasonably ample supply of it. It seems a somewhat stupid kind of exaggeration of the description of his misery to say, 'he desired to eat the swine's food, and could not get enough even of it.' It also seems to suggest that if he had got it, it would possibly have staved off the hunger which led him to return to his father. If he had actually wished for the husks, he could surely have supplied himself with them even if the swine got a diminished portion—a matter of which they could not complain articulately.

JOHN WILLCOCK.

Lerwick.

Apocalypse and Genealogy.

THE genealogies of Jesus Christ, as given in the Gospels according to St. Matthew and St. Luke, admittedly present many difficulties, and with the knowledge now at our command are incapable of mutual reconciliation. That of Matthew bears the stamp of artificiality on the face of it, for the writer seems to have had special reasons for commencing his list of names with Abraham, for dividing his list into three equal sections, and for allotting to each section fourteen generations. The value of this plan for our author is emphasized by the fact that he boldly asserts it although his last section has only thirteen names, and is made obvious in the second section, which is derived from 1 Ch 3. Here there are more names than Matthew needs, but rather than abandon his scheme he cuts down the list in Chronicles to the required fourteen. The question naturally arises, Why the importance of this ground plan, and whence its origin? The answer seems to be given in the Book of Enoch.

It is well known that serious attempts were made to fix the time of the expected Messianic kingdom, the 70 weeks of Dn 9²⁴ being the most familiar example. In the Book of Enoch 93¹⁻¹⁰ and 91¹²⁻¹⁷ there is a short Apocalypse which divides the whole period of historic time into ten weeks of seven generations each. Seven of these weeks had already passed when the author wrote his book, three were still in the future. In the eighth week the righteous are to subdue their opponents by the sword, in the ninth week a solemn judgment ushers the divine age into this world, only in the tenth week do we see a similar judgment in the upper world and the final overthrow of sin. It is true no Messiah is mentioned in this Apocalypse, but that does not affect the purpose we have in view.

Turning again to Matthew, it is significant that he commences his genealogical table exactly at the close of pseudo-Enoch's third week, the first having extended from Adam to Enoch, the second from Enoch to Noah, and the third from Noah to Abraham. In Mt 1¹⁷ we are told that from Abraham to David are fourteen generations, *i.e.* two weeks of seven generations each as in pseudo-Enoch; two more such weeks divide David from the beginning of the Exile, and two more carry us from the Exile to Christ. At the end of the ninth week the Saviour is born, for Jesus shall save His

people from their sins (v.²⁰). Thus for Matthew, as for Enoch, salvation comes at the end of nine weeks. Canon Charles says: 'The Book of Enoch was well known to the writers of the N.T., and to some extent influenced alike their thought and diction.' Have we not an instance of its influence here? We have only to suppose that Enoch's scheme of time was well known to see how important an argument for the Messiahship of Jesus the genealogy presented in this form would be. And if, as we believe, we have here the key to Matthew's genealogical list, there is another proof, if such were needed, of Matthew's desire to reveal Jesus to the Jews as the consummation of all their hopes.

J. T. NEWTON.

North Shields.

Esau.

IN a recent issue of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, Professor Paterson is quoted as saying that 'Esau, who to begin with was nothing worse than a fool, has come to be described, by the time the story reaches the age of the Apostles, as a profane person and fornicator.'

Is this quite fair to Esau? He does not appear to be described as a fornicator in the passage to which the Professor obviously alludes. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews writes, 'lest there be any fornicator, *or* profane person, as Esau,' etc. If the writer had meant to describe Esau as profane and impure, surely he would have written, 'lest there be any fornicator *and* profane person, as Esau.' Esau appears in He 12¹⁵ not as a fornicator at all, but as a type of the 'profane' (βέβηλος), a description which suits him exactly.

'The N.T. calls Esau "profane," thus revealing the secret of his character: the word (Gr. *bebēlos*) suggests the quality of a man to whom nothing is sacred, whose heart and thought range over only what is materially and sensibly present' (Dr. R. Waddy Moss in Hastings' one-vol. *B.D.*)—an idea finely worked out in George Adam Smith's well-known sermon on Esau in *The Forgiveness of Sins*, pp. 174-191.

Dr. W. F. Moulton's exegesis of this passage leads to the same conclusion:

'Though Jewish tradition (see, for example, the Targum of Palestine on Gn 25²⁹) affirms that Esau was a man of impure life, it is not probable

that he is so represented in this verse. Here he is mentioned as a type of the "profane" who care not for divine things, but only for the gains and pleasures of this world' (Ellicott's *N.T. Commentary for English Readers*).

So that in spite of Farrar (*Cambridge Bible, in loc.*), who maintains that *πόρνος* applies to Esau, and 'must be taken literally,' the writer of the Epistle probably alluding to the Jewish Hagadah, where Esau is painted in the darkest colours, perhaps Westcott (*Comm. in loc.*) has said the final word on the point:

'A question has been raised whether both *πόρνος* and *βέβηλος* are connected with *Ἡσαῦ*, or the latter only. The second view seems unquestionably to be right. Esau is represented in Scripture as the type of a "profane" man, but he does not appear as *πόρνος* either literally or metaphorically. The later Jewish traditions can hardly have a place here. And, yet again, the words of explanation which follow justify the epithet *βέβηλος*, but they do not extend further. They imply therefore that *πόρνος* does not refer to him.'

ERNEST ELLIOT.

Manchester.

Note on Proverbs xx. 27.

נֵר יְהוָה נִשְׁמַת אָדָם הַפֶּשֶׁל כָּל-חַרְרֵי-בָטָן:

A.V., 'The spirit of man is the candle of the LORD, searching all the inward parts of the belly.'

R.V., '... the lamp ... innermost.'

But the meaning of the Hebrew is infinitely greater and deeper. Keeping the Heb. order, and giving the established meaning of all the words:

'A lamp of the LORD is the breath of man, searching through all the store-rooms of *his* being'; cf. Jn 1⁹.

'Lamp' is the same word as in the Samuel story; also in Zeph 1², 'I will search Jerusalem with candles' (intensive form of same verb = 'busily search,' 'go about searching').

'Breath' is the same word as in Gn 2⁷; also Job 34¹⁴, side by side with 'spirit' (רוּחַ); and 32⁸, R.V., 'the breath (A.V., 'the inspiration') of the Almighty giveth them understanding' ('teacheth them') a parallel thought to our Proverbs verse.

'Of man,' or 'of mankind.'

'Searching through'—the same verb occurs in

Pr 2⁴, A.V., 'searchest for.' In Palestinian Syriac the verb means 'to dig' (*B.D.B.*).

'The store-rooms' or 'the presence-chambers'; cf. Pr 2⁴, Ps 105³⁰, Job 9⁹. The word always means precious and private rooms.

'Of *his* being.' The English versions' ugly word, although right for our word often, is utterly wrong here, and, in same phrase, Pr 18⁸ 20³⁰ 26²². See 22¹⁸, E.V., 'within thee,' but lit. as in A.V. margin; and the sense is, 'Surely delightful is it if thou guard them in thy being, ready one and all of them upon thy lips'—'them' = 'the words of the wise men,' and 'my knowledge.' See also Job 15^{2. 35}; and specially 32^{18. 19}, which I would render, 'For full am I of words—the breath of my being constraineth me: yea, my being is like wine unopened, like wine in new skins, which would out.' Also Hab 3¹⁶, 'I heard, and my being trembled.'

The Hebrew usage is *something* like English poetical 'breast' or 'bosom,' but it has a deeper meaning than these. The Heb. subst. in these connexions means 'the whole, visible, tangible frame of man,' the covering encasement of his individuality, of his secret 'ego.'

A paraphrase of the inner thought of Pr 20²⁷, in modern phrase, and for our present occasions, would be, 'A searchlight from God is man's conscience, exploring the cloisters of the soul.'

H. W. SHEPPARD.

Lee-on-Solent.

'Fulfilled in your Ears.'

THE popular interpretation of this passage (Lk 4²¹) is that in it Jesus frankly announced 'that he was the Messiah in whom the words of the prophets found their fulfilment' (Farrar, in *Cambridge Bible for Schools*). I do not know what English commentator takes an essentially different view. But this interpretation is beset with improbabilities. First, it runs counter to the consistent representation of the Synoptic Gospels that, at least until a late period in His ministry, Jesus made no claim to the Messiahship; and that when Peter suggested the idea, Jesus told him to keep it a profound secret, as Luke himself mentions (9²¹). That Jesus should open His discourse with the startling announcement, and that His hearers, already doubtful of Him, should have greeted the statement as 'gracious words,' are suppositions in the highest degree improbable. Second, the mere *claim* to be

the Messiah, unaccompanied, as the context (v.²³) implies, by any confirmatory miracles, could carry no conviction, and would be quite unlike the wisdom and modesty of Jesus (Mt 12¹⁹). These considerations seem to call for a fresh study of the terms employed.

1. The phrase *fulfilled in your ears*, which is uncommon, would not be a natural way of expressing the claim, even if such a claim were intended to be made. If the meaning were 'This prophecy is fulfilled in me, the preacher,' appeal would more naturally be made to the sense of sight than to that of hearing, and the mode of expression would be 'in me whom you see standing before you.' One can imagine a demonstrator in Chemistry describing the result of a chemical experiment he was about to make, and then when the result followed (e.g. the electrolysis of water), saying, 'My words have been fulfilled *before your eyes*'—that is, as *you have seen*. If, however, the lecturer were a politician and had been foretelling the result of an election, and at the close of his lecture a telegram were read out confirming his forecast, he might appropriately say, 'My words have been fulfilled in *your ears*'—i.e. as *you have heard*. The phrase is only appropriate when it refers to something like tidings, which appeal to the sense of hearing. Now the next verse but one expressly refers to tidings which His hearers had received about the doings of Jesus in Capernaum.

2. The expression *this day* must be understood in the common Hebrew sense of 'nowadays,' 'at the present time,' 'in these days.' See, e.g., Neh 9³⁶, Dn 9⁷, He 13⁸.

The opening passage in our Lord's discourse may therefore be paraphrased as follows: 'As

you have heard in the recent tidings from Capernaum, these words of the prophet are in our days receiving fulfilment. Good tidings are being preached of the Kingdom of Heaven at hand; the blind are receiving their sight; devils are being cast out, and Satan's captives released from thralldom. These are works which betoken the expected Christ (τὰ ἔργα τοῦ Χριστοῦ, Mt 11²). We are living therefore in Messianic days. Your ears hear things that kings and prophets of many generations have wished to hear.' Such statements would indeed be received by the hearers as 'pleasing words'; and would be wholly in accord with what we read in all the Synoptics that Jesus began His ministry, not by announcing Himself to be the Messiah, but by preaching the good news of God, and saying, 'The time is fulfilled, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.'

The revulsion of feeling which shortly followed was due to the fact that Jesus insisted, like John the Baptist, that the privileges of the Messianic kingdom were not to be obtained by accident of birth, but by moral fitness;—that therefore they were not the peculiar possession of the Israelite, but were open equally to people of every nation, and that the Jew, if not morally qualified, might even miss them altogether. That this was part of the teaching of Jesus we have evidence elsewhere; e.g. in His words about the centurion of Capernaum (Mt 8^{11, 12}; cf. Mk 11¹⁷). This was so opposed to Jewish conceptions, and was judged so unpatriotic, revolutionary, and heretical, that His hearers on the present occasion could not abide it. It outweighed the effect of the pleasing words which had preceded.

EDWARD P. RICE.

Hassocks.

Entre Nous.

Russian Poetry.

Dr. Jane Harrison has written a Preface to *Russian Poets and Poems* by Madame M. Jarintzov (Oxford: Blackwell; 10s. 6d. net). It is a Preface of two pages, but it says enough to give the reader of it an appetite for the book. For it tells us that the book is the successful result of the application of a new conception of translation to the most famous Russian poetry. 'Hitherto among trans-

lators a kind of orthodoxy has become traditional. The translator translates from an alien idiom. He, it is assumed, is past-master of his own tongue, and must guard its sanctities; if violence be done, it is the alien idiom that must suffer. Madame Jarintzov frankly turns the tables on tradition. If Russian is to be translated, the translator must be a Russian. He and he only can really feel his mother-tongue, its rhymes and rhythms, its com-

plex music, its rather stark stateliness. The translator's object is, not to create English, but to carry over Russian.' As a good example of the good results following, Miss Harrison bids the reader 'read Pushkin's "Bronze Horseman." He will feel the broad swell of the Neva and see the splendid spectral vision of Peter's great new city shining in the northern night. Above all, let him read "The Demon" of L'ermontov. A line like

"By swords of passionless Archangels"

may well live on in English literature. "The Demon" is a masterpiece of translation, charged with the unearthly beauty of the original—yes, and with something of its timeless terror.'

Madame Jarintzov believes in her own method heartily. 'Mr. Wilfrid Blair,' she says, 'believes in a word-for-word translation, and thinks that it only "needs time" and can be achieved in every case within the laws of perfect English, and yet combined with the original metre, original rhyming scheme, and original atmosphere of speech. *I don't!* The impossibility of this has become particularly clear to me since the great debate between Mr. Wilfrid Blair and myself over L'ermontov's "Demon." On being given the word-for-word English for that poem, Mr. Wilfrid Blair said that he "could not possibly pass" my translation, as it "needed several months of work to correct it." I, on the other hand, could not possibly pass the line or two which he suggested as his own version, so we left this poem alone. Thus, all the "Demon's" sins are now *my sins*; but so is the "Demon's" Russian swing! The fact is that the knowledge of the exact meaning of each separate word does not give a foreign translator, who knows no Russian, the feeling of the original musical lilt—not in the least. The "Demon" is one of those classical creations which are permeated with the typical, essential beauty of classical Russian poetry—namely, the stateliness of simplicity, the naturalness of speech which could not be beaten by the most perfect prose. The moment the English poetic language steps in with its very own licences, out flies the great spirit of that stately naturalness! . . .'

Well, let us turn to the 'Demon,' and let us quote for example this evidence of the power of love:

The evening mist had thrown its veiling
Of white on Grūzian hill and dale.
Obedient to his wont, the Demon
Had sought the convent's holy pale.
But, filled with fear of sanctity,
He dared not boldly force an entrance
And violate the sanctuary.

Then for a moment was he fain
To give up his hell-dark device.
Absorbed in thought, he slowly paced
'Neath towering wall; shudder would rise
And run, scarce heard, in windless night
Through sleeping leaves at his approach.
Still hesitating to encroach,
He glanced up: there was a glimmer
Of lamplight in Tamàra's window;
She seemed to wait for someone there. . . .
Then, through the drowsy, silent air,
There came a distant sound of singing,
With it chingàra's strings a-ringing,
Subdued and gentle sounds, which flowed
In even streams, like tears of rare
Angelic tenderness: a song
For earth in Heaven born and nourished. . . .
Had, then, an angel flown in secret
To meet him as his friend of yore,
To sing the bygone joys they cherished,
And soothe the sufferings he bore?
Then first the Demon knew he loved;
Knew how he yearned and longed for love.
In sudden fear, he thought to fly. . . .
But in that first heart-rending anguish
His wing was stayed—he had no power!
And, marvel! from his veiled eye
There dropped a tear. . . . This very hour.
There lieth by Tamàra's tower
A stone burnt through by flame-like tear—
Inhuman tear: a sign for aye! . . .

It is a great book, a real reflexion and interpretation of the greatness of Russian poetry.

Helen Hamilton.

Miss Hamilton has written (in blank verse and very irregular metre) the biography of the woman who becomes Head Mistress, and that from the cradle to the grave. It is (as we shall show) an

amazingly graphic biography. But—who would be a teacher after reading it? The title is *The Compleat Schoolmarm* (Blackwell; 2s. net). This is the beginning of the chapter entitled

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

The Day of days,
 A *Molto agitato* day.
 Dreaded, desired,
 And worked for,
 Consumedly!
 O the turmoil,
 The prostrating, happy turmoil of the morning!
 You spare yourself no effort,
 For one thing only matters
 In all the world:
 That It,
 The Great event,
 Should go off well,
 Else will you die,
 Of bitter disappointment.
 Furiously active,
 Caught in a whirlwind,
 Hither and thither you whisk,
 Doing, directing,
 Exhorting, rebuking,
 Confounding other zealots
 By conflicting orders.
 The girls are like leaves,
 Scattering leaves,
 In an autumn gale.
 But how they enjoy it!
 So frightfully important!
 She of the awful silence
 And wrathful eyes,
 When things go wrong,
 Your Head, adored and dreaded,
 Hovers majestically
 Over her hive,
 Controlling its workers.
 How searching her glances,
 Swift her decisions,
 Sudden her appearances,
 Sudden, unnerving!
 The Great, the Good, the Always-wise!
 Wondering, mazed, and awestruck
 You rush to do her bidding,
 With instant, proud humility!

M. St. Clare Byrne.

Aldebaran is the title of the new volume of Mr. Blackwell's 'Adventurers All' (2s. net). The author is Miss M. St. Clare Byrne. Take these two poems; they are in no way better than those that are not taken, for all are true and touching:

THE COMMON THINGS.

I never knew how sorrel looks
 When the sun is getting low,
 Till I watched you gathering it,
 Three weeks ago;

I'd never gathered trefoil
 Since I was six years old,
 Till I saw it in your hands—
 Pure fairy gold.

Clover and trefoil
 All in an earthen bowl—
 How these little things
 Master the soul!

NOS IDEM MORTALES.

When they shall come to tell me you are dead
 I will be very quiet: I shall know
 Instantly, then, the place where I must go,
 The thing that I must do. The words you
 said
 I must ponder on in the very deepest heart:
 I must remember all you ever did
 Of loveliness, and the deep honour hid
 In your whole life, and all the little part
 We shared together, both of sorrow, laughter,
 And age-old foolishness, all unforgotten.
 I will tell over to myself all day
 Your wonder and your beauty . . . and then
 after,
 With peace of you from my long day begotten,
 Quietly, strong with you, go on my way.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It is not often now that a preacher chooses the story of the Gadarene Swine as the text of his sermon. No doubt there is a certain Sunday of the year when by the Church Calendar it is the Gospel for the Day. But even then preachers are for the most part content to have the story read. On that Sunday this year, however, the Dean of St. Paul's took it for his text.

Did he take it for his text in order to protest against its place in the Lectionary? Very nearly. He did not protest in so many words. He declared his unbelief in the historical accuracy of the narrative. And if you had asked him, he would not have hesitated to say that, the narrative being untrue, it has no business to be one of the Lessons that have to be read in Public Worship.

Why does Dr. INGE disbelieve in the historical accuracy of this story? It seems to be because of the swine. He does not disbelieve in the existence of evil spirits. He does not disbelieve in the power of Jesus to order them about. But he is unable to believe that they can be sent into the bodies of the lower animals. And he has some trouble about 'the injury done by the miracle to the unoffending owner.'

It is not yet forgotten that Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley had once a long controversy on the 'Gadarene Pig Affair' (as one of them called it) in one of the monthly magazines. The Dean of St. Paul's recalls that controversy. He thinks that 'the eminent statesman did not show his power to great advantage in the duel.' How could he?

He argued at an impossible disadvantage. He argued on the supposition that the place where the swine were kept was Gadara, and so presumably the owner was a Gentile and had a right to keep swine. But it is not possible from the story itself to believe that the place was Gadara. For Gadara is six or seven miles from the sea of Galilee. And if you can believe that the swine ran these six or seven miles before they 'ran violently down a steep place into the sea,' then you can believe anything in the narrative or out of it.

The place was on the shore of the lake, as the oldest text itself is sufficient to indicate. And so the owner was a Jew and was not 'unoffending.' He could not very easily have offended against the law of his land or the sentiment of his neighbours more seriously than he did. If he lost his swine he gained a lesson; perhaps he saved his soul.

Well, first of all, concerning the unoffending

About the possibility of sending evil spirits into the bodies of the lower animals we have nothing to say. We have nothing to say either for it or against it, for we know nothing about it. Nor are we greatly concerned. Much more important is the question whether there are evil spirits to send. And the Dean of St. Paul's believes that there are.

You will find his sermon in the latest volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net). It is a volume in which a fair representation is to be discovered of the preaching, let us say the best preaching, of our day. There are other sermons in it which deserve attention not less than this sermon by the Dean of St. Paul's. We choose Dr. INGE's sermon because it is impossible to overlook the significance of it. That a man of his independence of thought and unimpeachable scholarship should at a time like this tell us that he believes—not in evil, that were nothing, though he is most particular to say that his belief in evil is belief in a reality, a positive and terrible power, not a negative good,—but that he should believe in the existence and activity of evil spirits, is significant enough.

At the beginning of the war, when it was felt to be necessary to carry Christ with us into it, much was made of the 'scourge of small cords' with which He drove the traders out of the courts of the Temple.

But more would have been made of it if Dr. E. A. ABBOTT's book on *The Founding of the New Kingdom* had been published (Cambridge: At the University Press; 16s. 6d. net). For there were two obstacles to its fullest use, and he has removed them. One obstacle was the opinion of the commentators, from Alford to Keim, that the scourge was merely a twist of rushes picked off the floor. The other was a haunting doubt of the scourge's very existence. For it is mentioned only in the Fourth Gospel, and the Fourth Gospel places the cleansing of the Temple at the beginning

instead of at the end of our Lord's ministry. Dr. ABBOTT has given the scourge a real existence, and he has made it a real scourge.

First, why do the Synoptists omit all mention of the scourge? Because the scourge of cords (the Revisers omit the word 'small') was required for the sheep and oxen, and as the Synoptists do not mention the sheep and oxen they do not need to mention the scourge. But why do they not mention the sheep and oxen? Dr. ABBOTT's answer is, 'Because, after one or two visits of Jesus to the Temple, He had succeeded in abating the market abuse to such an extent that the sheep and oxen were removed and nothing remained but the doves.'

Dr. ABBOTT does not offer that as an absolutely certain solution. There are still 'great difficulties.' He even suggests another solution, that Mark (followed by Matthew and Luke) omitted the sheep and oxen deliberately because they affected only the rich, and fastened upon the doves because they represented the oppression of the poor. He leaves us to make our choice. But of one thing he is quite sure, and it is the main thing. The Fourth Evangelist did not invent the scourge. Though not too original for 'a great Jewish prophet,' it is far too original for John.

He is equally certain that it was a real scourge. He will have nothing to do with the rushes. The word never means rushes, either in the Septuagint or in Greek literature. And how do we know that the floor of the Temple courts was covered with rushes? '“Rushes” would seem more suitable to the bank of the Nile than to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.'

What was the scourge of cords, then? Dr. ABBOTT turns to the 118th Psalm: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar' (Ps 118²⁷). 'Each victim, presumably, would have a cord attached to it for the purpose of leading it, and binding it, to receive the sacrificial

stroke. From such "cords" Jesus might construct, and encourage His followers to construct, the "scourge" in question.'

There is no more common, and there is no more mischievous, misconception of Christianity than the belief that it is a religion of negations. A biography (?) has been written, and is noticed on another page, of W. E. FORD, an educational reformer. One of the authors of the biography begins with this amazing statement: 'The practice of all present-day religions is founded on the commandments beginning "thou shalt not," treating God as lawgiver and judge, a creature swift to anger and to condemnation.'

Amazing as it is, that statement is characteristic of the thinking of our day. That is the opinion of men, of young men especially, here, there, and everywhere throughout the world; and nowhere more than in the fighting forces. And until we get men to see that that conception of Christianity is radically and ludicrously false, our hope of having them when the war is over is a hope that has not the least prospect of realization.

What is the origin of the idea? We shall not say the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, for the suggestion would be treated at once as absurd. But the writings of Nietzsche have something to do with it. This is the charge which Nietzsche made against Christianity. He made it with all the force of his marvellous command of language. And it has to be remembered that while the pocket edition of *Also sprach Zarathustra* had reached a circulation, before the war, of a hundred and forty thousand, the sale of the English translations (there are more than one of them) have also had a large though an unrecorded sale. We must answer every man who calls Christianity the religion of the coward. We must answer Nietzsche.

The Bross Lectures for 1915 were delivered by the Rev. John Neville FIGGIS, D.D., Litt.D., of

the Community of the Resurrection. Their title, as now published, is *The Will to Freedom* (Longmans; 6s. net). Their subject is the gospel of Nietzsche and the gospel of Christ. Dr. FIGGIS is no indiscriminate assailant of Nietzsche's gospel. He believes in much of it. But he is very sure that Nietzsche was all wrong when he denounced Christianity as the religion of the weakling.

'He might have been undeceived, had he read a little more Church history, or even studied the New Testament which he so heartily despised. He could hardly then have ignored the words about abundant life and fulness of joy—while St. Paul's frequent references to joy in suffering would seem almost designed to meet Nietzsche's own experience. It is not the sense of weakness, but of power that is the most obvious thing in the psychology of the early Christians. Two great facts about the Church impress themselves upon the reader of the New Testament: (1) it was possessed by a spirit of power; (2) it was a separating, distinguishing force, adding to dignity: "Ye are a holy nation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people."

Nietzsche was misled by the Christian demand for self-denial. That he interpreted to mean a demand for self-suppression; and such a demand went contrary to his favourite idea of the Superman. But even his own Superman has to deny himself. In describing him Nietzsche went so far as to say that self-denial which involves suffering is a condition of insight. It is just what any good Christian will say. Did not Bishop Creighton assert that suffering gives an insight denied to thought? And did not Professor Hort declare that power of life means power of suffering?

In the demand for self-denial the gospel of Christ and the gospel of Nietzsche are at one. They are also at one in the purpose of it. For this is the question regarding self-denial: 'whether it be to abstain from alcohol, or to face an almost certain death in the trenches—to what purpose is

this waste? Is the ointment of man's tears to be poured out, and the alabaster of his gifts to be broken for a noble or an ignoble purpose? Is the result to be the development or the annihilation of the personality? The latter is the teaching of Schopenhauer, of Buddhism, and of the various forms of Oriental pessimism. To them the individual being is the supreme evil, or else the curse of existence. Christianity and Nietzsche also might commend the same ascetic practices as the Buddhist; but the object is different. Always it is the development of the personality—not its extinction. It is a negative means to reach a positive end. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly" is the principle of Christian asceticism; every whit as much as the expansion of Life is the maxim of Nietzsche.

There is this difference, however, that Nietzsche never discerns power except as explosion. There is no reserve with himself: there is no repression in his doctrine. No doubt the first lesson of courage is what he calls 'Yea-saying to life'; not to shrink; not to stop development because of dangers or fatigues; to face the unknown; to be adventurous, and so forth. Equally needful and harder to teach is the lesson of No-saying, *i.e.* to concentrate, to limit oneself, to hold oneself in; to control the desire to be always on the move.

That is the first great error which Dr. FIGGIS finds in Nietzsche's conception of Christianity. The second is the belief that Christian love is nothing more than sympathy with suffering. It is not only weakness in itself but it encourages weakness in others.

Now sympathy with suffering is a large part of Christian love. It may even be said, and with thankfulness, that the central doctrine of Christianity is the loving pity of a Saviour for the 'lost.' It will not be hidden by any preacher of the Christian gospel that the Saviour's own sermon was on the prophetic text, 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good

tidings to the poor: he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.' Nietzsche may object to that. He may call it the most detestable doctrine that ever was preached. But it is only his astonishing ignorance of the history of the Christian Church that makes it possible for him to say that that gospel has produced the weakling or perpetuated his existence in the world. 'I came,' said Jesus, 'that they may have life, and may have it abundantly,' and that purpose He has fulfilled in His sympathy with suffering.

There is another misconception. Nietzsche 'misconceived the Christian doctrine of equality before God. That doctrine asserts that every soul has an eternal value, none is merely a thing, a tool. Nietzsche, it is true, would deny this, except for the few. But when he goes on to say that Christianity makes all souls equal, in the sense that it denies the aristocracy of character, he is asserting the direct contrary of the fact. This alleged over-democratic character of Christianity is not there. In its doctrine of the saints, it asserts clearly definite degrees and carries them beyond this life. Further, it goes on to say that what matters is the whole personality. That, indeed, sometimes undergoes a cataclysmic change in the process we call conversion. But this is not universal. The point is that neither on earth nor beyond it does Christianity deny the "aristocracy of character"—although it has never, like Nietzsche, asserted its right to tyrannise in virtue of superiority.'

There is no doctrine that seems more reasonable in itself or more appropriate to the present time than the doctrine of Purgatory. We may be offended by the name, for assuredly it has offensive associations. But it stands for the belief that those who have been taken unprepared into Eternity are there made fit, before they enter finally into the inheritance of the saints in light. And what can be more reasonable or reassuring than that?

But the Rev. R. G. GILLIE does not believe in Purgatory, or in anything that the name stands for. A volume has been prepared for the present distress under the title of *Our Boys Beyond the Shadow* (Sampson Low; 4s. 6d. net). It is edited by the Rev. Frederick HASTINGS, and consists of eighteen papers by scholars from all the Churches—Dr. Charles Brown, Mr. Bernard Snell, the Bishop of Birmingham, Mr. Charles Allan, the Archdeacon of Middlesex, Dr. Horton, Mr. Spurr, Mr. Rattenbury, Mr. Piggott, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Monro Gibson, Mr. Day Thompson, the Dean of Gloucester, Mr. Hastings himself, and Mr. Gillie. Mr. GILLIE writes three of the papers. One of them is entitled ‘Is Purgatory Necessary?’ Mr. GILLIE does not believe that Purgatory is necessary.

Now if Purgatory is not necessary it is nothing. For it has no support from the New Testament. Only three or four passages can by any kind of interpretation be taken into its service, and the interpretation that takes them in is unreliable. Its existence as a doctrine is due, not to a study of the New Testament, but to the attempt of an uninstructed Church to meet a natural human failing. Any attraction that it has to-day is due to the encouragement of that failing, together with a complete misunderstanding of ‘that state of the blessed dead which we call heaven.’

But it is not necessary. For our young men were not what we thought they were when hastily they departed hence. They were not so unprepared as we thought. We did not know them. ‘They were inarticulate and shy, and the effort was too great for them to make, to speak of their inmost thoughts. There was much more in them than they ever allowed us to see, or themselves to admit. “A boy’s will is a wind’s will, but the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.” There are two things that make us sure of this.’

One thing is the way in which they gave themselves to the sacrifice. ‘Quite simply, drawn as irresistibly as the iron filings by the loadstone,—

they yielded to the calls imperilling their career, their prospects, their dearest hopes, and their earthly life. We can never forget that revelation of what lay asleep in their young manhood, this capacity for utter surrender to the call of duty. Having seen that glimpse of heavenliness in lives that sometimes seemed so earthbound, one may well be slow to conclude that God cannot give to such their starting point in His heaven.’

The other thing is more immediately convincing. It is the reading of the letters which have been written by them and which were to be opened only if they died. ‘Facing the great experience of death, scarcely hoping to escape it, they have written a few lines unbarring their hearts for once, and what have we read there? Thoughts of home, a plea for forgiveness of any distress they have caused, an upward look to God, selflessness, courage, thanks for any spiritual influence, a great love. Though I know something of the human heart, such a letter,’ says Mr. GILLIE, ‘has shown me that I too had failed to read what lay behind the gay exterior and the joy of life. Yes, and it lay even behind the not infrequent aversion to services or indifference to Church matters. Behind all, there was still a seed of reverence, of sacrificial love, of loyal trust in those hearts, which many never knew, and which sometimes they did not know themselves.’

Is that not enough to make Purgatory unnecessary? There is more than that. Turn to the gospel. What is the gospel? Is it not the gospel of the grace of God? And what is grace? Is it merit? Purgatory is matter of merit. They who enter heaven after passing through the discipline of a Middle State enter because they are worthy. Is that the gospel of the grace of God?

‘We misread,’ says Mr. GILLIE, ‘the overwhelming power of the unhindered grace of God. None of us are going to be in the Father’s House because we are worthy, but only because of His

mercy in Christ Jesus. We shall not be there because we are fit to be there when we leave the earth. The greatest saint on earth is not fit. "The spirits of just men made perfect" are the inhabitants of heaven. It is not death that makes us perfect,—it is not the escape from the material body and from this earthly scene which is going to perfect us. There has to be a miracle of completing grace before any one of us can be fit for the society of the angels and for the redeemed in their sinless robes.'

'The overwhelming power of the unhindered grace of God.' What hinders it? Not sin, not sinful habit, not even crime and a career of it. Nothing but unrepentance. The moment that repentance comes, the grace of God is free, and its power is overwhelming. 'Two young men greatly contrasted, ended their lives very soon after Jesus,—the one was the bandit, who was on a neighbouring cross by the side of Christ, the other was Saint Stephen, the first martyr. The assurance Jesus gave the criminal was, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Had the saint any higher assurance? Was it not the same assurance which made his death-cry, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," before he fell asleep? The difference between Stephen and that crucified ill-doer was far greater than the difference between many a young man, whose name was on no Church roll before he died, and the most devoted Christian.

Jesus did not hesitate to say, "To-day," "with me," "in Paradise."

We do not know the grace of God when we demand a Purgatory of discipline. And we do not know God. We make Him in our own image, after our own likeness. We think He cannot be bothered with us till we are ready to give Him no bother. To pass for a moment from Mr. GILLIE, there is a book on *The Unfolding of Life* which has been written by the Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, D.D., Head Master of the Leys School. It is the Fernley Lecture for the year. In that book there is a story told.

'We remember,' says Dr. BARBER, 'a happy home in which a buzzing swarm of children were always round an adored mother. Sometimes, in humorous despair, she would drive them away: "Oh, children, do go away and give me a little peace." When they came with the usual puzzles of childhood and asked why, if heaven were so lovely, God did not take them to live with Him right away, their mother could only point out how lonely she would be; but the answer obviously did not satisfy. One day the youngest boy came with face all radiant; he had solved the riddle: "I know why God doesn't take us all at once to heaven. *He wants a little peace first.*" Quite naturally and rightly he had made a God in the image of his mother.'

'If God Be for us.'

By PROFESSOR THE REV. A. G. HOGG, M.A., MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, INDIA.

'If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'—Rom. 8^{31, 32}.

How satisfyingly inclusive is the catalogue of dangers which, in the chapter from which the text is taken, the Apostle sums up and tosses contemptuously aside! 'I am certain,' he says, that 'neither death nor life, neither angels nor principal-

ties, neither the present nor the future, no powers of the Height or of the Depth, nor anything else in all creation will be able to part us from God's love in Christ Jesus our Lord' (Dr. Moffatt's version). In the commonplace days of peace, which now seem so far-away a memory, we might have been content with St. Paul's first antithesis, 'neither death nor life.' But in these present days when the name of a certain political power

has become for so many of us emblematic of principles of moral evil which in incipient and subtler guise have been penetrating all parts of our civilization and threatening its total collapse, we have regained a vivid sense that our warfare is superhuman, and so we welcome the comfort of the Apostle's triumphant disdain not for death and life alone, but for angels and principalities and powers of the Height or of the Depth. Not only nameable terrors but every daunting fiction which even the most diseased imagination can conjure up are gathered together and flung contemptuously aside by the challenging question: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Is not such a challenge fitted to stir the weariest courage to a new rally? Does not its simple logic destroy even the most deeply seated grounds for despair?

It is out of a life rich in memories of victory that the Apostle speaks his challenge. And we know the source whence he derived that conquering courage and trust. It was Christ's creation—our Lord's gift to an age which was worldly wise and therefore world-weary and hastening towards its fall. So, if we would learn to share the Apostle's confidence and to pass on to others his heartening challenge, we should turn back to the pages of our Lord's own wonderful life.

Of its vivid pictures perhaps none is more impressive as a lesson in faith than the story of our Lord's astonishment on the lake of Gennesaret. That story is commonly called 'The Stilling of the Tempest,' but this is quite a misnomer. If the sole interest of the narrators had indeed been fixed on the cessation of the storm, we might well have hesitated to credit their account. It is not the marvellousness of the achievement that awakens suspicion, for our Lord did much that was even more marvellous. What might provoke doubt is the easiness with which a tale of mere prodigy might grow up in a miracle-loving age. But, while to invent the prodigy might have been easy, to invent our Lord's astonishment—to invent a way of treating the disciples' terror that has about it such a distinguished originality—this is an achievement beyond ordinary myth-making powers. One feels that even if the storm and its stilling were legend, Christ's way of stultifying the disciples' fears nevertheless must be a transcript from life. Shall we study for the moment the sequence of event and action?

The elements raged; the disciples trembled;

our Lord slept. They wakened Him with their weak but most humanly natural appeal: 'Master, carest thou not that we perish?' Now what, under these conditions, was the obvious course for our Lord to follow? What was the course which, in virtue of its obviousness, would naturally have been attributed to Him if the story had been legend? In the judgment of our own age the obvious action for a religious teacher under such circumstances would have been to preach a sermon on the duty of trusting God in time of danger. To a prodigy-loving age, on the other hand, the obvious action might have seemed to be the Master's stilling of the tempest. But to no age would that sequence of emotion and deed seem obvious which, we are told, marked our Lord's behaviour. That which, to His own spiritual vision, shone out so luminously—the Heavenly Father holding in the hollow of His mighty hand the little lake, the dangerous little tempest, the tiny boat with its specks of human creatures—this He flashed upon the disciples' natural vision by asking that Father's hand to close upon the little tempest and crush it into stillness. And then, with never a second thought for the deed that He had done, He turned to the disciples and asked in grieved surprise: 'Why are ye fearful? Have ye not yet faith?' It is as though He said: 'If God be for you, can a mere tempest be against you?' The logic is the same as that which St. Paul uses, but in the deed which went before the reasoning there shines out that utterness of belief in the Heavenly Father's willingness and liberty to 'be *for us*' which was Christ's new, unique contribution to the religious life of the world.

Let us dwell a little longer on the distinguished originality of our Lord's way of feeling and acting, as here narrated. What, let us ask, was the novel and striking feature in His attitude?

What was new was not the idea that God would interpose to rescue men from danger, for that was an idea familiar to every reader of the O.T. narratives. Moreover, Jesus did not believe in the danger; in His eyes the disciples were as safe in the storm as in a calm.

Again, what was new was not the idea that God would grant a sign to strengthen hard-pressed faith. For the O.T. chronicles many examples of that idea also; and although it was certainly one of the conceptions which underlay Christ's conduct

on this occasion, it is not itself the feature that captures our attention.

What stirs our wonder is not so much any particular idea implied in our Lord's action here as His attitude to the deed He had done—His evident lack of any feeling that what had occurred was out of the common. He did not hesitate before His own audacity in expecting of the Father so unwonted an interposition; nor is there, after the deed, any pause to recover His breath, as it were, after an exceptional venturesomeness of faith. Just as if the whole incident had been the most commonplace thing in the world, He turns to the disciples with nothing else interesting His mind than His perplexed astonishment at their lack of faith. It is in this feature above all that the narrative reveals its essential authenticity. It is dominated by the originality of thought and deed of One for whom it was indeed one of the commonplaces of everyday life that the Father controls the mightiest forces of nature in the interests of human faith—in the interests even of the humblest lessons which that faith needs to learn. It is simple fact that the Father is always controlling the forces of nature in the interests of faith, and so the stilling of the tempest was indeed something commonplace—a mere making visible of what He is doing all the time. It is this attitude of Christ toward His own deed, this His conception of the event as a mere commonplace, that has guarded the prodigy from bearing the evil fruit which is so apt to spring from prodigies. And it is this feature of the story that enables it to teach so precious a lesson. Death is not commonplace, but life is. Things to come are not commonplace, but things present are. Yet equally a matter of everyday commonplace fact is God's control of the world for the ends of faith. And so neither death nor life, neither things to come nor things present, can separate us from the love of God. If God be for us, what can be against us? If God be for us, no tottering of our life's structure need make us despair—not shadowed homes, nor holocausts on the stricken field, nor the enfeebling of the Church's testimony, nor the threatened collapse of our civilization.

Does this one picture-lesson from the great life of our Lord suffice us? Or do we perhaps complain that in the face of merely external danger—in presence, say, of a physical tempest—trust is easy? Do we want an object-lesson from a case

of spiritual extremity? If we do, let us turn another page in the life of our Lord.

There came a critical stage in His great enterprise of winning for the world the Kingdom of God, of winning it, if possible, for His own beloved nation too. The crowds had been stirred, but their attitude was undecided. It seemed that a little more might win them, but just as possible that this little more might repel them. And then Jesus was led to work the miracle of feeding the thousands, that miracle which they ought to have felt so eloquent of the kind of Heavenly Father in whom Christ sought to awaken their real trust. Yet upon very few did it have this effect. In the majority it aroused instead a lust for worldly well-being and provoked a scheme to force Jesus to take the lead in a politico-social revolution. Such a revelation of human blindness of soul seems to have brought home to our Lord the certainty that His ideal could not be won in the way in which He had longed that it might come to pass. He quieted the crowd and caused it to disperse. He hurried the disciples away by themselves in a boat. He Himself retired to the hills that He might be alone, and might in the solitude of prayer wrestle with that which He now saw so plainly before Him.

But in the loneliness of that night, there was no stillness. As if to give material substance to the spiritual tempest that threatened to engulf His Messianic mission, the winds rose and howled about His place of retreat. With the whirlwind of men's vain excitement, resting on no solid basis of insight, from which He had just escaped and to which He must presently return, there linked themselves in His mind the eddying gusts of the storm, as they sprang up seemingly from nowhere and whirled so madly around. The cold blast which struck across His face seemed alive with the venom of human hate. The scurrying clouds that raced across the face of heaven appeared one with the follies which, chasing each other across the field of man's vision, continually obscure from Him the true countenance of God. Out yonder on the lake Jesus could see the disciples' frail craft tossed and threatened by the hungry waves. Was not the fair vessel of His own life-work also at sea in this very tempest, where the spiritual and the material, joined in one unholy alliance, made simultaneous war against all that to Him was dear? Perched high up amid the chaos of the elements, the soul

of our Lord wrestled on in solitude. And then upon His straining faith there fell an inward peace. He saw the tempest, both spiritual and physical, held in the hollow of His Father's hand, its noisiest fury impotent to work more than His Father's will. And Jesus arose and walked—walked down the hillside—walked right, out into the waves.

I do not believe that He thought of working a miracle; I do not think He meant to teach a lesson; I do not find in the narratives anything to suggest such an intention. I do not think He formed any self-conscious resolve at all. Our Lord had the poet's cast of mind, which is quick to find the invisible clothing itself in the visible, and for which the dividing line between material and spiritual is ever very thin. And just as, a little later, the barren fig-tree blended in the poet-mind of Jesus with the barrenness of Israel, so here at this high-strung moment the physical storm had become for Him indistinguishably one with the spiritual conflict that threatened to shipwreck His God-given mission. Thus it came to pass that the act of gazing calmly into the heart of that *human* tempest whose fierce threatenings absorbed His thought worked itself out naturally, unself-consciously, possibly at first without His own express notice, into the act of breasting the *physical* storm, walking out into the very sea, and treading down its waves which He saw tossing themselves so impotently in the grasp of His Father's hand.

Is this too venturesome a reading of this strange story in the life of our Lord? It may be so. But at any rate a spiritual crisis did drive our Lord that evening to seek solitude on the mountain-side, and to stay there through hours of storm. At any rate He did conquer. And beyond all question the secret of His victorious serenity, as he walked upon the waters with apparently no desire to reach the boat (Mk 6⁴⁹), was not different from this: 'If the Heavenly Father be for us, what can be against us?' In this story, therefore, we have what we asked for—an object-lesson which teaches trust in face of *spiritual* extremity. Will it not be strange if we are not satisfied? What more can our faith need to stir it to new life than St. Paul's challenging logic, and these object-lessons in proof of its validity? And yet, strange though it may seem, we do want more.

We want more because there is one dishearten-

ingly obvious answer to St. Paul's logic. 'It is true,' we sadly murmur, 'that if God be for us, no one can be against us—no one but ourselves. Yet we ourselves are our own worst enemies, and God will not force our human wills.' Have we not made this answer often, and does it not render listless the ears on which the Apostle's challenge falls?

Too often has it been so with us. Yet have we not done with St. Paul's logic so quickly. We must follow his argument to its close. 'He that spared not his own Son'—that is how the reasoning proceeds, and it reaches to the uttermost of our need. The Apostle's challenge passes on to us our Lord's message, but besides His message there was His mission.

Our Lord's message—the central thought which was the inspiration of all His deeds of human faith and words of wondrous power—was this: that God is so absolutely *for* us as to leave no reason in the world why we should not obtain from Him what will satisfy our every need—no reason but this, that we will not, or do not, go to Him in a spirit that permits Him to do as He would wish and grant our every desire. Now, besides this message of the Lord, our Brother, there is the mission of the Lord, our Redeemer.

Have we dared to imagine, perhaps, that God does not know us as well as we know ourselves? Do we fancy that our deplorable depravity, our inability to come to Him in the spirit that will enable Him to answer our cry, is a discovery of our own, a discovery which has escaped the eye of the great Searcher of hearts? Nay, the Father knows our depravity, and out of this knowledge comes our Lord's mission. The Father knows our impotence to approach Him as we should, and therefore it was that He 'spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,' so that, this our impotence having been abolished through the work of His Son, He might be able with Him freely to give us all things.

How does the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, do the work that charms away our impotence? None can fully answer such a question. Many of us have found Him beginning to do His work, and perhaps we fancy that we understand a little of His magic. But the whole we do not, nor do we need to, understand. It is enough for us that He does it. It is enough for us that all the Godhead of God is at stake in His ability to do this—enough

for us that God would not be God if He could not save a soul so long as it even feebly desired to be saved.

Why do we find it so difficult to believe that even all the resources of the Godhead can conquer human depravity in our own personal case, can transform our individual impotence into an ability to be blessed? We feel so just because, and we feel so only when, this impossibility *has* begun to be accomplished. Our self-despair is the first part of Christ's transforming work in us. We do not

know that we are so stubborn until He has begun to soften us. Let us thank Him, then, for the hopelessness with which He sometimes oppresses us; and when those times are at their worst, let us cower down into His arms, repeating to ourselves that it is God's responsibility—if one may dare to put it so, God's business—and not ours to accomplish our salvation, that it is His age-long purpose through Christ to make us—somehow, somewhen—allow Him freely to give us all things.

Literature.

TOM KETTLE.

'WHEN the war broke out he was engaged in Belgium buying rifles for the Volunteers. In August and September 1914 he was war correspondent for the *Daily News* in Belgium. I shall quote just one passage which briefly sums up his attitude. "When this great war fell on Europe, those who knew even a little of current ethical and political ideals felt that the hour of Destiny had sounded. Europe had once more been threatened by Barbarism, Odin had thrown down his last challenge to Christ. To you, these may or may not seem mere phrases: to anyone whose duty has imposed on him some knowledge of Prussia, they are realities as true as the foul of Hell. When the most fully guaranteed and most sacred treaty in Europe—that which protected Belgium—was violated by Germany, when the frontier was crossed and the guns opened on Liège, without hesitation we declared that the lot of Ireland was on the side of the Allies. As the wave of infamy swept further and further over the plains of Belgium and France, we felt it was the duty of those who could do so to pass from words to deeds."

To Odin's challenge, we cried Amen!

We stayed the plough and laid by the pen,
And we shouldered our guns like gentlemen
That the wiser weak might hold.

'In November 1914 he joined, as he called it, the "Army of Freedom." His oratorical gifts and prestige as a Nationalist made him a great asset to

the recruiting committee. It is said he made over two hundred speeches throughout Ireland. "He spent himself tirelessly on the task," writes a contributor to a Unionist paper. "His brilliant speeches were the admiration of all who heard them. To him, they were a heavy duty. 'The absentee Irishman to-day,' he said in a fine epigram, 'is the man who stays at home.' All the time he was on these spell-binding missions, he was chafing to be at the front. His happy and fighting nature delighted in the rough-and-tumble of platform work, and in the interruption of the 'voice' and hot thrust of retort. I remember him telling me of an Australian minor poet who was too proud to fight. The poet was arguing that men of letters should stay at home and cultivate the muses and hand on the torch of culture to the future. 'I would rather be a tenth-rate minor poet,' he said, 'than a great soldier.' Kettle's retort on this occasion was deadly. 'Well,' he said, 'aren't you?'"

'He went to the front with a burdened heart. The murder of his brother-in-law, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, cast a deep gloom on his spirit. As he wrote to his friend Mr. Lynd shortly before his death, it "oppressed him with horror." I do not think it out of place to recall here a brief obituary notice he wrote of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, whom he loved, as Mr. Lynd so truly says, for the "uncompromising and radically gentle idealist he was"—

"It would be difficult at any time to convey in the deadness of language an adequate sense of the courage, vitality, superabundant faith, and self-

ignoring manliness which were the characteristic things we associated with Francis Sheehy-Skeffington. To me, writing amidst the rumour of camps, the task is impossible. There are clouds that will never lift.

"He was to me the good comrade of many hopes, and though the ways of this scurvy and disastrous world led us apart, he remained to me an inextinguishable flame. This 'agitator,' this 'public menace,' this 'disturber' was wholly emancipated from egotism, and incapable of personal hatred. He was a man who had ranged the whole world of ideas, and rather than my own words I would use those of the great whom we agreed in admiring. I could style him with Guyau—

Droit comme un rayon de lumière,
Et, comme lui, vibrant et chaud;—

or put in his mouth the proud and humble faith of Robert Buchanan—

Never to bow or kneel
To any brazen lie;
To love the worst, to feel
The worst is even as I.
To count all triumph vain
That helps no burdened man;
I think so still and so
I end as I began."

Tom Kettle entered the war, leaving his chair in the National University of Ireland, because Prussia was to him the enemy of peace and civilisation. In almost his last letter, he again emphasises this.

"Unless you hate war, as such, you cannot really hate Prussia. If you admit war as an essential part of civilisation, then what you are hating is merely Prussian efficiency."

'And with this mission of universal peace mingled his dream of a reconciled Ulster. He knew that there was no abiding cause of disunion between North and South, and hoped that out of common dangers shared and suffering endured on a European battleground, there would issue a United Ireland. For this he counted much on "the brotherhood that binds the brave of all the earth." "There is a vision of Ireland," he wrote in 1915, "better than that which sees in it only a cockpit, or eternal skull-cracking Donnybrook Fair—a vision that sees the real enemies of the nation to be ignorance, poverty, disease; and

turning away from the ashes of dead hatreds, sets out to accomplish the defeat of these real enemies. Out of this disastrous war we may pluck, as France and Belgium have plucked, the precious gift of national unity."

He fell at Ginchy, leading the Dublin Fusiliers whom he loved.

His most recent writings were by himself collected into a volume. They are now published under the title of *The Ways of War* (Constable; 7s. 6d. net), with a Memoir by his wife. The Memoir is worthy to introduce the book: it is a book of throbbing life and virtue.

AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.

Every one of our *After-War Problems*, except those that touch Religion, seems to be discussed in a book with that title (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net), and every one by a writer of authority. They *are* problems, every one of them. That is the most striking thing which the writers reveal. Take Expenditure. It is discussed by Mr. Arthur Sherwell, M.P. He tells us that Mr. Gladstone, 'powerful as he was, and rigid as were his views and practice, had persistently to fight for his economies.' In a letter to Mr. Cobden, written in 1860, he wrote: "I speak a literal truth when I say that in these days it is more difficult to save a shilling than to spend a million." The truthfulness of that statement many of his successors, struggling with the demands of a later and more eager generation, have painfully endorsed.'

But the whole duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is not fulfilled in saving shillings. He has to spend as well as to save. Those who have read the Life of Sydney Herbert will remember how often he urged Mr. Gladstone to spend money on matters like sanitation, which would have made every pound yield ten pounds, and how often he was disappointed. Mr. Sherwell admits that Mr. Gladstone 'belonged to a school of political thought which could hardly foresee the expanded demands of a quickened national spirit, and his theory of economy was more rigid, and perhaps less considerate of the real economy of fruitful expenditure, than a generation moved by modern social impulses could approve.'

Other problems are more obvious. The relations between Capital and Labour have had to be discussed by two men—Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P.,

from the standpoint of Labour, and Sir Benjamin C. Browne from the standpoint of Capital. Like so many other problems this is to be solved by no ready-made theory, but most of all by the spirit of sympathy. 'What we want,' says Sir Benjamin Browne, 'is more confidence and sympathy. Everybody knows when the employers meet the workmen, as they do regularly in most trades, for the settlement of various disputes, what an enormous amount of work is done amicably and what a number of disputes are nipped in the bud and never give any serious trouble; and it is certainly the case that if the leaders on either side of the table agree verbally to any arrangement, or promise to do or to refrain from doing anything, the other side look on that promise as being quite as safe as a legal pledge.'

It is because there are so many problems to solve that such a book as this is necessary. But one book is all that is necessary, this one book, since it has handled every problem and since every problem is handled by an expert.

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM.

'Most of us can remember the time when the existence of telepathy was not admitted by persons who had a scientific reputation to take care of, and "suggestion" was on its trial. As for faith-healing, palmistry, clairvoyance, clair-audience, automatism, mediumship, and the rest, they are still mixed up with such fraud and humbug and silliness, and with persons so disgraceful, so discredited, so absurd, that it is not easy to write about them in a work that is, at any rate, *trying* to be serious. I feel (to be disgustingly egoistic) that any reputation I may have is already so imperilled by my devout adhesion to the Absolute that I simply cannot afford to be suspected of tenderness, or even toleration for the professors of the occult. The Society for Psychical Research may be trusted to deal appropriately with unorganized imposture; but the organized variety is another matter. And there are at least two organizations which seem to be beyond the power of any Society, or of any Government or State to control them—Theosophy and Christian Science.'

That is plain speaking for a philosopher. But it is not less philosophical for its plainness. The author is May Sinclair; the book is *A Defence of Idealism* (Macmillan; 12s. net). Let us quote

again; this time on the mystics. The point is the certainty, the absolute assurance of the Mystic, and how it is to be distinguished from illusion.

'In Western Mysticism, above all, in Catholic Mysticism, the lower and the higher forms of suggestion alternate, and there is a dreadful tendency for the lower form to hold the field. And if the great mystics had not been the most marvellous analysers of their own states, we should have had no possible means of distinguishing in their case between the two.

'Luckily their moments of certainty seldom, if ever, came when they were deliberately sought; they came—as they come to every one who has ever known them—unsought, and unexpected and with a shock of surprise. In true mystic experience you may say the expected never happens.

'Still, remembering the saints of the Salpêtrière, and Lady Julian's morbidities, and Saint Teresa's "impetuosities," and all the terrifying and revolting amorousness of the religious mystic, we might suspect this certainty if these revelations were all the record that we had of it. Not only all religious experience is full of it, but every poet, every painter, every musician knows the shock of contact with reality. The vision of absolute beauty while it lasts is actually a laying hold on eternal life. I would say every lover knows it, but that sexual passion is the source of our most profound illusion. Still, even the betrayed and disillusioned lover may know that in loving he found his own innermost reality; illusion was not in him, but in the perfidious heart of the beloved; while he loved he truly lived. Nothing can take from him that certainty. The wrong of sexual treachery lies in the fact that it deprives the lover (for the time being) of life.

'And there is an even higher state of certainty than these. Almost every other hero knows it: the exquisite and incredible assurance, the positively ecstatic vision of Reality that comes to him when he faces death for the first time. There is no certainty that life can give that surpasses or even comes anywhere near it. And the world has been full of *these* mystics, *these* visionaries, since August 1914. Sometimes I think they are the only trustworthy ones. How pure, how absolute is their surrender; how candid and untroubled their confession; how spontaneous and undefiled their witness.'

The purpose of the book is to strengthen the argument for Spiritual Monism. It is not theo-

retical only. In the end of the book there is a striking application of its conclusions to life eternal.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

Dr. George A. Barton, Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College, is one of the most accurate scholars in the United States, and he is always up to date. Only a very few men have ever been able to write on *The Religions of the World* (Cambridge University Press; \$1.50) to any purpose, but he is one of them. And he seems to be able to write in order to satisfy at one and the same time the hard student and the reader for pleasure. He set out to write for the student, and he has kept the student in mind to the very end, including the generous lists of literature, the 'topics for further study, classroom discussion, or assigned papers,' and the 'Outline of a book to be written by the student.' But his oratorical sense and orderly mind made it impossible for him to write so that he could not be read at the fireside. It will be no surprise if this convenient volume ousts all the other manuals of comparative religion even in this country; it will be a very great surprise if it is not found pleasant and profitable for a winter evening's reading.

THE EDUCATION THAT IS TO BE.

Mr. J. D. Beresford (the novelist) and Mr. Kenneth Richmond (whom we do not know) have together written a book entitled *W. E. Ford: A Biography* (Collins; 6s. net). Mr. Beresford has written the first three chapters, in which he tells of his most unexpected meeting with Ford in a country inn and their occasional and accidental meetings afterwards. There is a good deal more of Mr. Beresford than of W. E. Ford in these chapters, and Mr. Beresford apologizes for it. Mr. Beresford has also written the last chapter, 'A Few Notes on Ford's Philosophy.' The rest of the book has been written by Mr. Richmond.

Who was W. E. Ford? Mr. Beresford says: 'The name of William Elphinstone Ford will evoke no response in the minds of newspaper readers. He published no book, he was not an explorer, nor an inventor, nor a politician, he was connected with no religious society, and his one real experiment in education was, from the outside

point of view, a failure. And yet Mr. Richmond and I are agreed that Ford had a rare genius, and that even the little we may be able to record of his life and principles has a peculiar value at the present time, and will have a still greater value a few years hence. We have, in fact, the prevailing excuse that this sketch of Ford's life is in the best and widest sense of the word—didactic. We sincerely believe that his theories of education and conduct are worthy of the closest attention.'

In writing the body of the book Mr. Richmond explains these theories of education and conduct, and it may be said that their explanation makes the book. There is a just visible thread of narrative running throughout; enough, however, to hold the attention of those who are not interested in theories of education. Ford's training by his father, mostly accomplished by giving him the opportunity of seeing the world and leaving him to think about it, makes a fine figure of the father, who died suddenly in Russia or somewhere and left Ford unfit for any definite work in life. He becomes an assistant master in a private school, and discovers in himself ideas and capacities enough to revolutionize the whole teaching profession. He meets Mary Worthington slumming. The one is of the middle class with a leaning to socialism, the other is an aristocrat, and we are given to understand that these two places in life are as far apart from one another as, according to Kipling, the East is from the West. Then Ford meets a London Scotsman, named Wishart, with sense, with money, and with a daughter. Ford and Mary part; Ford and Margaret are married. But first Wishart gives Ford the means of starting a private school, and Richmond (who had been a pupil) the opportunity of teaching under him and telling the whole story of the experiment in the education that is to be. The school failed. Ford was a reformer before the time. He travelled, and died suddenly, like his father, somewhere abroad.

But—was there ever a W. E. Ford? Or is this the method an enthusiast in education has chosen in order to entrap us into sympathy with his theories? In any case it is a well-written book. It is so well written that we do more than sympathize with its theories, we discover a new author from whom the greatest things may be expected.

The Student Christian Movement has issued an introductory handbook of *Citizenship* (1s. 9d. net). The author is M. Cécile Matheson, late Warden of the Birmingham Women's Settlement. Under the title of *Citizenship* many topics are discussed, all practically as well as thoughtfully. They are Poverty, the Poor Law, the Homes of the People, Education, Public Health, Drink. At the end of each chapter there is a list of books for further study, and at the end of the volume there is a series of questions for discussion.

If the enjoyment of Children, like the enjoyment of Nature, is a modern discovery, it makes us sorry for our forefathers. How interesting are their difficulties—religious difficulties as they nearly always are. Mrs. Edith E. Read Mumford, M.A., has made them a special and prolonged study. Now she issues the result in a book entitled *The Religious Difficulties of Children* (S.S. Union; 2s. net).

There is the difficulty about death, for example. It is not the most common, but it is the most poignant. Alfred Tennyson's brother Charles wrote one of his finest sonnets on 'Seeing a Child Blush on his First View of a Corpse':

A strange bewilder'd look of shame he wore;
'Twas the first mortal hint that cross'd the
lad.

He feared the stranger, though he knew no
more,

Surmising and surprised, but, most, afraid,
As Crusoe, wandering on the desert shore,
Saw but an alien footmark and was sad.

Mrs. Mumford has her anecdotes also: 'I have a little niece of four and a half years old,' writes a Sunday School teacher, 'a highly strung, sensitive child. She attends Sunday School, and is in my Primary Department. . . . It has rather perplexed me to note how her childish mind is at times troubled with anxious thoughts of death and the mystery of God. The first time, I think, that she became conscious that there was such a thing as death was some months ago, when—seeing some blinds down, and hearing her elders refer to a lady who had passed away—she began to ask questions on the subject: "What was dying? Would mother die? Must mother die?" Her mother tried to show her that it was not really we ourselves that died, only our bodies died, our souls lived: but

the child replied, "Oh, mother, I don't want my body to die! If my body died, there would only be my head and legs left!"'

The Rev. C. E. Woods, author of that daring book 'The Gospel of Rightness,' has now written a book on *Archdeacon Wilberforce: His Ideals and Teaching* (Stock; 3s. net). Mr. Woods knew the Archdeacon of Westminster well, and his short memoir is full of vivid touches. But the larger part of the book is an estimate of Wilberforce's teaching. His great personal discovery was the discovery of the Immanence of God. And he made it go all the way. God is not only in us, He is in us as a sufferer. And with that discovery the problem of pain was greatly lightened for his spirit.

Why does Mr. Woods say so little (we might put it 'make so little') of Archdeacon Wilberforce's crusade against alcohol? That was the noblest and the most valuable work of his life. And why do the publishers not include *The Trinity of Evil* among his books? Was it not the first of all his literary works? And was there not more in it for national and personal righteousness than in all the rest together?

The Rev. F. W. Worsley, B.D., a scholar up to date and eager, has addressed some *Letters to Mr. Britling* (Scott; 2s. net). They have something of Mr. Britling's own vigour of language and more than his knowledge of God.

What we know of *Life in the World to Come* we know from the Bible. The Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, has therefore done wisely—in writing and publishing a book under that title (Scott; 2s. 6d. net)—to confine himself to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. With a text for each chapter, it looks as if the book were a volume of sermons, and it may be so. But it is a book, every chapter having its place in an exposition of the one great pressing subject for our consideration at this present time. The Bishop of Edinburgh is a scholar and a preacher. Readers may rely upon his learning as surely as hearers are moved by his eloquence.

Reunion is becoming a burning question. Is there a man who has been among our soldiers and now disregards it? With reunion as a burning

question other questions are thrown into the light. One is the Episcopate. The Rev. J. P. Whitney, B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, London, delivered the Hulsean Lectures in 1906-7 on *The Episcopate and the Reformation*. They are published now, at a better time than if they had been published then (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

Is Episcopacy a hindrance to reunion? Only if it is made a hindrance. If we insist upon having it, some men may reject it: if we insist upon rejecting it, some men may cling to it. Most men's minds are open either way. Professor Whitney's book is an argument for its necessity. And as his argument rests upon the facts of history, as it is an argument from the benefits that Episcopacy has brought to the Church, as it is what he himself calls 'the Spiritual story of the Episcopate,' we can all examine it dispassionately. Mr. Whitney begins at the Reformation, and so, as he says, avoids 'some special controversies, although some others take their place.' He ends with a 'wise' quotation from Liddon: 'The Church of England cannot claim finality for anything that dates from the Reformation period; and that was settled, for whatever good reasons, on her own, i.e., a local authority, and therefore, from the nature of the case, provisionally.' With a Church as with a man, its history is the law of its life, and gives the limits of its power.

A Nottingham bookseller, Mr. Henry B. Saxton, has prepared a manual of *Forms of Service for the Boys' Brigade and Kindred Associations*, with occasional prayers. He is himself the publisher (2d.). Let us quote the Prayer for Games and Sports: 'We pray Thee, O God of all joy, to grant us Thy Spirit in our games and sports, so that we may gain thereby true pleasure, health, and self-control. Keep us from unkindness, unfairness, and meanness. Help us to win generously, lose without anger, and play the man in the game. In the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Mr. Horatio W. Dresser is a prolific writer, and he writes on one topic and one only. It is New Thought. A good many years ago Professor William James spoke of him as the most nearly scientific writer that New Thought had produced. He had written much then. He has gone on writing ever since. His latest book is a *Handbook of the New Thought* (Putnams; 6s. net).

What is New Thought? Hear Mr. Dresser: 'In brief it stands for "God in us," in contrast with the former idea of "God with us," or "God outside of the world." It stands for inner resources, and claims that these are supreme.'

This handbook is for those who, not yet accepting New Thought, wish to test that claim. It is, the author holds, the nearest approach to a scientific apologia yet published.

'In the struggle for national supremacy education is the vital factor.' So says Mr. V. Seymour Bryant, M.A., and makes good his assertion in *The Public School System in Relation to the Coming Conflict of National Supremacy* (Longmans; 1s. 6d. net). It is a strong plea for allotting to Science its rightful place in the education of the Public School boy.

When the Rev. E. C. Crosse, C.F., D.S.O., called his small book *The God of Battles* (Longmans; 1s. net), he used the phrase in a different sense from that of 'the Lord of Hosts,' whether that Biblical title means the Military God or the God of the Angels. Mr. Crosse accepts battles as part of God's purpose for the welfare of the race, and He is the God of Battles because He uses them as His instrument. It follows—and Mr. Crosse draws the conclusion unreservedly—that they who fall in battle go to be with Him. 'This does not of course mean that repentance is not an essential of Christianity. It is—but there is no reason to believe that God denies in the next world an opportunity for penitence to those who through their own heroism have cut short their chance on earth.'

The second edition of Professor S. J. Chapman's *Outlines of Political Economy* was issued in 1913. Already a third edition is out (Longmans; 6s. net). 'This third edition is the result of a thorough revision and partial expansion which have involved a complete resetting of the type. The use of the book for teaching had indicated many ways in which it could be improved; and further additions were rendered desirable by recent economic events connected with the war. Two final chapters on the development of Political Economy have also been added.'

Professor Chapman's 'Outlines' is the textbook for the student of Political Economy. And as

long as it is kept up to date in this fashion there will be no room for any other.

The Fernley Lectures represent the finest flowering of Methodist faith and scholarship. In every volume the scholar is a preacher and the preacher a scholar. The Lecture for 1917 was delivered by the Rev. W. T. A. Barber, D.D., who has been Head Master of the Leys School for twenty years, and who took *The Unfolding of Life* as his subject of lecture (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net).

It is a history of childhood and youth, up to the entrance upon the business of life, as they unfold themselves under the direction of tutors and governors. It is a history for the use of the tutors and governors. Very outspoken it is, that it may not be in vain; and very reverent that it may not be worse than in vain. And the author of it is not afraid to say that there is a secret even in education, a secret of success that may be expressed in a single word. The word is Adaptation. What adaptation demands of the teacher is certainly not omitted—the sympathy, the patience, the firmness; the gifts of intellect and imagination, the graces of Christ.

Yes, Christian graces and even Christian grace: for Dr. Barber has no opinion of the teaching that is not founded on religion. And when he speaks of religion he is strong enough to say that it is a natural thing for a child to have religion. It has not to be sown by the teacher; it has to be watered by him. This is high doctrine for a Wesleyan; but the Wesleyans who heard it were able to receive it.

A volume of short addresses or sermons by the late Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the title of *The Touch of Christ* (3s. 6d. net).

After all that Smuts has said and Haig has done there are pessimists in our midst. Put into their hands Mr. Basil Matthews' *Three Years' War for Peace* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). It omits no essential facts, but it interprets them. And it takes God into the reckoning.

The Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard University for 1898 (we think it was the first of the series) was delivered by Professor William James. It was afterwards published with the title of *Human*

Immortality. It has been often reprinted, and is now issued at sevenpence net (Constable). Two difficulties are met by Professor James: (1) That thought is a function of the brain and must perish with it; (2) that if every human being were to live on after death there would not be room for them all in God's universe.

Among the suggestions which will have to be considered when the men come home is that the Church should take more interest than hitherto in amusements. It is a difficult question. The Y.M.C.A. knows its difficulty. It has occasionally become burning or even blazing. Better not touch it? Better not run any risks whatever on this earth, if God will be so good as to let us off. But the men will come back.

In the United States of America the subject has been handled with characteristic boldness. The Church is in many instances a great club, with every known form of entertainment to be had on the premises. And there are officially constituted superintendents. Mr. Herbert Wright Gates, who has written a book on *Recreation and the Church* (Humphrey Milford; \$1 net), is Superintendent of Brick Church Institute and Director of Religious Education in Brick Church, Rochester, New York. He covers the whole subject and illustrates it. Here on page 59, for example, is a photograph of a game of indoor baseball. 'The boys' club,' we are told, 'is having a game which some of the members of the Men's Club have come in to watch. The church gymnasium provides entertainment for both players and spectators.'

But where does he draw the line? At dancing, card playing, the theatre? This is what he says: 'That there have been evils connected with these forms of amusement is unquestionably true, we do not always stop to consider just how true the statement is in this form. The evils are not inherent in the amusements themselves, but in the associations with which they have been connected. There are too many earnest, useful, Christian men and women who share in these forms of recreation to allow anyone successfully to combat this statement. Card playing and the dance may be innocent and pleasurable diversions, and the theatre may also be a source of genuine education and inspiration. To indulge in any of these amusements to the accompaniment of drinking or gambling, or to devote to them time that should

be given to work, study, or sleep, is hurtful and wrong; and such overindulgence is just as unrighteous in any other form of amusement. The wise, proper, and discriminating use of all amusements is the principle which sorely needs inculcating, rather than the indiscriminate condemnation of any certain class.'

The author of the new *Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi* in the 'Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges' (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. 6d. net) is the Hulsean Professor of Divinity, the Rev. W. Emery Barnes, D.D. That means scholarship with (what shall we call it?) liberal conservatism. It means the last word of scholarship according to the Cambridge standard, and the acceptance of the results of it, with a contempt for naturalistic hypotheses in all their shapes and forms.

Dr. Barnes has no opinion of the Revised Version of his prophets. The American Revision is better.

Notice his understanding of the title 'the Lord of Hosts.' 'Zechariah,' he says, 'does not think of JEHOVAH merely as the national God. Had this been the case he would not have felt the need of using any other name beside JEHOVAH, the "proper" name (as it may be called) of Israel's God. But in fact a double name JEHOVAH-Zebaoth ("the LORD of Hosts," E.V.) is constantly in the mouth of both Haggai and Zechariah. In this name two conceptions of God are united. As peculiarly the God of Israel He is called JEHOVAH; as filling all the Universe and possessing all the power and authority ascribed by the heathen to the heavenly bodies he is styled *Zēbāōth*. The LXX perceiving this have rightly rendered *Zēbāōth* by *pantocrator*, "Ruler of all things." This rule, Zechariah teaches, is actively exercised. The chariots of JEHOVAH go through the whole earth, like the messengers of a king, and the LORD Himself decides the fate both of Jerusalem and of the nations which oppress her.'

It is rarely possible to review books which deal with questions of sex. But *An Introduction to the Physiology and Psychology of Sex*, by Mr. S. Herbert, M.D., M.R.C.S. (A. & C. Black; 3s. 6d. net), may be noticed without hesitation. It is the work of an English physician of eminence who has written two volumes previously, the one on

Heredity and the other on Evolution, which are recognized as authoritative handbooks on their subjects. This is a medical book, but it has been written for the information of non-medical persons, who ought to know its contents.

Of all the nations who have entered the war against Germany (how many are they now?), the motives of Italy are most obscure to us. The book on *Italy and the War* which has been translated from the Italian by Annie Hamilton makes all clear (Bell; 2s. 6d. net). It contains ten articles by as many eminent and patriotic Italian authors. It covers the whole ground — except religion. The omission is significant and yet startling. The Moral reasons for the entrance of Italy are given most impressively by Professor Giorgio del Vecchio of Bologna, the Political reasons by Professor Pietro Bonfante of Pavia, the Commercial reasons by Professor Gino Arias of Genoa, and all the other reasons are given by others, but no one has suggested a religious reason.

Messrs. George Allen & Unwin have published the third edition of the first volume of Dr. George McCall Theal's *History of Africa, South of the Zambesi, from 1505 to 1795* (7s. 6d. net). It contains this notice: 'As the chapters dealing with a description of the Bushmen, Hottentots, and Bantu that appeared in previous editions of this history have been greatly enlarged, and are now published as a separate work entitled "The Yellow and Dark-skinned People of Africa south of the Zambesi," I have taken them out of this volume and have made use of the space they occupied to add information upon subjects closely connected with the occupation of part of South Africa by the Portuguese. I have also indexed this volume separately from the others of the series, in order to avoid mixing Portuguese names with those of different nationalities. Otherwise the alterations and additions made in the text upon close revision have been very few indeed, in many chapters none at all.'

The work is in three volumes. This volume contains the history of the Portuguese in South Africa from 1505 to 1795. The second describes the Foundation of the Cape Colony by the Dutch. The third gives an Account of the Dutch, Portuguese, Hottentots, and Bantu to September 1795. This work is followed by another in six volumes

which carries the History of South Africa from 1795 down to 1881.

The publishers make no mention of a work in two volumes in our possession, *History of South Africa under the Administration of the Dutch East India Company (1652 to 1795)*. Where does it come in?

A little book of *Letters on the Atonement*, by Mr. Raymond H. Huse (Methodist Book Concern; 50 cents), is worthy reading. It is addressed to the average business man and has little theology in it, as little as it is possible to have. Two things are made emphatic, the Fatherhood of God and the sanctification of man.

Firmly and satisfactorily has the government of the United States handled the subject of alcohol. But the people have been prepared by their preachers, and the government has been supported whole-heartedly by the Church. Such preaching as the people of the United States have listened to will be found in a volume of *Temperance Sermons*, by Various Authors, recently issued by the Methodist Book Concern of New York and Cincinnati (\$1 net). Its note is outspokenness. There is no fear of either saloon-keeper or pharisee.

It is a free and easy narrative that is found in the book with the free and easy title of *China*

Inside Out (Abingdon Press; \$1 net). The author is Dr. George A. Miller. Unconventional also and often amusing are the illustrations, looking as if they had dropped accidentally on the side of the page. Nevertheless this book gives us a good idea of the daily life of John Chinaman. And it records progress. Thus: 'It is all a part of the theory that children who die young are not real human babies, but demons of some sort who come in the form of children to make trouble and expense for the parents. Is it any wonder that such people live all their lifetime subject to the bondage and fear of death?

'What becomes of these babies who die young? Well, thanks to the missionary and his message, that matter is changing rapidly. The old baby towers are still in occasional use, but there are plenty of Chinese who have never known a baby to be left there alive. The dead babies are sometimes wrapped in grass or matting and taken out to be left there for the dogs. I never realized the sinister import of the expression, "Without are dogs," until I found this Chinese custom, now giving way to more Christian methods of caring for the dead. I had hard work to get a picture of these places; there was always some reason why we could "not go to-day," and when an obliging missionary took a photograph for me, the Chinese photographer who developed the films destroyed the negative. He was ashamed of it.'

A New Setting for the Teleological Argument.

BY THE REV. G. A. FRANK KNIGHT, M.A., F.R.S.E., GLASGOW.

THE Argument from Design for the Being of God has been worked out from many standpoints, and it, along with its companion proofs—the Ontological Argument, the Moral Argument, and the Cosmological Argument (to mention merely the best known)—has contributed to demonstrate that our faith in God is not a blind credulity, but a reasoned belief founded on the eternal laws of logic, and of scientific and intellectual truth. For while we may hold that the supreme argument for God's existence is Christ: 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.' Nevertheless other arguments for the exist-

ence of God have their place as showing the accord of revelation and reason.

The Teleological Argument reasons thus: 'If I see this universe exhibiting order, obeying definite laws, showing traces of intelligent adaptation to an end, it is legitimate for me to infer that at the back of all these phenomena is a wise Architect, whose beneficence and skill and wisdom are evidenced in the perfection of His handiwork.' This is precisely the argument used by the Psalmist: 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' It is unquestionably a cogent piece of reasoning. Everywhere around us we observe the reign of law

—the heavenly bodies obeying the most complex and recondite mathematical rules; the human frame a perfect museum of admirable contrivances for the fullest use by man of his bodily faculties; the eye, the hand, the ear, the muscular system, the circulatory organs, all marvellously suited to the work they have to perform. In the whole realm of Nature we find such innumerable traces of adaptation of organisms to function, and of organs to their environment, that the conviction inevitably arises within the mind that to account for all this exquisite order there must be a supreme wise Intelligence inspiring and directing all.

But it is asserted by some that Darwinism, with its doctrine of descent with modification, its theory of Natural Selection and the survival of the fittest, has rendered this argument wholly unsound. Whereas of old the fitness of an organism to its environment was regarded as the result of intentional adaptation, the new scientific view credits the fitness to the slow, unconscious action of environment on organism, producing in the course of ages development from a crude condition to a high state of functional perfection. What used to be ascribed to the wonderful pre-vision of God, and to His amazing foresight in fitting an organism to its environment, is now regarded as the product of an infinite number of struggles, and abortive attempts, and age-long strivings on the part of the living organism itself, till by its own perseverance, and by the inherited perseverance of the race to which it belongs, it has reached its present condition of suitability to its surroundings. In this way, when the principles of biology laid down in Darwin's *Origin of Species* were first made public, a shout of triumph broke from the materialists that at last there had been discovered a method of scientifically accounting for the order and beauty of the world apart from God, while at the same time there arose in many quarters a wail of despair from faint-hearted Christians as they imagined they saw their citadel of faith stormed and levelled with the ground.

After fifty-seven years the whole question at issue is looked at to-day from an entirely different standpoint. Materialists now see that Darwinism is inadequate to account for many phenomena of which they were formerly so cocksure, while Christians have discovered how groundless were their fears, and have realized that those principles of biology which seemed so alarming when first

uttered are now in a strong degree confirmatory of their most cherished faith.

One of the ways in which this change in opinion has been brought about is by the recognition that while Natural Selection as expounded by Darwin and Wallace, and amplified and modified so freely by men like Romanes, Gulick, and others, has unquestionably played a most important part in the production of species, in the modification of types, and in the elaboration of thousands of adaptations and contrivances tending towards perfection in the organic world; nevertheless *Natural Selection has absolutely nothing to do with the evolution of the Inorganic World*. No scientist to-day would risk his reputation for sanity by asserting that the earth, with its rocks, and seas, and mountains, is possessed of such life and plasticity and adaptability to changing environment that, under the influence of Natural Selection and the survival of the fittest, it can of itself strive towards producing a world that shall be as near physical perfection as possible. On the contrary the inorganic world is *dead*, and is destitute of any sentient capacity capable of directing it towards a definite goal. The earth is indeed subject to change. In the geological ages there have taken place slow secular movements of land and water, dislocations of strata, earthquakes, submergences, upheavals, vast floods, and so on; the various geological periods have sometimes been cold, sometimes tropical in climate, but all the while *the earth itself has had no control over these changes*. There was no Natural Selection inherent within it leading it on from a crude state to one more perfect.

Yet geology reveals in this connexion some remarkable facts. The stratified rocks of the earth's crust amount in thickness to 265,000 feet, or roughly fifty miles of rock. These fifty miles have been divided into four great eras—Eozoic, Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Kainozoic. These eras, again, have been subdivided still further, until from the lowest rock stratum to the highest—that on which man lives and walks—there are now over a hundred zones or subdivisions recognized. Now the remarkable fact is this, that *of these hundred subdivisions of the earth's crust there is not one that is not to-day of direct economic value to man*. It is an extraordinary circumstance indeed. Here was the earth in process of making for a period which, for all we know, may have extended over three hundred million years. During this enormous stretch

of time fifty miles of rocks with a hundred different stratifications were laid down, representing every conceivable variation of temperature, climate, and salinity; vegetable, animal, and mineral productiveness, and so on. How is it possible to account for the fact that without exception every one of these hundred zones is of direct value to man unless there had been at work, guiding the earth in its evolution during these three hundred million years, a Supreme Intelligence, which we may call God? Had there not been this Divine superintendence, this Divine prescience as to what man in the far-off future ages would require, this Divine forethought in storing the earth with products which would be subservient to man's wants, how could the earth of itself—a mere dead inorganic substance—have advanced along this path? This profound fact is one for which Natural Selection provides no solution whatsoever.

Before I go further, however, I must prove my point that not one single stratum, from the lowest to the highest, is without some direct bearing on man's comfort, man's benefit, or man's economic service. I shall therefore briefly run through the various geological periods, mentioning some of the products of each from many others which I must, from consideration of space, pass over.

i. THE Eozoic Era.—The rocks of the Archæan period—*Laurentian* and *Keewatin*—yield jasper and other precious stones; iron ore; lead, zinc, and other metallic ores; the vast copper deposits of Lake Superior; pottery clays from the disintegration of granitic rocks suitable for making china and porcelain ware; and nickel from New Zealand. The *Lower Huronian* rocks in Ontario and Quebec yield silver, cobalt, nickel, and bismuth.

ii. THE PALÆOZOIC ERA.—(1) The rocks of the *Cambrian* system are prolific in veins of gold, silver, and copper; in Bavaria they yield antimony; in Bohemia and in Canada they furnish deposits of graphite; in the Punjab they supply valuable stores of rock-salt; while the *Cambrian* rocks in North Wales produce the finest roofing slates in the world.

(2) The *Ordovician* system in the Trenton formation of the United States is singularly productive of natural oil and gas; the Central Tennessee limestone contains large deposits of rock phosphates; in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and in Sardinia the *Ordovician* series exhibit valuable ores

of lead and zinc; the graphite strata of Borrowdale in Cumberland and of New South Wales are of economic importance; while the celebrated gold-bearing reefs of Bendigo have already produced £75,000,000. Red and brown hæmatite are also found in this system.

(3) The *Silurian* rocks produce limestones valuable for lime and for building stone; they supply rock-salt and gypsum in deposits of great commercial value in the State of New York; tin and kaolin are obtained from them in Alaska; gold at Ballarat; quicksilver in the Sierra Morena, Spain; and anthracite from Ireland.

(4) The *Devonian* system is the chief source of natural oil and gas in Pennsylvania and New York; the Middle *Devonian* rocks are the main oil-bearing strata in Ontario; in Central Tennessee the rock phosphates are very valuable; the strata in Westphalia yield rich ores of zinc, galena, calamine, and iron pyrites. In Scotland the *Old Red Sandstone* flags of Caithness, of similar horizon with the *Devonian* rocks, are of great utility for pavements; while certain *Devonian* sands found in England, the United States, Brazil, and New Zealand are of service in the manufacture of glass.

(5) The *Carboniferous* system is of incalculable value to man as the great coal reservoir for industrial and domestic use. The *Carboniferous* rocks yield annually one thousand million tons of coal of the value of £500,000,000. Ironstone is produced from them in enormous quantity in Great Britain and Western Europe; limestone is obtained for building, for making mortar, and for agricultural purposes; while the same System produces alum for sulphuric acid from its shales; lead in Flintshire and Derbyshire; oil shales in Scotland; shales for bricks, tiles, coarse pottery, and sanitary ware; hæmatite in South Wales, Cumberland, and Lancashire; clays suitable for making into fireclay tiling, and ganister adapted for the lining of furnaces. The *Millstone Grit* yields grindstones and millstones; while calcium chloride is obtained from Michigan, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Nauheim, and other rocks of the same age.

(6) The *Permian* rocks give us vast quantities of rock-salt, gypsum, and some copper; the rock-salt of Strassfurt in Prussia is 1200 feet thick, followed by a zone of potassium and magnesium salts 150 feet thick. In Kansas there are beds of rock-salt and gypsum; the shales at Mausfeld

in Saxony have for many centuries been a prolific source of copper, and copper is also obtained from Permian strata at Kokand in Turkestan. There are oil-shales of this System in New South Wales; cobalt and silver deposits in Bohemia and Saxony as well as manganese to make permanganate of potash; spiegeleisen, manganese steel, and chlorine in the Erzgebirge; cobalt, asbolene, and barytes from the *Zechstein* of Thuringia; and red clay from Nottingham to make into flowerpots and bricks.

iii. THE MESOZOIC ERA.—(1) The *Trias* rocks in England contain valuable beds of rock-salt. Great rock-salt and gypsum deposits are found also in Texas and South Dakota. The *Trias* rocks of the English Midlands are 3000 feet thick, and yield an unending supply of material for brick-making; the red sandstones and dolomitic limestones are admirable for building purposes. Tin is found in the *Trias* rocks of Yunnan in China; coals in Turkestan; the exquisite marbles of Carrara, so world-famous, are from the *Trias* of the Apennines. There are copper deposits in California; limestones in Idria and Carniola yielding the celebrated quicksilver mines; valuable hæmatite and limonite deposits in the *Trias* of the Alps and of the Carpathians; silver veins in the *Bunter Sandstone* of Baden and the Black Forest; zinc in the *Muschelkalk* mines of Silesia; and plaster of Paris from plaster stone in Nottingham.

(2) The *Lias* formations yield valuable limestones and ironstones in Yorkshire; the impure earthy limestones of the Midlands, when calcined and pulverized, form a natural hydraulic cement of great value, while Portland cement is of this *Lias* formation. In Tuscany the *Lias* rocks produce tin and brown hæmatite; Yorkshire is rich in shales which yield alum, and its clays are of great importance for making bricks, tiles, drain-pipes, chimney-cans, and flowerpots. The marcasite form of pyrite, when decomposed, produces sulphuric acid.

(3) The *Inferior Oölite*, a division of the *Jurassic*, yields bands of ironstone and coal in Yorkshire, besides producing excellent building stone.

(4) *Fuller's Earth* is composed of clays so useful in the fulling of cloth that the stratum has earned for itself this distinctive name.

(5) The *Oölitic Cornbrash*, which forms a thin bed of earthy limestone, 5 to 40 feet in thickness, has secured for itself this title from the abundant crops of grain produced on its decomposed soils.

(6) The *Callovian* blue clay is specially useful in brickmaking and in fireclay tiles.

(7) The *Oxford Clay* provides admirable materials in the manufacture of bricks.

(8) The *Coralline Crag* yields very valuable limestones and ironstones.

(9) The *Kimmeridgian* and *Purbeck Clays* supply very good brickmaking material, and they provide clay adapted for making sanitary stoneware and rough pottery. The corresponding strata in Peru yield quicksilver and sulphide of arsenic.

(10) The *Cretaceous* system furnishes us with chalk and other limestones of great value; lime for cement and agriculture; lignitic coal in the Laramie beds of North America; brown coal in New Zealand; sodium sulphate in North America; bauxite from Baux in France as an ore of aluminium, while the *Kentish Rag* is extensively used for building stone. The *Weald Clays* are very valuable for brickmaking; the *Lower Greensand* furnishes silicious sands of use in glass-making; the *Gault* yields a good brick clay, and mixed with chalk produces an excellent malm brick.

iv. THE KAINOZOIC ERA.—(1) The *Eocene* strata of Texas give layers of salt, gypsum, and lignite; the Laki series in India contribute valuable coal seams in the Punjab and Assam; in Tasmania and New Zealand there are bituminous coals of great importance; in California the Eocene nitrates are of commercial value; while the London Clay-beds are excellent for bricks and terra-cotta.

(2) The *Oligocene* strata near Königsberg in Pomerania yield amber in large quantities as the fossil resin of pines; while the same beds furnish the famous pottery clays of Dorsetshire.

(3) The *Miocene* is responsible for the enormous salt mountain at Wieliczka in Poland; for the salt in the Salt Range in the Punjab; for coal-beds in Greenland, Spitzbergen, Victoria, and New Zealand; for iron, lead, zinc, arsenic, barytes, gypsum, and brown coal mined in Transylvania; and for the valuable oil-bearing strata of Burma and Assam.

(4) The *Pliocene* rocks form the gold drifts of Victoria and New South Wales, as well as the lignites of Ireland.

(5) The *Pleistocene* strata yield peat, tin, and platinum bearing gravels, diamond and ruby alluvial soils.

(6) The *Recent* deposits, mainly volcanic, supply the world with fumarolic sulphur from Vesuvius,

Etna, etc. The volcanic regions of Japan and New Zealand are of great economic value by furnishing compounds of chlorine for bleaching purposes, fluorine, boron, sulphur, etc.; while zinc, copper, and lead sulphates are found in the vicinity of intrusive dykes. Asphalt is obtained from lakes such as the Dead Sea, and that in Trinidad.¹

I have thus run rapidly over the main subdivisions of the crust of the earth (omitting for the sake of brevity some of the smaller zones, and many of the products of the larger zones) that the question may be fairly put—here is a world stocked with every conceivable article which can be of use to man, for food, for industry, for commerce, for medicinal purposes; its rocks teem with coal, iron, lime, pottery clays, metals, minerals, chemicals, precious gems, gold, silver, mercury, and a hundred other commodities, in short with everything that man can conceivably need for his existence, his comfort, his warmth, his wealth, his work—was it Natural Selection that produced such a world? Impossible; in the case of absolutely inert and dead inorganic substances there can be no such force in operation as the ‘survival of the fittest’ and ‘descent with modification.’ Was it Chance, then, that stocked the earth’s crust with all these myriad useful commodities? Equally impossible. Would Chance have so arranged the various strata of these fifty miles of rock, that while the strata themselves were deposited horizontally far beneath the level of the ocean, every one of them was subsequently raised above sea-level, tilted on edge, superimposed

¹ These facts may be verified by reference to the following works: Sir Arch. Geikie, F.R.S., *Textbook of Geology*, 1882, and subsequent editions; J. D. Kendall, F.G.S., *The Iron Ores of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1893; Professor Eduard Suess, *Das Antlitz d. Erde* (Eng. tr., *The Face of the Earth*, vol. i., 1904); H. H. Thomas and D. A. MacAlister, *The Geology of Ore Deposits*, 1909; Professor James Park, *Textbook of Mining Geology*, 1911, and *A Textbook of Geology*, 1914; and Alfred B. Searle, *An Introduction to British Clays, Shales, and Sands*, 1912.

by other strata, and generally rendered accessible to man? Had mere Chance been at work, then the coal-beds of the world, on which our commercial prosperity rests, might have been so many miles below the earth’s crust that man would never have discovered them, or if he had discovered them, he might never have been able to extract them for his practical use. Had mere Chance been at work, the upper rocks might all have been dolerite, or gneiss, or granite, and from such hard stones it is futile to dream of extracting chalk, or asphalt, or cement, or coal. Had mere Chance been at work, then, in short, the whole series of rocks might have been so placed that all those capable of being of economic value to man might have been at the foot, buried under vast mountains of superincumbent strata, and all those at the top might have been such that from them neither coal nor iron, neither clay nor chemicals, neither minerals nor metals could have been extracted. Placed thus on a surface whose rocks yielded nothing of utility or of practical service, man would have remained a mere primitive savage, incapable of rising above the level of the brute beasts, condemned from the hour of his creation to the same scale of primeval civilization.

As it is thus abundantly evident that Chance cannot explain the marvellous wealth of those different layers of the earth’s crust, there is only one other logical position, and that is, that the world is the work of One who superintended the deposition of these strata, and who with profound wisdom and foreknowledge of man’s needs, prepared each zone with materials which would ultimately be of benefit to man, and then through slow telluric processes raised each stratum to the surface so that man could have access to their treasures. And so we come back to the familiar words of our hymn, and discover afresh how true they are:

This earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old.

The Archaeology of the Book of Genesis.

BY THE REV. A. H. SAYCE, D.D., LL.D., D.LITT., PROFESSOR OF ASSYRIOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Chapter x.

II. As we have seen, we must translate 'From that land he went forth to Assur.' Assur, now Kal'at Sherqat, on the west bank of the Tigris, a little to the north of its junction with the Lower Zab, was the original seat of the high priests of Assur, who eventually made themselves independent of Babylonia and assumed the title of kings. It was of Mitannian foundation, unless Nineveh, which seems to have been a Semitic colony from the older Ninâ or Nineveh in Babylonia. The name of Nineveh, which stood on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern Mossul, is written both Ninâ and Ninua in the inscriptions, the second form being the origin of the Biblical form of the name. Ideographically the name is punningly expressed by a fish (*nunu*) inside a town; etymologically, however, *nunu* and *Ninua* have no connexion. The Semitic builders of Nineveh dedicated it to the goddess Istar (or Nina), around whose sanctuary the city rose. Nimrod, it will be remembered, was a 'hero-huntsman before Yahweh,' the God of Shem (Gn 9²⁰), and Shem was the father of Asshur.

Schrader and Delitzsch have pointed out that Rehoboth 'Ir is the *Rêbit Uru* (*Ninâ*) of the inscriptions of Sargon and Esar-haddon, above which were the 'Marchland (*Muzri*) mountains.' The name means 'the open squares' or market-place 'of the city' which stood in front of the gates.

Calah (Ass. Kalkhu), now *Nimrûd*, about 18 miles south of Nineveh at the junction of the Tigris and Upper Zab, was built by Shalmaneser I. (1300 B.C.), who also built a palace at Nineveh which he made a royal residence instead of Assur. Calah subsequently fell into decay, but was restored by Assur-natsir-pal (885-860 B.C.), who enclosed it within a wall about 5 miles in circumference and peopled it with the captives he had brought from his campaigns. Under him and his son Shalmaneser II. it became for a time the capital of Assyria.

12. Resen is the Assyrian Res-eni, 'the Source

of the Spring,' a place from which Sennacherib in the Bavian inscription states that he brought water to Nineveh. It seems to be the Larissa (*al Reseni*, 'town of Resen') of Xenophon.

If the note—'the same is the great city' or 'capital'—refers to Calah, as grammatically it ought to do, it should belong to the age of Assur-nazir-pal and Shalmaneser. It cannot refer to the great fortified triangle of the Second Assyrian Empire which was enclosed between the Tigris and Zab, and included Nineveh, Calah, and Dur-Sargina (Khorsabad), since Dur-Sargina, which was built by Sargon, is not mentioned in the text. The note, however, appears to have been originally marginal like the note in v.¹⁴, and like the latter may therefore have made its way into the text in the wrong place.

13, 14. In the prophetic books (Jer 46⁹), the Ludim that are associated with Egypt are the Lydian mercenaries sent by Gyges to Psammetichus I., the founder of the twenty-sixth dynasty, by whose aid, according to Assur-bani-pal, the Egyptian king succeeded in freeing his country from the Assyrians. By Herodotus they are more specifically called Carians and Ionians, who at that time were Lydian subjects. But the prophetic use of the name must be another illustration of the adaptation of an old geographical term, the meaning of which had been forgotten, to more modern conditions; here in Genesis the Ludim are the first-born of Mizraim, and therefore ought to be the native Egyptians themselves in contradistinction to those who were merely Egyptian subjects. Hence it is probably the Egyptian *lodu*, 'men,' more especially the 'members of an Egyptian family,' which is used of the Egyptian people generally in the hieroglyphic texts.

Professor Naville is doubtless right in seeing in the Anamim the 'Anu of the Egyptian monuments, that is to say, the Semitic Beduin on the eastern side of Egypt whose subjection is recorded on the earliest monuments. The first *m*, however, is difficult to account for, and it is therefore possible

that we have in the name a combination of the 'Anu and the 'Amu or Semitic Asiatics. If so, the word would resemble a 'conflate' text.

The Lehabim are the Lebu or Libyans who occupied an important place in Egyptian history as mercenaries, and eventually under Sheshonq or Shishak founded the twenty-second dynasty.

The two foreign elements in the Egyptian population are followed by the two divisions of that population itself. The Pathrusim are the inhabitants of Pathros (Is 11¹¹), Egyptian Pa-to-ris, 'the South land,' and in the Naphtuhim, therefore, we must have the inhabitants of Northern or Lower Egypt. The capital of Lower Egypt was Memphis, the sacred name of which was Hâ(t)-ka-Ptah, 'the House of the Double of Ptah,' which is written Khikuptakh in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, thus verifying Brugsch's suggestion that it was the origin of the Greek Ἀἴγυπτος, Egypt. In Naphtuhim we clearly have the name of Ptah, the god of Memphis; the initial nasal is more difficult to explain. Ebers makes it the Egyptian plural article *na* and supposes the name to mean 'they of Ptah.' The Septuagint 'Nephthaleim' is corrupt.

The last pair of Mizraim's offspring are Kasluhim and Caphtorim. Instead of Kasluhim the Septuagint has Khasmônieim; Kasluhim, however, is shown to be right by the Ptolemaic geographical list at Kom Ombo which contains Kasluhet as well as Kaphtar. The discoveries of Dr. A. J. Evans and others in Krete have made it clear that the Caphtorim are the Kaftiu or Kaftu of the Egyptian monuments, and that the latter are the Kretans of the 'Minoan' age. The final *r* of Caphtor will be a suffix. The Philistines came from Caphtor (Jer 47⁴, Am 9⁷); consequently the marginal note which is attached to Casluhim has been introduced into the text in the wrong place. The early Jewish Aramaic papyri of Elephantinê explain how this could have happened. A marginal note or correction is written over the line to which it belongs, and a scribe could therefore easily attach it to the last word over which it stands instead of the first word to which it actually belonged.

The Philistines took possession of Southern Palestine after the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons during, or immediately after, the reign of Menepthah, the son and successor of Ramses II. The Pulasta, as they are called, were one of the northern nations who, along with the Danaans and others, were overthrown by Ramses III. Their

defeat saved Egypt itself, but henceforth they blocked the road to Canaan through their occupation of Gaza and the neighbouring cities. That Casluhim and Caphtorim should be mentioned instead of them implies that they had not as yet settled in Palestine. In that case they ought to have been included in the sons of Canaan. Why Casluhim and Caphtorim should be called the offspring of Mizraim we do not yet know. The lid of an alabaster vase with the cartouches of the Hyksos king Khian has been found at Knossos, and a hymn in honour of Thothmes III. seems to imply that Pharaoh claimed sovereignty over Krete, but nothing has been discovered in the Delta which would show that there was a Kretan settlement there. However, both in the Fayyûm and at Karnak, Kretan pottery and figurines of what Dr. Evans terms 'Middle Minoan II.' have been found among remains of the twelfth dynasty.

15. According to this verse, Zidon, 'the fishing-town,' would have been the first built of the Canaanite or Phœnician cities. In the Homeric Poems the Phœnicians are still known as 'Sidonians.' But in the Tel el-Amarna age, Tyre, Gebal, and Arvad were already on a footing of equality with Sidon; indeed, Gebal seems to have been a more important place. Since, however, Herodotus (ii. 44) states that the temple of Melkarth at Tyre was erected about 2700 B.C., there would have been plenty of time for the sister-cities of Sidon to have become its rivals. After the reign of Hiram I., the contemporary of David and Solomon, Tyre became the leading state in Phœnicia.

Next to the premier city of Canaan, and before the other Canaanitish towns, comes Heth, that is to say, the Hittites. The prominent position thus assigned to Heth, among the offspring of Canaan, has been explained by recent archaeological discovery. In the Mosaic age the Hittites were the leading power in Syria and Palestine. A stele in the Louvre (C 1), dated in the reigns of the first two kings of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, refers to the destruction of 'Hittite' settlements in the southern part of Palestine (see Sayce, *Archæology of the Cuneiform Inscriptions*, p. 206), and Professor J. L. Myres has shown that the painted pottery found in the pre-Israelitish strata at Lachish and Gezer is of Hittite origin (*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, 1903, xxxiii. pp. 367-400). Hittite mercenaries were in the pay of the governors and petty princes of Canaan in the Tel el-

Amarna period, and their leaders from time to time made themselves masters of its states. They were followed by the regular army of 'the great king of the Hittites,' and the Tel el-Amarna tablets enable us to follow the Hittite advance and the substitution of Hittite for Egyptian rule in Syria. The cuneiform tablets discovered at Boghaz Keui, the Hittite capital north of the Halys, prove how completely Syria and the larger part of Canaan fell under Hittite domination; the king of the Amorites became a Hittite vassal, and was appointed or deposed at the will of his Hittite overlord. For a while the Hittite advance was checked by Seti I. and Ramses II. of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, and the boundaries of the Hittite and Egyptian empires were fixed pretty nearly where the northern border of Palestine was afterwards drawn; but in the reign of Menepthah, the successor of Ramses II., the Egyptian garrisons were withdrawn from the south of Palestine, and from that time onwards to the invasion of the northern nations (about 1200 B.C.) the Hittites had a free hand in Canaan.¹

¹ Menepthah was still in possession of the district of Jerusalem in the third year of his reign when the Egyptian government received a letter from one of its officials on the Canaanite frontier announcing the arrival of 'the captains of the archers of the Well of Menepthah which is in the highlands' (*Select Papyri of the British Museum*, Pl. V. and VI.). The Well or Fountain of Menepthah is named in Jos 15⁹ 18¹⁶, where מִינְפֹתָח has been pointed מִינְפֹתָח, 'waters of Nephtoth.' We gather from these passages that the place was a little to the west of Jerusalem.

The Hittites were not Semitic either in race or in language, and consequently though the leading people in the Canaan of the Mosaic age—but, be it noted, not later—could not be described as 'the first-born' of Canaan. They had retreating chins and foreheads, large protrusive nose and jaws, scanty beard, black eyes and hair, and yellow skin. They wore 'pig-tails,' and even in Syria retained their snow-shoes with upturned ends. Linguistically their language was of an 'Asiatic' type, like that of Mitanni and the cuneiform inscriptions of pre-Aryan Armenia.

With the invasion of the northern tribes of Phrygo-Thracian origin, and the conquest of Palestine by the Philistines and Israelites, Hittite power and influence disappeared, and after the Mosaic age Heth could no longer be described as a son of Canaan. But so completely had Canaan been dominated by him, that the Assyrians, who first became acquainted with it in the days when it had already passed under Hittite influence, continued to the last to call it 'the land of the Hittites.' Shalmaneser II. terms the kings of Israel, Arvad and Ammon, 'kings of the country of the Hittites'; for Sargon the inhabitants of Ashdod are 'Hittites,' and Sennacherib describes his campaign against Hezekiah as made against 'the land of the Hittites.' While Canaan was 'the land of the Amorites' for the Babylonians, it was 'the land of the Hittites' for the Assyrians, who first knew it when the Hittites had become the dominant power.

In the Study.

What is Faith?

Towards an Anthology.

BENJAMIN JOWETT—Faith may be spoken of, in the language of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as the substance of things unseen. But what are, the things unseen? Not only an invisible world ready to flash through the material at the appearance of Christ; not angels, or powers of darkness, or even God Himself 'sitting,' as the Old Testament described, 'on the circle of the heavens'; but the kingdom of truth and justice, the things that are within, of which God is the centre, and with which

men everywhere by faith hold communion. Faith is the belief in the existence of this kingdom; that is, in the truth and justice and mercy of God, who disposes all things—not, perhaps, in our judgment for the greatest happiness of His creatures, but absolutely in accordance with our moral notions. And that this is not seen to be the case here, makes it a matter of faith that it will be so in some way that we do not at present comprehend. He that believes on God believes, first, that He is; and, secondly, that He is the Rewarder of them that seek Him.—*The Epp. of St. Paul*, ii. 268.

JOHN WESLEY—I now considered Dr. Erskine's account of saving faith. He asserts (if I comprehend him right): 'It is, in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only, perceive. In particular, it is an assent of the understanding to the gospel method of salvation; in which there is an excellency and glory which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith.' But, if this be his judgment, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvellously small is the difference between us! Only change the word *assent* for *conviction* (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word, *πίστις*), and do we not come within a hair's-breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the definition of faith in general—'a supernatural assent to the word of God'; though I think a 'supernatural conviction of the truths contained in the word of God' is clearer. I allow, too, that the Holy Spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the word of God, and particularly in the gospel method of salvation; but I doubt whether saving faith be, properly, an assent to this light and glory. Is it not rather an assent (if we retain the word) to the truths which God has revealed; or, more particularly, a divine conviction that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself'?—*The Journal of John Wesley*, v. 338.

JOHN RUSKIN—Faith. I have not yet given any definitions of the final senses in which I use this word, so that it is of no use to refer to the detached places in which it occurs; but generally it will be found to be taken as the equivalent of noble or true imagination (the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen).—*The Works of Ruskin*, xxvii. 347.

THOMAS ARNOLD—But now comes the question, What is faith? And as an answer to it I have chosen the words of the text: 'It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' That is to say, it is that feeling or faculty within us, by which the future becomes to our minds greater than the present: and what we do not see, more powerful to influence us than what we do see.—*Sermons: Christian Life at School*, 2.

PERCY GARDNER—In its lowest and most rudimentary form it consists, at all events for civilised

people, in that confidence in the uniformity of nature, that trust in the continual properties of material things which I have already mentioned. But it is hardly worthy of the name of religious faith unless it goes further into the realm of good and evil. Here its essence lies in the belief, sustained by a continuous will to believe, that a beneficent and wise Power lies behind the visible world; that the working of the universe, if it could be understood, would be found to be essentially kind and good to man; that life is worth living; and that it is, in the long run, wise to do what it is our duty to do.—*Modernity and the Churches*, 54.

P. T. FORSYTH—God in Christ came forth in sacrifice and blood for righteousness' sake. He came to magnify His holy name in a propitiation through judgment that created the new man. To trust this eternal Act of love, and make it the principle of our life's whole carriage, is faith.—*The Christian Ethic of War*, 190.

PHILLIPS BROOKS—Faith is simply the soul's grasp, a larger or a smaller act according to the largeness or smallness of the object grasped; of one size for a fact, of another for a friend, of another for a principle, but always the soul's grasp, the entrance of the soul into its true and healthy relationship to the object which is offered to it.—*Seeking Life*, 243.

W. HAY M. H. AITKEN—It may be generally defined as a definite moral attitude of confidence and trust, assumed by a conscious subject towards an external object, springing from and accompanied by an intellectual conviction with respect to the nature of that object. I will not affirm that this definition is absolutely complete and in all respects accurate, but it will at all events serve to bring before us the leading characteristics of that evangelical faith upon which Holy Scripture represents so much as depending.—*The Revealer Revealed*, 99.

J. H. NEWMAN—What is meant by faith? It is to feel in good earnest that we are creatures of God; it is a practical perception of the unseen world; it is to understand that this world is not enough for our happiness; to look beyond it on towards God, to realize His presence, to wait upon Him, to endeavour to learn and to do His will, and

to seek our good from Him. It is not a mere temporary strong act or impetuous feeling of the mind, an impression or a view coming upon it, but it is a *habit*, a state of mind, lasting and consistent. To have faith in God is to surrender one's self to God, humbly to put one's interests, or to wish to be allowed to put them into His hands who is the Sovereign Giver of all good.—*Parochial and Plain Sermons*, iii. 79.

Jehu.

A STUDY OF DIVINE INSTRUMENTALITY.

'And Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel.'—1 Kings 19¹⁶.

I.

THE HISTORY.

1. In that wonderful revelation vouchsafed to Elijah at Mount Horeb (1 Kings 19¹⁻⁸) God had bidden His servant anoint Jehu to be king over Israel—as He, the supreme King of Israel, and the Lord of all souls had the unquestionable right to do—in order that the judgment on Ahab's house should be fulfilled. But Elijah himself had been translated (2 Kings 2¹¹) before the anointing of Jehu could take place; and the duty had devolved on Elisha his successor.

Jehu was the commanding officer in the army of Jehoram, which was conducting operations against the Syrian army under Hazael at the important fortress of Ramoth-gilead, a bone of contention since the days of Ahab, and now held by Israel. The severe wounds sustained by King Jehoram necessitated his retirement to Jezreel. This was the opportunity of which Elisha and the party of insurrection availed themselves. One of the 'sons of the prophets' was dispatched by Elisha to Ramoth-gilead with a flask of oil and a commission to take Jehu from the group of officers which surrounded him into an inner chamber, anoint him there, and instantly withdraw in flight. These instructions were faithfully carried out. On Jehu's return to the officers' quarters, he was eagerly interrogated as to the meaning of this mysterious visit from the frenzied prophetic messenger.

When they learned the truth it was as if a spark had been set to a train long prepared. There was not a moment's hesitation. The officers tore off

their military cloaks, and spread them under his feet, where he stood on the top of the stairs leading down into the court. As he stood on this extempore throne, with no seat but the steps covered by the carpeting of the square pieces of cloth, they blew the well-known blast of the ram's horn which always accompanied the inauguration of a king of Israel.

¶ Every human activity is evoked by three impelling causes, by feeling, by reason, and by suggestion, by that property which the physicians call hypnosis. At times a man acts only under the influence of feeling, striving to obtain what he wishes; at other times he acts under the influence of reason alone, which points out to him what he ought to do; at other times again, and this most frequently, a man acts because he has suggested to himself and has suggested to him by others a certain action and he unconsciously submits to this suggestion. Under normal conditions of life all three factors take part in man's activity.¹

2. The course of Jehu was now fixed. He mounted his chariot, and armed himself with his bow and quiver. A large part of the army followed him. Crossing the Jordan, they passed through the wide opening of the valley between Little Hermon and Bilboa, and advanced upon Jezreel.

From the tower of Jezreel a watchman 'spied the company of Jehu,' and gave notice. Two messengers sent out to him he detained on the same principle of secrecy which had guided all his movements; nor was it till he had almost reached the city that alarm was taken. Even then the two kings in Jezreel (Jehoram of Israel and Ahaziah of Judah) seem to have anticipated news from the war in Syria rather than a revolution at home. It was only when Jehu (in answer to Jehoram's question, 'Is it peace, Jehu?') broke out in fierce denunciation of Jezebel that they saw their danger. They turned to flee: Jehu seized the opportunity, and, taking full aim at Jehoram with the bow (which, as captain of the host, he always carried with him), he shot him through the heart. At Jehu's orders the body was thrown into the field of Naboth, taken so wickedly by Jehoram's father; and Jehu paused a moment to recall to Bidkar how both of them, while riding in attendance upon Ahab, had heard the words 'the Lord lay this burden upon him.' They had been spoken by Elijah, but Jehu did not mention the human mouthpiece; the important point was that they came from God. Jehu had impressed himself, as

¹ Leo N. Tolstoy.

he impressed others, with the exact fulfilment of God's word.

Can he choose but fear
Who feels his God so near?

There is, however, no trace in Jehu of godly fear; he proceeds with the bloody work as if he revelled in it!

¶ On July 14th we see the people of Paris assailing the Bastille, that symbol to them of despotism and tyranny, only to find that after all in that dreaded prison are only seven prisoners—one an imbecile, three coiners—and lead them off in triumph, not without an irreverent touch of the ridiculous. But it was the first blow of the new movement. When Louis heard of it he remarked in surprise: 'Why, this is a revolt!' 'No, sire,' said the Duc de Liancourt, 'it is a revolution.' The duke was right indeed.¹

3. Without compunction Jehu ordered Ahaziah to be slain, and pushed on to Jezreel.

In the meantime Jezebel had heard the news of the insurrection, and dressing herself in her finery, looked out of the palace window, and waited. Jehu returned to Jezreel and rode towards the palace gate. He was hailed by the mockery of the queen, who flung the taunt, 'Is it peace, O Zimri, his master's murderer?' meaning, 'Is there to be peace between me and such a traitor as you with your brief tenancy of power?' The narrator who portrays the lurid facts sheds no ray of chivalry on Jehu's relentless ferocity. The queen at his bidding was flung by the attendant eunuchs from the lofty upper window into the courtyard below, close to his chariot wheels, and suffered instant death. Jehu feasted within the palace in cold-blooded indifference until the thought of the yet unburied queen prompted the command that the 'accursed' should receive the rights of sepulture due to her dignity and rank. This, however, the carrion kites and scavenger dogs had already rendered superfluous.

Jehu's *coup de main* had been brilliantly successful. In one day he had leapt into the throne. But Samaria was strong upon its watch-tower hill. It was full of Ahab's sons, and had not yet declared on Jehu's side. Jehu succeeded in getting the holders of power in the capital, and also the heads of the families and the tutors of the royal princes, to declare for him, and to promise that they would execute his commands. His demand was the heads of seventy royal princes. They fell, and,

packed in baskets, were sent to Jezreel. Jehu, in face of the terrified mob, boasted that he has the word of Jehovah's promise.

4. It was immediately after this that he came across a figure who might have reminded him of Elijah himself. It was Jehonadab the son of Rechab—that is, the son of the 'Rider'—an Arab chief of the Kenite tribe, who was the founder or second founder of one of those Nazirite communities which had grown up in the kingdom of Israel, and which in this instance combined a kind of monastic discipline with the manners of the Bedouin race from whom they were descended. He was of the tribe which had produced a Jael. Jonadab had something of the fierce, fanatical spirit of the ancient chieftainess, who, in her own tent, had dashed out with the tent-peg the brains of Sisera. His very name, 'The Lord is noble,' indicated that he was a worshipper of Jehovah, and his fierce zeal showed him to be a genuine Kenite.

Jehu knew that the stern fanaticism of the Kenite Emir would rejoice in his exterminating zeal, and he recognized that the friendship and countenance of this 'good man and just,' as Josephus calls him, would add strength to his cause, and enable him to carry out his dark design. He therefore blessed him. 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?' he asked, after he had returned the greeting of Jehonadab. 'It is,' answered the vehement Rechabite. 'If it be, give me thine hand,' he said; and grasping the Arab by the hand, he pulled him up into his chariot—the highest distinction he could bestow upon him—and bade him come and witness his zeal for Jehovah.

Arrived in Samaria itself, Jehu prepared a horrible blood-bath for the worshippers of the Tyrian Baal. A splendid festival was announced in the temple at Samaria; the whole heathen population of Israel was summoned; the sacrifices were ready; the sacred vestments were brought out; all the worshippers of Baal were there; all the servants of Jehovah, as unworthy of the sacred mysteries, were excluded. The king himself was the first to enter, and offer the victims to the heathen gods. There was nothing in that unmoved countenance to betray the secret. Even the king and the anchorite were able to the last moment to preserve the mask of conformity to the Phœnician worship. They completed their sacrifice, and

¹ H. G. Graham, *Literary and Historical Essays*, 99.

left the temple. Round about the building were eighty men, consisting of the king's own immediate officers and bodyguard. They were entrusted with the double charge, first of preventing the escape of any one, and, secondly, of striking the deadly blow. They entered, and the temple was strewn with corpses, which, as fast as they fell, the guards and the officers threw out with their own hands. At last, when the bloody work was over, they found their way to the inner sanctuary, which towered like a fortress above the rest. There, as we have seen, Baal was seated aloft, with the gods of Phœnicia round him. The wooden images, small and great, were dragged from their thrones and burnt. The pillar or statue of Baal which Joram had removed was also shattered. The temple was razed to the ground, and its site known in after-days only as the depository of all the filth of the town.

¶ In the state of war in which a tribe existed in old times, threatened on every side, there was no greater gratification, under the sway of the strictest morality of custom, than cruelty. Cruelty is one of the oldest festal and triumphal joys of mankind. It was thought that the gods, too, might be gratified and festively disposed by offering them the sight of cruelties—and thus the idea insinuated itself into the world that voluntary self-torture, mortification, and abstinence are also of great value, not as discipline, but as a sweet savour unto the Lord.¹

II.

THE MAN.

1. Outward habits give a clue to character. It is so in Jehu's case. That 'driving furiously' for which he was famous is typical of his conduct—his bent of mind. From first to last we read of no delay, no hesitation, no relenting, or turning back in Jehu's life. Throughout 'he drove furiously.' His firmness and determination are altogether remarkable. He was pre-eminently a man of action.

And Jehu had 'driven furiously' to some purpose. Secrecy and swiftness joined to unhesitating severity had crushed the dynasty of Ahab, which fell unlamented and unsupported, as if lightning-struck. The nobler elements had gathered to Jehu, as represented by the Rechabite, Jehonadab. Jehu first secured his position, and then smote the Baal worship as heavily and conclusively as he had done the royal family. He struck once, and struck no more; for the single blow pulverized.

¹ G. Brandes, *Friedrich Nietzsche*, 27.

From the merely human point of view, we may say that revolutions are not made with rose-water, and that, at all crises in a nation's history, when some ancient evil is to be thrown off, and some powerful system is to be crushed, there will be violence, at which easy-going people who have never passed through like times will hold up their hands in horror and with cheap censure. No doubt we have a higher law than Jehu knew, and Christ has put His own gentle commandment of love in the place of what was 'said to them of old time.' But let not us, while we obey it for ourselves, and abjure violence and blood, judge the men of old 'according to that which they had not.' Jehu's bloody deeds are not held up for admiration. His obedience is what is praised and rewarded.

¶ *La Révolution* is but so many Alphabetic Letters; a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, to be clapt under lock and key: where is it? what is it? It is the Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and in that man; as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, impalpable; and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could be a truer Reality.¹

2. Jehu professed to be actuated by religious zeal. 'Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord.' How far can we trust these words?

(1) We must remember that zeal is in itself but a neutral passion, and good or bad only according to the object about which it is concerned. In Jehu's case it expressed itself in a frightful destruction of human life. On this account some persons might be disposed to say that it was not zeal for the Lord at all. But they forget that God's work may take one form in one age or set of circumstances, and another in another; that the moral standard of the Pentateuch is not inconsistent with, but is lower than, that of the Gospels; that the acts of a good Jew, face to face with the enemies of his religion, must not be judged of by a Christian standard: since the Jew belongs to an earlier stage in the religious education of the world. Our Lord warned His Apostles against the temptation to propagate or defend His Kingdom by the sword; but the Law of Moses punished idolatry with death,* and Jehu was acting in obedience to the idea of duty to which he had been trained. There is nothing to be said on Christian grounds for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or for the brutalities of Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford; but when

¹ T. Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, iii. 211.

Jehu destroyed the Baal-worshippers in Samaria, the law of Love had not yet been revealed in all its beauty, nor had men learnt that the Holy Spirit is a better Guide into all truth than the weapons of carnal warfare.

¶ 'Is there no way,' asks Andrew Fuller, 'to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?' Owen's greater Anglican contemporary writes to the same effect in his *Liberty of Prophesying*. 'Any zeal,' he observes, 'is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger,' since no secure basis for a reasonable religion can be won 'if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard.' One wonders if the Puritan was thinking of the anecdote which narrates how Michelangelo, who was engaged in designing a statue of Julius II., asked that eminently meek and saintly representative of Christ if he would care to hold a volume in his hand. 'What volume?' cried the indignant Pope; 'a sword! I know nothing of letters, not I.'¹

(2) It was a momentous order which Jehu received from the prophet—to destroy the whole reigning family—and it came to a ready spirit. By the solemn law of the nation the unfaithful king and all related to him had forfeited their claim upon life. It was a fatal transgression to depart from the Living God. The executioner might be pestilence, or flames leaping from the clouds, or an invading host, or some mighty man armed for the work. Right thoroughly it had been done. The ghastly pile of seventy heads of princes, laid on either side of the gate of Jezreel, had witnessed to this servant's energy and fidelity. Timouri, the Tartar chieftain, might have found in him his great exemplar, as he erected in pyramids the corpses of his victims. The taste of blood had created, as in the tiger, an imperious thirst. A wild glare was in his eyes as the Rechabite tried to read its secret. Interpreting his orders that not only the dynasty of Ahab, but that of Baal too, must fall by the sword, he set about it in terrible earnest. Craft and cruelty combined against priest and devotee. All who had come up to the solemn festival came instead to the shambles, and not one escaped. So Mahomet-Ali conquered the Mamelukes; so Amalric stamped out heresy in Languedoc, saying, 'Kill them all. The Lord will know who are His.'

¶ One who was many months on ambulance duty in the French lines wrote these words:

'They talk of the war! Let them come close in! Let

them see lying around emaciated heads with no bodies within a couple of hundred yards; let them see the bloody confusion of heads and entrails and limbs which is showered around when a trench is mined; let them see the heads with ears and noses bitten off as if by mad dogs; let them see the men driven insane by the sights and sounds of the battlefield, who turn and rend their comrades and have to be shot down by them; let them come where hundreds of wounded men are lying on contested ground screaming the whole night through (and not one in a million has ever heard a man scream!) and then talk of the war!'²

(3) Jehu's zeal was spoiled by cruelty; it was spoiled also by inconsistency. Baal-worship was not the only kind of idolatry that then reared its head in the land of Israel. There was the worship of the calves, which had been instituted by Jeroboam from a political motive—that of providing a religious attraction to the ten separated tribes, an attraction powerful enough to prevent their attending the worship of God in Jerusalem at the great festivals. This older idolatry was not less inconsistent with the honour and will of God than was the newer Baal or Nature worship introduced from Phœnicia; and a man whose highest motive in destroying the Baal-worshippers had been zeal for God's honour, would not have left this older, and in some respects more mischievous, form of error untouched. But we are told that 'from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Beth-el, and that were in Dan.' And again, that 'Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart: for he departed not from the sins of Jeroboam' (that is, from the established calf-worship), 'which made Israel to sin.'

Men who are swords of God, and human executioners of Divine justice, may easily deceive themselves. God works the ends of His own providence, and He uses their ministry. 'The wrath of man shall turn to praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.' But they can never make their plea of prophetic sanction a cloak of maliciousness. Cromwell had stern work to do. Rightly or wrongly, he deemed it inevitable, and did not shrink from it. But he hated it. Over and over again, he tells us, he had prayed to God that He would not put him to this work. To the best of his power he avoided, he minimized, every act of vengeance, even when the sternness of his Puritan sense of righteousness made him look on

¹ J. Moffatt, *The Golden Book of John Owen*, 99 n.

² John Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 285.

it as duty. Far different was the case of Jehu. He loved murder and cunning for their own sakes, and, like Joab, he dyed the garments of peace with the blood of war.

How little was his gain! It had been happier for him if he had never mounted higher than the captaincy of the host, or even so high. He reigned for twenty-eight years (842-814)—longer than any king, except his great-grandson Jeroboam II.; and in recognition of any element of righteousness which had actuated his revolt, his children, even to the fourth generation, were suffered to sit upon the throne. His dynasty lasted for one hundred and thirteen years. But his own reign was memorable only for defeat, trouble, and irreparable disaster.

¶ The fact is, it is in politics to a certain degree as in religion. Men fear in the one case in the same manner as they believe in the other; they have some doubts in both cases, but no convictions. Their conduct belies their assertions, and when compared with that which they observe on occasions where there is no room for doubt, it will be seen that their want of energy or decision, their various inconsistencies, proceed from self-deceit, which is just strong enough to permit them to try and deceive others without actual falsehood and hypocrisy.¹

3. Jehu, the zealous, the fiery, the reformer, and Jehu the lukewarm, the half-hearted, main-tainer of abuses, are one and the same man; and their identity appears in this, that they are both of them Jehu the selfish, Jehu who served God while it answered his purpose, and, when that service seemed to cross his interest, winked at the most palpable sin. And therefore we consider Jehu's character worthy of our study, because it is so common and so bad. The truth which Jehu did not see, and which he and we ought to see, is the truth, that God, if He be served at all, should be served with all our heart and soul and strength; no serving Him now, and disobeying Him then; no following Him up to a certain point, and then stopping short; no worshipping Him in prosperity, and forgetting Him in adversity; or seeking Him in adversity, and forgetting Him in prosperity; no serving of Him for what we can gain by it in the shape of respectability, or position, or what not; the service must be complete and free, as from those who feel that all they can do must fall infinitely short of a perfect worship of the infinite God.

¹ H. Reeve, *The Greville Memoirs*, iii. 187.

¶ Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban:
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.²

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.'—2 Sam. i²⁶.
'And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?'—2 Sam. 9¹.

You see your father sitting looking into the fire occasionally. He does not seem to want to speak to you. You think he is going to sleep. You

² J. G. Whittier.

may be right, but it is more than possible that he is remembering—remembering about your big rothers who are away from home, or who may have gone from this world altogether.

1. God has made us so; we all look back and remember. Even kings have their days of remembering. The great King David had his. Once he had a friend whom he loved very much. Most of you could tell me that that friend's name was Jonathan. He was killed in battle, and when David's mind was full of the sad story as ours are full of the great war just now, he wrote a lovely poem about him. Tennyson's poem about his friend Arthur Hallam may one day be forgotten, but King David's song about Jonathan is one of the eternal things; it will never die. As the years passed, David's life meant stress and trouble. He had hard work; furthermore, when he did what was wrong, he suffered for it. We can imagine that he had little time to think, but he had his memories; he never forgot Jonathan. With him it was generally a case of thinking his own thoughts; one day, however, he suddenly spoke out: 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul,' he asked, 'that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' You see that with David remembering did not mean sitting idle thinking round and round in a circle; it meant doing something.

There is a great deal of remembering in all our homes just now. Even boys and girls have their share of it. Can they help it? In every church hall, in every large day school, in universities, everywhere in fact where young people meet, there are Rolls of Honour. You boys and girls read the names and you say, 'I knew him.' But you run away to your games and you forget, don't you?

2. Did you ever think what the word 'Remember' means? One author writing about it says: 'It literally means "Member me again." ... When you gather around the household board, or sit at night by the winter fire, keep a vacant place for me. Keep a gap in your hearts where the old chair used to be. Do not forget to count me among the members of the family; do not omit to member me in the circle in which I am seen not.' In the Roman Catholic Church there is a special day set apart for remembering friends who have died. It is the second of November, and in their Church's Calendar is called 'All Souls' Day.' On that day one can see wreaths laid upon certain

graves; they are the graves of friends who are 'remembered.' 'All Souls' Day' suggests a beautiful thought, for none of us like the idea of being quite forgotten by our friends when we pass away from the earth.

Long ago, a sprig of rosemary used to be given to the bride at a wedding, and carried by her as a token that she would remember the old home, and the old faces, and the old loves. Rosemary was also used at funerals, and it is still sometimes used in South Wales. Each mourner carries a sprig and throws it into the grave as a token that the dear one will not be forgotten. Your fathers and mothers do not need rosemary to remind them of their absent boys. In many cases their graves are too far away for them to be kept decked with home flowers. They do not pray for them, for they know that they are in safe keeping, but they ask God's help for themselves that they may be able to do their duty to you. What ought 'remembering' to mean for you? 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' David was not a young man when he asked the question; but even boys and girls might well put a similar one to themselves. 'Can I help any one for the sake of those who have done so much for me?' Here are three things you can do.

(1) You can ask God to make you good sons and daughters.

(2) You can resolve to grow up to be good citizens.

(3) The brave soldier boys gave their lives that this world might be a better place for us to live in. That was the great lesson the world learned from the life of Jesus Christ. He is the perfect pattern set for us, and you can ask to be made like Him.

If you do these things 'All Souls' Day' will have a great meaning for you.

II.

Copy-books.

'I wrote them with ink in the book.'—Jer 36¹⁸.

I wonder how many of you remember the first time you wrote with ink? Perhaps it was a very, very long time ago, but you may recollect something about it. Do you remember how proud you were when you were given a pen and allowed to use it? Before that you were only permitted to write in pencil and that was very dull and uninter-

esting, but now you had a pen and an inkpot all to yourself and a copy-book to write in! It was a great occasion!

You began so proudly and so hopefully, but by and by the mistakes crept in. A wrong letter was written, a blot fell here and there out of a too full pen, and little inky fingers left ugly smudges. And perhaps, because you were very small, a few salt tears fell on the page. But the worst of it all was that the mistakes wouldn't come out. When you wrote in pencil or on a slate it was easy to remove them, but when you wrote in ink, that was a different matter!

Now Life is just like a great copy-book, and every day we are writing a page in that book. Every action and word and thought writes something on the page. And what we write we can't take out again, for we are writing in ink, not in pencil. Sometimes our page is clean and tidy and well written, sometimes it is ugly and smudged and spoiled; but no matter what it is like, we can't alter it.

Well, I want you to remember three things about this copy-book we are writing.

1. *Do your very best with the page you have.*—Sometimes, you know, you begin a new page in your copy-book very well. The first line is neat and even and as like the head line as it possibly could be. But when you get down the page a bit you become more careless. Perhaps you grow tired writing the same words over and over again, perhaps you forget to look at the top line. Some of the letters jump off the line, others won't stand up straight, some are too fat and others are too lean, some are too long and others too short. And when you come to the last line of all it is a sad failure. Well of course the best way is to keep on writing well to the bottom of the page. That is difficult, but you can do it if you try hard.

Now it is just the same with Life's copy-book. Sometimes we rise in the morning feeling very bright and fit, and we mean to do well and have a splendid day. But little by little the mistakes creep in. Perhaps we lose our temper over some trifle, or we do something mean, or say something unkind. And soon our page is all blotted and ugly, our day is all spoiled.

Well, I think it is just the same with the pages of our life as it is with the pages of our copy-book. If we try very hard, and if we ask God to help us to try, we can keep out a lot of the mistakes. And

then we shall have fewer regrets when we get to the end of the page.

2. *Let God put right your mistakes.*—Do you remember spoiling a page in your copy-book when you were very little? You tried your best, but everything went wrong and your little head ached and the tears were very near. Then mother came and took the book from you. And she cleaned it up in a wonderful way, a way you couldn't manage. And somehow when she came to you everything seemed right again. Your head stopped aching and your troubles were at an end.

And God is just like mother. He can put right the things we spoil. He can wash out all our mistakes. You can't alter them, but He can. And I want you to remember this not only now, but long, long after this, when you are grown men and women. Will you always take your spoiled pages to God to put right? He wants to do it. And the biggest mistake people ever make—the only mistake that really counts—is when they forget to take their spoiled pages to Him.

3. *Never forget that there is always a new page.*—Some people forget to turn the new page, and when the new day comes they copy the old one over again with all its mistakes and ugly blots. And so they never get out of the bit.

If you have made a mess of the page that is just turned, you can make a fresh start with the new one and make it all the more beautiful. It is the only thing you can do, and God gives you the new page to let you have another chance.

So we must go on trying till we reach the very last page of all. Then when our work is done God will take away our copy-book and give us a new one, fresh and unspoiled, in which we shall make no mistakes.

III.

The *West African Folk-Tales* which have been collected by W. H. Barker, B.Sc., and Cecilia Sinclair (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net) are good for reading, good for the study of anthropology, and good for—children's sermons. We shall give one as an example, after saying that the volume is extremely attractive and very appropriately illustrated.

WHY TIGERS NEVER ATTACK MEN UNLESS THEY ARE PROVOKED.

A man, hunting one day in the forest, met a tiger. At first each was afraid of the other; but

after some talking they became quite friendly. They agreed to live together for a little time. First the man would live with the tiger in his forest home for two weeks. Then the tiger would come and live in the man's house.

The tiger behaved so well to the man during his visit that the man felt he had never been so well treated in all his life. Then came the time for the tiger to return home with the man. As they were going the tiger was somewhat afraid. He asked the man if he really thought he would be safe. 'What if your friends do not like my face and kill me?' he asked. 'You need fear nothing,' said his host; 'no one will touch you while I am there.' The tiger therefore came to the man's house and stayed with him three weeks. He had brought his male cub with him, and the young tiger became very friendly with the man's son.

Some months later the man's father died. When Tiger heard of his friend's great loss, he and his cub set out at once to see and condole with him. They brought a large sum of money to help the man.

As Tiger was going home again two of the man's friends lay in hiding for him and shot him. Fortunately he was not killed, but he was very much grieved lest these men had shot at his friend's wish. He determined to find out if the man had known anything at all about the shot.

Accordingly he went to the place in the forest where he had first met his friend. There he lay down as if he were dead, after telling his cub to watch and see what would happen.

By and by the man came along. When he saw the tiger lying, as he thought, dead, he was terribly troubled. He began to cry, and mourn for his friend, and sat there all night long with Tiger's cub, to watch that no harm should befall the body.

When morning came and Tiger was quite assured that his friend had had nothing at all to do with the shot, he was very glad. He got up, then, to the man's great astonishment, and explained why he had pretended to be dead.

'Go home,' said Tiger, 'and remember me always. In future for your sake I will never touch a man unless he first meddles with me.'

Point and Illustration.

'Laying aside every weight.'

Mr. J. Glenelg Grant, Hon. Treasurer of the Cardiff Sailors' and Soldiers' Rests, has gathered

many anecdotes, the best of which he now publishes in a book entitled *The Heart beneath the Uniform* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net). Occasionally the anecdotes are made to point a moral or adorn a text. More than one brings home the force of the words 'laying aside every weight.' This is one:

'Before I left the barrack-room I had another object-lesson showing the necessity of laying aside every weight. "Throw those boots away," were the words I heard uttered in firm tones by a sergeant as he looked down upon the young private who was stooping over his kit. As the lad lifted his head, his face wore a look of mingled surprise and dismay, and for a moment he hesitated to obey the command. Before the sergeant could repeat his words, the boots came flying past me, and fell with a loud crash. There they lay on the floor, and how well I understood the feelings of the owner when told to part with them! They were well-made boots, and quite a considerable sum of money must have been spent in purchasing them. "One pair of boots is enough," continued the sergeant not unkindly, "with all the heavy marching you'll have to do. Remember, my lad, that you are now on active service."' "

With Smuts in East Africa.

Every general needs a historian. When General Smuts took over the conquest of German East Africa he had good officers and good men. He had also Captain Francis Brett Young, a competent historian. *Marching on Tanga*, which is the name of the book now written (Collins; 6s. net), is a true history, even to smallest detail, and it is written with the knowledge of human nature and the mastery of the English tongue which makes historical writing literature. The historians whom the war has thrown up are not so many as the poets, but their attainment is greater. Captain Young is one of the few who will be read when the war is over.

To prove a point by quotation is not often possible. We shall risk this incident.

'By nine o'clock we had crossed the river, and were skirting the margin of a vast swamp. All the sunny lower air swam with moisture: the ground was oozy and black. And yet no water was to be seen: only an infinite waste of brilliant reed-beds, standing up in the air so motionless that they made

no whispering. When the sun began to beat through the moist air myriads of dragon-flies, which had lain all night with folded wings and slender bodies stretched along the reeds, launched themselves into the air with brittle wings aquiver. Never in my life had I seen so many, nor such a show of bright ephemeral beauty. They hung over our path more like aeroplanes in their hesitant flight than any hovering birds. Again I was riding the mule Simba, and as I rode I cut at one of them with my switch of hippo hide, cut at it and hit it. It lay broken in the path, and in a moment, as it seemed, the bright dyes faded. I was riding by myself, quite alone; and as I dismounted I felt sick with shame at this flicker of the smouldering *bête humaine*; and though I told myself that this creature was only one of so many that would flash in the sun and perish; that all life in these savage wildernesses laboured beneath cruelties perpetual and without number: of beasts that prey with tooth and claw, of tendrils that stifle, stealing the sap of life, or by minute insistence splitting the seasoned wood, I could not be reconciled to my own ruthless cruelty. For here, where all things were cruel, from the crocodiles of the Pangani to our own armed invasion, it should have been my privilege to love things for their beauty and rejoice in their joy of life, rather than become an accomplice in the universal ill. I cursed the instinct of the collector which, I suppose, far more than that of the hunter, was at the root of my crime; and from this I turned back to the educative natural history of my schooldays, in which it was thought instructive to steal a bright butterfly from the live air to a bottle of cyanide, and to press a fragrant orchid between drab sheets of blotting-paper. And I thought perhaps, when this war is over, and half the world has been sated with cruelty, we may learn how sweet a thing is life, and how beautiful mercy.'

The Franciscans.

In choosing the Franciscans as the subject of his Ford Lectures, Mr. A. G. Little, M.A., Lecturer in Palæography in the University of Manchester, chose a subject full of matter. But it demanded specializing. Mr. Little knows it so well that his book is the easiest reading though it is filled with facts that have had to be painfully gathered and verified.

Does Mr. Little condescend on illustration of the gospel? We think rather that his illustrations are unintentional. But some of them are excellent. In the Parable of the Unjust Steward our Lord uses the sharp practice of an unscrupulous agent to enforce the necessity of earnest endeavour in the life of the Spirit. Mr. Little tells us that the unknown author of the mediæval MS. entitled '*Fasciculus Morum*,' in a chapter on the advantages coming to the truly contrite, says: 'We have an example in the poor little spinster who takes wool to spin, but often compelled by necessity, because she has not enough to live on, she sells some of the wool, and when she has to take the spun wool back, she moistens it, so that the weight may not be wanting. Now *we* ought to do like that. When at the suggestion of the flesh or the devil we rob God, not of wool or linen, but of our soul, created in His image; if we wish to restore it to Him with its full weight, we must moisten it well with penance and tears of contrition.' 'The analogy,' says Mr. Little, 'is not quite sound. It was intended to startle—to arrest the attention—and probably succeeded.' Quite so. Jesus also succeeded.

The title of the book is *Studies in English Franciscan History* (Longmans; 8s. 6d. net).

A Bishop's Pleasaunce.

A Bishop's Pleasaunce is the title which the Right Rev. George H. Frodsham, late Bishop of North Queensland, has given to a bookful of articles some of which have already appeared in the magazines (Murray; 2s. 6d. net). Wide as is the range of this bishop's pleasaunce—it runs geographically from 'Broad Lincolnshire' to the 'Islands of the Dragon-Fly,' and intellectually from the 'Charm of Wesley's Journal' to the 'Abiding Quality of English Humour'—yet the most delightful corner of it is the Australian Bush, and there the bishop's heart rests. When he speaks of the bush and the bushmen he is at his best; every word tells. In our boyhood we had to learn:

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

And we had much respect for Mr. Alexander Selkirk. But, as the Irish bishop said of Gulliver,

there were some things in his experience that were difficult to believe. There was that about the beasts in particular. Yet now the Bishop of North Queensland tells us: 'An attractive feature is the absence of fear in the native animals. To a certain extent this is a characteristic of all Australian fauna, and it must need a very stern sportsman to shoot a native bear, which, without the slightest attempt at escape, turns on the gum tree bough to look with puzzled wistfulness at the unfamiliar creature below. The same is true to a less degree of that most inquisitive amongst animals, the kangaroo. Kangaroos have been known to come almost within "putting distance" of a traveller, but the professional sportsman is rapidly discouraging marsupial curiosity, and at the same time is

reducing the number of these interesting survivals of a bygone age. Australian birds are equally fearless. Travelling in the far north-west of Queensland in 1904, I camped for a night by a creek where a small trough contained the only surface water for probably twenty or thirty miles around. The next morning while I performed my toilet at the rough basin there were beside me thousands of painted finches, ignorant of the uncertain temper of man, who took no more notice of me than of some friendly animal. They vociferously disputed with me for the complete possession of their bathing-pond as they played and flirted in the water. The whole scene was radiant with joy and beauty.'

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A., PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY,
DIDSBURY COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

VII.

William Penn's 'Fruits of Solitude.'

WHEN Mr. Edmund Gosse was preparing for publication his beautiful edition of the *Fruits of Solitude*, so completely forgotten had Penn's book become that 'London was scoured for a long time in vain before a copy could be found.' This was in 1901. Since then, however, there have been several reprints—one with a brief Introduction by Dr. John Clifford,¹ and another in 'Everyman's Library.'² The enchanter whose coming, as Mr. Gosse says, 'wakened the delicate dead thing into life,' was Robert Louis Stevenson. It happened in this way.

At the end of 1879, Stevenson, then a young man of twenty-nine, was an exile, sick and disconsolate, in the city of San Francisco. Wandering about the streets, he picked up one day, on a stall, a copy of the *Fruits of Solitude*. The little book seemed made for the man and the moment, and it stirred him profoundly. Two years later,

he sent it from Davos as a gift to his friend Mr. Horatio F. Brown, in Venice. 'Here it is,' he wrote, 'with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself,—Yours affectionately, R. L. STEVENSON.' A little later he wrote again: 'I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street-cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But, I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain; for while just now we are

¹ Headley Bros.

² This also contains *The Author's Life*, by his friend Joseph Besse—the first of Penn's many biographers—and several other of his writings.

so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living, no, nor recently dead, that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest kind wisdom into words.¹ The *Letters* were published in 1899, and since that date many, out of their regard for Stevenson, have sought out the little book which moved him so strangely. They may not have found in it all that he found, yet few can read 'this compendium of cheerful rules for the conduct of life' without profit, or without thanks to him who has restored it to our hands. But before I say anything more about the book I must say something about its author.

I.

The story of William Penn's life may be read in the brief memoir by Joseph Besse, now printed as an Introduction to 'Everyman's' selection from his works; or in the recent volume by Mr. J. W. Graham, Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester.² This, Mr. Graham says, is the first life of Penn written by an English Friend. It tells, and so far as I am able to judge, tells fairly and accurately, all that most readers would wish to know concerning the famous Quaker. Unfortunately the book is written throughout in such incurably bad English—even the grammar at times comes hopelessly to grief—that the reader who is at all sensitive on such matters is sorely tempted to throw the book down long before the end of the story is reached. Penn himself was no literary artist, but there are sentences in his latest biography that would have made him shudder.

Penn was born in 1644, the year of Marston Moor, and soon found himself involved in the civil and religious conflicts which, in that stormy age, were the strong man's natural inheritance. His troubles began before he was out of his teens, when, to the surprise and disgust of all his friends, he turned Quaker. His father thrashed him, and Oxford expelled him; but in men like William Penn persecution does but make of the pliant willow a rod of steel. The proud, defiant words on the title-page of his first book—'William Penn, whom Divine Love constrains in an holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not

fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the majesty of Him who is invisible'—strike the keynote of his whole life, and a Quaker he remained to the end of his days. And in the seventeenth century, to be a Quaker meant, whether you would or not, that you must fight. Nor did Penn flinch. In an age of fighters, he kept his place with the foremost, and if Quaker principles denied him the use of the sword, they left him a mightier weapon which he knew well how to wield. The enormous list of his publications,³ largely controversial, remains to show with what immense and tireless energy he threw himself into the struggle for religious freedom. Indeed, so hot and ceaseless was the conflict, that it is only when we follow him into hiding or to prison, and not always then, that the strife dies into silence, and we find the quiet which is the Quaker's true home.

In Penn's case even death has not been able to rescue his name from the feet of controversy. Macaulay, in his *History*, brought against him a series of very grave charges, based mainly on his relations with James II. and the corrupt Court at Whitehall. I need not repeat the charges—Macaulay is on all our shelves—nor the arguments by which they have been refuted. I refer to the matter at all only because Macaulay has a thousand readers where the friends of Penn have but one; and because any one who really believes that Penn was capable of the kind of misdemeanours charged against him by Macaulay, would, to say the least, have his appetite spoiled for the reading of such a book as the *Fruits of Solitude*. Here it must suffice to say that in the judgment of students as competent and as impartial as Mr. Gladstone⁴ and Dr. Stoughton,⁵ Macaulay quite failed to make out his case.⁶ And to their verdict on the particular

³ See the Bibliography in 'Everyman's' edition.

⁴ *Gleanings*, vol. ii. p. 318.

⁵ *History of Religion in England*, vol. iv. p. 123.

¹ These two (copyright) letters are reprinted here from vol. ii. of the four-volume edition of Stevenson's *Letters*, by the courteous permission of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Messrs. Methuen & Co.

² *William Penn*, Headley Bros.

⁶ Macaulay, it may be added, maintained his view of the matter until the end. In his *Journal*, under date Feb. 5, 1849, we have the following: 'Lord Shelbourne, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough, that he looked worse in my *History* than he would have looked on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault. . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candour.' So that, as Gladstone says, Macaulay not only remained himself un-

points at issue, it is pleasant to add Tennyson's general summing up of Penn's character and work. In 1882 a number of American citizens approached Tennyson through Lowell, asking him to write a few verses on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania. Tennyson was at the moment unable to comply, 'but,' he wrote, 'I will be with you in spirit on the 8th of November, and rejoice with your rejoicing; for, since I have been ill, I have read the life of your noble countryman, and mine, William Penn, and find him no "comet of a season," but the fixt light of a dark and graceless age, shining on into the present, not only great but good, καλὸς καγαθὸς as the Athenians said of their best.'¹

Stormy as Penn's public life was, it had its quiet anchorage in a good woman's love, and no notice of him, however brief, can well omit some reference to his noble wife, Guli Springett. She was the stepdaughter of Isaac Penington, a name well and honourably known in Quaker annals, and a woman comely alike in her person and in her character. Many suitors sought her hand in marriage—amongst them young Thomas Ellwood, the friend of Milton; but all in vain, 'till,' as Ellwood, himself says, with a sigh of resignation, 'he at length came for whom she was reserved.' For twenty-two years she shared her husband's life through good and evil report; then death disjoined their hands. Her grave is in the quiet burying-ground of the Friends, in Jordans, Buckinghamshire. Twenty-four years later her husband was laid by her side.

II.

Of all the writings which we owe to Penn's industry and zeal the *Fruits of Solitude* is perhaps the only one which can still claim a place on our shelves;² quite certainly it is the only one to which we shall give a place on our shelf by the converted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers—'all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.'

¹ Tennyson's *Life* by his Son, p. 644 (one-volume edition).

² Our grandparents perhaps would have added *No Cross, No Crown*, and Charles Lamb, at least, would have agreed with them. 'Tell Lloyd,' he writes to Coleridge, 'I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, and have been reading, or am rather just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*. I like it immensely' (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 74, Eversley edition).

fire. We owe it—or rather to speak exactly, we owe the first and larger part of it—to a long period of seclusion which circumstances made prudent during 1691–93. The little volume belongs to the literature of 'Aphorisms' on which Lord Morley, though he does not mention Penn, has given us one of his most delightful and illuminating studies.³ What is an aphorism? I cannot do better than quote Lord Morley. 'The essence of aphorism,' he says, 'is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation; its distinction is not so much ingenuity as good sense brought to a point; it ought to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other.' Morley goes on to point out—and it is a reminder of which readers of the Gospels, to their own undoing, are continually losing sight—that few aphorisms are to be taken without qualification. 'They seek sharpness of impression by excluding one side of the matter and exaggerating another, and most aphorisms are to be read as subject to all sorts of limits, conditions, and corrections.' The greatest English master in this difficult branch of the literary art is, says Morley, Francis Bacon; but over the whole field the supremacy belongs without question to the literature of France. Now, as Mr. Gosse points out, the movement in France was at the height of its influence in England at the time when Penn wrote. Rochefoucauld's *Maximes* was published in 1665, Pascal's *Pensées* in 1670, and La Bruyère's *Caractères* in 1687. The very title of Penn's book reveals how much, in its form at least, it owed to its French models. Rochefoucauld writes *Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales*; Penn, *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life*.

The general character of Penn's little 'Enchiridion,' as he calls it, is perhaps best indicated in his own words: 'Some Parts of it,' he says, 'are the Result of serious Reflection: Others the Flashings of Lucid Intervals: Writ for private Satisfaction, and now publish'd for an Help to Human Conduct. The Author has now had some Time he could call his own; a Property he was never so much Master of before: In which he has taken a View of himself and the World; and observed wherein he hath hit and mist the Mark; what might have been done, what mended and what

³ See his *Studies in Literature*, pp. 54–102.

avoided in his Human Conduct : Together with the Omissions and Excesses of others, as well Societies and Governments, as private Families, and Persons. . . . The Author does not pretend to deliver thee an Exact Piece ; his Business not being Ostentation, but Charity. 'Tis Miscellaneous in the Matter of it, and by no means Artificial in the Composure. But it contains Hints, that may serve thee for Texts to Preach to thy Self upon, and which comprehend much of the Course of Human Life : Since whether thou art Parent or Child, Prince or Subject, Master or Servant, Single or Married, Publick or Private, Mean or Honourable, Rich or Poor, Prosperous or Improsperous, in Peace or Controversy, in Business or Solitude ; whatever be thy Inclination or Aversion, Practice or Duty, thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy Direction and Advantage. Accept and Improve what deserves thy Notice ; The rest excuse, and place to account of good Will to Thee and the whole Creation of God.'

So much we may learn from Penn's Preface. When we turn to the pages that follow, we find in them pretty much what these words, and our knowledge of the writer might lead us to expect. 'I love,' Penn wrote, in a beautiful letter to his wife and children, on the eve of his first visit to America, 'I love sweetness, mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety.' And these are the things—sweetness and cheerfulness, gravity and sobriety—which in these maxims, he illustrates and commends. The style throughout is quiet. There is passion, but it is always well in hand ; the fire warms, but it does not crackle. And if Penn is shrewd rather than wise, penetrating rather than profound, if he does not sound the depths, nor scale the heights, nor light up wide horizons of human life, nevertheless his words are the words of one who has looked on men and things with honest wide open eyes as keen as they are kindly. He is not afraid of the commonplace, but then he has the rare gift of knowing how to make the commonplace arresting. He has a wholesome Quaker hatred of display and luxury and shams, and an equally wholesome love of toleration. Everybody talks toleration to-day as a matter of course. In the heat of seventeenth-century strife it was a virtue which few practised or even professed. Altogether Penn's little book is, as Stevenson said, 'a sweet and peaceful companion' that no man can live without being

the better for. I read it first amid the silence of the fells that look down on Ullswater. Itself the child of solitude, it is perhaps in solitude that its quiet healing power can best be felt.

A book of aphorisms like the *Fruits of Solitude* readily lends itself to quotation. The difficulty is that sayings which appeal to one, may appear but flat and trivial to another. I will run the risk at least so far as to add a few of Penn's maxims by way of sample :

'They have a Right to censure that have a Heart to help : The rest is Cruelty, not Justice.'

'Nothing does Reason more Right than the Coolness of those that offer it : For Truth often suffers more by the Heat of its Defenders, than from the Arguments of its Opposers.'

'He that has more Knowledge than Judgment, is made for another Man's use more than his own.'

'Not to be provok'd is best : But if mov'd, never correct till the Fume is spent ; For every stroke our Fury strikes, is sure to hit ourselves at last.'

'If we did but observe the Allowances our Reason makes upon Reflection, when our Passion is over, we could not want a Rule how to behave ourselves again in the like Occasions.'

'We must not be concern'd above the value of the thing that engages us ; nor raised above Reason, in maintaining what we think reasonable.'

'No matter what the Subject of our Dispute be, but what place we give it in our Minds : For that governs our Concern and Resentment.'

'But too common it is for some People, not to know their own Maxims and Principles in the Mouths of other Men, when they give occasion to use them.'

'Where Right or Religion gives a Call, a Neuter must be a Coward or an Hypocrite.'

'If thou hast not conquer'd thyself in that which is thy own particular Weakness, thou hast no Title to Virtue, tho' thou art free of other Men's.'

'It is a sad Reflection that many Men hardly have any Religion at all ; and most men have none of their own : for that which is the Religion of their Education, and not of their Judgment, is the Religion of Another, and not Theirs.'

'To have Religion upon Authority, and not upon Conviction, is like a Finger Watch, to be set forwards or backwards, as he pleases that has it in keeping.'

'It is a Preposterous thing, that Men can venture their Souls where they will not venture their Money: For they will take their Religion upon trust, but not trust a Synod about the Goodness of Half a Crown.'

'The Humble, Meek, Merciful, Just, Pious and Devout Souls are everywhere of one Religion; and when Death has taken off the Mask, they will know one another, tho' the divers Liveries they wear here makes them Strangers.'

'It were better to be of no Church than to be bitter for any.'

'He that is taught to live upon a little, owes more to his Father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, does to his Father's Care.'

III.

Those who have found help and solace in Penn's little book, and remember with gratitude his brave fight for religious freedom, should not fail to visit the pleasant country of South Buckinghamshire. It is a land already sacred to every Englishman for its memories of Milton, Gray, and Burke;

but more even than for their sake, American visitors seek out its quiet lanes because it was once the home and is now the resting-place of the founder of Pennsylvania. From London to Beaconsfield by train, and then in a few hours under the guidance of, say, Mr. C. K. Shorter,¹ or Mr. E. S. Roscoe,² we can see most of the spots with which Penn's name is imperishably linked—The Grange at Chalfont St. Peter's, where Guli Springett lived with her mother and stepfather, Isaac Penington; the farmhouse near Chorley Wood, on the borders of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, where she and Penn were married; Rickmansworth, near by, where the first years of their married life were spent; and Jordans, the Friends' Westminster Abbey, as it has been called, where under the shade of the fragrant limes they now rest side by side. To many who are of neither Quaker nor American stock, those Buckinghamshire uplands will be, for William Penn's sake, always dear.

¹ *Buckinghamshire*, in Macmillan's 'Highways and Byways' series.

² *Penn's Country* (Longmans).

Contributions and Comments.

'A Light to lighten the Gentiles.'

A GOOD deal has been said in recent years with regard to the first chapters in Luke, and their Semitic colouring, and more remains to be said. It seems clear that investigation is on the right track, but whether we are to search for a Hebrew or an Aramaic original is still doubtful; nor is it certain whether Semitism is to be affirmed equally for the prose parts of the narrative and the poetical. Even where the Old Testament can be detected looking at us through the veil of the New Testament, the definition of what is there is frequently obscure, so obscure as to make reconstruction of lost sources very difficult.

For example, if we take the *Nunc Dimittis* as it exists in our Greek New Testament, we are face to face with Greek sentences that are redolent of the Old Testament, but are in part meaningless and untranslatable.

What is the average man, the student 'in the

street' if there is such a person, to make of such a sentence as

φῶς εἰς ἀποκάλυψιν ἔθνων?

To translate it as

A light to lighten the Gentiles

is rhythmic, and probably encloses the meaning, but it is not a translation. We are not surprised to find the revision replacing it by

A light for revelation to the Gentiles,
with an alternative margin

A light for the unveiling of the Gentiles.

But here conflicting explanations are at work: according to the first rendering, it is the light that has the veil over it; according to the second, it is the Gentiles; and the Revisers could not agree which it was. The question arises in our minds whether either rendering is admissible. But the reply to such questioning would, perhaps, be that the unveiling of the Gentiles is referred to in Is 25⁷,

the 'covering that is cast over all peoples and the veil that is spread over all nations.' No doubt this is the explanation that was offered by those who believed the veil to have been removed from the nations whom it covered; for the marginal references in Nestle's Greek Testament tell us to go for elucidation to Is 42⁶ 49⁶ 25⁷ 46¹⁸, and these references are taken from the appendix to Westcott and Hort, but without telling us that the reference to Is 25⁷ is to the Hebrew, not to the Septuagint, which is quite a different text. So we are to explain a single verse in the Gospel of Luke by four quotations from Isaiah, one of which must be in the Hebrew. Again doubts arise in one's mind as to the probability of the solution. Is it really likely that ἀποκάλυψιν can answer to the supposed Hebrew *veil* in Isaiah?

Let us then try to find a simpler explanation of the verse. If we take the expression 'Apocalypse of the Gentiles,' and turn it into Syriac, we have for 'Apocalypse' the word *geliana*, and when this word is written down unvocalized, it is hardly to be distinguished from *galila* (*Galilee*). Replace then the 'Apocalypse of the Gentiles' by 'Galilee of the Gentiles,' and we have a couplet

A light for Galilee of the Gentiles
And a glory for thy people Israel.

But this takes us at once to Is 9¹,

The way of the sea beyond Jordan,
Galilee of the Gentiles:
The people that walked in darkness
Have seen a great light.

This explanation is at once simple and adequate. The passage from which it is assumed to be derived is one which is familiar to us in the Gospel. Matthew uses it, indeed, as a proof text from the Old Testament (see Mt 4^{15, 16}).

There is a suspicion, too, that the passage about 'Galilee of the Gentiles' was also a proof-text in the *Testimony Book*, or *Logia of Papias*. At all events, it will be found again as a proof-text in Cyprian's *Testimonies*, where it is used more to the purpose, perhaps, than in the Gospel of Matthew, to describe the effectual calling of the Gentiles.

We leave it an open question whether this requires us to attach a Hebrew or an Aramaic label to the Third Evangelist.

RENDEL HARRIS.

Woodbrooke, Selby Oak.

John i. 11-13.

SOME time ago I stated reasons for accepting the reading: 'He gave power to become children of God; to them who believed on the name of him who was begotten of God' (THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, vol. xxiii. pp. 526 ff.). These were: (1) The invariable and exclusive use by St. John of the aorist when speaking of the 'only begotten,' and the perfect when speaking of the 'regenerate'; as they are used antithetically, e.g., in 1 Jn 5¹⁸; and (2) the evidence from Justin, Irenæus, and Tertullian that the text they possessed and defended had δς . . . ἐγεννήθη. It is more probable that the preceding σοι led to the change of δς into οἱ, and of the verb into the plural, than that St. John in this one place departed from his careful usage of language on a subject so important.¹ Tertullian accuses heretics as to the Doctrine of the Person of Christ of having made the change to remove a text hostile to them. Apart from these reasons there are considerations suggested by a study of the whole Prologue which seem to require the singular δς . . . ἐγεννήθη.

1. The Prologue describes the progressive revelation of the 'Logos' from the Creation to the Incarnation. What is said regarding the Logos in vv. 11-13 must, therefore, refer to times before the incarnation—to His self-manifesting to Israel, as distinct from His witnessing of Himself unto the world. 'He came to his own, and they that were his own received him not'—only *some* did. The expressions τὰ ἴδια and οἱ ἴδιοι are not equivalent. The former has the wider meaning as in 16³². It includes all that God claimed as His own in Israel: His altar and temple and ordinances and the divers modes of His promised self-manifestation. 'In every place where I record my name I will come unto thee' (Ex 20²⁴ 25²² 33⁷⁻⁹ and Jos 5¹⁴, 1 S 3¹⁰, Ps 101², Is 59²⁰, Hos 6³, Mal 3¹, etc.). He was ever thus 'coming' to be known and believed on, while there was always the promise of a fuller self-manifesting. He was ὁ ἐρχόμενος ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι κυρίου (vv. 9, 27, 30). His rejection by οἱ ἴδιοι was therefore the more inexcusable, as is urged

¹ There is nothing at all improbable in such a change, where a preceding dominant plural subject is succeeded in a subordinate clause by a singular. A similar case in 1 P 2⁸ has been noted by Dr. Rendel Harris, where ἐρέθη has been changed to ἐρέθησαν (THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, May 1917, p. 339).

by psalmist and prophet (Ps 81¹¹, Is 12.³, Jer 11¹⁵, etc.). A 'remnant' did receive Him, to whom He gave *ἐξουσίαν τέκνα Θεοῦ γενέσθαι*. It is noteworthy that with his characteristic care St. John wrote *τέκνα*. He never uses *υἱοί* of those who have become children by regeneration; *ὁ υἱός* he uses of Christ alone—Rev 21⁷, as a promise of the life to come (cf. 1 Jn 3²), is not an exception,

2. We come to the crux of the passage in the clause *τοῖς πιστεύουσιν εἰς τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ*. Whose name? What name? The only name that has been named is *ὁ Λόγος*; but nowhere in Scripture is that named as the ground of trust. Even if identified with the 'Wisdom' of the O.T., it is in no sense equivalent to 'the name of the Lord' whereon God's children trusted in all generations. The sense of the passages requires us to supply a distinctively Messianic name, for it is the prologue to a gospel written that men may believe on Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God, and have life in His name (20³¹). The reading *τοῖς πιστεύουσιν εἰς τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ ὃς . . . ἐκ Θεοῦ ἐγεννήθη* supplies the required name. It was the distinctive Messianic name taken from Ps. 2⁷, *Κύριος εἶπεν πρὸς με· Υἱός μου εἶ σύ, ἐγὼ σήμερον γεγέννηκά σε* (LXX). As Delitzsch notes, this is the most frequently quoted Psalm in the N.T. The use of these words from it in Ac 13³³, He 1⁵ 5⁵, proves how distinctively 'the Son, the begotten of God,' was recognized as spoken of the Messiah. The High Priest's adjuration and our Lord's answer (Mt 26^{63, 64}) recognize that as its meaning.

The phrase 'to believe on the name of him who was begotten of God' is characteristic of St. John (see chap. 3¹⁸ 20³¹, 1 Jn 3²³, and specially 5¹⁸).

3. The reading *ἐγεννήθη* is required by the use of *μονογενής* in the immediately following vv.^{14, 18}. To us familiarized with *ὁ μονογενής* as the distinctive name of the Christ, the difficulty of *ἐγεννήθησαν* may not be obvious; but how would early readers understand it after *ὅσοι . . . ἐκ Θεοῦ ἐγεννήθησαν*—so many 'begotten of God,' and 'the only Son'? The analogical use of *μονογενής* (v.¹⁴) might be set aside, but the *ὁ μονογενής* of v.¹⁸ cannot. It does not matter whether it stood there alone or followed by *υἱός* or *Θεός*. So 3^{16, 18}, 1 Jn 4⁹. Note also He 1⁵.

4. The change of the singular verb to the plural makes v.¹⁸ a digression wholly irrelevant to the theme and purpose of the prologue. It turns that verse into a puzzling digression regarding the

regeneration of O.T. saints which has led to the raising of subtle questions as to the relation of faith and regeneration. No doubt the reference to the Baptist (vv.⁶⁻⁸) is an aside; but the occasion of that may be seen in v.^{19ff.}; the regeneration of believers is not reverted to in the gospel till we come to chap. 3. It seems clear, therefore, that the parenthesis in v.¹³ must be understood αὐτοῦ ὃς ἐκ Θεοῦ ἐγεννήθη.

5. The threefold negation in the parenthesis is by no means easy of interpretation as the diversity of interpretations and the obscurity in which they all leave it prove. There is no interpretation for which any general consensus can be claimed; which suggests the inquiry whether there is not some misunderstanding as to the object of the parenthesis. Such obscurity cannot be said to belong to the doctrine of regeneration which in chap. 3 is stated with a brevity and clearness as unlike this as it could well be. Nor does the suggestion that the clause is inserted to rebuke Jewish claims to be the children of God on the ground of their lineage from Abraham carry conviction. Simpler words could dispose of that (chap. 8^{33ff.} and Ro 2^{28, 29}). The reader cannot help feeling that there must have been much more, and something much more relevant, in the mind of the writer in using those three very remarkably phrased negations. The negative form suggests an intention to correct error. What more natural or relevant than a purpose to correct heresies as to the origin or the Person of 'the begotten of God,' such as this Apostle refers to in his first Epistle (4¹⁻³)? It need not seem strange if the precise reference of each clause is obscure to us now. We have a parallel in the various subtle errors regarding the Person of Christ in the early Christian centuries. If we had not the history to explain it, what could we make of the threefold negation of the creed 'without conversion, without composition, without confusion'? So the threefold negation of v.¹³ may well have been relevant and necessary for those for whom John wrote, though in part obscure to us now. But any exposition of regeneration would surely have been clear to all generations, as St. John's words about it always are.

6. When we examine the three clauses, we see how difficult it has been found from St. Augustine's day to this to give a clear and consistent interpretation of them. Recent commentators favour

some progressive interpretation which understands by *ἐκ θελήματος ἀνδρός* life derived 'from the higher human nature.' But St. John never uses *ἀνὴρ* in such generic sense. He carefully distinguishes between *ἄνθρωπος*, which he uses often, and *ἀνὴρ*, which he uses only nine times; in v.³⁰ of the Lamb of God, the Man (Ex 12⁵), of whom the Baptist speaks as born after Him but in fact before Him; in 6¹⁰, where he distinguishes *ἄνδρες* from *ἰσχυροὺς* (which Mt 14²¹ explains); and in chap. 4¹⁶⁻¹⁸ and Rev 21³, where he uses it for 'husband.' *οὐδὲ ἐκ θελήματος ἀνδρός* plainly means 'not of the will of a man, or husband,' and cannot be spiritualized away. Nor can it be said that such a statement was unnecessary when we consider the belief prevalent during our Lord's life that He was the son of Joseph, the husband of Mary (as see v.⁴⁵ 6⁴² 7²⁷. 41. 42, Lk 4²², Mt 13⁵⁶), and in later times (Lk 3³⁸); a belief which persisted to the time St. John wrote, and has been revived from time to time by disbelievers in a virgin birth.

The repeated *θελήματος* is also, as Meyer notes, against interpretations which explain the three clauses as speaking of regeneration in an ascending scale. *Θέλημα*—a LXX and N.T. word—never has, in the singular, the indeterminate meaning of impulse or inclination, but stands for will or decree. Moreover, the use of *σάρξ* in the next verse forbids its being taken here for the *lower*, or animal nature of man, or anything short of true manhood. A fuller knowledge of speculations current in St. John's day might supply explanation of the aim of each of these three negations; but this remains to us that they deny any non-miraculous account of the coming into this world of the Eternal Word, and set aside the argument against the 'virgin birth' derived from the supposed silence of the Fourth Gospel on the subject—a silence which would have been remarkable indeed in a Prologue to this Gospel. If 'the negation of human origination was important' as regards the regeneration of those that believed (Meyer), much more important and relevant was it to clear of all doubt the divine origination of Him who was known and trusted in as He to whom alone it was declared, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.'¹

ARCH. HENDERSON.

Crieff.

¹ There is an interesting parallel to the threefold negation here and that in which Melchizedek is described as 'without father, without mother, without genealogy made like unto the

The Yeminite MS. of Megilla.²

It has until recently been customary to look to European scholars for the editing of manuscripts which brought us the necessary new light in order to understand the ancients. But times have changed, and American scholars, though slowly, are doing their share.

The Yeminite MS. of Megilla has lately appeared, critically examined and edited by Dr. Price of Toronto. The editor has dedicated his work to his teacher, the late Solomon Schechter of Genizah fame.

This is the second of the Yeminite MSS. which Rabbi Price has edited, having originally edited the Yeminite manuscript of Pesahim for his doctor's degree. It need hardly be stated to the average student that these manuscripts, like all other existing Talmudic manuscripts, have their special peculiarities, not only recensional and historical but grammatical as well. Price tells us in his Introduction that these manuscripts were purchased by Columbia University in 1890 from Mr. Ephraim Deinard, an Oriental traveller. He also proves from a superscription found at the end of Bezah, and from a larger passage at the end of Zebahim, that the scribe's name who wrote these manuscripts was David Ben Meoded ben Saadia ben Joseph; that he was a reader in the synagogue, that the date of the manuscript is Mar-Cheswan, 1858 (Sel 1546), and that it was written in Sanaa.

The Yeminite manuscripts are interesting on account of their scribal peculiarities, namely, in many cases the scribe employed in enlarged characters the words 'Gémorah' and 'Mithmithin,' and in several cases the entire Mishnah as well as the 'voces memoriales,' as Dr. Price well indicates.

Son of God' (He 7⁸). These words have been explained by recovery of letters written by Ebed-toh, a successor of Melchizedek as king of Uru-Salim, in which styling himself he writes: 'Neither my father, nor my mother, (but) the oracle of the mighty king (*i.e.* God) established [me] in the house of my father' (*Records of the Past*, 2nd ser., v. 66, 67, 75). The parallelism to Ps 26⁷ is striking. As of old the kings of Jerusalem were jealous in claiming that they held the throne not by lineal descent through father or mother or by will of men, but by the decree of God alone, so St. John here affirms the same of the Eternal Word against all who would deny Him as the only begotten of God, in whom the fathers of Israel had trusted, and by whom they had been saved.

² *The Yeminite MS. of Megilla* (in the library of Columbia University) critically examined and edited by Julius J. Price. (American-Hebrew Press, Toronto, 1916.)

The special grammatical usages to which Price calls attention are such usages as 'salka daata' instead of 'salka-da-atach,' and the form 'nema' instead of the use of 'lema'; the Aramaic absolute plural ending in preference to the regular Hebrew ending; the employment of the letter 'samech' for the letter 'sin'; the use of the plural form of nouns in preference to the singular form found in printed editions and the interchange of prepositions.

Because the editor has found Biblical passages quoted in full in this manuscript he contends that quotations from Scripture were doubtless copied direct from the Bible rather than from the manuscript from which the scribe copied his text, especially as the Biblical verses are always vocalized, and vocalized so just as in our text. The manuscript contains a number of explanatory glosses fulfilling the same function as Rashi does at the present time.

Dr. Price has compared the first three chapters of this tract with four other manuscripts, namely, the two Munich manuscripts, the Oxford manuscript, and a London British Museum manuscript. In the fourth chapter he has compared the Yeminite manuscript only with the Bomberg edition, owing to the fact that the authorities of Columbia were unwilling to send the manuscript to Toronto.

The publication before us deserves a careful examination and study inasmuch as it does away with a great many mistakes as well as Talmudic disputes and contentions which the average scholar has to contend with to-day owing to the corrupt text that one has to deal with. New interpretations are given such as on page 28, which throws a new light upon historical valuations.

There are a number of misprints and typographical errors. The printing of this manuscript, which Dr. Price tells us in his Introduction will be followed by others, will doubtless bring a number of better readings and explanations which those labouring in Talmudic studies have long sought.

ARTHUR S. BRUCE.

Toronto.

'Vision and Service.'

AMONG the women on whom the Order of the British Empire has been conferred, few names have been received with greater satisfaction by the press and by the public than that of Mrs. Barnett, the fellow-labourer of Canon Barnett in his

religious, social, and educational work. In connexion with her own special creation, the Hampstead Garden Suburb, she has earned new gratitude this summer by organizing a highly successful series of conferences at the Institute. She has at the same time selected and edited, under the title *Vision and Service*, some of Canon Barnett's sermons and papers. Her Introduction contains a brief biography of her husband which will make readers look forward with eagerness for the complete Life and Letters on which she is engaged.

The fact that thoughtful people are everywhere considering the great problems of reconstruction after the war, and still more the belief that the solution of those problems must be on a distinctly ethical and religious basis, have guided Mrs. Barnett in her selection and grouping of material. The book consists of several of Canon Barnett's sermons with abstracts of others, together with various articles, letters, and aphorisms, arranged on a definite plan and forming a coherent whole. In it are expressed his spiritual vision and the idealism which it created. His idealism, however, was never vague, it was always directed towards a practical result. As it used to be said, 'Barnett gets things done.' It is this rare combination of idealism and practical capacity which gives weight to his utterances. If he idealizes life, he shows how the ideal may be realized.

No doubt the task of reconstruction will raise many problems which Canon Barnett could not anticipate, but the spirit which inspired him is the spirit which must inspire those who would guide the coming age to their solution. Yet what attracts and surprises is the strange appositeness by which Canon Barnett's thoughts on social, economic, educational, and international questions contain 'sound doctrine and necessary for these times.' Take, for instance, these sayings: 'No social reform will be adequate which does not touch social relations, bind classes of friendship, and pass through the medium of friendship the spirit which inspires righteousness and devotion'; 'Wealth, not poverty, is the national danger'; 'It is only by education, only by raising the character of the individual, that the mass can be raised'; 'Each nation grows in strength as it enters more deeply into the life of other nations'; 'To do anything real, reformers must commence with what is highest.'

The charm of the book is enhanced by the pleas-

ing portrait of Canon Barnett as frontispiece and by a fine reproduction of G. F. Watts' 'Love and Death,' of which Mrs. Barnett gives a description 'not only,' as she says, 'because it was of all modern pictures the one which most appealed to my husband, but because in these days, when death is so triumphant and love so impotent and tortured, it may comfort some sad hearts to read the artist's message.'

V. A. BOYLE.

Portslade Rectory.

Three Notes.

OWING to considerable delays and irregularities occurring at the present time in the postal service, the May number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES has only now come into my hands. I venture to send you a few remarks concerning it.

1. Page 343, first column.—Dr. Wotherspoon quotes 1 K 22²¹ according to the A.V.: 'And

there came forth a spirit, and said . . . ' The R.V. has in the margin: Heb. 'the spirit.' This is not without analogy with the texts adduced in the same number, p. 378, in Mr. Burn's article.

2. Page 346, first column.—Dr. Mackie, speaking of 'proverbial sayings,' mentions that 'their name in Arabic is *Amthâl*, "similitudes." One might observe that the Arabic word is, etymologically as well as *quoad sensum*, the exact equivalent of the Hebrew מִשְׁלָּה, plur. מִשְׁלָּהִים, the usual word in the O.T. for 'proverbial sayings.'

3. Page 378, second column.—Mr. Burn writes: 'Finally, he [Mr. Isaacson] refers to some passage erroneously alluded to as 1 K 2⁷⁷, which I have tried in vain to trace.' This passage is 1 S 2²⁷, the Books of Samuel being called in LXX First and Second Books of Kings, and the number of the verse having been misprinted or wrongly written ⁷⁷ instead of ²⁷.

LUCIEN GAUTIER.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

Charles Vincent.

Mr. Vincent has given his book the title of *Coronel, and other War Poems* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net); for it is entirely made up of poems about the war, and the chief poem in it commemorates the Battle of Coronel. Among the rest, there is a series of sonnets, one addressed to each of the nations at war. We shall quote the last of all the poems in the book:

ENVOI.

In times of blood, and writ in blood,
I give Thee to the world:
Glory to God, our feet have trod
The grapes of pain, that pearled

Our paschal cup, before we passed
To walk the vale, where we,
Since kith and friend on Death attend,
Taste of Gethsemane.

Grief scourges like a windy rain;
Cold gusts from Death pursue,
While men we love, for God above,
In fire their souls renew.

O Lord of Hosts, consume the pride
Of those who drag Thy Name,

With impious ire, through dust and mire;
Lord, winnow them with flame!

Yet winnow too our sin of sloth
Like chaff before the wind;
Our luxury purge utterly;
Give eyes unto the blind.

Give faith, give courage, Master, give
A truer, nobler soul;
Let not our flood of precious blood
Through barren sand wastes roll.

Shall it be said, our faithful dead,
Our best, our hope, our pride,
Our martyred slain, O Lord, in vain
For Thee, for us have died?

Grant to their souls Thy fellowship;
Our enemies forgive,
And unto us, the living dead,
Bring life, that we may live!

Beat down our night with heavenly light;
The prisoned mind release;
And, out of war and battle roar,
Give, Lord and Healer, peace.

Robert Nichols.

The volume called *Ardours and Endurances*, by Mr. Robert Nichols (Chatto & Windus; 3s. 6d. net), is divided into three parts. The second part contains a single dramatic poem entitled 'A Faun's Holiday.' The third part is made up of 'Poems and Phantasies.' It is the first part that we have found most captivating. It takes us captive, body and soul, by its realistic description of the soldier's experience, from the first summons to the final deliverance. More vivid has no description been of all that we have read, none more heart-rendingly real. The whole series must be read for the impression. This sonnet is near the end:

OUR DEAD.

They have not gone from us. O no! they are
The inmost essence of each thing that is
Perfect for us; they flame in every star;
The trees are emerald with their presences.
They are not gone from us; they do not roam
The flow and turmoil of the lower deep,
But have now made the whole wide world their
home,
And in its loveliness themselves they steep.

They fail not ever; theirs is the diurn
Splendour of sunny hill and forest grave;
In every rainbow's glittering drop they burn;
They dazzle in the massed clouds' architrave;
They chant on every wind, and they return
In the long roll of any deep blue wave.

T. McWilliam.

The Rev. T. McWilliam, M.A., is minister of Foveran in Aberdeenshire, and some of his verses in *The Passing Days* (Aberdeen: Smith; 2s. 6d. net) are distinctly Aberdeenshire in spirit and in language. There is in particular a very pleasing Pastoral in four parts on the Foveran Burn, the best of the book. But the war-poems are also worthy. We shall quote the last two verses of the poem entitled 'Youth's Supreme Sacrifice':

To yearning hearts that pray in the night
For solace to ease them of their pain
For those who will ne'er return again,
There shines in the darkness a radiant light—
A Vision of service at God's right hand
For the noble, chivalrous, youthful band
Who gave up their all for God and the Right.

God will repay what we owe to Youth,
Youth that sprang at an Empire's Call,
Youth ready to give their all
For King and Country, Freedom and Truth,
For love of home and a scatheless hearth,
For all that ennobles this transient earth
Imperilled, o'ershadowed by 'woeful ruth.'

Oswald H. Hardy.

'There are things of the spirit which cannot be stifled even by the War. The love of nature, with all its sublimities of meaning and its infinite depths of utterance, the reverence for the past with its vast legacies of thought and illumination, the inspirations of art and travel, felt in the ancient world's calmer spaces and under the sway of her older gods, the pathos of episodes and associations that have dwelt in the mind, remain in thoughtful men and women in spite of even such a convulsion as the present—and perhaps we turn to them with even more gratitude than before, as to a haven where the anxious spirit may at all events find some aspect of peace, some restful pause of reminiscence and reverie.'

That is the chief 'excuse' Mr. Hardy gives for the publication of his poems of travel which he entitles *In Greek Seas* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). We hope that other things will also remain when the war is over, but these things are good. And in this book Mr. Hardy shows how he appreciates them. He is a traveller who has eyes to see. And where he cannot travel he has imagination to conceive. One of the poems is

THE CUCKOO'S CALL

What hast thou seen since last we heard thy call
Echo through English woodlands in the Spring?
What other climes have moved thy heart to sing?
We have no lures to hold thee through the year,
And long e'er our last sylvan remnants fall
Far, far away, beyond our cloudy sphere
Dost thou call other lands to their awakening?
What hast thou seen?

Where hast thou been? For us thou seemest
ever
A messenger to rouse the heart to greet
The heavens above, the flowers around our feet,
And all the whisperings of a world renewed,
A "sursum corda" for our best endeavour.
Thou singest us a new beatitude.
O! yet again thy seraph call repeat.
Where hast thou been?

Hast thou in tropic zones piped thy refrain
 Where tapering palms sway softly to the breeze,
 And turbaned men, reclining at their ease,
 Scarce note thee 'mid the fuller-throated choir,
 Their hearts untouched with that mysterious pain
 The changing seasons in our hearts inspire?
 O! say thou lov'st our homeland more than these
 And all between.

Helen K. Meldrum.

To Miss Meldrum as to Mr. Wells, God was unknown until the war came. She had heard of faith, but had it not.

But Faith, alas! is a chameleon thing,
 And wears as many colours as the spring.

Then Mr. Wells said, 'Our sons have shewn us God.' She took the words as motto of her poem on *The Unknown God* (Erskine Macdonald; 6d. net) and wrote:

And now, *now* when the world is chaos,
 And the Death-Fiend is let loose;
 With the flower of manhood lying,
 Shattered—or dead, or dying,
 While at home the saints are crying,
 'Where is our God?' Ah! where?

There, on the Field of Battle,
 Daring the might of Hell,
 Dying, with Soul triumphant,
 'Our sons have shewn us—God.'

Robert Nicolas Tinkler.

That scene on Mount Gilboa, where Jonathan
 'put forth the end of the rod that was in his hand,
 and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put his hand
 to his mouth: and his eyes were enlightened,'
 has touched many a man's imagination. To Mr.
 Tinkler it has been the occasion of one of the
 finest poems on a Biblical subject in our language.

Surely those bees, in search of better gold,
 Unchallenged passed the bright-eyed cherubim
 And hummed in Eden bowers their joyous hymn
 About the tree of knowledge, making bold
 Among the apple-blossoms till each limb
 Earth's wealthiest hoard surpassed a hundredfold.

I tasted of their treasure and I saw;
 Alone forgotten in the fast begun,
 Heart's ease I had and honey-sight in one,

When lo! a red pursuer, finding flaw,
 A casual voice confronting sire and son,
 Proclaimed the king's decree, and me outlaw.

Those are two of the thirty-five stanzas.

Of the shorter poems this sonnet may serve
 for example:

THE SOUL'S RECESS.

Alone for all her fellows fades the rose,
 Alone the nightingale, her laureate, weeps,
 Alone the lion on the panther leaps,
 The bee finds honey, and the fish its foes.
 What knowledge has Cordelia of the woes
 That trouble mad King Lear's tremendous
 deeps?

Nay, single by his wife Ulysses sleeps;
 Not, Jonathan the heart of David knows.
 What matters language; eloquence of look?
 Behind their walls, insoluble though sought,
 Behind the brodered arras of a book,
 Watches the soul alone, oft passion-fraught,
 Aye chambered in a dark and secret nook,
 Thinking its incommunicable thought.

The volume is one of Messrs. Erskine Macdonald's 'Little Books of Georgian Verse.' The title is *Honey-Sight* (1s. net).

P. H. Pearse.

How are we to do anything for Ireland unless we enter into the mind of the Irish? If we read the *Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse* (Maunsell; 7s. 6d. net) we shall be able to enter into the Irish mind, and that more truly than by long living in Ireland. For the Irish will not open their mind to strangers yet, not by long living and generous giving and even sacrifice. But they reveal it in their literature. That is one of the incomprehensible things to an Englishman in the nature of the Irish. In intercourse they reveal nothing, in literature everything. And when it comes from so Irish an Irishman as Padraic Pearse, from so simple and yet so searching a literary art as his, the revelation is as indelible as it is undeniable.

The volume contains Plays, Stories, and Poems. They are all alike in their Irish spirit and their literary accomplishment. But the poems are the least for impressiveness. Nevertheless it is one of the poems that we shall quote, for the plays and the stories are too long for us.

THE MOTHER.

I do not grudge them : Lord, I do not grudge
 My two strong sons that I have seen go out
 To break their strength and die, they and a few,
 In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
 They shall be spoken of among their people,
 The generations shall remember them,
 And call them blessed ;
 But I will speak their names to my own heart
 In the long nights ;
 The little names that were familiar once
 Round my dead hearth.
 Lord, thou art hard on mothers :
 We suffer in their coming and their going ;
 And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary
 Of the long sorrow—And yet I have my joy :
 My sons were faithful, and they fought.

Charles Williams.

Poems of Conformity is the title which Mr. Charles Williams has given to his new volume (Milford ; 3s. 6d. net). One of the poems is called 'Conformity.' Here are the first two verses :

Maid's love that kinship holds in it
 To all loves known of mortal wit,
 Beneath the ageing stars,
 Being a mother and a chief,
 An indefectible belief,
 Blinded by joyous wars,
 Hath, sealed in ease of comeliness,
 Friendship, than all things else no less.
 Thou know'st, ah *belle amie*,
 How dear beyond all amorous grace
 The ceremonial embrace
 Pledging that amity.

But the virtue and value of the poems will be best seen if we quote one of those that are more manifestly religious. We do not say that Mr. Williams is then at his best, but he is there just as poetical as at any time and most easily understood. Take the poem on

ASCENSION.

The tides of Christendom begin,
 The years of faith and hope,
 A cloud of days receives him in
 As our Lord Love goes up,
 Still from disseminating hands
 Bestowing blessing on our lands.

We shall not find him here again,
 Who felt his first surprise ;
 No loneliness or thrill of pain
 Shall draw him from his skies ;
 Nor shall a second Wonder smite
 Our eyelids with so much of light.

A cloud of days receives him in,
 God unto God returns ;
 To his profoundest origin
 Love manifested yearns.
 But now he was ! but now, my Fair,
 Flickered his presence in your hair.

O look, look ! ere that presence dies
 The Spirit's flame is here,
 Descending in new mysteries
 Ere Christ can disappear,—
 In whom all living must be shared
 That great Nativity declared.

All things he shall in order due
 Bring to remembrance ; he
 Infallibly shall hold us true
 And indefectibly.
 Incredible is this to prove ?
 Ah, how incredible was Love !

A cloud of days receives him in,
 That Christ of yesterday ;
 The years of faith and hope begin,
 While we must watch and pray.
 Our Church her mission hath received,—
 We know in whom we have believed.

Council and law shall hold us fast
 And ritual shall grow stale,
 Yet sense of this assured past
 Shall mightily prevail,
 For in your face the Holy Ghost
 Kept—how long since !—his Pentecost ;

When, darkly burning in your cheek,
 The rushing blood rose high,
 Yet felt its soul and it too weak
 To bear the same God nigh.
 Who, on the Apostles being come,
 Enlarged them into Christendom.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

THEY who desire to know the difference that Christ makes should read in succession (as we have happened to do) two autobiographies—first the *Memoirs of My Life* by Edward GIBBON, and immediately thereafter *An Autobiography* by Robert F. HORTON. The first book was published a century ago; the second is just out (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net).

GIBBON's Life is the life of a heathen. Not of a heathen who never heard of Christ, but of one who deliberately rejected Him. HORTON's Life is the life of a follower of Christ. The one shaped his character, so far as he found it possible, without regard to the example or influence of the 'Founder of Christianity.' The other consciously, consistently, whole-heartedly took Christ first as Saviour and then as Lord. The difference between the men is a difference in character. And it is not only an appreciable difference; it is a difference that is overwhelming.

Dr. HORTON has written many books. He has never written a book like his Autobiography. The work he has done is worthy, and it has been done in many fields. But he himself is greater than his works; and this surprisingly unreserved revelation of himself will do more for the causes he has at heart than all the rest of the books he has written. It does not offer us a perfect

Christian. Two necessary features are plainly absent. Dr. HORTON is not imaginative enough, and he is not playful enough, to be perfect. But it offers us a Christian, and the life which a Christian can live.

Is there a secret in the Christian life? Yes, there is a secret, and because Dr. HORTON found the secret he lived the life. The secret is Prayer. He prayed personally, and he persuaded his congregation to pray. He prayed for himself, and he prayed for others. He undertook nothing without prayer—or if he did he repented it. Moreover, when he prayed he believed that his prayer would be answered. He looked for the answer till he found it, even if it were by means of the first text that the opened Bible offered him. He is the man that this biography makes him to be because he lived every day and hour in an atmosphere of prayer.

He taught his people to pray. 'The opening of the new church had been prepared for by a week of early morning meetings (from 7.15 to 7.45) for prayer. This became an annual institution. Ever since, in the corresponding week of July, the people have gathered morning by morning in large numbers to pray for the Church and the work. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord," has been the fundamental idea.

The meeting for prayer every Saturday evening has been similarly sustained. And my own irrefragable argument for the reality and power of prayer lies in what prayer has accomplished at Lyndhurst Road. That week of prayer annually, and that hour of prayer weekly, to one who sees the course of things extended over many years, furnish the explanation of all that has been accomplished. We know at Lyndhurst Road, and those who do not discover it never become incorporated in the life of the Church, that Christ in the midst fulfilling His promise and gaining for us the answer to our prayers has maintained us all these years and enabled us to do whatever has been done.'

He taught his church to pray for him. In 1914 he went to Kansas City in America to attend a Convention in connexion with the Student Movement. On the opening day he had to speak to five thousand students, together with two thousand others. The day before he was taken seriously ill. 'All that night I was awake in pain, and fancied myself dictating a farewell letter to my people at home. A great peace came over me. Next day I rose, very weak, and walked to the Convention Hall. Before that vast audience I could hardly stand, and thought I had no voice. But I remembered that my people had agreed to meet at that hour, making allowance for the five hours' difference in time, and to pray for me. A strange accession of strength came to me, and when I sat down Mott whispered to me, "Your long journey is justified." I went back to bed. But by Saturday I was fit to take the intercession, and in that brief quarter of an hour I knew why I was sent to Kansas.'

He prayed before every undertaking, before every individual act. If he did not, he repented it. Once in an article to a paper he referred to the *Academy* as a Catholic journal. He had some excuse. 'A journalistic friend told me that the editor was a Catholic; and from the *Catholic Who's Who* I saw that he belonged to a Catholic

family.' But Lord Alfred Douglas brought an action for libel, which cost much money and more humiliation. He says: 'My error was easily explained, though, as I remembered afterwards with pain, it had occurred because the article had been written without specific prayer.'

And he looked for the answer. He looked sometimes in the Bible. 'In the middle of February my sight went wrong. I could not read. I consulted an oculist, who was a member of my Church. While I waited in the reception-room I took out my Bible to test my sight. Opening at random, I read 2 Sam. xxii. 29, "For thou art my lamp, O Lord, and the Lord will lighten my darkness." This swift message of God, coming from so unlikely a part of the Scripture, had an indescribable effect upon me. I was nerved to endure whatever should come. I did not take the promise to mean that my sight would be spared, but that in losing it I should keep the Lord as my Light.'

He prayed for small things as well as great. 'Once in Norway, it must have been in this very year 1896, I had a startling illustration of the little things being in God's hands. We had rowed three miles up the Esse Fjord from Balholm, and then wandered among the birch woods and the broken boulders which covered the low spur of the mountains. When we returned we found an overshoe was missing, and for our delicate traveller those overshoes were absolutely necessary for wet steamer decks, and irreplaceable without many days' delay. Where the lost shoe was on that trackless mountain-side none but God knew. But in the afternoon I pulled up the fjord again, and through the three miles' row I asked God to show me what He alone knew. When I landed on the beach, and went clambering up the rocks, and without knowing how or why, plunged my hand down into a chink between them, there was the shoe! Nothing could be easier for an outsider than to ascribe the recovery to chance. Nor would it be worth while to quote the incident as

a proof of the power of prayer. But to me it was an unmistakable evidence of the truth, so often verified in the important duties and difficulties of life: God is at hand, and hears, and answers. He does not often work miracles, but His answers to prayer form a continuously miraculous life.'

'What shall they do who are baptized for the dead?' We have never been able to answer, for we have never been able to say who they are. One curious commentator has discovered thirty-nine different identifications. Will Mr. BOREHAM be counted fit to make the fortieth?

Mr. F. W. BOREHAM has written another of those books of sympathetic interpretation of life which have given him so enviable a name among present-day teachers. Its title is *The Other Side of the Hill* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). The chapter which gives the book that title is a defence of the spirit of exploration—in religion as in geography—and incidentally a defence of Mr. BOREHAM'S own original method of preaching the gospel. The chapter which identifies the persons who are baptized for the dead is entitled, 'On the Old Man's Trail.'

"'This woman," said Greatheart to Gaius [so it begins], "is the wife of one Christian, a pilgrim of former times, and these are his four children. The boys take all after their father, and covet to tread in his steps. Yea, if they do but see any place where the old Pilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same." I always think of that as one of the most charming and affecting passages in the whole of Bunyan's wonderful allegory. "If they see any place where the old pilgrim hath lain, or any print of his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same."'

This sentence of Bunyan's is to Mr. BOREHAM the most searching and most illuminating exposition of St. Paul's question. He is much interested

in the question. He is concerned for its fate among the commentators. 'It is a thousand pities,' he says, 'that we should allow this radiant and pregnant phrase to drift among the barren sands and shallow pools of ecclesiastical debate and theological controversy. We must find a place for it in the warm atmosphere of our happiest and most evangelistic ministries. The setting is so exquisitely simple.'

St. Paul belonged to a new generation. He had never companied with Jesus. Perhaps he never saw, except in vision, the Saviour's face. He was as one born out of due time. Is the day of romance over then? No; there is room for heroism still. He is determined that the second generation shall be worthy even of the first.

But how? By every man of earnestness seeing to it that he is baptized for the dead. Stephen is dead. How vividly, and with a shudder, does Paul remember the dying scene. Stephen's work shall not die with him. Paul himself will carry it on. He will be baptized with the baptism of Stephen's enthusiasm. He will take up Stephen's work. He now recognizes that 'that unforgettable revelation on the road to Damascus was a call to perpetuate the splendid testimony of those heroic spirits who had fallen—some of them at his own hands. He has been baptized for the dead.'

By and by Paul's own generation will pass and be succeeded by another. As he has been baptized for the dead Stephen, his son Timothy will be baptized for him. God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. Each new worker is baptized for the dead worker who preceded him.

That is Mr. BOREHAM'S identification. And having given his exposition of the passage he does not forget its illustration. 'The fact is that the principle enshrined in this neglected text is the divine answer to one of the deepest and most tender cravings of which humanity is capable. It is akin to a man's yearning for a child of his own

body, a woman's silence and unutterable longing for motherhood. This old world of ours holds nothing more truly and intensely pathetic than a dying man's anxiety about the perpetuation of his life-work. George Eliot has twice portrayed this hunger of the soul with a very delicate and tender touch.'

'Yes; it is a great thing for Stephen to have his Saul, for Paul to have his Timothy, for the dying man, as he turns his face to the wall, to feel that another has been baptized on his behalf. It is good for a man to make his will, to leave all his affairs in perfect order, to die with no anxiety concerning things in this world or in any other. But surely that man can greet the angel of Death with a radiant face who can point to another—youthful, virile, enthusiastic—who will grasp the tools as they fall from worn-out hands and carry the good work to perfect completion. That man rears his own immortality who prudently toils to raise up to himself, whilst his sun is high in the heavens, spiritual successors whose voices will be heard when his sun has set for the last time.'

'Now a great spirit often does his best work, not in his own proper person, but by means of the disciples who rise up to succeed him and carry on his work. The eighteenth century was dominated by three very remarkable men—Immanuel Kant, Samuel Johnson, and John Wesley. We owe very much, of course, to the work done by each of them; but we owe still more to the influence which they exerted over their disciples and successors. After the death of Kant we had a great philosophical revival; after the death of Johnson we had a great literary revival; and after the death of Wesley we had a great religious revival. Johnson died in 1784; Wesley died in 1791; Kant died in 1804. Immediately upon the death of Kant, we have the work of Hegel and Schopenhauer, of Schleiermacher and Herbart, of Goethe and Schelling, of Thomas Brown and Jeremy Bentham, of Sir Thomas Mackintosh and Sir William Hamilton, of Johann Fichte and of

many others. In the same way, Dr. Johnson was scarcely buried when there arose Coleridge and Wordsworth, Southey and Lamb, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore, James Hogg and Lord Byron, George Crabbe and Percy Shelley, Thomas Campbell and Walter Savage Landor, Leigh Hunt and John Keats. These, and a host of contemporaries, form a galaxy of literary brilliance unequalled in English story. It is no wonder that when, not long after the death of Johnson, the poet-laureate died, the Government of the day was embarrassed by its wealth of riches, and knew not whom to appoint. Of John Wesley exactly the same may be said, save that in his case it would be futile to mention names. Strictly speaking, Wesley was a childless old man when he died; yet we all know that the sons of John Wesley form a host that no man can number. In each case we are reminded that a really colossal personality often wields a more widespread, if less dramatic, influence through the instrumentality of the disciples who succeed him than is possible to his single individuality.'

The Parable of the Unjust Judge is enough to assure us that God will see justice done to His own. But what of the world? Have we any like assurance that He will see justice done between the nations? We are told that the Judge of all the earth will Himself do right. But we do not seem to be anywhere told that He will see right done between one nation and another.

Nay, if God is Christ and Christ is God, we seem to be told the opposite. The passage is difficult. Who ever heard a sermon preached upon it? It is the story of the man who called out to Jesus from the crowd and begged Him to speak to his brother in order to make him divide the inheritance between them (Lk 12¹³⁻¹⁵).

Jesus refused. 'Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?' Yet it was a clear case of injustice. Jesus refused, not because He did not

recognize the injustice from which the man was suffering, but plainly because He reckoned it none of His business to interfere.

The passage is difficult; but we do not make it easier by refusing to see the manifest meaning of our Lord's answer. He was always ready to see justice done to His 'little flock.' He was ready to answer their plea before they could utter it, and say, 'Fear not; in the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' But this man was none of His, and He refused to become a judge or a divider between his brother and him.

Now, however unexpected that may be, it does not seriously alarm us. It is a story of another time than ours, another land, and other social circumstances. But what if the Church has to do as Jesus did? And what if it applies to the attitude of the Church to the conflict which is now in progress between Germany and Britain?

The Rev. J. C. ORMEROD makes that application. At a recent meeting of the Congregational Council of the city in which his ministry is cast, Mr. ORMEROD read a paper on *The Church's Message to a Nation at War*. The paper might have been a sermon. He took this passage for a text. And he gave it as his deliberate belief that in the present dispute between Germany and Great Britain the Church has no call to interpose.

Now Mr. ORMEROD is not a pacifist. He is ready for any sacrifice that the war demands, even to the supreme sacrifice. Nor has he the slightest doubt, or ever had, of the injustice done by Germany. He saw the injustice of the first act of war, he has seen the injustice of every act which Germany has sent after the first. More than that, he is very sure that the right will prevail. But he believes that if Christ were here in the flesh He would not step in between the combatants, but would tell them that they both are

wrong. And he believes that that is now the duty of Christ's Church.

'Master, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me. But he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?' And then He turned to the multitude and included the man, 'Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness.' That was His message then. That is His message now, His message to a world at war. That is the message, says Mr. ORMEROD, and the only message of the Church.

In *The Modern Churchman* for October will be found most of the papers read at the Fourth Conference of Modern Churchmen held at Girton College, Cambridge, in August. Among the rest will be found one by Professor Sir William ASHLEY, Ph.D., Dean of the Faculty of Commerce in Birmingham University. Professor ASHLEY's subject is 'The Functions of the Ministry of the Church.'

The functions of the ministry of the Church—that is to say, the purpose for which the minister of Christ exists. Why are certain men 'set apart'? What have they to do that other men have not? What should a Christian minister seek to do and be? Professor ASHLEY undertakes to answer.

And first negatively—like the good strategist she is. For let it be understood that he knows what he is about, and knows that he knows. First of all, *the Christian minister is not a priest*.

Now by 'priest' Professor ASHLEY does not mean 'one who is merely an outcome of the division of labour which entrusts certain functions to certain men for the sake of order; nor—and this is a cognate conception—one who acts for the congregation (or the whole Church) simply in a representative capacity.' By a priest he means 'a man who supposes himself, or is supposed by others, to possess the power of calling down

certain divine blessings or favours by means of certain rites, and this by virtue of his ordination.' That, he says, is what the word 'priest' has actually meant for millions of men for many centuries. The Christian minister is not a priest.

For priesthood in this sense involves beliefs which English people no longer dispute about, because the movement of the human mind has placed them outside the range of credibility. Take, for instance, the question of the 'validity' of English orders. 'A few of us,' says Sir William ASHLEY, 'may have a certain curiosity to ascertain just what did happen in the Reformation period in the matter of the consecration of bishops, and to find out whether there is any particle of truth in the Nag's Head story. And when we are confronted by a neat theory like the Roman doctrine of "intention," we are interested by the question whether it can be squared with historical probability. But for all bearing on anything the English people can effectively believe, the "validity" of orders has lost all meaning. Men can't any longer really believe that absolution by a priest has any effect on the mind of the Eternal; or that the value of the communion depends on the validity of the priest's ordination; or that confirmation is helpful in any other way than solemn reception into any great Christian body might be.'

In the next place *the Christian minister is not a theologian*. That is to say, he may be a preacher, but he may not be a doctrinal preacher. 'The "painful preacher" who expounded "the scheme of salvation" and "justified the ways of God to man" reigned for two or three centuries, but his reign is now over. His authority has passed away for the same reasons as that of the wonder-working priest. Mankind has observed that the doctrinal sermon has ceased, as religious rites have ceased, to contribute to what it dumbly felt to be the one object of the Church and its ministry—the promotion of goodness. It has not justified itself by its fruits. And Protestant theological systems have been subjected to the same intellectual

forces as have been playing upon Catholic sacramentalism, and with the same result.'

Well, if the 'minister of the word' may be neither a priest nor a theologian, what is it permitted him to be? He may be a preacher, as we have seen; but of what sort? What is he to try to accomplish by his preaching? Sir William ASHLEY has no hesitation in answering.

'The preacher,' he says, 'can be one of the main instruments of moral education. From the treasury of human experience and from his own reflections on life he should be able to bring us messages of good cheer when the heavy weight of the world would otherwise become intolerable. He should be able to put before us, with the fresh appeal of the living voice and with the force of personal conviction, the great thoughts of Duty, Repentance, and Trust. He should be able, in simple language, to explain and illustrate the meaning of the Hebrew and Greek scriptures used in public worship. And besides this directly "religious" work, there is, for many parsons, an opportunity to do something for the general intellectual education of the country.'

That means that the preacher should be the instrument for providing 'residential suburbs' with a taste of real literature. The men of the residential suburbs read little during the week but the newspaper, the women little but 'novels of the lighter sort.' 'It is their minister,' says Sir William ASHLEY, 'who gives them a glimpse of the fresh thought of the time, and through whom the ideas, say of William James and Bergson, the verses of Masfield and Brooke, reach the serious-minded non-reading classes.'

But the minister is more than a preacher. He is 'responsible for periodically conducting religious services in the public places of worship.' Now in Professor ASHLEY's opinion the clergy as a rule are far too careless about these services. He imagines that 'comparatively few clergy take the

trouble to look through the lessons and psalms before they come into church. 'If they did, they ought clearly, in my judgment, to omit and curtail and substitute—with, of course, a reasonable degree of discretion and tact—wherever this is evidently necessary to preserve the Christian character of the service.'

And then the minister is a pastor. This is to Professor ASHLEY his true function. His business is to promote goodness in the parish, and so he must be good; it is to be a help to intelligent men, and so he must be intelligent. For 'I must confess that the older I get the more I return to the conception of the Christian minister, not as the

preacher of doctrines or the performer of rites, but as the promoter of kindly feeling in the parish, the painstaking and thoughtful friend of all in trouble of mind or body.'

The High Church minister is a priest; the Low Church minister is a theologian; and the Broad Church minister is a kindly gentleman who goes about his parish telling everybody to be good. And as you listen to Sir William ASHLEY commending the Broad Church minister to your imitation, you hear a cry from the trenches, 'We know already that we have to be good; can you not tell us how?' It is the cry of a soul in its agony.

Irenæus and the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. H. A. A. KENNEDY, D.D., D.Sc., PROFESSOR OF EXEGETICAL THEOLOGY,
NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

I.

IT may seem superfluous to add another to the numerous discussions of Irenæus' relation to the Fourth Gospel. But it is obvious to all who try to keep abreast of critical investigation that certain positions, when they have been reiterated with sufficient boldness, not to say, audacity, soon take rank as dogmas, to challenge which appears to savour of incompetence. One of these dogmas is the worthlessness of what Irenæus has to say about the Fourth Gospel and its authorship. One may admit that his evidence, if at all trustworthy, intensifies one of the most perplexing problems in New Testament literature. For those who without bias approach the Fourth Gospel in its present form, and take it at its surface value, find it increasingly difficult to believe that this presentation of Jesus Christ can be the work of a man who daily accompanied with Him in His earthly career. There are, however, ways of estimating the Gospel which help to relieve the difficulty. Most recent investigators agree that it is interpretation far more than history. Many are inclined to give prominence to it to a symbolic element, largely foreign to our modern modes of thought in the West, but con-

gruous with the Oriental mind in every epoch of history. One has little doubt that here lies a most important clue to the standpoint of the author. Further, there is much to be said for the supposition that the document as we have it is a compilation of already-existing materials which the compiler (or compilers) set himself to construct into a Gospel, more or less after the model of the Synoptics, but which lay before him possibly in the shape of historical discourses intended to kindle faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. These two estimates of the Gospel are not contradictory. But they lead us back ultimately to the mind which is responsible for this portrait of Jesus.

Whose mind was it? At least it reveals some one extraordinarily sensitive to the significance of Jesus, some one with a unique power of relating the spiritual experience of Christians at the close of the first century to the living Master who had walked this earth, and thus of preserving the concreteness of history in an age disposed to dissolve facts and events into imposing abstractions. I do not intend to discuss here the possibility or impossibility of identifying this ultimate authority for

the standpoint of the Fourth Gospel with John, the son of Zebedee, who belonged to the inner circle of the Twelve. I am not sure whether we have as yet clearly enough grasped the various factors in the Fourth Gospel, or made sufficient progress in assigning to them their relative values, to be able, on the basis of *internal* evidence, to reach definite conclusions as to its author.

But these considerations do not absolve us from discussing frankly whatever data lie within our range. External evidence for a document, unless of an unusually cogent character, does not indeed impress us like internal. Yet it forms one of the features which must contribute to a final judgment. And it seems to me that the testimony of Irenæus has received scanty justice from the majority of recent investigators. I do not profess to attempt a survey of the whole field. I shall endeavour to keep rigidly to the salient elements in the situation.

We have some fixed dates for Irenæus which serve as landmarks in the discussion. We know from Eus. *H.E.* v. 5. 8 that when Pothinus, bishop of Lyons, suffered martyrdom in 177 A.D., Irenæus succeeded to his bishopric. In his *Contra Haer.* (ed. Stieren) iii. 3. 3 he himself refers to Eleutherus as at the date of writing occupying the see of Rome. This fixes the composition of Book iii. between, say, 175 and 189, and it is probable that the whole work falls within this period. But he must have been a churchman of influence considerably before 177, for, in that year, previous to his election as bishop, he was entrusted with an important letter from the church of Lyons to Eleutherus at Rome. There is no evidence as to the date of his birth. But considering that thirty was the very earliest age at which a man could be consecrated bishop, one is inclined to believe, with Lipsius, that he cannot have been born much later than 140, and quite possibly as much as ten years earlier. Some light is shed on the question from the statement of Irenæus in his Letter to Florinus (Eus. *H.E.* v. 20. 5), where he speaks of seeing his friend 'while I was still a *παῖς*, in Lower Asia in company with Polycarp.' Probably the term *παῖς* ought to be interpreted in the light of another statement made by Irenæus about his intimacy with Polycarp, in which he speaks of having seen him *ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ ἡμῶν ἡλικίᾳ* (*Contra Haer.* iii. 3. 4). There is a close parallel to this phrase in Pind. *Nem.* ix. 42, *ἐν ἀλικίᾳ πρώτῃ*, which Fennell translates, 'in his earliest prime.' This reminds

us that the language of Irenæus must not be taken too rigidly. In calling himself *παῖς* at the date of his intercourse with Polycarp, he does not necessarily mean that he was only a child. The term has a much wider range. Irenæus himself (ii. 22. 4: Latin translation alone preserved) describes the various stages of life as *infans*, *parvulus*, *puer*, *juvenis*, and *senior*, and regards the period of *juvenis* as roughly extending from thirty to forty. Thus the stage represented by *puer* (= *παῖς*) interprets boyhood in a large sense. That coincides with the remark of Eusebius (v. 5. 8): 'We have already discovered that he [Irenæus] was a hearer of Polycarp in his youthful prime' (*κατὰ τὴν νέαν . . . ἡλικίαν*). So that the description would quite reasonably apply to the period, say, from fifteen onwards.

Polycarp's martyrdom is now assigned by most scholars to 155 A.D. At that date he had passed the age of eighty-six. But while Irenæus refers to Polycarp's advanced years as having made it possible for him to be his pupil (*ἐπὶ πολλὸν γὰρ παρέμεινε*, iii. 3. 4), he seems to distinguish between that period and the closing one of his career, for he adds: 'and in extreme old age, after a splendid and illustrious martyrdom, he departed this life.' The language suggests that his own intercourse with the aged bishop must be placed some years earlier than 155, perhaps about 150. Supposing he were eighteen or nineteen at the time, that would place the year of his birth somewhere about 131 or 132. The approximate date would tally with his statement in v. 30. 3, that the Apocalypse 'was seen no long time since, but almost in our own generation, at the close of the reign of Domitian.' As a generation was reckoned at that time to extend from thirty to forty years, and Domitian's reign ended in 96 A.D., we have further evidence for some date in the neighbourhood of 132.

By the middle of the second century, therefore, Irenæus, living in Asia Minor, was in contact with the currents of life and thought in the Christian Church of that region. The one clear fact in this earlier period of his experience is, of course, his famous statement about Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, in the Letter to Florinus (Eus. v. 20). 'These opinions,' he writes, 'the elders before us, who also were disciples of the apostles, did not hand down to you. For I saw you while I was still a boy (*παῖς*) in Lower Asia in company with Polycarp, while you were in the midst of a brilliant

career at the royal court and endeavouring to stand well with him. For I distinctly remember the events of that time better than those of recent occurrence. . . . So that I can describe the very place in which the blessed Polycarp used to sit when he discoursed, and his goings out and his comings in, and his manner of life, and his personal appearance, and the discourses which he delivered to the people, and how he used to tell of his intercourse with John and with the rest of those who had seen the Lord, and how he would repeat their words. And what he had heard from them about the Lord, and about His miracles, and about His teaching, Polycarp, as having received them from eye-witnesses of the life of the Word, used to relate in complete accordance with the Scriptures. To these discourses I used earnestly to listen at the time by the mercy of God bestowed upon me, noting them down not on paper but in my heart. And constantly by God's grace I brood over them faithfully.' So luminous a statement as this can in no way be minimized. We could not possess a more convincing proof that Irenæus in his opening youth had stood in an intimate relation to Polycarp: that Polycarp's discourses had made an indelible impression upon his mind: and that the essential content of those discourses, on which he had never ceased to ponder, was the bishop's reminiscences of what he had heard about Jesus from 'John and the rest of those who had seen the Lord.' It ought to be noted that Irenæus, in this letter, has no thought of the Fourth Gospel or of emphasizing its connexion with 'John who had seen the Lord.' He simply wishes to appeal to the position of Polycarp as a doctrinal authority whom Florinus and he had acknowledged in their earlier days.

Irenæus was also, in some sense, in touch with Papias, bishop of Hierapolis. There is an interesting statement of Eusebius (iii. 36. 1) which says: 'Prominent in Asia at that time was Polycarp, a disciple (ὁμιλήτης) of the apostles, who had been entrusted with the bishopric of the Church at Smyrna by the eye-witnesses and ministers of the Lord. At the same time Papias was becoming known, who was also a bishop, having his diocese in Hierapolis.' Polycarp and Papias were thus contemporaries, in adjacent provinces. And there seems no strong reason to doubt the testimony of Irenæus that Papias had become a companion of Polycarp (v. 33. 4). In that case it might well be

that Irenæus was personally acquainted with him. An Armenian historian of the seventh century (Sebêos) connects Irenæus with Laodicea (see Hübschmann, in Harnack, *Patrum Apostol. Opp.* i. p. 189), and if the tradition be trustworthy, the propinquity of Laodicea to Hierapolis would add to the probability of the supposition.

Irenæus only once mentions Papias by name, and the passage in which this occurs deserves examination because of its bearing upon the whole question of his relation to the bishop of Hierapolis. When explaining Isaac's blessing of Jacob (Gn 27^{27ff.}) as a prediction of the future Kingdom of God (v. 33. 3), he proceeds: 'Even as the presbyters, who saw John the disciple of the Lord, reported that they had heard from him, how the Lord taught concerning those times and said.' There follows a strange description of the abnormal fertility of vines in the coming Kingdom, with additions on the fruitfulness of other crops by Irenæus himself. Then comes the statement: 'These things Papias also (ταῦτα δὲ καὶ) testifies in writing in the fourth of his Books. For five books have been compiled by him. And he added the words: "These things are of course credible to believers."'

Some scholars take up the position that the 'presbyters' of whom Irenæus here speaks simply mean Papias (e.g. Harnack, *Chronologie*, i. p. 335, note). This is possible. But the careful language employed seems to draw a distinction between the report of the presbyters and the additional (καὶ) written testimony (ἐγγράφως) of Papias to the same tradition. At the same time Lightfoot has adduced strong arguments to show that it is possible to distinguish between two types of reports given by Irenæus. 'In some cases he repeats the *conversations* of his predecessors; in others he derives his information from published records. . . . Thus, when he quotes the opinions of the elder on the two Testaments, he is obviously repeating oral teaching; for he writes, "The presbyter used to say," "The presbyter would entertain us with his discourse," "The old man, the disciple of the apostles, used to dispute" (iv. 27. 1 f.; 30. 1; 31. 1; 32. 1). On the other hand, when in the passage before us [v. 36. 1 f.] he employs the present tense, "As the elders say," "The presbyters, the disciples of the apostles, say," he is clearly referring to some *document*' (*Essays on Supernatural Religion*, p. 196). Hence it is probable that we should

assign to Papias the passage on the translation of the righteous to Paradise, introduced by the phrase, διὸ καὶ λέγουσιν οἱ πρεσβύτεροι, τῶν ἀποστόλων μαθηταί (v. 5. 1). These introductory words imply the view of Irenæus as to the sources of Papias' written work. To the same category belongs another paragraph on the heavenly bliss which awaits the redeemed (v. 36. 1 f.), given on the authority of the presbyters (ὡς οἱ πρεσβύτεροι λέγουσι). Here again the statements of Papias, if the material is derived from his work, are referred ultimately to the presbyters. Harnack, therefore, is, on the whole, justified in saying (*op. cit.* p. 336, note), on the basis of the *Contra Haereses*, that Irenæus claims no direct relation to the 'elders' who had been 'disciples of the apostles.'

But he underestimates the remarkable statement in the Letter of Irenæus to Florinus (Eus. v. 20). In challenging what he regards as heretical views, promulgated by his old friend, Irenæus says: 'These opinions even the heretics outside the pale of the Church have never ventured to broach; these opinions the elders before us, who also were disciples of the apostles, did not pass on to thee' (οὐ παρέδωκάν σοι). It is illegitimate to conclude, as Harnack seems to do (*op. cit.* p. 344, note), that the use of σοι in the last clause excludes Irenæus from intercourse with 'the elders before us.' Assuming Harnack's view that there was a difference of, say, fifteen years between Irenæus and his friend (an extreme hypothesis on my view of the date of Irenæus' birth, according to which twelve years would be a much more probable figure), this surely does not shut out the former from those elders who were authorities for the latter. Indeed, the connexion of this sentence with that which follows implies that Irenæus has in his mind Church leaders who were contemporaries of Polycarp. The very language he uses regarding them indicates that he was acquainted with their standpoint.

But in addition to these vague references to 'the presbyters, the disciples of the apostles,' either directly or through the medium of Papias' work, Irenæus repeatedly appeals to the authority of certain unnamed individuals of an earlier generation. Thus, in the Preface of Book i. § 2, he mentions a saying (εἶρηται) which he ascribes to 'our superior' (ὁ κρείσσων ἡμῶν), and again, in i. 13. 3, a maxim of ὁ κρείσσων ἡμῶν is introduced. There is no ground for Harnack's assertion that these sayings,

from their language, cannot have belonged to oral tradition (*op. cit.* p. 334, note). They are precisely of the type which might be handed down in a community. But the curious obscurity of the description possibly suggests a documentary source. Now Eusebius, in an interesting note, speaks of Irenæus as 'mentioning the recollections of a certain apostolic presbyter, whose name he did not divulge and adducing his interpretation of Divine Scripture' (v. 8. 8). This statement probably refers to a further authority whom Irenæus brings forward in several places belonging to the same context. Thus, in iv. 27. 1, he tells of what he had 'heard from a certain presbyter, who had listened to those who had seen the apostles.' I believe Harnack is right in finding the same person in iv. 27. 1 (*sicut dixit presbyter*), iv. 27. 2 (*inquit ille senior*), iv. 31. 1 (*taliam quaedam enarrans de antiquis presbyter, reficiebat nos*), iv. 32. 1 (*hujusmodi quoque de duobus testamentis senior apostolorum discipulus disputabat*), to say nothing of one or two other passages which are less clear. The most distinct description of this authority is that of the first passage cited above. He had been a pupil of disciples of the apostles. He is indeed designated in the last of our references *senior apostolorum discipulus*, but it is quite legitimate to take the expression in a wide sense.

To sum up, Irenæus may have known Papias personally, but was in any case acquainted with his writings. Probably he had access to other statements of elders in written as well as oral form, but he had been in personal touch with contemporaries of Polycarp (*Letter to Florinus*, Eus. v. 20), and also with an important Church leader who had listened to disciples of the apostles. He gives no hint as to where he came into contact with this authority. It may have been in Asia Minor. It may have been in Gaul. At all events, Irenæus plainly stands in the current of a living tradition, one which indeed reveals the accretions due to the chief tendencies of the age, but at the same time, from the nature of the case, preserves the memory of the prominent leaders belonging to the close of the first and the opening of the second century.

No evidence has survived as to the date of Irenæus' removal to Gaul. He first appears in 177 as a presbyter at Lyons, entrusted, during the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, by the Gallican martyrs with a letter to Eleutherus, bishop of Rome, 'on behalf of the peace of the Churches.' In commending him to Eleutherus, they give Irenæus

a high eulogy (Eus. v. 4. 2), and their confidence in him is attested by his being chosen as bishop in succession to the aged Pothinus, who fell a victim to the persecution, after completing his ninetieth year. A later tradition reports Pothinus to have been, like Irenæus, a native of Asia Minor. This is highly probable, as the Gallican Churches stood in the most intimate relation with those of Asia Minor. The famous Letter on the Persecutions at Lyons and Vienne (Eus. v. 1) was sent by 'the servants of Christ . . . in Gaul' to 'the brethren throughout Asia and Phrygia.' In all likelihood Gaul owed its Christian mission to Asia Minor, just as at a much earlier date it was Greek colonies from Asia Minor which were the pioneers of its civilizations.

Irenæus must have been brought into close

contact with Pothinus. That meant for him a further link with early traditions of the Church in Asia, for if Pothinus died in 177 above ninety, his birth must be dated at least as far back as 87 A.D. His recollections, therefore, would be almost as valuable as those of Polycarp. Lightfoot (*op. cit.* p. 266) is inclined to identify him with the nameless elder referred to above. There is nothing improbable in the hypothesis. Indeed, the expressions used by Irenæus of the elder, which have been already quoted, give it weight, for they imply habitual intercourse. And when we take into account the fulness of the material as ascribed to this elder, it is natural to associate it with regular discourses which Irenæus had the opportunity of hearing. This would completely tally with his relation to Pothinus.

Literature.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE world has not recognized the loss it sustained on November 14th, 1916, in the death of Professor H. M. Gwatkin. He could do many things, and each thing with a unique approach to the ideal. We speak not of his scientific work. Who could preach the sermons that he preached? We have them now, thank God, in two wonderful volumes. Who could lecture as he lectured—the manner of it, the matter of it? Who could write the encyclopædic article? It is not too much to ask if anything will ever be written on Protestantism and the Reformation which will get to the heart of that mighty fact and mighty movement more nearly than Professor Gwatkin has attained in his articles in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. He was a controversialist also when the occasion really demanded it.

The issue of a handsome volume on *Church and State in England to the Death of Queen Anne*, with a Preface by the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford (Longmans; 15s. net), gives occasion for new and profound regret. It is a subject in which he is at his very best. He knew he was master of it, and, one might say, revelled in the handling of it. The kindest of men, what a contempt he has for ineffectual kind-heartedness.

The most conscientious of men, what a scorn he feels for the men whom conscience drove to persecution and cruelty. The most modest of men, how easily he brings kings and governments to the bar of his self-confident judgment-seat. When he has described a scene it remains with us, rarely even modified by subsequent reading, always central and self-sustaining.

Dip into this book at random. The name of Anne Askew catches your eye. 'Anne Askew was a Lincolnshire lady of some rank and highly educated. She was accused of heresy in 1545, but Bonner obtained from her a confession that saved her for the time. Next year she was arrested again, and this time there was no doubt of her heresy. Her ready wit and sharp tongue and command of Scripture were too much for the Council. But she seemed to have been encouraged by persons of high rank; and this might implicate the Queen. She was in great pain when she was sent to the Tower and racked; and when the Lieutenant refused to do more, the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley and Sir Richard Rich turned the screws with their own hands till they had nearly pulled her to pieces, and then made her sit two hours on the bare floor reasoning with them without their getting any information from her. A month later she was carried to Smithfield, for she could not

stand, and burned hanging by a chain round her middle. Her courage was undaunted to the last—"I came not here to deny my Lord"—and made a deep impression."

It is the wholeness of the scene that makes the impression upon us. All the elements are in it. Anne's undeniable heresy, Bonner's convenient disappearance, the soldier's defiant pity, the Lord Chancellor's weak and tyrannical heartlessness, the vindication of Paul's great saying, that the weakness of God is stronger than men.

LORD ACTON.

Many letters of Lord Acton have already been published. There are many yet unpublished. Of these a selection is to be made by Dr. J. N. Figgis and Mr. R. V. Laurence. The first volume, containing correspondence with Cardinal Newman, Lady Blennerhasset, Mr. Gladstone, and others, is issued. The title is *Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton* (Longmans; 15s. net).

The Correspondence is divided into Early, Ecclesiastical, and General. Among the Early Letters there is one to Lord Granville, which contains an impression of Döllinger. It is written from Munich and is dated 1848. 'His personal appearance is certainly not prepossessing. His forehead is not particularly large, and a somewhat malevolent grin seems constantly to reside about his wide, low mouth. Even in conversation his superiority is not immediately manifest. He never makes the least effort to display his powers or his learning, and I am inclined to think that he owes more to his character and industry than to his innate genius. He is unquestionably the most cool-headed man I ever knew, and probably the most dispassionate.'

The ecclesiastical correspondence will be read by ecclesiastics, but the general correspondence has most interest for the general reader. There are some paragraphs which let us understand why his contemporaries rated Lord Acton's ability so highly. There are many paragraphs which gain their interest from that high rating. This estimate of Macaulay as a historian throws light on Acton's own standard. It also throws some light on his prejudices. He is writing to Gladstone: 'I am not so sure as you are of his perfect honesty. There is not that vigilant suspiciousness of his own weakness, that look out for temptation, that be-

token honesty. The same conduct, the same qualities, become different things according to the men. He never starts except for the end in view. His hook and bait will only catch a particular fish,—there is no vague cast of the net. I transpose the position, and fancy a man equally convinced of some other truths, which are deeper, more divine, more beneficent, more pure, than the convictions that filled and moved his mind, defending them with the same blinkers on, with the same narrowness and acrimony—and I should say that those are not the fruits of true and sincere convictions, that it is not the worship of the true Gôd. Fancy More, or Laud, or Burke glorified as he glorifies Milton or William III. You would feel that the friend, who might be worshipping at your own altar, had not purified his soul adequately.'

The most instructive letter, we think, for revealing Acton's own mind is one to Lady Blennerhasset on George Eliot. It must be read in full, and it is a long letter. The striking thing in it is, not that Acton speaks so highly of George Eliot's writing, but that he first calls her an atheist, and then says: 'From the depths of atheism, from its worst school, from the midst of the poorest surroundings, a preacher of lofty virtue arose, not at all perfect indeed, or absolutely consistent, but far more impressive, more true, more elevated, than any but the very best of Christian writers, and capable of reaching those whom no Christian could possibly touch. To me this is one of the most wonderful facts, of the most wonderful feats, in the history of the human mind. Atheism, as a teacher of Life, became, roughly speaking, the equal of Christianity in moral dignity when it became its rival in mental power. And all through this one woman who lived among scoffers, professors of impurity, men ignorant of higher things, philosophers destitute of a moral code—a woman who had never read the books that teach the higher virtues to religious men. For these reasons which seem to me too obvious and too certain to be disputed, I would give all the imaginative literature of England since Shakespeare for George Eliot's writings. She is altogether unique to my mind.'

ACROSS AFRICA.

To his record of journeyings across Africa in the years 1913 to 1916, Professor J. du Plessis has given the title *Thrice Through the Dark Continent*

(Longmans; 14s. net). Wherever he went he was asked (mostly with much politeness) who he was, and what he was about. To the first question he replied that he was a South African Boer of French descent and now a Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church in Stellenbosch. He had more difficulty in answering the second question. For it becomes evident to the reader, and it must have been evident to himself from the beginning, that he was 'out on his own,' as the little boys say, desiring to visit the Mission Stations of Africa, but most of all desiring just to travel.

He visited many stations, but he does not give us much information about them. He had scarcely taken a meal in the house of the missionary when he was asking the way to the next station. But he knew very well when he sat down to write the record of his journeyings that he had a good story to tell. For he took notes of all he heard and saw as he passed through the towns and villages, and he had his kodak with him.

'As I slowly stepped down the street, the inevitable camera depending from my shoulder, I was accosted by a native clad in the most irreproachable European fashion.

"Good morning, sir," he said, pausing before me with a somewhat deprecatory air.

"Good morning."

"Dentist, sir?"—this with a most engaging smile.

"Dentist!" I exclaimed, unwilling to believe that an Ashanti native knew what a dentist was.

"Yes, sir: dentist, sir," tapping his tooth in a manner which left no possible doubt as to his meaning.

"Well, no, my friend, I am not a dentist."

"Sorry, sir, very sorry, but"—with a glance at my harmless camera—"I thought you came about that tooth palaver."

He had a good story to tell, and he tells it well. As the scene just quoted shows, he tells it with much liveliness. If we do not receive edification, we certainly receive entertainment. But the edification is not altogether absent.

'I have referred to the houses and granaries of the Mundang, the smelting furnaces and forges of the Lakka, the cattle of the Tuburi, and the ponies and cultivated fields of the Bana. These peoples are self-contained: they are able to supply their own needs. They ask nothing of European civil-

isation, thankful though they are that settled government prevails, and that slave-raiding is a thing of the past. They have no use for the prints and cloth goods which the trader seeks to introduce, for they belong to "the great unclothed." They do not want European implements and utensils, for their inbred conservatism makes them believe that their own are as good—and better. They have no call to lead the strenuous life, since nature is lavish, hunger uncommon, poverty unknown, and trade competition inconceivable. I do not think that it is our duty to force them to look at life from our point of view. Why should we try to infect them with our feverish impatience, and teach them that life is not life unless they learn to hurry and worry, to bustle and hustle, as we enlightened Westerners do? Of course we should find their fashion of life unutterably dull, but why should we assume that it is unutterably dull to them? They like it: it is suited to their present stage of evolution: then let us leave them as they are.

'All they need is the Gospel. For that they are waiting, as it were with uplifted heads and outstretched arms. Mohammedanism stands ready to swallow them up. Mohammedan emissaries are now knocking at the doors of these nations, hitherto inaccessible, but now open to trade, commerce, and religion. They are nations that are well worth winning. Christianised, they would act as a powerful bulwark to stay the spreading wave of Mohammedanism: Moslemised, they would impart greater impetus to that wave. The Church of Christ to-day stands before a piercing call to action, a solemn duty to act decisively and immediately, and a grave responsibility if she evade or postpone action.'

THE MIDDLE YEARS.

The arrival in London of a reader of books, whether come from the North or the South, from Ireland or America, is an occasion of quite inexpressible emotion. Henry James tries to tell us what it was to him, and certainly his astonishing range of vocabulary gives him a mighty advantage; but even he leaves more unsaid than he says. It was in the year 1869 that he landed at Liverpool 'in the gusty, cloudy, overwhelmingly English morning,' and went to the old Adelphi Hotel, and there found 'the incomparable truth to type of the

waiter, truth to history, to literature, to poetry, to Dickens, to Thackeray, positively to Smollett and to Hogarth, to every connection that could help me to appropriate him and his setting, an arrangement of things hanging together with a romantic rightness that had the force of a revelation.' Then to London. He recalled the emotion of it just before he died, dictating *The Middle Years* (Collins; 5s. net) in the autumn of 1914, a unique fragment of autobiography.

In London he took full draughts of the hero-worship he was then so thirsty for. Was the hero George Eliot? 'To this day I feel again *that* roused emotion, my unsurpassably prized admission to the presence of the great George Eliot, whom I was taken to see, by one of the kind door-opening Norton ladies, by whom Mrs. Lewes's guarded portal at North Bank appeared especially penetrable, on a Sunday afternoon of April '69.' He found her in trouble. A son of G. H. Lewes had taken ill in the house. 'It infinitely moved me to see so great a celebrity quite humanly and familiarly agitated—even with something clear and noble in it too, to which, as well as to the extraordinarily interesting dignity of her whole odd personal conformation, I remember thinking her black silk dress and the lace mantilla attached to her head and keeping company on either side with the low-falling thickness of her dark hair effectively contributed. I have found myself, my life long, attaching value to every noted thing in respect to a great person—and George Eliot struck me on the spot as somehow *illustratively* great; never at any rate has the impression of those troubled moments faded from me, nor that at once of a certain high grace in her anxiety and a frank immediate appreciation of our presence, modest embarrassed folk as we were.'

PROBLEMS OF THE SELF.

Man's greatest mystery is man. And it is greatest, not only to the man in the street, but also to the man in the study. But if he is his own greatest mystery, he is also his own greatest interest. 'Even if the pressure of the day's business leaves the average man but little time for self-reflection, he is still intensely interested in the personality of others, and the most obstinate questionings which beset him concern his soul and theirs. Moreover, the great objects of human interest affect person-

ality and are tinged with personality. It is unnecessary to prove this statement by referring to the drama, the novel, history, biography. The thing is too obvious to require comment, and it is enough to illustrate it by mentioning a curious fact. Even those who in general have no great fondness for the study of biography are more keenly interested in the personal history of the great writers in literature than in their works, or, at any rate, are interested in a degree out of all proportion to the intrinsic interest of the careers of those authors. How else is it possible to explain the mass of literature and the years of discussion devoted to the shadowy author of the *Odyssey*, or to the stray hints which are all that is known of the career of Shakespeare? Nor is the reason very far to seek. As Samuel Butler says, "Every man's work, whether it be literature, or music, or pictures, or architecture, or anything else, is always a portrait of himself, and the more he tries to conceal himself the more clearly will his character appear in spite of him." That is the truth unless, perhaps, such sciences as mathematics or physics are excepted. It may be a rare thing for the artist to be more interesting than the whole body of his work, but his character and career usually excite more attention than those of any one of his creations, and thus it is that the self is central among the things which touch the spirit of man.'

And so Mr. John Laird, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University of Belfast, chose *Problems of the Self* as the subject of the Shaw Lectures in the University of Edinburgh in 1914, and under that title has now published them very handsomely (Macmillan; 12s. net).

He discusses three principal questions: 'What are experiences?' 'How are they united?' and 'What are the presuppositions of this unity?' The first of these questions is discussed in a general way in the second chapter; the second and third are discussed continuously from the ninth chapter to the thirteenth, which ends the volume; and the interval between the second chapter and the ninth is occupied by the consideration of a range of problems which are too important to be neglected, and must be considered very fully if they are to be considered at all. These questions are the Self and the Body, the Self as Feeling, the Self as Will, the Meaning of Purpose, the Primacy of the Practical Reason, and the Self as Knower.

The last chapter is (to most men and philo-

sophers) the most important. It is the author's answer to the question, What is the Soul? The answer is essentially this: 'The soul is a substance which is not the body. It consists of experiences, not physical reactions. Its unity is a mental unity, not the unity of a physical thing, and not the unity of an organism. The soul exists, and exists on its own account. Consequently the death of the body does not imply the destruction of the soul.'

There follows another question: Will the soul, if it survives the present body, require another body? Professor Laird answers: 'The soul may require the body as a condition of its existence, although there is no convincing proof that it does. Although the body is not part of the self, it is so closely connected with human personality that it is difficult to realise what a discarnate personality would be. This difficulty may only be due to a deficiency of imagination. The poet, addressing his soul, can dream of a time when

Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears;

he may insist that the body is a tomb, and that our selves may go forth freely and joyously into the unchartered land whose gates are the death of the body. It may be so, and death may be a new birth, not discontinuous with our present personality but only, like physical birth, unfolding a new world. That is the hope of millions, and neither science nor philosophy can prove it to be vain.'

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

One of the questions which the newspaper reader wants to ask since the Russian revolution took place is, What is the attitude of the Russian Church? We get no authoritative answer yet. But if we desire, first of all, to understand what the Russian Church is, we have the best, and almost the best possible, answer in a volume entitled *Birkbeck and the Russian Church* (S.P.C.K.; 8s. 6d. net). The volume is a collection of essays and articles by the late W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A., written in the years 1888-1915; and collected and edited by his friend Athelstan Riley, M.A.

It describes the Russian Church in the only satisfactory way. That is to say, not by a sustained narrative, but in a series of sketches. The vestments and ceremonies could be described system-

atically; the religion can be conveyed only by suggestion and, as it were, at unexpected angles.

In a sense it is all here. And the satisfaction is in discovering, after thinking that we were having no abiding place anywhere, that we have been, all the book through, in the very heart of the religious life of the Russian, both priest and peasant.

Mr. Riley is a judicious editor. He lets Birkbeck repeat himself when it is good for the reader. He and Birkbeck together have produced a book that is assuredly, however unexpectedly, great.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE.

With all the books which the War has produced on the History of Europe, there is a place for Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw's fine volume entitled *Main Currents of European History, 1815-1915* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). This is the idea of it: 'The lecturer [the lectures were delivered to teachers] sought to give symmetry and coherence to the record of the century by grouping all its incidents round what seemed to him to have been the grand progressive tendency of the period, viz. the tendency towards the constitution of a lawful Commonwealth of Europe composed of democratic national states. The three controlling factors, or "main currents," in this movement, as it appeared to him, were, first, the underlying and inextinguishable consciousness of unity inherited by the peoples of the West from the Roman Empire and Mediæval Christendom; secondly, the democratic impulse engendered by the French Revolution; and, thirdly, the passion of nationality roused during the struggle against Napoleon I. To each of these controlling factors a preliminary lecture was devoted. The remaining seven lectures traced the operation of the three factors—their action and interaction—down to the outbreak of the present great war.'

The skill with which Professor Hearnshaw throws the essential things into sight and hides the unessential, so making history as interesting as it is informing, is a perpetual astonishment. When he comes to the War, he captures us wholly. For every item of knowledge regarding causes and motives is at his command, and he reveals things which with all our reading we still find new and surprising. He classifies the German preparations under four heads, 'viz. (1) diplomatic; (2) military and naval; (3) financial; and (4) moral and intellectual—if those last terms can appropriately be

applied to measures that were always immoral and generally unintelligent.' On the first he says: 'Germany's diplomatic preparations for the War of 1914 were markedly less complete and successful than had been Bismarck's preparations for the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870. The military clique who were organising the campaign seem to have been so confident in the ability of their vast and well-equipped armies to overcome all conceivable resistance that they were comparatively indifferent as to who were allies and who enemies. Not even was a serious effort made to ensure the support of Italy, the third member of the Triple Alliance itself. Turkey, Bulgaria, and Rumania were left to decide their course of action after the outbreak of hostilities. If any really careful cultivation took place it was applied to Switzerland and Belgium. The Kaiser visited Switzerland in the autumn of 1912, and made himself exceptionally amiable to the rulers of the Republic whose territories covered the southern extremity of the fortress-barrier of France. The King of the Belgians was invited to Berlin in the autumn of 1913, and every effort was made to impress him with the irresistible might of Germany, and to make him feel the folly of trying to thwart the German will. He was treated to some most indiscreet confidences, as though he were already a secure ally of the Kaiser. Said Moltke, the Chief of the General Staff, to him: "This time we must settle the business [with France] once for all, and Your Majesty can have no idea of the irresistible enthusiasm which on that day will sweep over the whole German people."'

POLAND.

Those who read Major F. E. Whitton's story of the Marne have been on the outlook for another volume on the Great War. Major Whitton has in the meantime, however, turned aside to set us right about Poland. He has written *A History of Poland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (Constable; 8s. 6d. net).

We need just such a history as this is, written in faultless English and with faultless accuracy. Was ever a History of Poland written before which kept so free from heroics? The story of Kosciusko is told with sufficient fulness to enable us to follow every movement and understand every man; and Kosciusko is made a hero. But there are no exclamations of admiration over his victories; there

are no lamentations of woe over his defeat. The story is told as a historian has to tell it, and the rest is left to the reader.

The impression is not less deep. And it is an almost unrelieved impression of injustice. Poland must obtain justice now. The long dire tale of oppression and brutality must be ended. Let us, each one, read and understand; let us feel and do; the influence of every reader of this book will be on the right side.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Are they most to be envied who have all the desirable gifts and graces and pass through life 'like wealthy men, who care not how they give,' or they who have to put out every ounce of their feeble strength merely to win through? Mr. George Wyndham had all the gifts and graces. Rumour has it so, and the new biography by Mr. Charles T. Gatty, entitled *George Wyndham, Recognita* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), calls rumour for once no liar.

The biography is novel. It is in the form of a letter, a single letter (of 174 printed pages), to George Wyndham's widow, Countess Grosvenor. It is a daring innovation in biography-making. And although this time it is even strikingly successful, it is not likely to be ventured upon often. Mr. Gatty would say, no doubt, that it is no biography, nor intended to be a biography. But it is a biography. Enough of the outward and almost all of the inward life of the subject of it is revealed to us.

George Wyndham will pass into history as one of the Irish Secretaries. When he was Secretary for Ireland King Edward and Queen Alexandra paid their visit, and one of the sweetest incidents in Irish history took place. Mr. Wyndham told the story in a letter to his sister Pamela. 'In St. Patrick's Hall, Arthur Ellis and others coached us. I knew my part pretty well, but it is a strain to cling to the King's reply and learn up all the deputations in their order. There were 82 of them. The roar of cheers, "God Save the King," clatter of the escort, and we process and group ourselves about the Throne. I stood on the steps and presented each of the 82 deputations. They were to present addresses. But they did anything but that; shook the King's hand and marched off with address under arm; were retrieved and address

extracted. The last touch came, when the spokesman of the Lord Surveyors touched the tip of the King's fingers, shot the address into the wastepaper basket (into which I threw the cards after calling the names) and bolted at five miles an hour. The Queen was very naughty and did her best to make me laugh, so that my next was delivered in quavering tones. Yet the Queen did this in such a way as to make every one, including the culprit, feel comfortable and witty. I cannot adequately express the kindness and coolness of the King. He coached them in a fat cosy whisper, "Hand me the address," and then accepted it with an air and gracious bow, as if gratified at finding such adepts in Court ceremonial.

'The only people who approached him in simplicity and charm were the two carmen who presented an address signed by 1200 jarveys. Only the Irish can do these things. They had not put on Sunday best, but their best ordinary clothes, scrupulously brushed. They never faltered, and invented something between a bow and a curtsy that seemed exactly appropriate.'

There is another Irish story—one of the prettiest of patriotic stories you have seen. Mr. Gatty writes: 'George loved a story a lady told me about a journey through Canada. Her train was delayed at some very remote station, and she had to take a night's lodging in a farm. The accommodation was given by a fellow-passenger, an Irish-Canadian farmer, travelling back from a visit to Ireland. When they reached the homestead, her host untied a handkerchief carried from the old country, and one by one a family of five barefoot children were made to stand upon a green sod, cut from a hillside in County Kerry.'

In one of the sermons contained in Dr. W. E. Orchard's volume, *The New Catholicism* (Allen & Unwin; 3s. 6d. net), there is a striking argument for the Atonement taken from the present war. The time will come, Dr. Orchard prophesies, when men will say that all the sacrifice has been in vain, mere waste of humanity, with nothing to show for it but a countryside dotted with white crosses. Now that is just what they say about the death of Christ. It is a tragedy, a moral waste, with nothing to show for it, not even an assured sepulchre. So the value of the death of Christ, involving a true theory of the Atonement, carries with it the value

of our heroes' death. Hold the one and you have the other.

It is a book of but twelve sermons; but every sermon is instructive.

Deep calleth unto Deep is the title of this year's popular report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is as encouraging as ever—more than ever, for there are more cases of need than ever. It is also more enjoyable than ever. One short paragraph may be quoted. It comes from a Belgian colporteur, now in Holland. 'At Kamperland there are a hundred exiles from Belgium, most of them ruined. Here I met a little Belgian lad, eight years old, whose mother had died in Antwerp during the siege. He had found a home with a Dutch pastor. If you asked him where his mother was, he replied, "In purgatory." "There is no purgatory," said the pastor. "Yes," said the child, "there is no purgatory here, at Kamperland; but there is at Antwerp."'

Under the title of *Christ and the World at War*, Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., has edited and issued a volume of Sermons preached in war-time (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). The issue of the volume is 'in response to a definite request from a neutral country in Europe.' The desire was to know what is the normal religious outlook of Christian folk in Britain as expressed through the responsible leaders of the Churches. The sermons have been contributed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Winchester, the Dean of St. Paul's, and eight men outside the Church of England—Professor Cairns, Principal Garvie, Dr. Horton, Dr. Jones, Dr. Jowett, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Rushbrooke, and Mr. Findlay.

Many of us have been much concerned lest the war, and especially the barbarity of it, should be held to destroy our belief in the Universe. To believe in the Universe is to believe in Progress. A book has been published on *Progress and History* (Humphrey Milford; 3s. 6d. net). Its contents are furnished by a group of lecturers who lectured this year at the Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham. The editor is Mr. F. S. Marvin, late Senior Scholar of St. John's College, Oxford.

Among the rest, Baron Friedrich von Hügel has an essay in the book. His subject is 'Progress

in Religion.' He finds religion marked by four stages of development—the Synoptic, the Johanne, the Augustinian, and the Thomistic. This is what he says respecting the last stage: 'St. Thomas Aquinas, Norman-Italian Friar Noble, a soul apparently so largely derivative and abstractive, is more complete and balanced, and penetrates to the specific genius of Christianity more deeply, than Saints Paul and Augustine with all their greater directness and intensity. We saw how the deepest originality of our Lord's teaching and temper consisted in His non-rigoristic earnestness, in His non-Gnostic detachment from things temporal and spatial. The absorbing expectation of the Second Coming, indeed the old, largely effete Graeco-Roman world, had first to go, the great Germanic migrations had to be fully completed, the first Crusades had to pass, before—some twelve centuries after Nazareth and Calvary—Christianity attained in Aquinas a systematic and promptly authoritative expression of this its root-peculiarity and power.'

A remarkable little book on *The Religion of the Body* has been written by the Rev. T. H. Dodson, M.A., Rector of Wootton and Canon of Lincoln (Cope & Fenwick; 2s. net). It contains five sermons following one another in a compact series, and packed individually with high thought. 'Our vile body?'—no, Paul never said so, and Canon Dodson shows how impossible it would have been for him to say so. If young people could be got to read this book and think over it!

Messrs. Dent have published the first volume of *The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy*, translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth and A. Sirnis (5s. net). The volume contains a record of his youth, 1847 to 1852, with a Preface by C. Hagberg Wright.

Tolstoy's diaries are necessary to a full understanding of his life and opinions, and they are necessary in their entirety. They were committed by the Count himself to M. Tchertkoff, but they never fell into his hands. M. Tchertkoff was compelled to trust to a copy, the diaries themselves having been sent by the Countess Tolstoy to the historical museum of Moscow. The copy is in some places suspected, in others manifestly defective. And the editor found it necessary to omit even some passages that were contained in the copy. All that is matter of regret, but probably

not at all a serious loss. In any case the diary of Tolstoy's youth, as we have it here in this the first of the four volumes of the English translation, is of so great importance for the student of 'Tolstoyism' (if there is such a word), and of so great interest to all mankind, that we cannot do other than express our cordial thanks to Dr. Wright and the translators (not forgetting the publishers) for letting us have it in so accurate and enjoyable a form.

It is a perpetual revelation of the great man himself, and of the little world he lived in. 'Played a game of chess, had supper, and now am going to bed. The pettiness of the life worries me. True, I feel this because I myself am petty; but in me I have the capacity to despise myself and my life. There is something in me which forces me to believe that I was not born to be what other men are. Whence proceeds this? From a want of agreement, an absence of harmony, among my faculties, or from the fact that in very truth I stand on a higher level than ordinary men? I am grown to maturity, and the season of development is going, or gone, and I am tortured with a hunger . . . not for fame—I have no desire for fame; I despise it—but for acquiring great influence in the direction of the happiness and benefit of humanity.'

The Tolstoy we know is only emerging into sight in this volume. But there are occasions when we see him clearly. 'Punishment is injustice. It is not possible for man to determine retribution. He is too limited; he is too much man. And punishment, as a threat, is unjust, since man is ever ready to sacrifice a certain evil for a doubtful good. Removal, however, even death, is just. Death is not an evil, for it is an undoubted law of God. The idea of God comes of man's recognition of his own weakness.'

Professor Charles Foster Kent proceeds with his Historical Bible. The new volume is *The Work and Teachings of the Apostles* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). One volume more is promised; it will deal with the Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus.

The translations in this volume are worthy of comparison with Dr. Moffatt's. They are fully as literal; they make the narrative almost as clear. Then the Introductions are packed with the results of the best scholarship, and every sentence tells.

Mr. Frank B. Short is a successful Bible Class teacher. The teaching that he has found to make for success most certainly is a defence of the Christian religion. He has accordingly published a series of addresses with the title *Christianity: Is it true?* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net).

The merit of the book is in the cleverness with which appeal is made to the average man, particularly the average young man. Mr. Short does not make his own discoveries in Christianity; he uses the discoveries of others. But he knows how to use them. He makes the driest theologian interesting, the stiffest apologist plain. He even makes plain and interesting the subject of miracles, almost compelling the average man to believe in them, so fair is he and yet so firm.

The most suggestive sermon in Dr. John A. Hutton's new book, *Loyalty: the Approach to Faith* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), has for its text our Lord's question to the sons of Zebedee, and their reply, 'Are ye able. . . . We are able' (Mt 20²²). The late Dr. Ambrose Shepherd has a sermon on the same words, in which he urges with much force the value of self-confidence. Dr. Hutton's title is 'That Daring which is of more Value than Wisdom.' Its note is struck in the first sentence: 'It is the very nature of faith that it commits us to more than we were aware of at the time.' In committing us, however, it also discovers to us new powers. And this commitment and discovery go with us throughout the life of faith. This is the secret of that daring by which love so often surprises us. 'We learn to love, and in the joy of that high faculty we form our dearest ties, and come under obligations to other lives which give a new depth and seriousness to our own.'

In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

So Ben Jonson. So also Dr. D. M. Ross, in his sketch of the life of *A Scottish Minister and Soldier*, the Rev. Peter Ross Husband, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). Christianity is strength not weakness, courage not cringing—that was the first article of Mr. Husband's creed. And when the war came, so righteously, he would not be kept from the battlefield, though 'few young men seemed to their friends to be less fitted

for combatant service.' The end came very soon. But he had time to fulfil his life.

This quotation from one of his sermons is his message:

'Let each of us display in a way that is unmistakable the high, heroic elements in Christianity. Let it be made manifest by our own lives that Christianity is not the religion of weaklings; that Christ saves men from becoming soft and flabby, and brings into their life something tough and sinewy—a real Spartanism; that the coming of Christ into the heart is like the winter's wind—pure and keen and bracing.'

Some Records of the Life of Edmund John Kennedy have been written by his wife and a friend (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). How shall we identify him? By his delightful book, *With the Immortal Seventh Division*, or by his offices and work? He was General Secretary, Y.M.C.A., London, 1884-1894; Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, 1896-1900; Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, 1901-1915; Chaplain to H.M. Forces, 1914-1915.

It is the Life of a converted man, and with him conversion was consecration. He did not need, as so many of us do, a second conversion. And being converted and having put off the old man, he did not put on the old woman; he had humour and courage, and both abundantly. For his courage:

'On one occasion he was travelling to Cambridge to speak at a meeting there, when another man entered the compartment in which he was. Having in his pocket some tracts, with which he was always provided, and being ever mindful of the great blessing he had himself received by means of one, he felt impelled to hand one to his fellow-passenger. Fighting down a natural timidity, he took courage in both hands and boldly asked his companion to accept the little booklet. To his great surprise, he discovered his companion had been passing through the same inward battle, and each offered a tract to the other simultaneously. Naturally this circumstance led to pleasant and profitable conversation; at the end of the journey the two gentlemen exchanged cards, when Mr. Kennedy discovered his fellow-traveller to be no less a celebrity than General Gordon.'

Now for his humour:

'One day, when Mr. Kennedy was speaking to

the children on the text "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," he wanted to impress upon them that each one is included in that "who-soever," also that when God promises anything He means what He says, and it only rests with us to believe and take Him at His word. To illustrate this Mr. Kennedy took a shilling from his pocket, and holding it up before the children, he said, "Now, whoever would like this shilling let him take it," and forthwith he passed along in front of the children holding the shilling before them. None ventured to take it, however, until he reached the end of the row for the second time, when a little maid timidly put out her hand and took the shilling. Then a boy near, who had let it pass, said, "Ugh, I never thought he really meant it!" Mr. Kennedy often related this incident to show how reluctant we are to believe God's promises when all the time His wonderful, loving gifts and blessings are for us if we only put out the hand of faith and receive them.'

It is only nine months since the Rev. E. A. Burroughs issued *The Valley of Decision* (Longmans; 5s. net), and already it is passing through its fourth impression. That is no wonder. Mr. Burroughs has come to be accepted as a most earnest, reliable, and up-to-date Christian teacher. His theology is all religion.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Henry Newbolt to write a book for Christmas and call it *The Book of the Happy Warrior* (Longmans; 6s. net). The motto is of course Wordsworth's. Who is the warrior? There are many happy warriors—Roland, Richard Cœur de Lion, St. Louis, Robin Hood, and more. And every warrior's story is told and illustrated with the last excellence of literature and of art.

It is one thing to obtain the right to give religious instruction to the young, it is another thing to be able to do it. Our secular teachers are trained to the last ounce of efficiency; our sacred teachers are left, for the most part, in their natural state. What, as actual education, as the evolution of intelligence, as discipline and self-control, as reverence for God and sympathy with man, does the ordinary Sunday-school teaching amount to? We are repeating questions that are for ever asked, and never answered.

Let us answer them at last, and let us begin at the beginning. Let us begin with the personal study and encouragement to wide propagation of a book by a master in education who has given time and thought to the particular problem of religious education—such a book as *Means and Methods in the Religious Education of the Young*, by John Davidson, M.A., D.Phil. (Longmans; 2s. net). Every man and woman who is induced to make that book a mental possession will do something to rescue the religious teaching of the young from the slough of inefficiency into which it has fallen.

The latest word in Psychology is a very simple word. It is intelligible. It is intelligible to the utterly uninstructed. And it is authoritative. Most particular has Professor E. B. Titchener been in *A Beginner's Psychology* (Macmillan; 6s. net) to say nothing that he may have to unsay even in so progressive, and one way so unstable, a science as Psychology. So particular has he been that he has avoided the use of the word 'consciousness' altogether. Experimental psychology, he says, 'made a serious effort to give it a scientific meaning; but the attempt has failed; the word is too slippery, and so is better discarded.' This book, then, first, and in safety: after it the ocean, with mines and submarines on every route.

Sir J. G. Frazer has selected certain *Studies in Greek Scenery, Legend, and History* from his great edition of Pausanias, and Messrs. Macmillan have issued the selections as a volume of their attractive Eversley series (5s. net). What is the purpose of the selection? 'Slight and fragmentary,' says the author, 'as these sketches are, I am not without hope that they may convey to readers who have never seen Greece something of the eternal charm of its scenery. To such as already know and love the country they will yet be welcome, if here and there they revive some beautiful or historic scene on those tablets of the mind from which even the brightest hues so quickly fade.'

Even those who possess the Pausanias will buy this book. It is so handy, it is so readable, it is so characteristic of Sir J. G. Frazer.

You go to Westminster Abbey when Canon R. H. Charles is preaching because you love strong meat. It may be theological or it may be critical; it is

most likely to be the latter, but it is always strong meat. More than that, you know that you may get only half the sermon to-day, and must go back 'next Sunday afternoon' for the other half. So those who can read have an advantage over those who can hear. In the volume entitled *Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey* (Macmillan; 5s. net), it is possible to read a sermon twice, and it is easy to read it all at one sitting. But even in the book, Dr. Charles gives no assistance. There are texts but no titles; there are arguments but no illustrations. Every sermon is a scholar's finest scholarship, and it is good that we should be called upon to think.

Brahmadarsanam is the title of a volume by Sri Ananda Acharya which he announces as an 'Introduction to the Study of Hindu Philosophy' (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). The title is formidable, but the lectures are easily overcome. They were delivered in Christiania, but in what language we are not told. They make good reading in English. Certainly the author is a Hindu. His dates and his estimates are Hindu. And his belief in his ancestors is Hindu. He says: 'European historians and antiquarians firmly believe that their ancestors were savages and that they are far more enlightened than their forefathers, but we in India believe exactly the opposite. We think that our ancestors were gods and Rishis, endowed with superhuman wisdom and holiness, and that we Indians of the present day are their unworthy descendants. The illusion of European historians consists in judging our history from a knowledge of their own past. I should like to remind them that the law which they deduce from a study of the history of Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire cannot be held to account for the civilisations of ancient Egypt, Greece, Persia, India, and China. In those countries civilisation, instead of developing, has degenerated, while in Europe civilisation has progressed from very unpromising beginnings. India looks back, while Europe looks forward to the Golden Age.'

A book comes handicapped with two introductions. When one of the introductions tells us that it is 'the most rational and intelligible presentation in general outline of Biblical Revelation, so far as it is as yet complete, that it has been our privilege to discover in extant literature'; and the other

begins with exclamations: 'A wonderful book; and timely too. The world's theological crisis calls, and has long called, for just such a work; comprehensive, detailed, and exact'—it is weighted indeed. The book has been written by Mr. William Pascoe Goard of Vancouver, B.C. Its title is *New Light on Old Paths and the Fifth Gospel* (Marshall Brothers). It is not nearly so wonderful as its introducers prophesy. Yet it is noteworthy. The author has no scholarship to speak of, but he has ideas. Some of them are familiar enough, but even into these he has thrust his own unmistakable originality. The book is a sort of running commentary on the Bible. To do it justice we shall quote a rather long passage. It begins a section called 'The Heraldry of Judah and Israel':

'The basis of the heraldry of Israel seems to have been the signs of the Zodiac.

'As that heraldry has developed it is necessary only to speak of three such signs, namely, The Man, The Lion, and The Bull.

'It was evidently intended that the Man should be the leading and royal sign of the tribes of Israel. This was the sign of the standard of Reuben.

'Reuben sacrificed his right to the leadership of the tribes of Israel by criminal action; such action as would in the days of Israel or in these days of British law, have subjected him to the death penalty. His sentence was the forfeiture of royalty for ever, and subordination as a tribe through all the ages that Israel shall endure.

'The Man as an emblem was a failure therefore.

'The Lion of Judah assumed the royal place. Evidently this honour came to Judah as a reward for having saved the life of Joseph when his brethren would have slain him.

'The Lion has always been Judah's standard, though now confined to the house of David, and has been the leading sign in the heraldry of Israel ever since.

'The Bull was the sign of the house of Joseph, which directly included the two tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh, and which attracted under its standard the other eight tribes of the ten-tribed house of Israel.

'The Golden Calf, set up by the Israelites at the foot of Sinai, was not a reversion to Egyptian idolatry, but was rather a deification of the symbol of the house of Joseph, if indeed it did not partake of the nature of ancestor worship, and constitute

the deification of Joseph by whom they were saved from the famine in Palestine, and by whom they were established in Egypt in the richest part thereof; and what more natural than they should say, by him they were now being delivered from Egypt. Or, as the form of expression seems to have been plural, "These be thy gods which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt," that deification may have been addressed to Ephraim and Manasseh, Joseph's sons, and the founders of the two tribes. These alone, it will be remembered, were of Egyptian birth, and, on their mother's side, of Egyptian parentage, although there is strong reason to doubt whether the priest of On, Joseph's father-in-law, was of the Egyptian race.

It is not easy even to mention Sir Oliver Lodge and his book *Raymond*. There is around it an atmosphere in which spirituality and even mental sanity have difficulty in drawing breath. Moreover, it is for the most part useless criticising it. Those who have read it and approve will remain unaffected by fact or argument. But if there are any who are wondering if they may read it, or, having read it, are wondering if they may give way to it, then before they go further let them read Dr. Charles A. Mercier's *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge* (Mental Culture Enterprise, 329 High Holborn).

For a satisfactory understanding of what is meant by the *Holy Communion and Reservation*, there is nothing better than a book with that title written by the Bishop of Norwich (Murray; 1s. 6d. net).

The volume of *The Sunday at Home* (R.T.S.) opens with an article on the King and Queen—well written and well illustrated. There are other illustrations of both. One of the King presenting the Victoria Cross to the mother of a fallen hero is a true portrait and a fine picture. We observe a larger conception of Christianity in the volume, a wider comprehension. The men at the front are clamouring to be included and are not cast out. With that there is a deeper sense of responsibility. The Cross is at once richer and fuller. And always the art agrees with the literature.

When a man fails in life, what is the cause of his failure? The authors of *Getting a Start* (Grant

Richards; 3s. 6d. net) put that question to a number of men who had succeeded. The answers were various. But the cause of causes was declared to be *laziness*. If N. C. Fowler and G. E. Whitehouse, who have written the book, had put the question to men who had failed, the answer might have been different. But they have taken that answer and made it the text of their book, which consists of many short chapters, each urging us to be up and doing something.

Mr. David Somervell has written *A Companion to Palgrave's Golden Treasury* (Grant Richards; 2s. 6d. net). He has not written it for the use of schools, but it ought to be used in schools. It is just as good for those to whom the *Golden Treasury* has been a long life's friend and comforter. This companion goes with us right through the book and tells us something about poem after poem as we go. The criticism is kindly though acute; the appreciation is veritable insight. Mr. Somervell makes good one serious shortcoming of the *Golden Treasury*. Blake appears not at all in the first edition, and gets only four little poems, not all of these among the best, in the last. Mr. Somervell gives us thirteen. In an Appendix he directs us to the formation of an ideal anthology for ourselves.

One volume of the 'Quiet Hour' series is called *Be of Good Cheer* (Simpkin; 1s. net). Its contents are selected by the same anonymous and well-read compilers, whose initials are J. E. and H. S. Here is one of the quotations: 'Every man and woman trying to be honest, pure and helpful in this world finds that the very highest work set before them is self-sacrifice. Very few of us have the chance of heroic self-devotion, but every day brings the petty, wearing sacrifice which weighs full weight in God's scales.—S. OSGOOD.'

Into the midst of the multitude who shout like Diana worshippers the collapse of Christianity, Mr. J. K. Mozley casts a book on *The Achievements of Christianity* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). There!—Christianity has at any rate done something. And Mr. Mozley is very careful. He has verified his facts. There is no possibility of transferring the credit elsewhere. He can estimate values also. The things that Christianity has done are things that were worth doing.

In *St. Paul to the Romans* (Student Christian Movement; 1s. 3d. net) the Rev. R. L. Pelly, M.A., C.F., Lecturer at Ridley Hall, Cambridge, offers a really helpful guide to the study of that great Epistle, a study which for young or old is so difficult.

No books are more difficult to write than Bibliographies. They demand wide knowledge, particular accuracy, and a good English style. And who is sufficient for all these things?

Lilian Stevenson is sufficient. *A Child's Bookshelf* (S.C.M.; 1s. 6d. net) is a great book. The style is chiefly in the Introduction; the accuracy and the knowledge are on every page. We could add to it—that is nothing—but we could not take away.

For the study of the Fourth Gospel—not its externals only but its very heart and meaning—read *The Fourth Gospel, its Significance and Environment*, by the Rev. R. H. Strachan, M.A., C.F. (S.C.M.; 3s. 6d. net). With astonishing deftness Mr. Strachan has woven together geography and exposition into a web of strength and of beauty. All questions of scholarship are touched, and by a scholar; all matters of faith are touched, and by a believer. You may take this volume as an illustration of the work being done by the Publication Committee of the Student Christian Movement, work that is triumphantly showing how both grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

Although Science will never again be the terror it was to our fathers, we of this generation may not be so foolish as to think that we have nothing now to fear from it. A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright; but a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Psychology—religious psychology—which explains the new birth and the consciousness of Jesus as due to emotional disturbance and masterful self-confidence is the half-lie which Miss Ruth Rouse and Dr. H. Crichton Miller have resolutely set themselves to fight. They accept the truth; they repudiate the lie. And they are not outdone either in knowledge or in courtesy by the scientific psychologist. Their book is to be read especially by those who are forming their opinions and deciding their lives. It is issued by the Student Christian Movement. Its title is *Christian Experience and Psychological Processes* (2s. 6d. net).

For the careful and paying study of St. Luke's Gospel (especially in a Study Circle) get *According to St. Luke*, by Hugh Martin (S.C.M.; 1s. net). Suppose the study is the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Here are the notes:

'THE THINGS WE OUGHT TO HAVE DONE.

xvi. 19-31.

'19. *Purple and fine linen*: i.e., the extreme of luxury.

'20. *Lazarus*: The only instance of the use of a name in a parable. It means "he whom God helps," which may be the reason of our Lord's use of it.

'21. *Dogs*. "The dogs in the East are not pets, but pests." The verse means that he was too weak even to drive these unwelcome visitors away.

'22. This parable must not be used as embodying our Lord's teaching about the details of the future life. The setting of the story is taken from contemporary Jewish ideas. *Abraham's bosom*: The Jews pictured Paradise as a feast. Lazarus is supposed to be reclining next to Abraham on his right in the place of honour.

"The rich man is not represented as an inhuman monster. His sin is that he did nothing. He is condemned not for being rich, but for the selfish abuse of his wealth, and his neglect of the opportunity to serve those who needed his help. The selfish use of privilege of any kind is fatal and brings bitter retribution in the future life. Death does not alter character, and character necessarily determines destiny. Are we indifferent to the crying social need of our day? It is no excuse to say, "I did not know."

A thoughtful writer is Mr. A. J. Jacobs, and he writes on the theme that will be most urgent of all when the war is over—how to prevent it from beginning again. His way is this. Inside every nation if an individual is attacked the other individuals defend him; for they know that if they are attacked he will defend them: and so the nation is held together. Let nations agree to act as individuals do. Let all the nations form an alliance for mutual protection. So stated the thesis seems childish; yet it is a man's well-considered and, we believe, workable solution of the problem. The book is called *Neutrality versus Justice* (Fisher Unwin; 1s. net).

One of the most amazing phenomena of our time is the discussion that has arisen about the mere historical existence of Jesus. Men wonder what sort of arguments are used by those who deny His existence. Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., is one who denies His existence. Undeterred by the way in which Dr. Conybeare lifted his last book and shook it, Mr. Robertson writes what he calls a restatement of the myth theory, and publishes it under the title of *The Jesus Problem* (Watts; 5s. net).

One of the arguments which Mr. Robertson relies upon for the non-existence of Jesus is the dispute as to the place of His sepulchre. He seems to think that that alone is sufficient to show that there never was a historical Jesus, all that there ever was being a sort of Divine Christ which the pious imagination of some women started about the beginning of our era. But we must let Mr. Robertson speak for himself: 'Colonel Conder, who accepts without misgiving all four gospel narratives, and attempts to combine them, avows that the "Garden Tomb" chosen by General Gordon, in the latterly selected Calvary, is

impossible, being probably a work of the twelfth century; and for his own part, while inclined to stand by the new Golgotha, avows that "we must still say of our Lord as was said of Moses, 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'" Placidly he concludes that "it is well that we should not know." But what does the biographical theory make of such a conclusion? Its fundamental assumption is that of Renan, that the personality of Jesus was so commanding as to make his disciples imagine his resurrection. In elaborate and contradictory detail we have the legends of that; and yet we find that all trace of knowledge alike of place of crucifixion and tomb had vanished from the Christian community which is alleged to have arisen immediately after his ascension. The theory collapses at a touch, here as at every point. There is no more a real Sepulchre of Jesus than there is a real Sepulchre of Mithra; and the bluster which offers the solution that at Jerusalem every one was buried in a rock tomb is a mere closing of the eyes to the monumental fact of the myth.'

The Religious Value of the Bible Story of Creation.

BY THE REV. C. RYDER SMITH, D.D., WOLVERHAMPTON.

PAUL has a great phrase, 'a purpose of God according to election.' Perhaps its easiest application is not to individuals but to nations. Three peoples of old time, small yet great, at once spring to the mind—Greece, Rome, Israel. God purposed to teach the world art through Greece. She had also a system of law and a particular kind of religion, but her greatness did not lie in these. So, as time ran on, they perished. They are of interest now only to the 'specialist.' But the art of Greece lives. Every art-school's models are plaster copies of the remnants of her statuary. It was here that she was to teach mankind eternal lessons. Rome, again, had an art and a religion, but in neither did she 'call the world to school.' Her greatness—that is, God's purpose in her—lay in law. The lawyers of to-day must every one of them study Roman law. This single city laid the great roads of the legal systems of the world. It is by this that she lives. Yet perhaps the wider word 'order' is better than 'law.' For it is not fanciful

to claim that the chief value of the study of Roman speech is to give the mind the habit of order. This too was the political legacy of the Roman Empire to the nations that supplanted it. Once more, Israel had an art and a system of law, but neither of these was to become universal. It was in religion that she was to be the world's teacher. 'Humanly speaking,' it is true that, just as Pheidias could not have been anything but a Greek, or Cæsar anything but a Roman, so Jesus could not have been anything but an Israelite. 'Salvation is of the Jews.' There is no need to trace the principle for other nations. The most obvious examples have been chosen purposely. It is not meant, of course, that all Greek law was awry, or that there was nothing true in Roman religion, or that Israelite art was simply ugly. Providence does not isolate gifts, but it does make one man or one nation pre-eminent in one gift, and another in a second. While men will find in the Bible, the Book of Israel, things as manifold as life, yet

they must seek there only one 'authoritative' thing—religion. And, of course, in a book whose parts come from many different centuries they must expect to find religion taught by evolution.

Men are ceasing to think that the Bible Story of Creation should have anticipated modern science. Israel was not chosen to teach mankind the exact knowledge of nature, and the science of the stately story is just the 'up-to-date' science of the epoch in which it was written. The writer simply set down the best he knew. But, while fewer and fewer readers dispute this now, they do not always go on to seek in the story that which it ought to teach—religion. To many readers indeed it does not seem to contain any distinctive religious teaching. This is because its discoveries have long since become commonplace. Yet no one denies the greatness of Columbus because the way to America is now so well known. Every traveller who crosses 'the herring-pond' is just treading in the Genoese's unobliterated footsteps. The religious truths of the First Chapter of Genesis are now the commonplaces of Christendom, but they were not the less discoveries once. Or, to change the figure, they are like the alphabet. Once upon a time it was the last product of genius; now it is the child's first lesson. Yet all learning still depends upon its mastery. The Bible Story of Creation contains the alphabet of true religion.

Three of its lessons are principal.

1. The first is that God can do anything. It does not say this—still less does it say anything so abstract as that God is omnipotent—but it gives the irresistible sense of it. The reader 'feels' that it is so. The lesson becomes at once apparent if the story be compared with other ancient cosmogonies. In the Indian account of the making of the world, for instance, the gods toil and moil at the hard task of creation. It is an agony of effort. Contrast the ease of the Hebrew story! And the impression of ease is won by a stroke of genius—superb because it is simple. What is so easy as speech? Genesis makes the world the consequence of the mere speech of God. The quiet iteration falls again and again, 'And God said . . . And it was so.' Jehovah tug at creation indeed! He easily does anything. This is one distinction of the God of Israel. The gods of other ancient peoples were not almighty, and a god who is less than almighty is too weak to live by. So they have perished, but He remaineth. And the truth

has not become useless because it is now commonplace. As well call daily bread useless! Rather, it is one of the truths essential to true life. In the drab days of peace men sometimes forgot what kind of a God they need. But war is a great remembrancer. Soldiers going into a battle know their helplessness. Who shall come back and how? They need a certain kind of God. Some of them, just before one of the fights of this war, turned to a chaplain and said, 'Padri, pray for us.' They remembered the alphabet of religion.

2. The second lesson has to do directly with the world, and indirectly with God. It is that everything that God has made is good. To describe the universe and to ignore 'the problem of evil' will seem to some sublime and to others impertinent, yet this is what the Bible Story of Creation does. And, spite all 'proof texts' to the contrary, the whole book of religion does treat sin as but an episode. At its beginning and end alike there is a 'heaven and an earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Evil does not partake of eternity as do God and His works. Nor meanwhile does it inhere either in Him or in them. Here again the contrast with other religions is startling. Those who dwell within Christendom, and who therefore never look another religion in the face, do not know how startling. But the teeming religions of the unphilosophic have all postulated sinful gods. How can there be redemption from sin then? Of popular Hindu religion, for instance, the Hindu who would be moral had better beware. Sinful gods perpetuate human sin. And, even where the more careful thought of the philosophic has expelled evil from the divine nature, the evil has usually reappeared in another way. It has been said that, while God is good, creation, or rather the 'matter' that underlies it, is bad. There is no need to trace the consequent Dualism or Pantheism and their ill issues. True life is not possible except upon the belief that, spite all appearances, God and the world that He has made are alike good. 'He saw that it was good.'

Upon these two beliefs—that God is omnipotent, and that all that He does is good—depend that fundamental tenet of the good life that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' A Hindu Christian stood the other day by the grave of his first-born son, dead in the dawn of true manhood. He was heard to murmur, 'There is a

great blessing in this for me.' Is any commonplace so necessary in the heart of war?

'Mid the maddening maze of things,
When tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed ground my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good!

3. It is customary to-day to formulate all things under three heads—God, self, the world. Has the Story of Creation anything to say about the second of these? In other words, has it any doctrine of man? Its tremendous doctrine is that man is like God! 'In the image of God made He him!' Here also a vivid contrast with Hinduism may be traced. Once the writer, trying to urge a Hindu servant to take care of himself when plague was rife, asked him, 'If you were to die in a day or two, what then?' The answer was ready, 'It wouldn't matter.' Only another bubble burst! The stagnation of India through the centuries is not a little due to the Hindu doctrine of the worthlessness of man. Why should the mere froth of time's useless sea struggle after progress? Yet, on the other hand, many a Christian treats the precious doctrine that 'man is made in the image of God' as though it were only theological lumber! In reality, the whole of Christianity depends upon it. Could God have become incarnate in a being quite unlike Himself? How grotesque the heathen stories of incarnations in animals are! Or, could the Spirit of God 'dwell in the heart' of a being altogether alien to His nature? More and more religion is coming to be defined as the fellowship of man with God. Fellowship is possible only

between those who are more or less alike. To-day man's distinctive mark is called personality. He shares this with God. Here is another letter in the alphabet of true religion. Perhaps the most helpful of its consequences is the worth of the individual for God, or, in Biblical phrase, the creed that every man is a son of God—even though he be a 'prodigal' son. For a father cares for his children, not in the mass, but one by one. There is a long series of names published now and again in to-day's papers—the Roll of the Fallen. Some clerk draws it up, no doubt. To him it must tend to become a mere list of names. But every name has broken some one's heart. Are they mere names to God? Has He nothing to say to the mourning mother? What He says is: 'I too loved him, for he was My child as well as yours—and I am caring for him still.' One of the marks of the Methodist Revival was that common men thought of themselves as people who severally had worth for God. Here is a verse of theirs that the timid hymn-books of their children omit:

Cease, my child, thy worth to weigh,
Give the needless contest o'er;
Mine thou art: while thus I say,
Yield thee up, and ask no more.
What thy estimate may be,
Only can by Him be told,
Who to ransom wretched thee,
Thee to gain, Himself was sold.

God can do anything; all that He does is good; I, weak and sinful I, am His child—these are the first lessons of religion.

In the Study.

Herodias and Salome.

AN ANCIENT LEAGUE OF HATE.

'It is not lawful for thee to have her.'—Matt. 14⁴.

'Give me here in a charger the head of John the Baptist.'—Matt. 14⁸.

HERODIAS was the daughter of Aristobulus and Bernice. Her father Aristobulus was a son of Herod by Mariamne, daughter of Hyrcanus. Her mother Bernice was the daughter of Salome, Herod's sister. According to Mk 6¹⁷, and probably Mt 14⁸, her first husband's name was Philip.

This Philip, half-brother of Herod Antipas, had succeeded to only a small share of his father's kingdom (the government of Trachonitis and Ituræa). His marriage with Herodias was an ill-assorted affair. He was more than double her age; one can therefore easily understand how there would at least be little or no pretence of love and affection between them.

Herod Antipas had also a strange marriage story. His father, Herod the Great, had been engaged in a long and troublesome war with a powerful border tribe, ruled over by an Arabian prince or Emir,

called Aretas. When at last it was brought to a close, it was an article in the conditions of peace that the princess of the Damascenes should marry one of his sons. Antipas was selected for the unhappy union. Being based upon political convenience, with no pretence of real affection, it was destined to be broken when a time of special strain came.

I.

Herodias.

1. Herodias was a passionate and imperious woman. She chafed at her husband Philip's ignoble descent; his mother was a Boëthusian, while hers was a Maccabean princess. But what galled her even more bitterly was her exclusion from all the magnificence and pomp of the regal courts. It was the practice of petty rulers in Herod's position to make frequent visits to Rome, where they danced attendance on the Court, waiting for any crumbs of imperial patronage which might come their way; and it was during one such visit to the Eternal City that Herodias formed an intrigue with Herod. It may be mentioned, as an indication of the disgusting state of morals which prevailed in the Herodian family, that both the husband whom this princess was quitting and the paramour whom she was following were her own uncles. Herod's intention was to divorce his lawful wife, when he reached home, and to marry Herodias; but, being informed beforehand of what was impending, his wife fled to her father, Aretas, king of Arabia.

Even the sickly public opinion of that day rose in indignation against this monstrous injustice. The whole of society in Judæa felt outraged when they knew that the wife was expelled from the palace, and that Herodias and her daughter Salome took her place within those walls. John the Baptist had an interview with Herod Antipas. Herod was probably attracted by the contrast between his own life and the stern simplicity of the Baptist. He was attracted to him by the strange moral magnetism that compels iniquity to have respect for honour, integrity, and goodness. And in that interview which the Baptist had with Antipas he presented the simplicity of his character, the divinity of his courage, and the unpurchasable integrity of his morals. Without the least approach to circumlocution, and aware that there was but one thought between them both, one of guilt and the

other of rebuke, he looked Herod full in the face to say, "It is not lawful for thee to have her."

Herod knew that that was the truth. Herodias also knew it. But truth, when it condemns us, scorches the heart, and the heart of Herodias blazed with such anger that, had she been able, she would have killed the preacher on the spot. Unable to commit murder in act, she 'nursed her wrath to keep it warm.' She had a grudge against John, and she kept it. Grudges when cultivated increase in size and vitality. She waited her opportunity, and it came. The devil never fails to supply opportunities for evil to those who patiently wait for them.

¶ It was rumoured that Queen Mary was about to marry the son of the King of Spain, of course a Catholic. On this report Knox had commented in the pulpit with such energy as to displease his own friends, and flatterers were not slow to carry his words to the Court. On his arrival there he found the Queen in a towering passion, which lasted throughout the entire interview; every attempt of his to explain himself being met with the question: 'But what have you to do with my marriage?' 'I have borne with you,' she exclaimed through her tears, 'in all your rigorous manner of speaking; yea, I have sought your favours by all possible means, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I vow to God, I shall be revenged.' He pleaded that he was not his own master in the pulpit, but had to utter what was given him. But the same angry rejoinder burst from her; and she added the contemptuous question: 'And what are you within this realm?' But it was now his turn to score; and he replied, 'A subject born within the same; and, albeit I be neither earl, lord nor baron, yet as God made me, how abject I ever be in your eyes, a profitable member thereof.'¹

2. In Herod one sees the depth of evil possible to a weak character. The singular parallel which he, Herodias, and John present to Ahab, Jezebel, and Elijah has been often noticed. In both cases a weak king is drawn in opposite directions by the stronger-willed temptress at his side, and by the stern ascetic from the desert. He was certainly not insensible to John's character, and his feebleness is seen in the fact that he both wanted to kill him (Mt 14⁵), and was afraid to do so (Mk 6²⁰). He even protected him against his wife's malignity.

¶ With weakness accepted and offered as an excuse for failure, Stevenson had little sympathy. 'Those who go to the devil in youth, with anything like a fair chance, were probably little worth saving from the first; they must have been feeble fellows—creatures made of putty and packthread, without steel or fire, anger or true joyfulness, in their composition; we may sympathize with their parents, but there is

¹ J. Stalker, *John Knox*, 74.

not much cause to go into mourning for themselves; for, to be quite honest, the weak brother is the worst of mankind.'¹

3. Herodias was not a woman to tolerate John the Baptist's reproof, and it was not long before she succeeded in silencing his voice: she dreaded the possibility of Herod's being stung by remorse under the vehemence of his remonstrance, and putting her away. She had an iron will sharpened to an edge by hatred, and knew her own mind, which was murder. Between them, the weaker nature was much perplexed, and, like a badly steered boat, yawed in its course, now yielding to the impulse from John, now to that from Herodias. Matthew attributes his hesitation as to killing John to his fear of the popular voice, which, no doubt, also operated. He had not strength of mind enough to hold to the one and despise the other of his discordant counsellors. He was evidently a sensual, luxurious, feeble-willed, easily frightened, superstitious and cunning despot; and, as is always the case, he was driven further in evil than he meant or wished.

¶ Herodias neither thought nor cared about after results. It is even so that the great master of the human heart depicts Lady Macbeth:

Art thou afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valour,

As thou art in desire?

One can fancy the words coming from the lips of Herodias to her husband. Macbeth might reason and reflect and hesitate, Lady Macbeth had thought for nothing but the getting rid of King Duncan. Herodias had thought for nothing but the getting rid of John the Baptist.

4. What a miserable destiny to be gibbeted for ever by half a dozen sentences! One deed, after which she no doubt 'wiped her mouth, and said, I have done no harm,' has won for Herodias an immortality of ignominy. Her portrait is drawn in few strokes, but they are enough.

John's remonstrance awoke no sense of shame in her, but only malignant and murderous hate. Once resolved, no failures made her swerve from her purpose. Hers was no passing fury, but cold-blooded, deliberate determination. Her iron will and unalterable persistence were accompanied by flexibility of resource. When one weapon failed, she drew another from a full quiver. And the means which were finally successful show not only her thorough knowledge of the weak man she had to deal with, but her readiness to stoop to any

degradation for herself and her child to carry her point. 'A thousand claims to' abhorrence 'meet in her, as mother, wife, and queen.'

¶ Yes, it was a real feeling of hatred—not of that hatred which finds pleasure in doing a person some harm, but of that hatred which inspires you with an irresistible loathing for a person who, otherwise, deserves your respect, which makes you loathe his hair, his neck, his gait, the sound of his voice, all his members and all his motions, and, at the same time, attracts you to him by some incomprehensible power, and compels you with restless attention to follow every minutest act of his.²

II.

Salome.

1. At last the opportunity came for which Herodias never ceased to watch. The king's divorce of his Arabian wife led to the proclamation of war. The desperate father, whose warlike spirit had made the great Herod quail—'the old desert lion, whose claws had been more than once felt in Sebaste and Sepphoris'—took up arms to avenge his outraged child, and the forces of the Tetrarch were being massed on the frontier. Before they crossed, Herod, taking the occasion of his birthday, entertained the chief captains and civil authorities to a great banquet in the castle of Machærus. Considering the object of the war, we can well imagine that the jealousy of the guilty queen would be excited to the highest pitch by the presence of officers of the army. To ingratiate herself and make her cause more popular with those who had undertaken to defend it, she persuaded her daughter, the beautiful Salome, to submit to an act of no little condescension for their gratification. She placed herself in the degraded position of the professional dancing-girls, whose office it was by immodest arts to please the tastes of a licentious court.

Many a shameless woman would have shrunk from sullyng a daughter's childhood, by sending her to play the part of a shameless dancing-girl before a crew of half-tipsy revellers, and from teaching her young lips to ask for murder. But Herodias sticks at nothing, and is as insensible to the duty of a mother as to that of a wife.

¶ Am I to call this woman mother? Because by nature's law she has authority over me, am I to be trampled on in this manner? Am I to be goaded with insult, loaded with obloquy, and suffer my feelings to be outraged on the most

¹ J. Kelman, *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, 213.

² Leo N. Tolstoy, *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, The Incur-sion*, 210.

trivial occasions? I owe her respect as a Son, but I renounce her as a Friend. What an example does she show me! I hope in God I shall never follow it.¹

2. Herod was in the mood to be delighted with a display of this kind, and, flushed with wine, his tongue spoke great things. In his saner moments he knew that he could not give away even a stone of his palace without the consent of his Roman masters; but in this state of maudlin generosity he offers to give Salome anything she likes to ask even to the half of his kingdom, confirming his promise with an oath.

¶ It is said that, when Sir Andrew Clark recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir A. Clark was a temperance doctor, to which Sir A. Clark replied, 'Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help.' 'Indeed,' said the patient, 'does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?' 'No! no!' said Sir Andrew, 'but when I've had a pint of champagne, I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not.'²

3. One Evangelist says that the girl was instructed beforehand what to ask, while another says that she went to consult her mother. No wonder, however, that, even if she had been instructed beforehand, she went to ask when she received such an offer. Half of a kingdom! What might she not have obtained—palaces, jewels, gorgeous apparel—all that a girl's heart could desire! But that stony face, congealed with hatred and fear, met her hesitation unmoved. 'Little fool, you know not what you ask: what would all these things be to you and me, unqueened and outcast, as we may be any day if John the Baptist lives?'

So she came back into the hall, and said, 'Give me here in a charger the head of John the Baptist.' She was still playing the saucy devil-may-care; and it is easy to imagine the roar of laughter and admiration with which the pretty wickedness of this request would be greeted by the tipsy revellers.

The awfulness of the request, its diabolical vindictiveness, its shameless cruelty, made an impression even upon Herod's wine-soaked brain.

For a moment the fate of John and that of Herodias hung in the balance. Would the manhood and the kinghood in Herod prevail? Would he say, 'No; I have been betrayed; no hand shall touch a hair of the head of the man whom I

am protecting'? Alas! it was the opposite half of Herod's self which came forth—the weak, cowardly side. He was swept away by the drunken shouts of his courtiers; he affected to believe that he felt scrupulous about his oath. Perhaps the strongest motive of all was dread of the bloodthirsty fury by whom the whole scene had been contrived.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.³

4. Salome had played her part well. But what a burden was that for the girl to receive and carry away in the charger! Doubtless she kept up her gay and frivolous mood as long as the eyes of others were upon her; but surely her heart quailed when she was out of the lighted hall and alone with the ghastly object. The eyes of that other face, however, did not quail, but flashed with the fire of hell, as they devoured the hated features.

¶ The girl's criminality largely depends upon her age, of which we have no knowledge. Perhaps she was too mere a child to understand the degradation of the dance, or the infamy of the request which her, we hope, innocent and panting lips were tutored to prefer. But, more probably, she was old enough to be her mother's fellow-conspirator, rather than her tool, and had learned only too well her lessons of impurity and cruelty. What chance had a young life in such a sty of filth? When the mother becomes the devil's deputy, what can the daughter grow up to be, but a worse edition of her? As she stands there, shameless and flushed, in that hideous banquetting-hall, with her grim gift dripping red blood on the golden platter, and wicked triumph gleaming in her dark eyes, she suggests grave questions as to parents' responsibility for children's sins, and is a living symbol of the degradation of art to the service of vice, and of the power of an evil soul to make hideous all the grace of budding womanhood.⁴

5. We need not dwell longer on the details of the revolting story. There have been several pictures of Salome with the head of John the Baptist exhibited in the *Salon* at Paris. Of what possible use are such representations? To what sort of taste do they minister? There was no picture of John looking with flashing eyes at the guilty monarch as he said, 'It is not lawful for thee to have her.' That is the scene which is worthy of remembrance: let it abide in the

¹ *The Confessions of Lord Byron*, 9.

² G. W. E. Russell, *Sir Wilfrid Lawson: A Memoir*, 141.

³ J. R. Lowell.

⁴ A. Maclaren.

memory and heart; let the tragic end serve only as a dark background to make the central figure luminous, 'a burning and a shining light.'

Far from the dreadful circle of good men
Who play at godliness, here will I wait
The Strong, the Pure, the Tameless, who shall come.
His feet shall be within the ceaseless stream
Which sets towards the Sea. He shall endure
Unresting change; yet to his steadfast eyes
Winged life shall mediate Eternity,
And on his ears shall fall
The solemn music of creative joy.
He shall discern the unreal from the real,
He shall strike fire from out the souls of men;
He shall emancipate all fettered loves
And bring to birth the hidden Sons of God
Of whom Creation travails until now.¹

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Christmas, 1917.

'FOLLOW THE GLEAM.'

'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.'—Matt. 2².

1. ONE Saturday afternoon a boy set out to go a message to a farm at some distance from home. His way led him through a wood. He had begun to learn about flowers, and he was learning with all his might, for he loved to hear his teacher explaining about them. But what was better, the lessons had opened his eyes to the beauty of the fields

¹ E. Underhill, *Theophanies*, 45.

and the woods. Well, on this particular afternoon when his mind was full of his favourite subject, a thought flashed through his mind. It was, 'God must be good who made all this.' The thought possessed him all that day; and it was still in his mind next morning. When he was quite an old man, and looked back over the years, many a time he said to himself, 'Oh! if I had only tried never to lose sight of God and His goodness, what a different life I would have had.'

I wonder if any of you have begun to read Tennyson's poetry. Some of you must at least know his 'May Queen,' but I do not suppose you have read a little poem called 'Merlin and the Gleam.' I am going to read part of two verses of it to you. This is the first one:

*I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow The Gleam.*

Now, listen to the very end of the poem

*Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.¹*

2. Your Christmas sermon is about three men who, long ago, followed The Gleam. They were very clever, and so learned that they are always spoken of as the Wise Men of the East. They lived in a country where the stars shine with a brightness of which we in this misty island have little conception. They kept continually looking up at the heavens; sometimes they felt comforted about things when they looked, and sometimes they read prophecies of the future. You see, they were not merely students of astronomy, they *worshipped* the stars; and they did this not because they thought of them as God, but because the stars spoke to them above everything else of His power, and wisdom, and goodness.

Gazing up into the heavens one night, they beheld a new and very bright star. Oh, how *very* bright it was! They called to each other, and together they talked and discussed it. They were sure this must be the star that was to appear about

¹ *The Works of Tennyson*, 830.

the time when the great King who was to rule over all the world was born. They knew the prophecy: 'There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.' When, therefore, they saw that the star shone in the direction of the land of Judæa, they could not doubt its meaning. Immediately their thoughts turned reverently to the King who was coming at last. They felt they must at once go and worship Him.

It was a long journey to undertake, but what did the length of the road matter to men who had seen the star? If sometimes they did lose sight of it, they never lost hope. When they arrived at Jerusalem they expected that even the beggar on the street would be able to tell them where the Babe was. But to their question, 'Where is the new King that is born?' the answer came, 'What King? We don't know of any King.' And, looking up as they wandered about in the great city, they could not even get a glimpse of the star. But if they did not feel as hopeful as before, something better took possession of them; it was faith. They felt sure that God would lead them to the right place at last.

Will the wind blow out the stars to-night?
Dread is the cruel storm fiend's might.

On the darkened road as I vainly grope
I long for the cheery Star of Hope.

But I know up yonder free from scathe
Burneth the steady Star of Faith.

The clouds will lift and the winds will cease,
We shall welcome the gentle Star of Peace.

3. King Herod's interest was aroused when he heard that a new King was expected. He did not like the idea at all, so he called the learned Jews together, and asked them where Christ the Messiah should appear. They knew from the sacred books of the prophets that the honour of His birth was promised to the little village of Bethlehem. Herod then sent for the wise men and asked them all sorts of questions. The men had always the same story to tell. They had, they said, come to worship Him who was to be born King of the Jews. Herod then told them to let him know as soon as they succeeded in finding the Babe, as he also wanted to worship Him. But we know that Herod's real intention was one of murder instead of worship.

As soon as the men heard that the birthplace of the King was to be Bethlehem, off they went. As soon as they got outside of Jerusalem, strange to say, the star appeared again; and they felt so glad when they saw it move on towards the little village. At last it stood over the very house where Mary and Joseph were staying. There was a very humble lodging — only a stable. But in that stable the wise men found a little Baby, and that little Baby was your Saviour and mine. Don't you think it is a beautiful story? The wise men 'followed the Gleam,' and now at Christmas-time all the world feels glad because they did so.

The star rises for you every day. 'God is good; He has given me everything that makes me happy.' That thought comes to you sometimes. It is the Gleam. Don't lose sight of it. Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress* tells us of a man who was very unhappy because of sin. An Evangelist gave him a parchment roll and there was written within it, 'Flee from the wrath to come.'

'The man therefore read it, and looking upon *Evangelist* very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said *Evangelist*, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder *Wicket-gate*? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said *Evangelist*, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the Gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.'

These are simple words, boys and girls. If you keep the shining light in your eye, and pray to your Father in heaven for His help, one day you will, like the Wise Men of the East, thank God for the Star of Bethlehem.

II.

God's Gifts and Ours.

'All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.'—1 Chron. 29¹⁴.

This is a verse of a hymn that was sung at a gift service about a thousand years before Jesus came to earth.

King David had gathered together all the princes and rulers and great men of the kingdom to ask them for offerings to build a House for God. He himself had given very generously, and when he asked for gifts from the people they brought such splendid presents of gold, and silver, and

brass, and iron, and precious stones that the king's heart was overflowing with thankfulness. Now you know that when David was very glad, or very sorry, or very sad, he made a song about it. And so, on this occasion, he sang a hymn of thanksgiving to God for all His good gifts. And while he was singing he felt that he couldn't give God anything that God hadn't given him already. Riches, and honour, and strength, and the power to give, all came from God, and he could only give Him back His own.

1. Now you have brought God presents to-day, presents that are going to make some of His less fortunate children happy. And those are presents that God loves very much, the presents that will give joy to somebody who is sick, or poor, or lonely, or sad. But I want you to remember that you wouldn't have had these presents to give, that you wouldn't have had anything at all, if God hadn't first given it to you.

God is constantly giving us presents. He gives us life, He gives us health, He gives us home, He gives us parents and brothers and sisters and friends. He has given us this beautiful world to live in and the beautiful things in it. He gives us food to eat, and sleep to refresh us. He gives us books to make us wise, and toys to make us glad. He gives us good desires, and kind thoughts, and noble ambitions. Best of all He has given His own Son to live for us and to die for us. So we cannot give God anything that He hasn't given us already.

2. But don't run away with the idea that God thinks any the less of our gifts because we give Him back His own. I wonder how many of you get a Saturday penny. Well, suppose you didn't spend that penny on sweets, and suppose you added a few more Saturday pennies to it and bought your father a present, do you think he would value the present less because he had given you the pennies first of all? You know that that is absurd. You know that he would treasure that present far above many grander ones, because he would think of the love and the self-denial that it stood for.

God is far more loving, far more understanding, than any earthly father, and He loves to have our little gifts.

Some years ago a minister was getting married, and the members of his congregation had subscribed a big sum of money to give him a handsome present. The day before he went away a little

child in the congregation came up to him and shyly pressed a sticky penny into his hands with the words, 'That's your present from me. It's my two-Saturday's money!' The minister thought more of that penny than of all his grand gifts. He wouldn't part with it for a golden sovereign. I think God feels like that about our gifts.

Perhaps it cost you something to bring your present. You had to renounce some little pleasure to buy it, or you gave one of your own treasures. Well, God saw all that, and He loves the gift all the more for it.

Or perhaps you spent long hours making something. God saw all the love that went into your bit of work. He knew how often you pricked your finger, how often you gave up playing to toil at it. He saw the tear you bravely brushed away when everything went wrong. Yes, He saw it all, for God is never too busy to notice the things we call small.

3. God makes us free to do as we will with His gifts, and some people keep all God's gifts to themselves. Don't be one of these shabby people. You know if somebody has been very kind to you, you feel you would like to do something for them, and that is the right feeling. Well, God has done much more for us than the kindest and most loving of friends. Did you ever think about what you could do for Him?

You have brought presents to-day and that is good, but there are other gifts God has given you. How are you using them?

Sometimes you hear people talking about their friends, and they say, 'So-and-so has a gift for painting,' or 'a gift for music,' or 'a gift for writing.' Now if you have a gift of that kind it is a great responsibility, because it is a power to make the world either better or worse, and whether you make the world better or worse depends on the way you use your gift. Well, if any of you have a gift of that kind, remember it is a glorious opportunity, and resolve to use your gift in the service of all that is pure, and noble, and kind.

But most of us are just very plain, very ordinary, very commonplace people, and we are never likely to make a stir in the world. And yet I think we have all a gift of some kind. Perhaps it is a gift for plodding work, perhaps it is a gift for running errands, perhaps it is a gift for dusting a room or cooking a dinner, perhaps it is a gift for being kind, perhaps it is just a gift for cheering somebody

with our smile. I don't know what your special gift is, but I know you have one. And I know this too. If you are using that gift to help somebody else, then you are serving God, you are giving God back His own.

There is one gift we all have, and God wants it above all other gifts. It is the gift of our heart. Perhaps you think it isn't much worth, but God sets tremendous value on it. He prizes it above all other gifts you can bring. Will you give God back this gift? It is His by right, and He gave His own Son to win it. Will you give Him back His gift, or will you keep it to yourself?

III.

A New Year's Chat.

Mr. George Bedborough has written, and Mr. J. P. Munro has illustrated, a series of addresses or papers which teachers may deliver or parents read to their children. They are nearly all about animals, and they are nearly all new. But the one we shall quote is neither. Its title is 'A New Year's Chat: With a Story at the End.' The title of the book is *Not Only Men* (Letchworth: Garden City Press; 3s. 6d. net).

'The world is bright even in this winter light, for the sun shines, and birds sing, and there is hope in every heart. We know that there must be an end of the cold, the frost, the snow, and the fog. We are sure that soon the warm rains will come again, the lambs will be born, the sun will get strong, the trees will look green, and we shall be at play in the old fields. This is a happy world; let us be glad we live in it. If we not only live, but we are young and well also, we need not dream of any higher condition for ourselves, for our earthly life has nothing better in store for us than this.

'Why, then, must we think of things which are evil when all that is seems so good? The loveliest sky has clouds in it. The sunshine is itself the cause of shadows. There is not only the soul of good in evil things, there is also a hint of evil in the good things of life. It may be that a rose without a thorn would be less beautiful. Perhaps darkness helps us to enjoy light all the more. Who knows what end may be served by all that is ugly, horrid, and cruel in life? My answer to all these questions is that the youngest of my readers knows as well as that great man the Editor all that can be known about it.

'The fact that we do not know these things must not make us think they do not concern us, or that we have nothing to do in this world except to enjoy the sunshine and to forget that there are shadows. This might be possible if all the men and women, all the boys and girls, and all the animals and birds and fishes had an equal share of the bright sunshine and of the dark shadows of life.

'It so happens, we know not why, some of us have all the sun and others have, or seem to have, nothing in their lives except dark clouds.

'We all know how in many homes in Europe to-day somebody is weeping for dear dead loved ones. We see in our streets already many cripples, but this is only a small sample of what is in store in the days to come. Those of us who are too old or too young to fight, or of the sex which suffers in a hundred other ways, we have a duty which should be a work of love and an aim in our lives. We have to help in the great work of brightening the world again and of making men and women happy.

'The best way to be useful in life is not to waste time in wondering how evil things came into the world, but to make up our minds to fight these evils. We may not win, in the sense of utterly destroying all evil—none but a very foolish fellow will ever think he can do that. The best of having the aim of fighting evil is that we shall succeed in destroying *some* of the evil. This will be a real and lasting gain to us all. If all the human race had the same aim, there is no end to the good which we might do; but it is no use waiting for others; we must do all we can do, in the hope that we shall not be alone.

'Although I do not know why there is so much apparent evil in the best of things, I think I see one reason why there is something good in the worst of things. Surely the reason for this is to keep us all from becoming prigs. We have to fight evil—that is most needful; but if we bear in mind the whole time that in the midst of evil, somewhere, somehow, there is something good which has got to be found and saved while we destroy the evil around it, we shall then begin to learn something as well as do something.

'As this is a New Year's Talk, I am bound to tell you that the right place to begin your desire to take away the evil, is at home. Not your brothers and your sisters, still less your father and

your mother, but 'at home' in a nearer sense, namely, yourself. 'Look after number one' mostly means 'Be selfish,' but I mean it in the sense of looking at your own faults before you look at those of others. Even in that case I want you to remember that there is a good side to your own faults, and that if you seek for it and make up your mind that you are going to destroy only what is evil, you will find it wiser, more promising and much more useful than feeling sore and despairing over yourself. Never despair of anybody, least of all yourself.

'There once was a King who loved music more than any other art. He had brought to his Court the greatest singers and the greatest players on all sorts of instruments. After every concert he loved to chat with the artists whose music he had enjoyed. There was one player, the most nearly perfect of all he had ever heard. This player played the King's best-loved music, but he also played many things which he himself composed while at the piano. These were strange songs, and not all of them pleased the King. Knowing how excellent was the great artist's tastes, the King asked if he could explain why all his music did not equally appeal to the King's ear. The musician said, "There are three chords in my music you do not yet love, but you will love them some day."

'A year later the King married, and to his astonishment the next time the artist played to him there were no longer three, but only two of the songs which he did not favour. "Why," he said, "that is one of the loveliest tunes I ever heard in my life, I only wish I could enjoy the other two as well." "Only wait," said the musician.

'The King waited. The years passed. A son was born, and then a daughter. At first the King was too busy to entertain his old friend, who lived far away, and visited the Court but rarely. When he did come, and played his finest songs, the King was enraptured. With the exception of a single song there was no music the artist played which the King did not love. "I see," he said, "your prediction is coming true. Some day I suppose the one remaining harshness will turn to harmony." The artist smiled, and said but one word, "Wait."

'Years rolled by and the King was old. He had fought in many wars, he had gained great fame, but he had never forgotten his artist friend. Often he asked him to play all his songs, especially the

one which always sounded harsh in his ears. Its tones did not change with the years, and the King sighed. He did not want to die until he had tasted the full beauty of this concealed treasure-song.

'His good Queen died, and the harmony which had held back so long began to creep into his soul. His son and daughter died, and as he wept he thought he heard a few notes more of the song he now more than ever wished to hear. Great suffering came to him, his realm was torn asunder by war, and the King was nearing his end. His physician asked him if he had any great desire to accomplish before he died. "I have two," said the King. "I wish my realm to be at peace, and I long to hear a song I never yet have loved."

'The King's desire for peace came as he lay dying . . . and through the open window he caught the strains of a new harmony, the most glorious music mortal ever heard. It was as if the notes of music which had made all the warring discords of the world had suddenly found their right place in a perfect harmony of rapturous sound. It had the glories of war without its reality, its poetry but not its horror, its power but not its guilt. The King died satisfied; his end indeed was peace.'

Point and Illustration.

Hame.

The Invisible Guide (Headley; 3s. 6d. net) is Mr. C. Lewis Hind's latest book of irreproachable essays. They are of the war. They gather round one reticent and heroic lad who died, and yet lived. There is much revelation of human nature. One day the author travelled to Scotland with some Australian soldiers. One of them came off at Stirling, and the author came with him.

'There may be finer sights in the world than the view from the ramparts of Stirling Castle—"the key of the highlands." But that's the sight for me. Here, in life-giving air, history, romance, and the wonder of Nature are fused. Here is infinity. And there was my friend, the close-cropped Australian soldier, swinging towards me through the Douglas Garden.

'His eyes swept round the tremendous landscape, his throat contracted; the muscles worked vigorously. His arm shot out, the brown index finger rigid—"There's hame!" he murmured.

He turned away and ascended the steps of the Douglas Room. Reverently he knelt down before the communion-table used in the Castle by John Knox.

'I walked to the open doorway.

'When he rejoined me he said, "You understand? I promised Dad."

'I understood.'

'I hate the Bible.'

Mr. Edwin Pugh, the novelist, has resolved to write his autobiography, and to publish it in volumes. He has published the first volume, which contains the record of his life to the age of twelve, under the title of *The Eyes of a Child* (Chapman & Hall; 6s. net).

Mr. Pugh does not send forth his biography under his own name. He calls himself Tobias Morgan. That is to give him reasonable space for his imagination to stretch itself in. If in your literalness you were to challenge any date or deed, he could point you to the hero's name. Tobias Morgan is, however, just the little precocious and wildly imagining boy Edwin Pugh was, and whose joys and sorrows are set down candidly. Not his sins. We take it that he kept his youth fairly if not fully clean from at least the meaner and uglier sins, though some sins of violence are confessed.

He was brought up in a London suburb, in one of its lower streets; a street, however, with a consciousness that there was a lower street round the corner. Nowhere in the social scale could class be more distinct from class. His education was mismanaged. But he loved books.

How he loved books! And of all the books he loved he loved the Bible most dearly—loved it most, he says, and hated it most. He speaks candidly about the Bible, as about himself.

'I have read many thousands of books. A goodly few of them have profoundly impressed and strongly influenced me. But none of them has so impressed or influenced me as the Bible has. None of them has wielded a tithe of the power over me that the Bible has wielded. The whole sum of their combined effect upon my mind and character does not equal the effect of the Bible. The Bible was the first book read to me, it was the first book I read; I have read it it diligently all my life. I was reading it yesterday

and this morning. I have a copy of the Bible open before me as I write. Between almost each sentence of this chapter I refer to the Bible. I love the Bible. I hate the Bible. The Bible alone among books has still the power to move me to every good and evil impulse in the gamut of human emotion. Its wonderful stories, the beauty of its poetry, its wide and deep philosophy, its inimitable wit and its incomparable worldly wisdom: all these and all its other attributes of great literature still have for me their ancient charm, their up-to-date appeal. No other book, written either before or since the earliest parts of the Bible were written, interests me, engrosses me, absorbs me, as the Bible does. In no other book can I so completely lose myself. In no other book can I so completely submerge the man I am in the child I was. In no other book am I so completely revealed to myself as the man I am and the child I was. All my thoughts and feelings, all my doubts and fears, my hopes and aspirations, are inextricably bound up with the teachings of the Bible. And because it thrills me with delight, because it nauseates and disgusts me, because it inspires me to the highest endeavour and the most devout self-abnegation, because it darkens my soul with horror and loathing, urges me to angry protest, drives me to despair, uplifts me and torments me, moulds me into the likeness of the great I Am, and would speed me on to madness and destruction as the devils that Christ cast out of the men possessed sped the Gadarene swine: because it can do all this and more unto me, because it has played so large a part in my spiritual and mental development, I cannot away with the Bible, I cannot ignore or forget it, I cannot render any true account of myself without taking it into first consideration.'

The Descent.

From the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge comes a fine attractive volume on *The Meaning of the Creed* (6s. net). It contains fourteen articles by fourteen men, edited by the Rev. G. K. A. Bell, M.A.

The men are scholars, every one, and the book is all alive. It is written, moreover, with a sense of that demand which Englishmen always make—an idiomatic English style. We shall be believed when we say that Canon Scott Holland is one of

the writers, and the rest are fit to be read along with him.

Another of the writers is the Rev. J. K. Mozley, Dean of Pembroke College, Cambridge. We shall rest content for the present with quoting what Mr. Mozley says on the Descent into Hades: 'There is but little space to speak of the following words: "He descended into hell." They are words of great comfort: when we think of the dead whom we love so well we ask: "What can we know of that strange country to which they have passed?" And we answer: "It is a country where Christ has been." There is a beautiful hymn by Archbishop Maclagan which imagines for us the joy among the spirits of holy men of old when our Lord came among them. It is not mere imagination; there is the promise to the dying thief, there is St. Peter's statement that "the gospel was preached also to them that are dead," and we may mention an old tradition which Bishop Irenæus of Lyons, who wrote at the end of the second century A.D., received from a presbyter who had listened to disciples of the Apostles, that Christ, when He descended into Hades, proclaimed there His advent, meaning, doubtless, His incarnation. And so Dr. H. B. Swete has pointed out that it was the privilege of the Church of Aquileia in North Italy, in whose Creed the words first stood, "to hand down to a remote age . . . an apostolic belief which affirms that the Incarnate Son consecrated by His presence the condition of departed souls."'

The Significance of the Hat.

The eccentricities of the Schoolmaster are an unending well of amusement. And of course we look to Ireland for the most eccentric. 'The principal of this particular school of Banbridge, Mr. Andrew Mullan by name, was by way of being a character, and had his own ideas of how to run a school. He had a wholesome belief in the ancient dictum that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, and so his first act on the opening of school was to lay upon the desk, with solemn deliberation, his symbols of authority, namely, a ruler and a cane, and with these ominous instruments ready to hand the work of the day was duly begun. Like most gentlemen of his profession, Mr. Andrew Mullan was of somewhat uncertain temper, and scholars anxious to read the atmospheric conditions likely to rule during the day, were given an unending

chart to aid them. This, strange to say, was found in the particular kind of hat which he wore. A soft felt hat signified normal, and was received by the scholars with smiles and inner congratulations. If he appeared in a silk hat—easily ruffled—they knew he was riding the high horse, and that at any moment a storm might develop, so a more sober spirit had to be adopted. But if Mr. Andrew Mullan appeared in a red cap, symbol of the executioner, then with blanched cheeks and heavy hearts the scholars looked forward to the issues of the day, knowing all too well that summary castigations were in store for them.'

Mr. Mullan was one of the schoolmasters of John Brown Meharry, who was born at Ballymena, County Antrim, in 1845. He became known as a popular preacher, first in Armagh, then (crossing the channel) in Newcastle, and last of all in London, and died a year or two ago, a doctor of divinity, not only a popular preacher but a greatly beloved pastor. The short biography which the Rev. James Burns prefixes to the volume of sermons now published and entitled *The Rev. J. B. Meharry, D.D.: Sermons* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net) is an accomplishment in the writing of vivid appreciation, and it raises some questions. Should the pastor be also a politician? Should he ever be a social worker? Dr. Meharry owed his success to the determination to be neither.

The sermons are the sermons, not of a popular preacher, but of a victorious son of God.

A Crusader of France.

France has been the wonder. And the reason can be given. It has been the discovery of religion, the discovery of God. How anxious our own padres are to tell of men and officers, this one and that, manifesting some least symptom of piety: the French padre has no occasion to rack his memory.

Yet even in the French armies there can be but few officers like Captain Ferdinand Belmont, whose letters home have been translated and issued under the title of *A Crusader of France* (Melrose; 5s. net). What a home to come out of. Catholic? Protestant?—who can tell? But so simply Christian. This son, the eldest of three, who all fell, was only four-and-twenty; yet he writes home for prayer to keep him *from the moral risk of too much comfort*.

'For the two months,' he says, 'we have been waging this trench warfare, we have never lacked what is necessary, or at least indispensable; but have we not insensibly lost in warlike value and in disinterestedness? For there is no doubt about it, sacrifice and suffering are the true school of character. Comfort, when one accepts it, is a danger—a redoubtable enemy against which one must be on one's guard.' And I am sure that in these times I have still far too much leisure and comfort. Beware of the terrible danger of egoism and effeminacy. Consequently I count at all times on your prayers; there is no other source from which to draw the grace to do one's duty.'

For such a man these are the only perils of the present; the future has none. The Preface which M. Henry Bordeaux contributes, opens with this: 'A peasant of Savoy heard of the death of the second of his sons, killed in the Vosges, as he was setting forth to the fields for the autumn ploughing. The oxen were yoked in front of the house. The postman handed him the letter bearing the heading of the Prefecture. He went into the house to fetch his spectacles, read in the presence of his wife, who, anxious, had followed him, and in that of the neighbours, who already knew the news, and then, handing the paper to the companion of his life of labour, said simply:

"God found them ready."

'He added slowly:

"My poor wife! . . ."

'And he went off to his ploughing.'

The Faith of a Farmer.

There is a story of a famous minister who arrived in Perth and found that his shoes needed mending. The resident minister recommended him to 'a very godly man.' 'It is not a godly man I want, it is a good shoemaker.'

Can we not have both? Mr. William Dannatt was a successful farmer in Essex. He was so successful and representative that 'he was called as a witness before the Committee on National Wheat Stores that sat in 1897, and led to the Royal Commission of 1905 on the Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War. Mr. Dannatt's experience was unique and invaluable.'

But he was also a man of God. The diary which he kept in his later years has been pub-

lished, or at least selections from it. Here is one entry: 'How well the influence of the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit of God, is expressed in the words of that beautiful hymn;

"Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell!"

'Yes, I think it hardly possible to use better words, more true, comprehensive, or more concise, than those of this hymn. It has been my favourite hymn for a long time; but we very seldom have it in church now. What can be better than the words:

"He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone?"

'What, I say again, can express better than these three verses the blessed gift of the Comforter, given to us by Christ our Lord? They seem to breathe a peace, a quietness, a purity, the very essence of our Blessed Redeemer Himself. The word "humble" is so appropriate; it is the one and only suitable word. The humble heart is indeed acceptable to God above everything else. And then the concluding verse, just a short outpouring of the spirit for this most blessed Gift, a perfect prayer to God:

"Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee."

That is very simple. There are more profound things in the diary. But to how many farmers is the Holy Spirit so intense a reality? The title of the book is *The Faith of a Farmer* (Murray; 5s. net).

Was our Lord mistaken?

BY THE REV. W. E. P. COTTER, M.A., EDINBURGH.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for October contains an article by Canon Winterbotham with the title 'Was, then, our Lord mistaken?' It is based on our Lord's reply to the high priest's question in Mt 26⁶⁸: 'And the high priest said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter (*ἀπ' ἄρτι*) shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' Canon Winterbotham's argument is briefly this. The words *ἀπ' ἄρτι* (for which St. Luke has *ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν*) can mean only the near future, and the use of the phrase in His reply shows that our Lord believed He would return soon, in the lifetime of some at least of those present; and as He did not return in a few years, nor has yet returned though more than nineteen hundred years have passed, our Lord was mistaken about the time of the Second Advent.

Now it is true that *ἀπ' ἄρτι* does mean the near future. The A.V. translates by 'hereafter'; the R.V. by 'henceforth.' Archdeacon Allen (*St. Matt.*, 284) also translates by 'henceforth,' but adds in a note, *ἀπ' ἄρτι* is probably used here in the sense of 'hereafter' with the implication of 'soon.' Dr. Plummer (*St. Matt.*, 379) writes: 'One expects "hereafter" rather than "henceforth," but the latter seems to mean that their condemnation led to His glory: there was not merely sequence, but consequence.' This may be true, but it scarcely touches the point emphasized by Canon Winterbotham, that *ἀπ' ἄρτι* can mean only the near future. And if our Lord did use the words, or their Aramaic equivalent (for the conversation between Him and the high priest was probably in Aramaic, and not in Greek), then it would seem that Canon Winterbotham is right in holding that our Lord meant, and intended those present to understand, that He would return in a few years, and that therefore He was mistaken about the time of His Second Advent. But before we accept that conclusion there are two points to be considered. (1) Did our Lord use the words *ἀπ' ἄρτι* in His reply? And (2) if not, was not His reply

an assertion of His Messiahship rather than a prophecy of His Second Advent.

1. St. Mark has neither *ἀπ' ἄρτι* nor *ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν*. In St. Mark our Lord's reply runs thus: 'And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven.' Now the fact that the words *ἀπ' ἄρτι* are not found in St. Mark makes it at least doubtful whether they are a part of our Lord's reply. St. Mark's authority for our Lord's reply must have been St. Peter, or possibly St. John, and if our Lord used the words, or their Aramaic equivalent, is it likely that St. Peter should have failed to report them, and St. Mark to insert them? St. Mark is nearer the source than either St. Matthew or St. Luke. His account of the trial depends on an eye-witness, and his version of our Lord's reply is therefore likely to be more accurate than that of St. Matthew and St. Luke.

2. Our Lord's reply is practically a quotation from Dn 7¹³. And as His reply is a quotation, it need not mean that He would return in a few years, or literally ever return 'with the clouds.' May not the reply be rather an emphatic assertion of His Messiahship than a prophecy? He had been solemnly asked by the high priest, if He was the Messiah. Now the words in Dn 7¹³ were regarded by the Jews as Messianic, and as Swete says (*St. Mark*, 359): 'To claim that they were fulfilled in Himself was equivalent to an assertion of His Messiahship.' I believe, therefore, that our Lord used the words of Dn 7¹³ merely to assert emphatically, and in a way which the high priest and those present could not fail to understand, that He was the Messiah, without intending that the words should have a prophetic reference to a Second Advent.

There are examples of our Lord's use of the Old Testament, and the language and belief of the time and country in which He lived, in order to enforce and illustrate His meaning, e.g. His reference to Jonah in Mt 12⁴⁰, and to the Jewish belief that 'dry places' were the abode of evil spirits. It is not necessary to believe that, in illustrating His argument by a reference to Jonah and the whale, He accepted that narrative as literally true, or that

He believed 'dry places' were the special abode of evil spirits when He said they were, in the well-known parable. So here in His reply to the high priest, He applied to Himself the words of Dn 7¹³, because by so applying them He was able to state, in a way which His hearers could not mistake, that He was the Messiah. And to hold that because our Lord said here that He would 'come with the clouds' He believed He would so return, and we must believe it too, is to forget that the words of our Lord's reply are not His own, but a quotation; it is to overlook the context in which they occur—that they are a reply to a question as to His Messiahship, not as to His Second Advent: it is to read our Lord's reply with Western literalism, which is certain to lead us astray in the study of the New Testament, an Oriental book, as well as in the study of the Old Testament.

If this view of our Lord's reply to the high priest is correct, it was not a prophecy but an emphatic assertion of His Messiahship, and if St. Mark's version of His reply, which omits the words $\alpha\pi' \alpha\pi\tau\iota$, is the true version, how, then, is it that the words are found in St. Matthew? Their presence in St. Matthew is most probably due to the fact that the writer or editor of St. Matthew's Gospel expected our Lord to return in His own lifetime. We know that our Lord's return within a few years was expected. It was a belief which lived on even when it appeared to be contradicted by the event (2 P 2⁹). Canon Winterbotham cautions us against this mode of explanation, and against 'throwing the blame upon' the Evangelist. But if we are to understand a writer we must remember

the mental atmosphere in which he wrote, for he is certain to be influenced by it. While the fact that the belief in our Lord's return in the near future persisted, though He did not so return, is sufficient answer to the argument that, if $\alpha\pi' \alpha\pi\tau\iota$ were not a genuine part of our Lord's reply, it would not be found in St. Matthew as the event had proved it untrue. This argument, on which Canon Winterbotham lays stress, may be used in support of St. Mark's version of our Lord's reply: for had the words $\alpha\pi' \alpha\pi\tau\iota$ been a part of our Lord's reply, then the strength and prevalence of the belief in His return in the near future would have prevented their omission in St. Mark. Nor is it true to say that to reject the words as no part of our Lord's reply is to doubt 'the substantial truth of the Gospels.' It is merely to question their accuracy in a matter of detail. There are additions in St. Matthew which are not generally accepted, e.g. the well-known addition in 5³². And must we accept as literally true one of St. Matthew's additions to the narrative of the Crucifixion—the strange story of the resurrection of the Saints, and their appearance in Jerusalem? We may thoroughly believe in the substantial truth of the Gospels, and yet believe that they contain inaccuracies in matters of detail. In conclusion we may say that if the view of our Lord's reply mentioned above is correct, if it was not a prophecy, but a statement of His Messiahship, it frees us from the belief that the Second Advent will consist in the literal coming of our Lord 'with the clouds,' a view of the Second Advent which raises grave, or rather insuperable, difficulties.

The Archaeology of the Book of Genesis.

BY THE REV. A. H. SAYCE, D.D., LL.D., D.LITT., PROFESSOR OF ASSYRIOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Chapter x.

16–17. The tribal list (from 'Jebusite' to 'Hivite') breaks the connexion, which requires a continuation of the list of Canaanite states. But it is an appendix to 'Heth' derived from the lists in Gn 15^{20, 21}, Jos 24¹¹, etc., and may therefore have been originally a marginal note. The Jebusites were the inhabitants of Jerusalem at the

time of the Israelitish occupation (Jos 15⁶³, Jg 19¹⁰, 2 S 5⁶, Nu 13²⁹), who would seem to have been a mixture of Hittites and Amorites (Ezk 16⁸). The king of Uru-Salim, or Jerusalem, in the time of the Tel el-Amarna correspondence, was Ebed-Kheba, 'the servant of Kheba,' and since Kheba was a Hittite deity, while Ebed-Kheba's body-

guard consisted of Hittites from Kas,¹ we may conclude that he was one of those Hittite condottieri who established principalities for themselves in Canaan. Indeed, Professor Hommel suggests that 'the mighty king' to whom Ebed-Kheba says he owed his position was the Hittite king who has this title applied to him in one of the Tel el-Amarna letters. 'Uriah the Hittite' would have been a representative of the older population.

The Amorites of the Tel el-Amarna tablets had their seat from Mount Hermon northwards. Their princes Ebed-Asherah and his son Aziru profess to be faithful subjects of the Pharaoh, whose cities, however, they are accused of sacking in secret alliance with the Hittites. The Boghaz Keui tablets show that these accusations were well founded, and that eventually Aziru threw off all disguise and became a Hittite vassal like his successors who were appointed to their office as 'kings of the Amorites' by their Hittite overlord. The Hittite tablets further show that the Amorite rule extended southward on the eastern side of the Jordan. In the third millennium B.C. the Amorites had been so exclusively the dominant people in Syria and Canaan as to cause this part of the world to be known to the Babylonians as 'the land of the Amorites.' To the Babylonians, in fact, the Amurrû or Amorites represented the Western Semites; trading colonies of them were established in Babylonia, and the dynasty to which Khammu-rabi belonged was of 'Amorite' origin. In the standard Babylonian work on astronomy and astrology, which goes back to the Khammu-rabi age, 'the king of the Amorites' appears by the side of 'the king of the Hittites' as playing a part in the politics of Western Asia. Archæologically, these Amorites or Western Semites are represented in Canaan by the people of the Bronze age, who averaged from 5 ft. 7 in. to 6 ft. in height. They buried their dead in a contracted position; surrounded their cities with huge walls of brick, and raised 'high places,' consisting of monoliths, where children were sacrificed and their bones buried in jars. The Amorites of the Mosaic age, who occupied a particular district (or districts) in Syria, were, however, distinguished from the Amorites in the more general sense. They spoke a Semitic language, but the Egyptian artists depict them with fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, like the

Libyans, and so attach them to the blond race. In the Tel el-Amarna tablets and the O.T. (Nu 13²⁰), moreover, they are assigned to a particular district. It would therefore seem that in the Mosaic age the name which originally denoted—at all events for the Babylonians—the Western Semites generally had become restricted to a particular portion of the population which either wholly or in part was not Semitic, though it had adopted the Semitic language of its neighbours. In many passages of the Pentateuch (e.g. Gn 14¹³ 48²²) 'Amorite' seems to be used in its early Babylonian sense; elsewhere (as here) it has the meaning which was attached to it in the Mosaic age.

The Gîrgashite is probably to be identified with the Qarqish, who are named by Ramses II. among the subject populations that followed the standard of the Hittite king in his war against Egypt (see Jos 24¹¹). If so, the Gîrgashites in Canaan will have been, like the Jebusites, a body of Hittites who had settled in that country. Qarqish, however, could be read Qalqish and identified with Cilicia.

Hivite may be a descriptive name meaning 'villager' rather than an ethnic one. On the other hand, there was a definite tribe of this name living in the Lebanon and extending from Mount Hermon to Hamath (Jos 11⁸, Jg 3⁸; in 2 S 24⁷ we must read 'Hittite' for 'Hivite'); that is to say, in the district which, as we learn from the Tel el-Amarna tablets, was occupied by the Amorites. 'Hivite,' however, is not found in the Egyptian or cuneiform texts, and since the territory assigned to the Hivites was not only Amorite but also that in which Kadesh, the southern capital of the Hittites, was situated, it appears probable that we should read 'Hittite' for 'Hivite' in both Jos 11⁸ and Jg 3⁸. Hivites are not mentioned in Gn 15^{20, 21}, while the Hivites of Gibeon (Jos 11¹⁹) were Canaanites, and the Hivites of Shechem (Gn 34²) were 'Amorites.'

With the Arkite we return to the Canaanite states. Arka (Irqat) and Zemar (Tsumur) occupy an important place in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, and the capture and destruction of Zemar by the Amorite prince Aziru is the subject of much correspondence. It is described as a strong mountain fortress not far from Gebal. The two cities are usually identified with the classical Arkê, now Tell 'Arka, and Simyra, now Sumra. Both Arkâ and Tsimirra are mentioned by Tiglath-

¹ Sayce, *Archæology of the Cuneiform Inscriptions*, pp. 195, 196.

pileser iv., Tsimirra being the seat of an Assyrian governor in the time of Sennacherib, while the Irqanations were allies of Hadad-ezer in his war with Shalmaneser II., (853 B.C.) along with the Arvadites and Siânians. The latter are probably the Sinites of Genesis. Arvad, now Ruâd, was one of the most northern of the Phœnician sea-coast towns, and its fleet is referred to in the Tel el-Amarna tablets. Like Hamath (now Hamah, usually written Amatti, more rarely Khamatti, in the Assyrian inscriptions), it is included by Thothmes III. among his Syrian conquests. Both Hamath and Arvad played a considerable part in the later history of Syria; Arka and Zemar, however, sink into obscurity after the Mosaic age.

This, therefore, is the period which is indicated by their inclusion in the geographical table of Genesis, to the exclusion of cities like Tyre or Gebal, which afterwards rose to pre-eminence. Hamath, it will be observed, is included among the offspring of Canaan. The table must therefore have originally enumerated those Canaanitish states which formed the limits of the territory marked out for Israel, whose northern border was placed at Hamath (Nu 13²¹ 34⁸); Heth would represent Kadesh on the Orontes, the southern Hittite capital, while Arvad, Arka, Zemar, Sin, and Sidon would border on the western slopes of the Lebanon, the possession of which was claimed by the Israelites.

Contributions and Comments.

Psalm xix 6.

'He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.'

PSALM 29 is a most beautiful one. It describes in fine poetical language the effects of a thunderstorm in Palestine, and regards it as a manifestation of the power of the Almighty, as a symbol of God's work in nature. Now, although the general meaning of the Psalm is quite clear, various details are obscure.

What does the object *them* refer to in the word *wayarkidem*, 'and he maketh them to skip' (v.⁶)? Lat. and Gk. and all versions take the object *them* as referring to cedars. But modern scholars regard this as out of harmony with breaking them in pieces, and therefore look upon the suffix as a copyist's error. V.⁶ is then explained as meaning that Yahwe makes the mountain ranges of Sirion and Lebanon under the power of His earthquake to skip like a young bull.

On the other hand, if the object refers to cedars, why does the thunder shattering the cedars bring to the imagination of the poet the picture of a dancing bull?

Further, what is the meaning of v.¹⁰, 'The Lord sat at the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth as king for ever'?

That the Psalm is a symbolical representation of Yahwe's character as a storm god has already been

indicated by scholars, who have pointed out that the words 'the voice of Yahwe' occur seven times in the Psalm—the sacred number of Semitic symbolism.

Now Assyrian symbolism helps us to explain not only the trend of thought underlying the Psalm, but also some of its obscure details.

The gods of the Babylonian-Assyrian pantheon are often represented on boundary stones and seal cylinders by symbols which call to mind their nature and attributes. For example, the symbol of Sin the Moon-god is a crescent; of Shamash the Sun-god, a sun-disc; and of Nusku the Fire-god, a lamp.

Ramman, the storm and thunder god of Babylonia, is represented in various ways. On the Bavian relief his symbol is a three-pronged lightning-fork (Jensen, *Hittiter*, 143, Anm. 1).

A somewhat similar symbol appears also on the Sargon stele and Nahr el-Kelb rock inscription. But Ramman was also a solar deity; for as *barku*, the god of lightning, it was natural for him to be connected with the sun, the great light of the heavens. His character as a solar deity was symbolized in two ways. He was regarded as the Lord of Justice—a term applied to Shamash, and his symbol was represented by a bull, for in ancient religions the bull symbolized the power residing in the sun. On the *Kudurru* of Melishihu (*Mémoires de la Délégation en Perse*, i., ii.) the forked

lightning rests on a pedestal, in front of which a bull is crouching.

As thunder-god he is also represented as holding an axe in his hand. On the Hittite Relief Inscription from Zingirli in the Berlin Museum there is a representation of Ramman with an axe and forked lightning (*Ausgrabungen in Sendsch.*, Taf. xxxviii., xli.). One is of course reminded of Zeus with the double hammer in Pre-Mycenæan Crete, and Thor with the double hammer in Europe.

But the most interesting representation of Ramman occurs on a boundary stone published in the *Mémoires de la Délégation en Perse*, i. 176. Here Ramman is represented by the figure of a male deity in a cloak, with long hair and a flowing beard. He is seated on a bull, which is galloping along at full speed, and in his hand he holds a three-pronged lightning-fork which is attached to the horns of the bull, and by which he appears to be directing its course. (See the description of the *Kudurru* on p. 177.)

We can now understand the vision of the poet on which he bases his description of the character of Yahwe as a storm-god. The Hebrew root קָרַךְ, which is translated 'to skip,' is connected with the Arabic *raḳada*, which in Form IX. means 'to run with leaps and bounds' (*Oxford Hebrew Lexicon*, B.D.B., p. 955; and cf. also Lane's *Arabic Dictionary*, Bk. I. pt. 3, p. 1135).

The Hebrew word הִקְרִיחַ might therefore be translated, 'And he maketh them to gallop along.' Again, the Hebrew word הוֹשֵׁב, which is translated 'heweth out,' is used of an axe (Is 10¹⁶) (B.D.B., p. 345).

The poet therefore represents Yahwe as seated on a chariot (v.¹⁰) drawn along by a young bull. In one hand he holds his forked lightning, in another an axe. As he rides along over the storm he strikes the cedars of Lebanon with his axe, and as they sway to and fro they call to the poet's mind the picture of the galloping bull which is drawing his chariot along.

V.^{6b} would not cause any difficulty, for Lebanon and Sirion would refer to the cedars of Lebanon and Sirion.

MAURICE H. FARBRIDGE.

The University, Manchester.

The Pericope Adulteræ.

Is it necessary to consider ourselves shut up to the dilemma stated, after Professor Cadbury, on pages 4-5 of the October EXPOSITORY TIMES?

Let it be granted that it is Luke's work: it is not necessary to accept forthwith the hypothesis that it was omitted from Luke's Gospel by some one tampering with his text.

In fact, there are two other hypotheses that at once suggest themselves, in line with what is already known as to Luke's methods of work.

(i.) The preface to the Gospel makes it indisputable that Luke sifted his materials; why should we suppose, then, that he did not sift *his own* manuscripts? Have we here a page of his own prepared material that on last thoughts he withheld from his Gospel, but not from circulation? It did not get into his Gospel, but neither, we may be thankful, did it get into his waste-paper basket.

(ii.) Perhaps less probably: the omission may be due to a slightly later stage of Luke's work. There are reasons for thinking that Acts never received Luke's final touches—or did he issue two editions of it? On the other hand, the Gospel is free from such traces. Is the omission of the Pericope evidence of such final revision? Was it included, and then excluded, by Luke? Were there two editions?

F. WARBURTON LEWIS.

Aberdeen.

Mark xiv. 55, 56.

THESE verses seem to have occasioned much conjecture, and one is led to suppose that they must, in reality, be difficult of interpretation. It may, therefore, be due to one's own blindness that one sees no difficulty in them.

It is noteworthy that the high priests and the Sanhedrin are not described as searching, or sending to search, for *witnesses*. It is plain that they had already influenced the crowd to some extent, and, later on in the trial, we are plainly told that the people, moved by the priests, demanded the crucifixion of Christ, when Pilate sought to release Him.

Judas had been previously bribed to betray Him. And, after the Resurrection, the Roman soldiers were bribed to tell a made-up tale. It would be plain enough, therefore, that the high

priests had previously taken care to arrange for people to give the evidence they wanted (and it is not improbable that they had bribed others than Judas).

The account shows us the high priests seeking for evidence which should be damnatory. It goes on to show that 'many of (false) witnesses (came), and their testimonies were not alike.' Apparently they had been separately suborned, and when brought together, in the crowd which collected, their evidence revealed discrepancies. It was apparent that they were lying.

The passage might well read :

'So the high priests, indeed the whole Sanhedrin, sought evidence of a damnatory character against Jesus. And did not find it. For many (false) witnesses against him were forthcoming, and their testimonies were not in agreement.' Their witnessings were not like-ones.

WALTER G. WHITE.

Deddington, Oxon.

The Giraffe.

WHEN translators determined to diverge from the LXX and Vulgate in Dt. 14⁵, by substituting 'chamois' for 'giraffe,' they were influenced chiefly by their lack of knowledge regarding the latter animal. This creature answers to the Levitical requirements—chewing the cud, and dividing the hoof—nor was it likely but to be well known to a people having so long and intimate knowledge of Egypt. The flesh of the giraffe is found palatable by the African native to-day, and it seems more than probable that Egyptian hunters found it so. The Hebrew root *זמר*, 'to prune,' is very suggestive of the peculiar method of feeding which the giraffe affects. By 'chamois,' the translators evidently mean any mountain goat, neglecting the mention of the goat in ver. 4, which certainly denotes among others the chamois, since inclusion in the dietary list is not affected by any question as to whether or not an animal be domesticated. The R.V. repeats the error of the A.V., probably on grounds similar to those alleged in the 'Oxford Helps to the Study of the Bible': 'It is impossible that the giraffe, a native of Central Africa, should be allowed as food to the Hebrews.' The natural course in explicating a principle of selection is to enumerate the known individuals that come under the rule. Unless we

accept a very late date for Deuteronomy, the giraffe, being known, would certainly figure in a list of animals conforming to the conditions of dietary acceptance.

JAMES FRANCIS.

St. Thomas' Parish, Glasgow.

James iv. 5, 6.

ἡ δοκεῖτε ὅτι κενῶς ἡ γραφή λέγει πρὸς φθόνον ἐπιποθεῖ τὸ πνεῦμα ὃ κατ' ὀκίσεν ἐν ἡμῖν; μέλζονα δὲ δίδωσιν χάριν διὸ λέγει Ὁ Θεὸς ὑπερηφάνους ἀντιτάσσεται ταπεινοῖς δὲ δίδωσιν χάριν.

The difficulty in these verses is well known, the sentence after the first λέγει not being a quotation from the Old Testament. Is it possible that ἡ has dropped out before πρὸς φθόνον? This might have happened if the Epistle were dictated to an amanuensis, or through the similarity between H and II. The insertion of ἡ removes the difficulty, and the second λέγει is then a resumption after a short parenthesis before the quotation from Proverbs. The whole might be translated—

'Do you think that the Scripture speaks in vain—or is it from envy that God yearns after the spirit which he caused to dwell in us? But he gives more grace,—wherefore it says, "God withstands the scorers, but gives grace to the humble."'

A. HAIRE FORSTER.

Trinity College, Toronto.

'Give us this Day our Daily Bread.'

MR. W. CLIFFORD in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for August states excellently 'the common interpretation' of this petition: 'that "bread" here stands for everything that is needful for our physical life in this world, teaching us to remember, and to try to realize, our dependence upon God as "the Author and Giver of all good things" whether for body or soul; and, doing so, to make our requests to Him for their supply, or to bless the use of the means which He has put within our reach to obtain them.' But to draw an argument against so interpreting from the implied promise that, if we are 'seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all things needful to the body shall then be added unto us *without our asking*,' does seem to me very questionable. Our Lord says,

'Seek ye first,' but the word '*first*' is not wanted, if the seeking is to end there. And is it not a mistake to suppose that, if once God has promised anything, we need therefore make no prayer for it? Children depend quite naturally on their parents for the supply of their wants, but is it of no importance that children should learn to ask for things properly? What would be bad manners in relation to an earthly parent, would it not be bad manners in relation to the Heavenly Father? And how, then, about the next petition—for forgiveness? Our Lord has said, 'if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you.' Does it follow that, if we forgive, we have then no need to ask to be forgiven, because in that case the forgiveness will follow *unasked*? And how, again, about that other word, 'Work not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which abideth unto eternal life' (R.V.)? Are we not to work at all for the meat which perisheth because there is other meat better worth our working for? But does not the same law apply to work, and prayer? When explaining the Lord's Prayer, I always myself point out how very significantly the order of the petitions corresponds with the command, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness'—three petitions, in fact, for God's glory before the first most necessary petition for ourselves. Surely a state of *mum expectancy* for the supply of bodily needs, because we would rank ourselves with those who are seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, would not be beautiful in us, nor acceptable in the eyes of our Heavenly Father. There might be a touch of the Pharisee in such an attitude. As regards the *ἐπιούσιον*, I find that Liddell and Scott render it 'sufficient for the day,' with a reference to *ἐπιεταρός*, in the usage of which they note that the idea of sufficiency predominates over the time-limitation implied in the derivation. Well, in both Matthew and Luke the question of time is covered by the *σήμερον* in the one case, and the *τὸ καθ' ἡμέραν* in the other; so that it becomes more natural to resolve the *ἐπιούσιον* into *ἐπὶ οὐσία* = 'for our being' = the food by which we live according to what our *being*, our *essence*, our

true nature is, composed as we are of body and of spirit, each with its special needs, which we depend on God alone to supply. This being so, it would surely be a mistake to restrict the reference either to bodily needs or to spiritual; *ἐπιούσιον* covers both, and it is a word of wonderful significance in this respect.

At a time like this, when we are learning, as practically a new lesson, the preciousness of bread, it would be an unspeakable loss to us if the Lord's Prayer did not contain a petition in which we may remind ourselves of our dependence upon God, making our requests to Him for the supply of bodily needs, and for His blessing on the means which He has put within our reach for the obtaining of that supply.

F. G. CHOLMONDELEY.

Adlestrop Rectory.

The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

SPECULATION as to who this lovable disciple was has not yet ceased, and perhaps is not likely soon to cease, considering all that is involved in the question. Not a few incline to the theory that is associated with the name of Delf—that he was a young disciple of aristocratic, priestly birth, living in or near Jerusalem. The late Dr. J. H. Moulton advocated this theory. But there is this very strong objection to this idea, and indeed to any except the traditional view, that when at Peter's suggestion the 120 disciples elect a successor to Judas 'that he may be a witness of the resurrection' of Jesus, the disciple whom Jesus loved, who entered the tomb on the Resurrection morn, and saw and noted how the grave-clothes lay (Jn 20), the man of whom it could be most truly said that he had 'compained with us all the days that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us'—*this most qualified witness* is not even nominated for election, and is never subsequently heard of.

There can surely be only one reason for this: the disciple whom Jesus loved was already one of the Twelve, and if so, was no other than John, the son of Zebedee.

GEO. C. WALKER.

Lucknow.

Entre Nous.

Alice Meynell.

Could poetry be touched to finer issues than this?—

I dreamt (no 'dream' awake—a dream indeed)
A wrathful man was talking in the park:
'Where are the Higher Powers, who know our
need

And leave us in the dark?

'There are no Higher Powers; there is no heart
In God, no 'love'—his oratory here,
Taking the paupers' and the cripples' part,
Was broken by a tear.

And then it seemed that One who did create
Compassion, who alone invented pity,
Walked, as though called, in at that north-east
gate,

Out from the muttering city;

Threaded the little crowd, trod the brown grass,
Bent o'er the speaker close, saw the tear rise,
And saw Himself, as one looks in a glass,
In those impassioned eyes.

It is one, and no singular one, of the poems in
this true poet's new book, *A Father of Women*,
by Alice Meynell (Burns & Oates; 2s. net).

E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair.

The title of the book, of which the authorship is
thus divided, is *Black and White Magic* (Blackwell;
3s. 6d. net). And the binder has matched the
title. In the early Christian days it might have
run the risk of burning. But the children's protest
would have saved it. Think what it would have
meant to them to have lost in the fire this delicious
nursery roundelay:

NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

Think, when you sleep
And slip alone into a world of dream,
That fairies creep
Up to the darkling house by glow-worm gleam;
And then kind-eyed
They cast delicious spells at our bedside,
And take you in their keeping
When you are sleeping.

'In and out and round about, while moonshine
is peeping

Through the dimity curtains on the floor and
counterpane,

Puck with his fairy broom is furbishing and
sweeping,

And all the rest in the dimpley light are
dancing, ring and chain,

Cross hands and down the middle and cross
hands again.'

Think, when you wake

And blink your eyelids at the morning's blue,
That fairies slake

Their dainty thirst upon the garden dew,

And tell the flowers

To dress and give them breakfast in their
bowers,

And set the sunbeams shaking

When you are waking.

'Here and there and everywhere, when broad
day is breaking

They troop into the garden, very eager to be
fed.

If the dew is not delivered, they are put into a
taking;

But at last they wander back into the wood
and go to bed

With yawns of gapy gossamer, each fairy
sleepy-head.'

Jean de Bosschère.

Mr. F. S. Flint and Miss May Sinclair have con-
spired together to make known to the English-
reading world the Flemish poet Jean de Bosschère.
Mr. Flint has translated a volume of poems en-
titled *The Closed Door* (John Lane; 6s. net),
and Miss Sinclair has written the Introduction
to it.

They are remarkable poems. They are so re-
markable that it is, as Miss Sinclair calls it, a very
wonderful accomplishment for Mr. Flint to trans-
late them into verse, preserving the accent and the
rhythm and the vibration of the original. What
do they signify? What is Jean de Bosschère?
He has been called symbolist, romanticist, idealist,
decadent, mystic, and New Catholic. But he is

none of these things, though he may be just a little of them all. Miss Sinclair almost calls him a realist. 'He sees common things, the humblest inhabitants of space and time, *sub specie æternitatis*. He is like his own looking-glass maker. He holds up his glass at an unexpected angle and shows you a surprising image of the world, a disconcerting image of your own face. And you see him peeping behind his looking-glass like a wise but slightly malevolent sorcerer and enjoying your bewilderment and your embarrassment.'

One of the poems has the title of 'The Doubter.' 'In a hundred and ninety-eight lines you are given all a man's inner life from babyhood to manhood.

I was a green and bitter child,
Like a walnut husk.

I sought in secret for a god I might worship,
A wooden statue of illimitable confidence.

My father's hat was sacred.

He smoked his pipe with integrity,
You pressed yourself close to him,
To snuff the man's smell of him.
He was the world and the essence of the world,
And the master-orderer of all the mysteries.

And my mother was the bread and butter,
The cold dew of evening and the sweetness of the cherry,
The white sheets smelling of mignonette,
And the warm circle of lips on my cheek.

My mother was not a body,
But a warmth,
And a slight odour of lemon or amber.
She was not a body, but a certain unique gown,
With her mother's hands
And her moist eyes
Wide-open!

'Is it not beautiful? Is not all childhood there, with the secret of its heart and the magic of its senses, all in a few lines?'

Robin Blochairn.

It is only Mr. Alexander Gardner of Paisley who gives us poetry in Scots now. He has given us many delightful volumes, but *Singin' to the Weans*, by Robin Blochairn (2s. 6d. net), will take a good place among them. Let us test its quality by

HAPPIT OWRE THE HEID.

Noo gloamin' grey wons owre the brae,
The dingle an' the dell,
An' hides frae sicht, till mornin' licht,
Ilk flo'eret's hinnie bell;
An' birdies gay that sang a' day,
Gin care they ne'er had pree'd,
Hameward ha'e floun an', coorit down,
Are happit owre the heid.

Sae bairnies wee maun quat their glee
Their daffin' an' their din,
An' quatin' down till no' a soun'
Is heard the hoose 'ithin;
Syne, i' the nest they lo'e the best,
They'll cuddle sleepy-e'd,
When daddie's blest, an' mammie's kisst,
An' hapt them owre the heid.

Oh, bairnies kin', lang be it mine
To share your guileless joys,
An' tak' my pairt, wi' duntin' he'rt,
In a' your e'enin' ploys;
Till ilka pow begins to row,
An' lea's but ae remeid,
To hap ye saft, an' hap ye aft,
An' hap ye owre the heid.

Be't ear' or late ye tak' the gait,
Your ain bit weys to win;
Oh, may ye ne'er gae coortin' care,
Nor seek the tents o' sin.
May angels sweet aye guide your feet
To follow Wisdom's lead,
Till ye be lain among your ain,
An' happit owre the heid.

J. E. Stewart.

Captain J. E. Stewart of the Border Regiment is soldier enough to win the Military Cross; and he is poet enough to write a poem like this:

I was afraid of Fear,
Not of the foe;
And when I thought that those I hold most dear

My craven soul would know
And turn away ashamed, who praised before,
Ashamed and deep distressed to find it so,
I was afraid the more.

Lo, when I joined the fight,
And bared my breast
To all the darts of that wild hellish night,
I, only, stood the test,
For Fear, which I had feared, deserted then,
And forward blithely at the foe I prest,
King of myself again.

Blessed be God above
For His sweet care,
Who heard the prayers of those whom most I love
And my poor supplianee there,
Who brought me forth in life and limb all whole,
Who blessed my powers with his divine repair,
And gave me back my soul!

The volume is entitled *Grapes of Thorns*
(Macdonald; is. net).

Dorothy Kempe.

Mrs. Thory Gage Gardiner, who writes under the name of Dorothy Kempe, has published a volume of poems with the title of *Mary in the Wood* (Macdonald; is. net). They are the poems of a woman of education, who has never fallen into the prevailing vice of incomprehensibility. Take these two stanzas from

AT THE ROAD'S ENDING.

O wild, wild converse of the hills,
Deep communing of earth and sky,
My spirit uncompanioned thrills
With intimate joy and liberty,
Matching your music with a song;

On some triumphant pilgrimage
Fares hence into the untrodden years;
Nor lagging feet, nor darkened age,
Nor death of deathless Beauty fears,
There, at the ending of the road!

Percy Haselden.

Many poems have been written on Nurse Cavell. One of the best is Percy Haselden's:

TO THE MEMORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN.

I.

I knew you not, pale sister, whose dear eyes
Had watched in tenderness beside the bed
Of those who suffered—heedless if they bled
For England or for England's enemies;
Not yours to question whence those eager cries
For comfort in their pain, each weary head
Knew the kind arms that now lie still and dead
Beneath the star-decked cere-cloth of the skies.

I knew you not, but now the wide earth knows
How the sick wolves have slain their com-
forter,
Biting the hand that fed them: not for long
Shall these blind monsters vex the world's
repose;
And through the ages shall you grow more fair,
'A name in story and a light in song!'

II.

Let there be light! Dark shadows clog the sun
While monstrous fingers clutch the hapless throat,
And savage eyes burn red with lust and gloat
In elemental pride; what powers have spun
The night beneath whose cloak this thing is done
That shocks the world as if some devil smote
The Mother of the Lord? Do *they* not quote
The Scriptures to their purpose thus begun?

Let there be light—each man a flaming brand
To rout the beasts that war upon the weak
And martyr the mild hands that soothe their pain;
A clarion resounds throughout the land:
Now let your swords, O men, in vengeance speak,
That your strong hands shall bring us light again!

That is a fair example of the poems contained in the volume entitled *In the Wake of the Sword* (Macdonald; 1s. net).

Mary Yelland.

Canon Scott Holland introduces Mary Yelland and her poetry in his most gracious manner. And there is great joy to find that the poetry is even finer than the introduction. Take this:

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

I have not found it yet, but I *shall* find
The heightened life that, just beyond my reach,
Evades me still, elusive as the wind,
Or comes in dreams too excellent for speech.

Full life, which holds all precious things intact
From Time's corrosion or detracting loss,
Where all true artist-visions turn to fact,
Where gold is crystal-pure, unmarred by dross.

It lies so near, so near!—a wild bird's song
At dawn will oft unlatch a secret door,
And show me golden vistas stretching long,
Towards life that glows and quickens more
and more.

Or in the beauty of some woodland copse,
The envisaged glory of a life to be
Strikes on me, even as the sunlight drops
Through tender leafage clothing brake and tree.

I have not found it, but am finding fast,
As yet in glimpses fair but fugitive;
I will not linger in the fading past,
But to the imperishable future turn and live!

The title of the little book is *In the Land of the Living* (Scott; 1s. net).

Samuel J. Looker.

In *Songs of the Wayside* (Author: 18 Allen Road, Stoke Newington; 1s. 3d. net) Mr. Looker shows himself master of many metres. This is a fair example of his thought and the expression of it:

THE INNER LIGHT.

From stress and discords of the common round,
I turn to that quiet faith that bids me hope,
And, chief of all the joys 'neath Heaven's cope,
The inward peace that in the soul is found.
The shocks of Chance, the claws of cruel Fate,

In vain essay to break my spirit's dower;
The bud of life shall open to its flower,
To render love complete and satiate.
Thus in despite of Time and his harsh mace
That would crush love and memory's choicest fruit,

Close to my ear Hope sounds her silver lute,
And life again is filled with tender grace,
I would that to Death's hour would sound that tune,

While skies are blue and loiter days of June.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

Lady Wilson has issued a new and enlarged edition of *A Book of Verses* (Elliot Stock). The following is, we think, one of the new items in it:

BY THE BROOK JABBOK.

Would I could see indeed that desert road
Where Israel strove with One unseen, unknown,

And so prevailed that, ere the morning shone,
He heard a name, and Heaven itself o'erflowed
Bare hill and barren stone.

All night we wrestle with a shadowy guest,
Silent, like Him who once to Peniel came:
We call him Death, yet dare not ask his name

While the same witness stars sail down the west.

And yet our prayers, our tears, may still prevail,

And when the eternal morning lifts its veil
It may be we shall see him, calm and blessed,
An angel crowned with flame!

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WITH all our study of the humanity of our Lord we have made little yet of His knowledge. When we speak of it we land ourselves for the most part in contradiction. We are told that He knew what was in man, and we believe it. The next moment we say that He was mistaken regarding His own Return.

Did He know, or did He not know? Leave the Second Coming alone. Did He know what other men have not known? So strong is the tendency at present towards the emphasizing of His manhood that the answer will often be that He did not. But there are men that make much of His manhood who nevertheless are compelled to recognize it as a fact that His knowledge was more than the knowledge of a man.

Mr. W. P. LIVINGSTONE recognizes it. Mr. LIVINGSTONE has written a book to which he has given the title of *The New Outlook* (Hodder & Stoughton; 4s. 6d. net). But the sub-title describes it better, 'An Ideal of Life for To-day.' That ideal he expresses by a single word, a hyphenated word, love-law. For love and law are the great facts of our existence, not distinct and independent, but one, a twofold force. And 'evolution is what takes place when we submit to the love-law, the survival of the fittest not by struggle and pain but by obedience to the "pull" of the

influence at the centre of things. It is like an endless life-line running through existence; if we grasp it and yield ourselves to it, it will draw us onwards into the higher forms of being.'

Now this love-law, which is the one great fact of existence, needs an interpreter. The interpreter is Jesus. This is the way in which Mr. LIVINGSTONE understands the entrance of Jesus into the world. He came to make things clear. He came to explain the law of love under which we live. Mr. LIVINGSTONE is very well aware that there are passages which seem to speak of some other purpose. He has not forgotten that the Son of Man came to give His life a ransom. But he will not allow any passage to set Jesus in opposition to the love-law which rules the universe, whether by miracle or by substitutionary sacrifice. He came to interpret the love-law, not to set it aside.

But the surprising thing is that Jesus left so much without an interpretation. Was it because He could not interpret more? Mr. LIVINGSTONE will not allow it. 'With the knowledge that Jesus possessed He could have laid bare to men and women the mysteries of the universe.' Why, then, did He not interpret more?

Take the life to come. If He knew the mysteries of the universe, He knew every one of

the things which we so greatly yearn to know—and never more than now. Turn for a moment to another book.

Dr. J. D. JONES has published a volume of sermons which have been found good for comfort at this time. The title is *If a Man Die* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net), and every sermon is occupied with immortality. But how little Dr. JONES can tell us about the life to come. For he has no certain information beyond what Jesus told, and Jesus told so little.

‘I wonder,’ he says, ‘why it was He said so little. I wonder why it was He contented Himself with saying simply that beyond the grave there was His Father’s house, and that in that house there was plenty of room. Why did He not go on to describe its life? Why did He not go on to tell whether in the life to come men and women know one another and love one another? Why did He not tell us more about the glory and blessedness of that life?’

Are there any answers? Dr. JONES thinks there may be two.

First he thinks that our Lord did not wish to detract from the critical importance of the life which now is. ‘*This* is the life in which we shape character and gain soul. *This* life is our day, in which we accomplish the work which the Father has given us to do. If Christ had laid the emphasis upon the Hereafter, and minutely described its glories for us, we might have been so consumed with desire for the “Saints’ Everlasting Rest” as to neglect and almost despise the present hour.’ That is one reason.

The other reason is that room must be left for faith to work in. ‘We walk by faith, not by sight.’ We have to take many things ‘on trust.’ ‘Our Lord deliberately left some things in shadow, not clear-cut and defined, but just outlined and suggested—His own Divinity, for instance—that faith

in Him might always stand for a real venture and vote of the soul. And He left the nature of the Life Beyond in shadow too, that we might walk by faith, that we might venture everything on our trust in Him.’

Those are the reasons for Christ’s reticence that appeal to Dr. JONES. Return to Mr. LIVINGSTONE. He also has two reasons. First of all, he says, Christ told men nothing that they could find out for themselves. And, next, He told them nothing but what they were able to understand.

‘Suppose, for instance, that He had described the forces lying latent in nature and how they could have been applied to the service of the world as we see them applied now. They would not only have laughed Him to scorn, they would have deemed Him mad. And if they could not have believed had He told them things pertaining to the plane of the earth, how would they have believed if He had told them facts about the Unseen? He did not attempt it. On all points where a revelation of truth would have been inconsistent with the world-scheme of His Father He maintained reserve. An ordinary teacher, ambitious to make a reputation, would have endeavoured to answer all their questions, would have given them some theory of the earth, offered an explanation of the mechanism of living, and swept back with a light hand the veil that covers the unknown. It was because Jesus knew all that He told less than He knew.’

‘Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it’ (Mt 16¹⁸). What is the latest interpretation?

You will find it in *The Church Times* for November 9. The Rev. N. P. WILLIAMS, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, is delivering a series of lectures at St. Mary’s, Graham Street, London, on ‘Our Case as against Rome.’ The lectures are reported in *The Church Times*. In

the second lecture Mr. WILLIAMS gives his interpretation of this much interpreted text.

But first of all he thinks that too much importance is attached to the text. It is reported only by St. Matthew. That shows that it made no particular impression on our Lord's hearers or on those to whom they reported it.

In the next place, this was not the first time that Simon was called the Rock. 'If you look at St. Jn 1⁴², you will find that even before St. Peter's definite call, when he met our Lord casually on the banks of the Jordan, our Lord looked upon him and said, "Thou art called Simon; thou shalt be named Cephas," which, as the Fourth Evangelist tells us, is by interpretation a stone. The name of Peter was, therefore, not given to Simon for the first time at Cæsarea Philippi. In Mt 16¹⁸, our Lord is simply playing upon a *soubriquet* or familiar name which Simon already bore amongst the Apostles: "Thou art Peter"; in other words, "Thou art already called Peter, thou art already called the 'rock,' and upon this 'rock,' symbolized by thy name, I will build My Church."

Thirdly, the Rock is Peter himself. It is not (in the decided opinion of Mr. WILLIAMS) Peter's faith or the doctrine of the Messiahship of our Lord which he had just proclaimed, it is Peter himself. 'If we approach the matter with open minds—if we try to follow the advice which a British judge gives to a jury, that is, to banish from their minds anything which they may have read on the subject of the case before them and to approach the evidence without preconceived opinions—it will seem to us most probable that the "rock" is St. Peter himself: "Thou art generally called the 'rock-man,' and upon this rock I will build My Church."

But Peter is not the only Rock. He is not *the* Rock. He is *a* Rock. And just as the binding and loosing was conferred on the other disciples as well as on Peter, so we must believe that the other

disciples were rocks on which the Church was to be built just as much as he.

And finally, the honour of the Rock carried no sovereignty or pre-eminence with it. How does Mr. WILLIAMS know that? He reads the New Testament. He reads the Gospels, and he finds that after Peter was made the Rock, James and John came to Jesus and desired the first and second places in the Kingdom; and he reads that the Twelve disputed who should be the greatest.

He reads the Acts, and He finds that Peter and John were *sent* to Samaria. 'Can you imagine the present College of Cardinals "sending" Pope Benedict xv. to administer Confirmation in Naples? Being "sent" is something that a chairman, or a president, or a primate might quite well experience at the hands of his colleagues, but it is an experience totally inconsistent with the idea of "Sovereignty."'

He reads the Acts again, and he finds that Peter is superseded, as it were, by one who never was of the Twelve, and that on a certain occasion this Paul 'administered what we should call a severe "lecture" to St. Peter; and he adds, with a slight touch of satisfaction, that he administered this lecture "before them all." He did not content himself with private expostulation, but denounced what he considered to be the vacillation and inconsistency of the chief of the elder Apostles, in the presence of a full Christian *Ecclesia*.'

Once more he reads the Acts, and he sees that not Peter but Paul was the man upon whom fell 'the care of all the churches.' If St. Peter, says Mr. WILLIAMS, 'had said that, it would have been an absolutely final and clinching proof of the Roman hypothesis; it would have been transparently clear that St. Peter exercised a supreme directing control over the whole Church on earth. But it was *not* said by St. Peter. This text alone shows as plainly as possible that St. Paul did not

conceive himself as being the deputy of St. Peter, and with that admission it seems to me that the Ultramontane hypothesis collapses, on its historical side, like a house of cards.'

There is a phrase in that text about the Rock which deserves a note to itself. It receives a whole chapter to itself in a fine scholarly volume of essays which has been published by the Archbishop of Dublin. The title of the volume is *Studia Sacra* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). The title of the fourth chapter in it is 'The Gates of Hades'—for that is the phrase referred to.

'The gates of Hades shall not prevail against it.' Why the *gates*? We expect aggression, but gates do not attack. The phrase itself is common enough. Hezekiah says, 'I shall go into the gates of Sheol' (Is 38¹⁰); and we have the same expression outside the Bible as in it, in Homer and Aeschylus as in Isaiah and in Wisdom. The difficulty is in making gates into something that has to be resisted.

Perhaps the familiarity of the phrase is its explanation. In any case no explanation can be found for it as it stands, and Dr. BERNARD resorts to translation. He turns to the parable of the house built on a rock. What assailed it? The flood, the streams. Now if our Lord had said 'the flood of Hades,' or 'the fountains of the Deep' shall not prevail against it, the metaphor would have been impressive and the meaning clear. Perhaps some scribe mistook 'streams' (πηγαί) for 'gates' (πύλαι). That is one possible explanation. But Dr. BERNARD is not satisfied with it.

He tries another. Our Lord spoke in the Hebrew of His day. Now in Hebrew there is a word which, pointed one way, means 'gate' (שַׁעַר), another way 'storm' (שֹׁעַל). The difference is so slight—it is literally the difference of a point—that any scribe might be excused for mistaking the one word for the other. If he was translating into

Greek he would then say 'gates of Hades,' instead of 'floods of Hades'—the very frequency of the phrase 'gates of Hades' helping to send him astray. The mistake is actually made in some manuscripts of Is 28².

'One other point ought to be mentioned. Commentators are prone to say that the metaphor of the "keys of the kingdom of heaven" in Mt 16¹⁹ was suggested by the mention of "gates" in the preceding verse. But it is not clear that these verses are connected. They are not conjoined by the word "and," which the *textus receptus* erroneously inserts. They are separate and distinct sayings: "Upon this Rock I will build my Church, and 'the storms (gates) of hell shall not prevail against it": "I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," etc. There is a complete change of metaphor, and even if the word "gates" be retained, the two sayings are best treated as independent of each other. The Rock which is the foundation of the Church is a different image from that of the Steward who holds the keys of the kingdom.'

It has taken the theory of Evolution a long time to make its issues clear. Two of its most momentous issues are even now but dawning upon us. Yet both were inevitable if the theory was accepted without reserve. One is that the Christian life is a gradual growth; the other that our Lord gradually recognized the work that He had to do. The one result makes Conversion a misunderstanding; the other makes Miracle an impertinence.

The first conclusion is that the Christian life is a gradual growth. It is stated plainly and quite uncompromisingly by Professor G. A. COE of the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, in a volume entitled *A Social Theory of Religious Education* (Scribners; \$1.50 net).

There are two commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and

strength and mind'—that is the first. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'—that is the second. These two commandments are for young as well as old, for children not less than for adults. And the religious education of children is simply training them to love the Lord with all their heart and their neighbour as themselves.

We have recognized that. But we have begun with the wrong commandment. We have begun with the love of God. We should have begun with the love of our neighbour. Professor COE does not deny the possibility of 'early piety.' But he thinks it rare. In any case, no child, he says, can feel the love of God in his heart until he has felt the love of his brother. The religion of childhood is a social religion.

So also is the religion of manhood. The child growing to man's estate does not cast off the religion he has gained and begin anew. If hitherto we have taught that, as the period of adolescence approaches, a sharp outlook should be kept for a crisis in the religious life, our teaching has been a mistake. There are no crises in life, whether natural or spiritual. All is growth by imperceptible movements; if not always in a straight line, yet always forward to the shining of the perfect day. Instead of looking for, and encouraging the growing child to look for, a crisis in life, to be called his Conversion, 'the constant aim of elementary religious education should be to make conversion unnecessary.' Those are Professor COE's words.

Observe their double edge. First, it is no longer possible to say that as the wind bloweth where it listeth so is every one that is born of the Spirit. Professor COE claims that we have given up that text already, or at least our old interpretation of it. He says that we have ceased to speak of regeneration as a Divine experience, and when we speak of conversion we make it a purely human act. 'The typical appeal now becomes to "decide for Christ," and highly coloured emotions are

declared to be non-essential. Here we find a shift of emphasis from God's acts in us and with respect to us, to our acts with respect to Him and His purposes. What here remains as characteristic of evangelicalism is little more than the teaching that to be a Christian one must at some particular instant cross a line that separates the saved from the unsaved.'

But, in the second place, it is not necessary now even to decide for Christ. Referring to an article on Conversion by Professor H. R. MACKINTOSH of the New College, Edinburgh, Professor COE says: 'A recent writer in a magazine that is published in the interest of the religious life of boys treats the Christian experience as if it must have its beginning in the bluntness of a conscious life choice. He speaks of a *day* when we choose to take religion in earnest, of an *hour* when the gospel must be deliberately accepted or deliberately rejected. "The choice of life," he says, "cannot be broken up into little bits." Here we have a mechanical rather than a vital mode of thought concerning the things of character. The successive acts in which a will grows are thought of, not in terms of growth but of accretion, or as so many mutually external bits which are merely juxtaposed or heaped up. The same type of thought appears in those who hold that every child must be on one side or the other of a fixed line that separates the saved from the unsaved. Parents whose affection makes it impossible for them to set up any such mechanical division between their own offspring, especially between young children, often fail to see the incongruity of ascribing anything of the kind to God.'

Now it is evident to Professor COE that his theory of religious education, which so unswervingly insists upon growth, with no crises or days of decision, is purely human. However much may be for God, nothing in it comes from God. It is human in its origin, it is human in all its history. Religion is brotherly love. Dr. COE slightly alters the language of St. John. He does not say, If a

man love not his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen? He says, the man who loves his brother loves God. 'A social conception of God' (these are his words) 'and of our reconciliation with Him will recognize every affectionate pulse-beat as divine. Religious education will seize upon every impulse to generosity, to justice, and to co-operation as an occasion to make the pupil realize that just here he is in fellowship with the church and with the Father.'

One issue of the theory of Evolution, when accepted unreservedly, is to make the Christian life a gradual growth and leave no room for Conversion. The other is to make the life of our Lord a gradual enlightenment of His understanding and leave no room for Miracle. Professor COE expresses the one result, the Rev. J. A. ROBERTSON the other.

Mr. ROBERTSON is an Edinburgh minister. He has a record of scholarship surpassed by few of his time. He has given himself to the work of the ministry with ability and untiring devotion. He has just published a volume of lectures, 'The Bruce Lectures for 1917.' The title is *The Spiritual Pilgrimage of Jesus* (James Clarke & Co; 4s. 6d. net).

Many years ago Professor BRUCE of Glasgow headed a movement to which was given the title of 'Back to Christ.' The new movement is 'Back to Jesus.' If it has not more push, it has more momentum. And it means more. Professor BRUCE called us back from the theology of St. Paul to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. The new movement calls us from the Christ of St. John and the Epistles to the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels.

Of this movement there is no more representative and certainly no more fascinating writer than the author of *The Spiritual Pilgrimage of Jesus*. His purpose is to detect the occasions on which

Jesus discovered the uniqueness of His relationship to God and the peculiarity of His work, and then to show how He maintained that relationship and accomplished that work.

We are arrested at once by that word 'unique.' Mr. ROBERTSON uses it without hesitation. 'This unique phenomenon,' he says,—'Jesus' *rapproch* with the mind and spirit of God was not something that came and went, like the intermittent contact of a man with his friend. We might adapt Bengel's beautiful and suggestive remark about the closing days of the Master's life—"habitat in passione sua"—and say that throughout the entire career of His mature manhood He was consciously dwelling in the soul of God.'

How did this unique phenomenon arrive? It came to Him very early in life, in His childhood, before the journey to Jerusalem and the visit to the Temple, probably years before. It came through contemplation of the things around Him, the fields round Nazareth, the village life. It came through His mother's teaching, His father's example. It was in part an inheritance. It came 'out of the accumulated knowledge of the long search of His race for God.'

In what sense, then, was it unique? Mr. ROBERTSON carries us at once to the great passage in St. Matthew's Gospel—the greatest passage in all the Synoptic Gospels—Mt 11²⁷: 'All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.'

The authenticity of that passage has been questioned. Mr. ROBERTSON does not question it. 'For if these words are not the spontaneous utterance of a genuine experience they can only be the result of prolonged speculative reflection. The straight-forward explanation—that they are the open avowal of an inner fact of consciousness—is the only one that satisfies. As such they are

simple, natural, and inevitable—all of a piece with the living context of the life of Jesus. They are the expression, clear and unsophisticated, of what leaps out like light from Jesus' words and actions in a hundred ways, direct and indirect. He at least recognized this consciousness as a personal experience peculiarly His own.'

But in what sense was this consciousness unique? That is still our question. Mr. ROBERTSON answers, In its degree and in its persistence. 'We do not say that such a consciousness of spiritual oneness with God has never, before or since, been approached or even achieved, in the religious history of the world. On the contrary it has. Indian and Semitic faiths alike bear witness to the inner strain and struggle of the One Immanent Spirit of God in its age-long yearning to find the perfect embodiment of the Divine Consciousness within the limits of finitude. But except in the case of Jesus we think it must be said that the experience of union with God has not always been coherent; it has been intermittent and always incomplete.' 'Of the entire life of no man save Jesus might it be written "*Habitabat in anima Dei.*"'

But Jesus was sinless? Mr. ROBERTSON has again no doubt. 'He carried "no scars of a frightful struggle," did not pass through "the desert of a deep contrition." His soul passed from the winsome innocence preceding moral maturity to that of the piercing purity that knows, without a *μετάνοια*, because, when that hour arrived for Him, His striving and aspiring soul, entering the realm of moral individuality, became linked in a realized communion with God. The vague inarticulate feeling of at-home-ness, child-trustfulness, in the world around Him, passed without pain of remorse or penitence into clear apprehension of that Divine Presence which was His soul's Home. Thus the words throb with all the reality of a personal experience on the lips of Jesus, "the pure in heart see God."'

Does not sinlessness involve uniqueness absolute—a uniqueness to which no man has attained or can attain? Mr. ROBERTSON does not say that. 'Sinlessness,' he says, 'is not a non-natural fact, even if there be but one perfect realization of it in human history. Jesus' sinlessness is the moral miracle of Christendom, because His life was the only perfectly normal entrance on, and continuance in, the moral life; it is the ideal and norm of all true human development—the unfolding of a soul steadfastly and unbrokenly within the abiding presence of the Divine. . . . And there *have* been approximations to the ideal: cases of awakening to moral responsibility which might be compared to a mother rousing her infant from slumber with a kiss. It was so, perfectly, in the experience of Jesus.'

Well, what more need we ask? We ask just one thing more—a Saviour. Mr. ROBERTSON passes on to the third section of his book—'The Cross in the Experience of Jesus.' But even there the experience is a purely human experience, not the experience of one who can offer a ransom for his brother. We are in need of a Saviour, and Mr. ROBERTSON offers us a Saint.

'The storm has moved round the whole horizon; but it is rapidly concentrating its strength and fury above one sacred Head. This, this is the real issue of the fight—Is Christendom to believe in Christ any longer or no? It is a battle in which everything is to be lost or won. It is not a theory of ecclesiastical polity which is in danger, it is not a theological system, it is not a creed, it is not the Old Testament or the New, but the claim of Christ Himself to be the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind. This is surely enough to stir the Church to vehement enthusiasm, and to inspire it with its old heroic energy. It is a controversy, not for theologians merely, but for every man who has seen the face of Christ, and can bear personal testimony to His power and glory.'

Who said that? DALE of Birmingham. He said that in an address to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, on the 11th of May 1869—say, fifty years ago. He is here to say it to-day.

Do we say it? 'Our people come to us'—this is DALE again—'our people come to us wearied with work and worn with sorrow, distracted with the cares of business, anxious about their children, mourning for their dead. They are conscious of sin, and are yearning for a deeper and more perfect peace with God; conscious of spiritual darkness and weakness, and longing for the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. I believe as firmly as any one, that no Church discharges its duty to man and God that does not produce thinkers and scholars competent to take their part in all the religious conflicts which disturb and excite the intellect of Christendom; and I also believe that we may sometimes discuss in the pulpit the critical, social,

and philosophical theories which are imperilling the faith of our contemporaries. But such discussions can be attempted only occasionally by any of us; and very many of us must leave them altogether untouched.

'Again, therefore, I ask, What are we to do? It appears to me that our true course is plain and direct. We have one duty to discharge, which includes all others. We have no new Gospel to preach; we must preach the old Gospel still, and preach it to all men. Christ is the Prince, and Christ is the Saviour of the human race. That is just as true to-day as it ever was. It is not for us to rescue either individual men or nations from the doubt, from the misery, from the confusion, or from the sin by which they are distracted and oppressed, but for Christ. I want to show that by preaching CHRIST we shall best discharge our duty to this troubled and restless age.'

The World in the Valley of Decision.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A., DORKING, SURREY.

JOEL committed his message to a little prophetic book which has brought it safely down through more than twenty-five centuries. His prophecy is more alive and more full of meaning to-day than when it was first written, for the Valley of Decision is in it with God's swift approaching 'Day,' and in it also is that Promise of the outpoured Spirit on which Peter based his mighty appeal on the Day of Pentecost.

We know nothing of Joel save his name. His father's name once meant something, but to us Pethuel lives in his son—the patent of nobility, like that of China, goes backward. It suggests much godly training in a home where enlarged views were cherished of the Divine government of the world, and the coming verdict on the ways of men and of nations was eagerly expected. Joel is a prophet for troubled times. He comes to a generation groaning under the severest strokes of national misfortune. His opening words set the whole scene before us: 'Hear this, ye old men,

and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. Hath this been in your days, or in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.' The visitation brought by the terrible plague of locusts is then described. It has cut off the wine of the drunkard; it has laid waste the vine, and barked the fig tree. The temple is robbed of its meat offering and drink offering; all the husbandry of the land has perished. 'Joy is withered away from the sons of men.'

Here is surely a message for our own times. No one can say that Joel's faith and courage were not put to the sharpest test, yet he rises triumphantly above the storm. He sees God sitting on His throne. He feels that the day of the Lord is near in the Valley of Decision. Like a true prophet he makes capital out of the nation's sorrows. He bases on them an appeal to all that is best in the character of his countrymen. The

whole situation gives him a door of approach to the national conscience. He anticipated the archbishops in grounding on these momentous events a call to a national mission of Repentance and Hope.

Joel has a keen perception of the vast issues at stake. He puts his thought into a pregnant phrase: 'Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.' The word is repeated to give emphasis to the vastness of the assembled company. But it is a word carefully chosen to suggest the confused noise or hum of a mighty throng. Dr. Pusey is still one of the most illuminating expositors of these little prophetic books. He says Joel 'continues, as in amazement at the great throng assembling one upon another, *multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision*, as though, whichever way he looked, there were yet more of these *tumultuous masses*, so that there was nothing beside them. It was one living, surging, boiling sea; throngs upon throngs, more throngs. The word rendered *multitudes* suggests, besides, the thought of the hum and din of these masses thronging onward, blindly, to their own destruction (Ps 21. 2). The place where they are gathered (although they know it not) is the Valley of Decision, *i.e.* of "sharp, severe judgment." The valley is the same as that before called the *valley of Jehoshaphat*; but whereas that name only signifies God judgeth, this further name denotes the strictness of God's judgment. The word signifies "cut," then "decided"; then is used of severe punishment or destruction, decided and decreed by God.'

A memorable scene in their national history shaped Joel's phrase. The story is told at length in 2 Ch 20, when the children of Moab and of Ammon gathered in vast hordes against Jehoshaphat. He was told 'There cometh a great multitude against thee from beyond the sea.' The king went to the temple and prayed: 'O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee.' The answer came by the lips of Jahaziel: 'Fear not ye, neither be dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's.' God turned the fury of their foes against each other. 'For the children of Ammon and Moab stood up against the inhabitants of Mount Seir, utterly to slay and destroy them: and when they had made an end of the inhabitants of Seir, every one helped to destroy another.'

Joel's word picture is tame indeed compared with the concourse of to-day in the Valley of Decision. The world has grown vastly larger since his time, and it seems all massed together in the Valley of Decision. Not long ago London was decked with stars and stripes to celebrate the addition of a hundred millions to our Allies. Twenty-two countries have severed diplomatic relations with Germany, thirteen are actually at war with her. It is 'multitudes, multitudes.' The world has never known such wide-spread conflict, and even those nations that hold aloof feel keenly the pressure of the all-involving struggle.

We do not suggest that Joel foresaw our world-war, but he looked on his own scene with eyes enlightened by faith in God, and confidently left the issue to Him. That is the glory of this old Hebrew prophet. He not only watches the multitudes thronging each other, he sees also that *God's opportunity is near*. Germany has taught us much about *The Day*. A frenzy of patriotic ambition looked forward to it as the time when her fortunes should be in the ascendant; when all her foes should be crushed and her glory complete. Joel sees the Day of Jehovah near.

Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign.

The multitudes of Joel's day dreamed only of conquest and the spoils of victory. A larger vision has drawn our Allies together. It has been a spiritual war to our Empire from the first. America was long reluctant to share in it. But she could not disobey that supreme call of duty. Twenty years ago, Richard Watson Gilder, the poet-editor of *The Century*, said of an earlier struggle: 'I wonder if with all our holding back the Fates are to make us play a large part in the world's affairs.' That impulse certainly moved President Wilson. He watched Germany's ruthless course strewn with the murder of innocent women and children till he was forced into 'armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of righteousness and humanity and is running amuck.' Here surely is an anticipation of the Divine verdict on the barbarities of Germany. God has not left men ignorant of the lines on which His judgment proceeds. He is the God of mercy and of purity, the God of the Beatitudes. What doubt can there be of the swiftly coming sentence on those who have violated Belgium and watched unmoved the massacre of

Armenians and the murder wrought by submarine and aeroplane: 'If a nation forces on a war for the grossest self-interest, behaves in advance as if the world lay at its feet, and throughout violates every canon of law and honour and humanity, then there are no rags to be found in the world to cover its nakedness. Compared with such shame the bitterness of death is sweet' (*Nelson's History of the War*).

Joel's view of world history and the part that Providence plays in it is full of lessons for our time. The nations are gathered together in their tumultuous hosts, but God is Lord and His day is near. His delay is a test of our patience. Why does God not intervene to stay the slaughter and wipe away the tears of the world? He is almighty, but He has granted freedom to man, and man is a scholar in the great world-school where lessons are not learnt without tears. If they were so learnt they would soon be forgotten. God really needs patience more than man. He must wait till we have learned to put away ambition, stripped ourselves of pride and vainglory, and seen the priceless worth of self-sacrifice and service. Such a school for these graces was never opened before in the history of our race. It was never so packed with scholars; the lessons were never so hard to master. Men, women, and children—multitudes, multitudes—are in the Valley of Decision waiting with strained attention for the great clock of the universe to give the signal that the day of the Lord has come. Jesus Christ put the whole philosophy of God's methods in the pregnant close to His parable of the Unjust Judge: 'And shall not God avenge his elect, which cry to him day and night, and he is long-suffering over them? I say unto you, that he will avenge them speedily. Howbeit when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?' The cry of the elect; the apparent delay of God; the decisive action when the hour for interposition strikes,—all these are here in suggestive outline, and here also is that heart-searching pendant which sets us asking, Will our faith survive the inevitable interval and step forth to welcome its Lord when at last He steps in?

Joel did not doubt the issue. He knew that God is on the side of truth and justice and mercy. He felt how the Divine fire would scorch and destroy all wickedness. Things had gone far in his time. God would set their sin before the faces

of Israel's enemies. 'They have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for an harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.' We need that clear vision, and many things are daily cleansing our eyes to behold it. There are no miracles in history more manifest than the way in which our grey ironclads slipped round into position in the North Sea on the very eve of war; or the marvellous interposition of our little Army in its heroic retreat from Mons. Whatever we think about the Angels of Mons, we see the hand of God in those terrible weeks big with fate. Germany did not reach Paris. All her soaring plans for a decisive victory in a three months' war were upset by that Providence which overrules the destiny of nations. God's purposes sometimes unfold slowly, but He never fails to carry them out:

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

Joel's chief anxiety is that Jerusalem should be ready to face the tests of that Day of the Lord. 'Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as destruction from the Almighty shall it come.' All nature shall robe itself in keeping with that awe-inspiring event. 'The sun and the moon are darkened, and the stars withdraw their shining. And the Lord shall roar from Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem: and the heavens and the earth shall shake.' He preached a national mission of repentance. He calls for godly sorrow that will cause a lasting breach with sin, and bring the whole nation in penitence to the feet of God. There is no other way to Divine favour. God has given him a message for his countrymen. 'Yet even now, saith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God.' Joel calls for a fast and a solemn assembly. It is to interrupt the joy of the bridegroom and the bride, it is to extend even to little children. The priests are to weep between the porch and the temple and to pray for God's mercy for His people.

What a message for our own times! We too

have our sins to confess and to forsake. The drunkenness that has sapped our national life; the impurity that has brought such dire consequences; the carelessness about God's Day and God's Word. Are we ready for a great reformation? Have the sorrows and losses of war, the precious young lives sacrificed, the brave men blinded and maimed for life, have these woes burnt into our hearts an enduring hatred of all that displeases God? The soul of France has been stirred to prayer and search for God. Russia has cleansed herself from the curse of vodka, and has shaken off that despotism which held her by the throat. She called for a pause in fighting that she might win freedom from the evil influences that were strangling her Court. Even yet, despite the traitors, she may step back again to her place in the ranks with new purpose. America is purging herself for the great issues before the nations. God's England and God's Englishmen must be set free from all the trammels of self-indulgence and worldliness if they are to be vessels 'unto honour, sanctified, meet for the master's use, prepared unto every good work.'

That work of Grace has been going on amid these horrors of war. Charles Lister said of Julian Grenfell: 'He stood for something very precious to me—for an England of my dreams, made of honest, brave, and tender men, and his life and death have surely done something towards the realization of that England.' That is true of a great multitude. But it must go further. One impure and selfish life can delay the victory. We want a deeper sense of God instead of that 'great poverty of allegiance' to Him which has been laid bare by events. God will not let our nation turn aside from her path of service. F. D. Maurice said once that we had been called to resist whatever power sets itself to break down national boundaries and establish a universal empire: 'It has been no choice with us whether we would do this or not; we have been forced to do it, when we were most

reasonably and remarkably reluctant. God has sent us upon the errand, if we were ever so inclined to embark in a ship of Tarshish and look after our commercial prosperity.'

Mr. Balfour spoke at the Independence Day Banquet of the way in which Great Britain and the United States found themselves 'united in the great struggle against a power which, if it be allowed to prevail, is going to destroy the very root of that Western civilization, from which we all draw our strength.' We were 'working together for the best interest of all mankind and for the civilization not only of the Old World, but of the New.' These are great hopes. Joel cherished them in his day and he saw the way to attain them. His little prophecy reaches its full tide of inspiration only when we read in it the promise of a mighty Pentecost. Peter turned here when the outpoured Spirit filled Jerusalem with wonder. Joel had foretold that baptism. The old prophet used every art to rouse his countrymen to a sense of their responsibility and to make them ready to bear the searching gaze of the all-seeing Judge. But his hope centred in that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. It was coming: 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaidens in those days will I pour out my Spirit.' All ranks and conditions were to share in that outpouring. It was more than a consecrated nation, it was nothing short of a consecrated race. God has great purposes waiting to be fulfilled, and if we and our Allies seek for that Pentecost we shall be ready for the Day of the Lord which is near in the Valley of Decision and shall come forth from it, stamped with God's approval of the priceless sacrifice made in the cause of purity and liberty, and prepared to build up the new world-society which is to be ruled by brotherhood and hallowed by love of God and man.

In the Study.

Benhadad.

'And Ben-hadad the king of Syria gathered all his host together: and there were thirty and two kings with him, and horses and chariots: and he went up and besieged Samaria, and fought against it.'—1 Kings 20¹.

In the Septuagint and in Josephus the events narrated in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Kings are placed after the meeting of Elijah with Ahab at the door of Naboth's vineyard. This order of events seems the more probable, but no chronological data are given us in the long but fragmentary details of Ahab's reign. They are, in fact, composed of different sets of records, partly historical, and partly prophetic.

Some most important details have been altogether omitted. These we learn (1) from the inscription of King Mesha on the Moabite Stone, and (2) from the clay tablets of Assyria. King Mesha's inscription gives us some details of a series of bloody wars about which the Scripture narrative is almost entirely silent, though in 2 K 3⁴⁻²⁷ it narrates Mesha's desperate resistance of Israel, Judah, and Edom (896 B.C.).

From the annals of Assyria we learn that in the year 854 B.C., Ahab of Israel was acting as one of the allies, or more probably as one of the vassals, of Syria in the great battle fought at Karkar, 854 B.C., against Shalmanezar II., by Hittites, Hamathites, and Syrians. Whether this was before the invasion of Benhadad, or after his defeat, is uncertain.

I.

1. The twentieth chapter of the First Book of Kings tells us that the Aramæan king 'gathered all his hosts together: and there were thirty and two kings with him, and horses and chariots: and he went up and besieged Samaria, and fought against it.' The object of the expedition was clearly to humble and to plunder the kingdom of Samaria. It would almost appear, from the *animus* of the Syrian king and the studied offensiveness of his messages, as if Ahab or Israel must at this special time have given him dire offence. But Benhadad was clearly a vain and overbearing and tyrannical prince, and the only crime of Israel may have been that it was independent of him, or had refused to do him homage.

In any case the policy of attacking Israel was

suicidal. If the kings had possessed the prescient glance of the prophets they could not have failed to see on the northern horizon the cloud of Assyrian power, which menaced them all with cruel extinction at the hands of that atrocious people. Their true policy would have been to form an offensive and defensive league, instead of coveting one another's dominions. Although Assyria had not yet risen to the zenith of her empire, she was already formidable enough to convince the king of Damascus that he would never be able single-handed to prevent Syria from being crushed before her. Instead of inflicting ruinous losses and humiliations on the tribes of Israel, the dynasty of Rezon, if it had been wise in its day, would have ensured their friendly aid against the horrible common enemy of the nations.

2. Unable to meet this vast army Ahab had shut himself up in Samaria. When at last he was reduced to hopeless straits, a herald was sent by Benhadad to demand the admission of ambassadors. But it is not clear that they entered the city. They may have delivered their message to the king, or to his representatives at the gates, or to the people on the walls (2 K 18²⁶).

Their ultimatum was couched in language of the deadliest insult. Benhadad laid insolent claim to everything which Ahab possessed—his silver, his gold, his wives, and the fairest of his children. When we consider how jealously the seraglio of an Eastern prince is guarded, and how the surrender of the harem is a virtual surrender of the throne, and certainly a surrender of all manhood and self-respect, we see that his aim was to wound Ahab in his tenderest point, to humble him to the lowest depths of degradation, and possibly to *force* a quarrel upon him.

If we go back to the time of the Greeks, and ask what to the Greek mind was the greatest sin, we find that it was insolence. To them insolence meant the failure of a man to realize what was his true attitude to life, to understand that he was bound, if he would be a true man, to face life boldly and fearlessly with all its issues, to think through its problems, to recognize the limits under which his life had to be lived.¹

3. But at this time Ahab seems to have sunk to the nadir of his degradation. Immediately the

¹ *Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton*, ii. 26.

craven message was sent back, 'My lord, O king, according to thy saying, I am thine, and all that I have.' Encouraged by this abject demeanour into yet more outrageous insolence, Benhadad sent back his ambassadors with the further menace that he would himself send his messengers next day into Samaria, who would search and rifle not only the palace of Ahab, but the houses of all his servants, from which they should take away everything that was pleasant in their eyes.

Ahab consulted now with his elders and his people, and the result of the consultation was a just, temperate, yet firm message of resistance: 'Tell my lord, the king, All that thou didst send for to thy servant at the first I will do: but this thing I may not do.'

A man who uses force of arms, or wealth, or commanding cunning to force the wills of a whole people into his own is the enemy of Humanity, and when a nation is so cowardly or so vile as to yield itself to his craft, or his force, or his wealth, it does not recover the effects of its sin for many years.¹

4. Ahab's answer provoked a further bit of blustering bravado from Benhadad. He sent back a message, 'The gods do so unto me, and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that follow me.' Ahab answered him firmly in a happy proverb, 'Let not him that girdeth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off.'

What is a bounder? Just a man without sufficient sense of proportion to know that he is not so important in the scheme of things as he thinks he is!²

II.

1. The warning proverb was reported to the Aramæan king while, in the insolent confidence of victory, he was drinking himself drunk in his war-booths. Neither he, nor any of those about him, was in a condition to give coherent commands. Meanwhile, a prophet, with a courage worthy of his order, true to the national spirit, and faithful to God, encouraged Ahab by assuring him that Benhadad would be defeated. By his directions the servants of the country chieftains who had fled into Samaria, and the men-at-arms then in the city—in all only about 7000 combatants—were mustered, and sent out in a vigorous sally at noon, when they would be least expected.

¹ S. A. Brooke, *Sunshine and Shadow*, 118.

² J. Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 19.

A messenger announced to the band of royal drunkards that 'men' were come out of Samaria. They were too few to call them 'an army,' and the notion of an attack from that poor handful seemed ridiculous. Benhadad thought they were coming to sue for peace, but whether peace or war were their object he gave the contemptuous order to 'take them alive.'

It was easier said than done. Led by the king at the head of his valorous youths the little host clashed into the midst of the unwieldy, unprepared, ill-handled Syrian host, and by their first slaughter created one of those fearful panics which have often been the destruction of Eastern hosts. The Syrians, whose army was made up of heterogeneous forces, and which could not be managed by thirty-four half-intoxicated feudatories of differing interests and insecure allegiance, was doubtless afraid that internal treachery must have been at work. Discouraged by the vigour of the Israelites, the force detailed to storm the city turned and fled. Benhadad himself had a most narrow escape. He could not even wait for his war chariot. He had to flee with a few of his horsemen, and apparently, so the words may imply, on an inferior horse.

On July 27 General Clary, commanding 20,000 Bourbon troops at Messina, wrote the King's Secretary: 'Now Mr. Garibaldi wishes to amuse himself with me. Let him come. He will find me more than ready. I assure you that he will dance well!' The next day Garibaldi's vanguard drove Clary's outposts from the environs of Messina into the citadel. On the 26th the main body of Garibaldians, under Medici, entered the city. On the 28th Clary signed a convention agreeing to withdraw his army from Sicily, but stipulating that until this could be carried out, his garrison should remain in the citadel, under bonds to keep the peace. This was Clary's war dance.³

2. Such a power as that of Damascus was not likely, however, to submit to a humiliating defeat. It was due, said the courtiers, to the God of Israel being a mountain God; had the battle been fought on the lowlands, the result would have been different. Further, the vassal kings were only an element of dissension and weakness. They prevented the handling of the army as one strong machine worked by a single supreme will. Let Benhadad depose from command these incapable weaklings, and put in their place dependent civil officers who would have no thought but to obey orders. And so, with good heart, let the king

ayer, *The Life and Times of Cavour*, ii. 333.

collect a fresh army with horses and chariots as powerful as the last. The issue would be certain conquest and dear revenge.

Benhadad followed this advice. A new army exactly like that which had been dispersed was raised, and marched into the great plain of Esdraelon in the opening of the fighting season, next year. In its rear lay the walled town of Aphek, in the Mishor or pastoral uplands, east of the Jordan, apparently the modern village 'Fik,' east of the Sea of Galilee, on the highway to Damascus, the wide array filling all the eastern end of the plain. But Ahab had been forewarned by a prophet that this new invasion would take place, and was prepared for it. Dividing his force in two, he kept them for seven days on the heights near at hand, waiting a favourable moment for attack. Compared with their assailants, they seemed, on the mountain sides, like 'two little flocks of kids,' while the invaders appeared to cover the country. But they were strong in the remembrance of their last year's victory, and, watching the right moment, swooped down on the Syrians with such vehemence as drove all before them. The slaughter was once more terrible, and Benhadad had again to flee. This time, however, he could get no farther than Aphek, which Ahab at once attacked. A vast number perished in the defence of the wall, which was at last carried and levelled with the ground; if, indeed, it did not fall through an earthquake or by undermining.

Benhadad himself fled from chamber to chamber to hide from the victors. According to Josephus he 'fled away with certain others of his most faithful servants, and hid himself in a cellar underground.' But it was impossible that he should not be discovered, and therefore his servants persuaded him to throw himself on the mercy of his conqueror. 'Behold now,' they said, 'we have heard that the kings of the house of Israel are merciful kings; let us, we pray thee, put sackcloth on our loins, and ropes upon our heads, and go out to the king of Israel: peradventure he will save thy life.' So they went; and then Ahab heard from the ambassadors of the king who had once dictated terms to him with such infinite contempt, the message: 'Thy servant Ben-hadad saith, I pray thee, let me live.'

A king that is used to nothing but flattery from his courtiers, whose lives he can take at any moment if they do

anything other than flatter him, is no ordinary individual to speak plainly to. One needs a smooth tongue when speaking to him.¹

3. 'And Ahab said, Is he yet alive? he is my brother. Now the men observed diligently, and hastened to catch whether it were his mind; and they said, Thy brother Ben-hadad.'

There has been much discussion of the meaning here, and some proposals of slight emendations of the reading. But the general sense seems accurately rendered by our version. 'The men watched' ('as for augury,' says the LXX), 'and hastened, and caught up' (so as to make it sure) 'what fell from him.' What follows may be a question, 'Is Benhadad thy brother?' but probably the simple acceptance of the title is better. The whole description is graphic. The Syrians speak of 'thy servant Ben-hadad.' Ahab, in compassion or show of magnanimity, says, 'my brother.' Eagerly the ambassadors catch up the word, which, according to Eastern custom, implied a pledge of amity not to be recalled; and Ahab accepts their inference, and seals it publicly by taking the conquered king into his chariot.

Weak monarch that he was, Ahab accepted the easy terms of peace proposed by Benhadad. The Syrians were not required to pay any indemnity for the immense expenditure and unutterable misery which their wanton invasions had inflicted upon Israel. Benhadad simply proposed to restore the cities which his father had taken from Omri, and to allow the Israelites to have certain quarters in Damascus for residence or trade, as the Syrians had in Samaria.

Ahab's conduct, besides being foolish, was guilty. It showed a frivolous non-recognition of his duties as a theocratic king. It flung away the national advantages, and even the national security, which had not been vouchsafed to any power or worth of his, but only to Jehovah's direct interposition to save the destinies of His people from premature extinction.²

4. Benhadad was not likely to throw away the chance which gave him such an easy-going and improvident adversary. It is certain that he did not keep the covenant. He probably never intended to keep it. If he condescended to any excuse for breaking it, he would probably have affected to regard it as extorted by violence, and therefore invalid, as Francis I. defended the forfeiture of his

¹ Mackay of Uganda, 102.

² F. W. Farrar, *The First Book of Kings*, 467.

parole after the battle of Pavia. The carelessness with which Ahab had reposed in Benhadad a confidence, not only undeserved, but rendered reckless by all the antecedents of the Syrian king, cost him very dear. He had to pay the penalty three years later in a new and disastrous war, in the loss of his life, and the overthrow of his dynasty. The fact that, after so many exertions, and so much success in war, in commerce, and in worldly policy, he and his house fell unpitied, and no one raised a finger in his defence, was doubtless due in part to the alienation of his army by a carelessness which flung away in a moment all the fruits of their hard-won victories.

Bismarck has written a circular in which he announces that, owing to some alleged infringement of neutrality on the part of Luxembourg, he no longer considers himself bound by the Treaty of 1867, which, when Prussia's susceptibilities were aroused by France's attempt to buy that Duchy from the King of Holland, was entered into by all the Powers to secure its neutrality. This most unprovoked breach of good faith puts an end to my sympathies with him.¹

III.

1. If the Benhadad king of Syria who undertook the expedition of conquest against Samaria, of which we gather some definite knowledge from the cycle of narratives about Elisha, was the same Benhadad whom Ahab had treated with such impolitic confidence, his hatred of Israel must have been intense.

On one occasion he invested Samaria so closely, and pressed it so severely, by cutting off all its supplies, that it was told in after days as an instance of the rigour of the siege that the head of an animal so objectionable for consumption as the ass was sold for eighty shekels, and the smallest measure of dove's dung for five shekels.

Elisha was in the city and had done more than any one else to inflame the courage of all to resistance. Yet although he had rendered such important services both to Jehoram and to his people on critical occasions, and, unlike Elijah, had such evident pleasure in human companionship, a good understanding could not be permanently established between the prophet and the king. Although not personally devoted to heathenism, Jehoram still permitted its existence in his kingdom, and his mother Jezebel certainly possessed great influence over the government. But a growing want of

harmony between the two was fraught with dangers, which grew with the increase, on the one hand, of the importance of Elisha both among the prophets of Jahveh and in the eyes of the whole nation, and, on the other, of the weight with which the general condition of the age threw on the son the whole burden of the memory of the crimes of such parents as Ahab and Jezebel.

2. It was probably one of the foremost consequences of this disunion that Elisha voluntarily withdrew for some time to Damascus. In what high respect he was there held, and how his seer's power was proved on the most important occasions, was related in after days as follows. King Benhadad, whose reputation had fallen very low, fell ill, and had despatched his general Hazael with the most costly presents to bear a friendly greeting to Elisha, and at the same time to obtain from him an oracle of Jahveh about his recovery.

There is a serious difficulty about Elisha's answer to the embassy. It was as though he had said, 'Take back what message you choose, but Ben-hadad will certainly die.' But this was not all; he looked at him long and strangely with unchanged countenance and wept. At length Hazael asked why the man of God was weeping, and the prophet declared that he knew beforehand how much evil Hazael would hereafter do in war to the people of Israel; nay, he even concluded, as the other modestly declined all future military glory, by saying that Jahveh had revealed to him that Hazael would hereafter be king of the Aramæans.

So Hazael went back to Benhadad, and in answer to the eager inquiry, 'What said Elisha to thee?' he gave the answer which Elisha had foreseen that he meant to give, and which was in any case a falsehood, for it suppressed half of what Elisha had really said. 'He told me,' said Hazael, 'that thou shouldest surely recover.'

3. Was the sequel of the interview the murder of Benhadad by Hazael?

The story has usually been so read, but Elisha had neither prophesied this nor suggested it. The sequel is thus described. 'And it came to pass on the morrow, that he took the coverlet, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died: and Hazael reigned in his stead.' The repetition of the name Hazael in the last clause is superfluous if he was the subject of the

¹ *The Journals of Lady Knightley of Fawsley*, 210.

previous clause, and it has been consequently conjectured that 'he took' is merely the impersonal idiom 'one took.' Some suppose that, as Benhadad was in the bath, his servant took the bath-cloth, wetted it, and laid its thick folds over the mouth of the helpless king; others, that he soaked the thick quilt, which the king was too weak to lift away. In either case it is hardly likely that a great officer like Hazael would have been in the bathroom or the bedroom of the dying king. Yet we must remember that the Prætorian Præfect Macro is said to have suffocated Tiberius with his bedclothes. Josephus says that Hazael strangled his master with a net; and, indeed, he has generally been held guilty of the perpetration of the murder. But it is fair to give him the benefit of the doubt. Be that as it may, he seems to have reigned for some forty-six years (886-840 B.C.), and to have bequeathed the sceptre to a son on whom he had bestowed the old dynastic name of Benhadad.

A steady indifference to every interest but their own, a disregard of every obligation of justice or honour, if they could secure the crown of Scotland to their lineage, had given a consistency to the conduct of the Hamiltons beyond what was to be found in any other Scottish family. No scruples of religion had disturbed them, no loyalty to their sovereign, no care or thought for the public interests of their country. Through good and evil, through truth and lies, through intrigues and bloodshed, they worked their way towards the one object of a base ambition.¹

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¹ Froude, *History of England*, ch. liii.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

1918.

'Move On.'

'We spend our years as a tale that is told.'—Ps 90⁹.

You all love to hear a story told. If it is a good story it sends you into a world of make-believe, so that things generally disagreeable to you seem for the time being quite pleasant and even interesting. I heard of a boy who imagined that he did not like porridge. But he was told he had to take it. What do you think he did? He made believe that his plate of porridge was an island threatened by the rising tide (that was the milk), and the excitement of seeing the dry land disappear was so interesting that the porridge was eaten up before the magic of make-believe came to an end.

1. What is it that makes a story fascinating? It is constant movement. The characters keep changing, and we are all ears to hear what they become in the end. It was the gradual disappearance of the *land* in the porridge plate that created the land of magic in which the porridge was eaten.

No wonder we feel there must be movement in a story; there could be no real picture of life without it. Movement is what is called a law of life. We have to move in spite of ourselves.

2. There was once a poor boy called Jo. Jo is far from being an uncommon name, but we have come to know about this special Jo from a great writer of stories. One day he stood beside a constable wiping away his grimy tears with his arm. 'I've always been a-moving and a-moving on ever since I was born,' he said. 'Where can I possibly move to, sir, more than I do move?' 'My instructions don't go to that,' replied the constable. 'My instructions are, that you are to move on. I have told you so five hundred times.'

'But where?' cried poor Jo.

'Well! Really, constable,' said a little man who wanted to be kind to Jo, 'really that does seem a question. Where, you know?'

It was just a common London policeman who insisted on Jo moving on. We—by 'we' I mean fathers and mothers, and boys and girls—are constantly kept on the move by something, let us rather say some *one*, we cannot see.

With you boys and girls moving on does not

merely mean being sent to school and then to the university, or into an office; your parents do the most of that for you. But you come to church and Sunday school to hear about the big journey of life upon which you have all started. If you look back to last New Year's Day, you can remember yourself different from what you are to-day. I know it is so: nobody can keep stationary. Your life has been a case of moving on ever since you were a little baby.

3. If the London policeman had only thought for a moment, Jo's question was a 'poser.' 'Where?' In that grand old book called the *Pilgrim's Progress* we get an answer.

Long ago Sunday-school scholars used to read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I wish they did now. It is the story of a man called Christian moving on through this world to the next. The desire to set out had come through thinking of Jo's little word 'where?' There were other people on the road: they all wanted to reach the very place Christian had in his eye. But although they moved on as far as he did some of them never reached the Celestial City.

Robert Louis Stevenson, whose *Treasure Island* every boy loves, said in another of his books that he had made many efforts to keep himself on the right road. But he added that a change came which turned him from one who shirked his work into one whose business was to strive and persevere. 'It seems,' he goes on to tell us, 'as if all that had been done by some one else. . . . I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personal to do with the matter. It came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.'

Now, the words in the text, 'like a tale that is told,' means that life is like something that is very brief—as brief as a 'sound or a sigh.' We listen round the fireside when one tells a story—there is breathless silence—the crisis comes, the end—the tale is told. It is all too short. What a wonderful story is being acted in the world just now. We are being moved on to tremendous changes. One day you boys and girls may be able to look back on these years; then they will seem to you like a tale that is told.

4. But back again to the little tale of your own life—your own moving on. Once a poet wrote:

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

'Where?' was only a puzzle to him.

We want you all to have a very happy New Year. The best way to get this is to pray earnestly that the 'steersman called God' would settle the question 'where' for you. If you do this you will get nearer and nearer to heaven as you grow older; and you will be able to look back on 1918 as the stage in your life-story when you realized that the 'steersman called God' was your friend and guide.

II.

What is the Time?

'Knowing the time,'—Ro 13¹¹ (A.V.).

I met a small boy the other day who wanted—not to know the time, but to be asked the time! What do you think was the reason? Well, he had just had a birthday, and his grandmother had presented him with a watch, not one of those imitation toy ones that never move out of the bit unless you turn a screw, but a real live one that ticked and had hands that moved round of their own accord. And so my small friend wanted to be asked the time. He wanted to use his watch and to show it off, just as you might want to play cricket if you had received a new bat, or as you might long for rain if you had got a new waterproof.

Now, if I were to ask you the question I had to ask that boy, I wonder if you could answer correctly. Do you know the time? Thousands of years ago men saw that it was a very important thing to know, and so they invented clocks. But of course the first clocks weren't at all like ours. In fact you might not call them clocks at all. Would you like to know how they are made? A vessel having a tiny hole or set of holes was filled with water. From this vessel the water dripped into another vessel in which certain distances were marked off. People were able roughly to tell the hour from the time the water, or some object floating in it, took to reach these marks.

Later, other means were invented to mark the passage of time. Sun-dials were made, and sand-glasses, very much like the egg-boiler you may see on the kitchen mantelpiece, only on a much larger scale, and King Alfred the Great marked his time by burning candles. Each candle was about twelve inches long and burned four hours. But, besides that, every candle was marked with notches at regular intervals, so that shorter periods of time could be noted. The natives of Korea still measure time in a similar way, by burning knotted ropes.

It was not till the thirteenth century that clocks something like those we know came to be used in Europe. So far as we know the first clock that was brought to England was put up in the tower of Westminster Hall in the year 1288. But it was hundreds of years later before clocks and watches came to be at all cheap or plentiful.

Nowadays we have a great number of clocks and watches, and yet there are many people who don't know the time. I wonder if you know it. I don't mean, can you read the clock face and tell exactly what hour and minute it is—I expect most of you can do that—but do you *know* the time? Because, you see, there is a big difference between *telling* the time and *knowing* the time. There is a right time and a wrong time to do most things, and unless you know which is which you don't really know the time, though you may be able to read all the queer clocks in the world.

1. Some boys and girls don't know the time *to get up*. The time to rise in the morning is when you are knocked, not ten minutes or half an hour after. Of course it's not nice to jump out of bed, especially on a cold, winter morning. But the longer we stay there the more difficult it grows to leave it. And the half-hour we lose then we can never quite make up. Do you know the sad history of little Mary Geraldine?

Little Mary Geraldine

(The clock was striking eight),

Had lost a very precious thing.

It made her breakfast late;

It made her hurry off to school

Without a piece of cake;

It made her give dear little Ned

A really truly shake

Because the wind blew off his hat;

It made her cheeks feel hot,

And tears kept coming as she ran,
And quite a lumpy spot
Came in her throat. 'Twas not her hat,
'Twas not her furry muff,
'Twas not her bag that she had lost;
'Twas really not enough,
She thought, to trouble her so much,
She lost it in her bed;
'Twas just one little short half-hour
Made all that fuss, she said.¹

Don't lose your half-hours. A little determination will soon save them.

2. Some boys and girls don't know the time *to stop nonsense*. Now please don't run away with the idea that I want you to be gloomy and to pull long faces. I believe the glad people in the world do ten times as much good as the sad ones, and the jollier you are the more likely you are to cheer and help others. But, for all that, there is a time when fun is out of place. It is time to stop fun when we ought to be working hard. It is time to stop it when our fun is hurting somebody else. A little teasing is good for every one, but there is a kind of teasing (you all know it) which is a form of cruelty. Never let fun go that length; never, if you can help it, let any one be the worse for your fun. For remember that when we hurt other people in this way we are hurting ourselves too. We are making our natures cruel, and coarse, and hard.

3. Some boys and girls don't know the time *to learn*. They trifle away the precious hours of boyhood and girlhood when their minds are easily impressed and knowledge is easily gained. So they grow up ignorant and lose their chances of success in the world.

If the right time to learn lessons were thirty or forty you would be kept at home now and sent to school then. But by the time you are thirty or forty you will have to be doing other things—making a home, or building up a business; healing the sick, or building houses, or bridges, or ships; tilling the ground, or sailing the seas, or working in the colonies. Use your schooltime well and you will be ready for the other things.

4. Some people don't know the best time *to begin following Jesus*. They let all the beautiful fresh days of their youth go past, and then perhaps, when they are old and sad, and their heart is

¹ Elizabeth L. Gould, in *A Garland of Verse*, 31.

soiled and bruised, they bring the remnants of their life to Him. And although Jesus never sends anybody away, although He can take even the tattered remnants of a life and make them into something pure and beautiful, yet these people have for ever lost the joy and the privilege of serving Him with their youth and their strength. Jesus has done so much for us. He has given us everything He possessed. Do you think it is quite fair to spend the best of our life on our own ends and offer Him the fragments? You have the splendid chance of offering Him all your life to be spent in pure and noble service. Will you give Him that gift?

Point and Illustration.

A Dictionary of Similes.

Mr. Frank J. Wilstack, who has compiled *A Dictionary of Similes* (Harrap; 10s. 6d. net) is an American author. But he is free from that 'respect of persons' which would set Longfellow beside Shakespeare, and Oliver Wendell Holmes beside Percy Bysshe Shelley. What does he mean by a Dictionary of Similes? Let him answer himself. Here is a complete word, and an important one, as we find it in its alphabetical place:

HOPE.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim at objects in an airy height:

The little pleasure of the game is afar off to view the flight.—ANON.

It is equally precarious to moor a ship by an insufficient anchor, and to ground hope on a capricious temper.—DEMOPHILUS.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams: a shadow annihilates them.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast.

LONGFELLOW.

As froth on the face of the deep,
As foam on the crest of the sea,

As dreams at the waking of sleep,
As gourd of a day and a night,
As harvest that no man shall reap,
As vintage that shall never be,
Is hope if it cling not aright,
O my God unto Thee.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth.

IBID.

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—SAMUEL SMILES.

Hope has left you like a painted dream.—

JOSEPH STANSBURY.

As some adventurous flower, on savage craigside grown,
Seems nourished hour by hour from its wild self alone,
So lives inveterate Hope, on her own hardihood.

WILLIAM WATSON.

The Prayer Book.

In a very able and reasonable volume entitled *Primitive Worship and the Prayer Book* (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net), the Rev. Walker Gwynne, D.D., has brought the Book of Common Prayer into comparison with the belief and worship of the Early Church, in order to show that in all essentials, if rightly interpreted, the Prayer Book and Primitive Worship are in agreement. He has done his work thoroughly, so thoroughly, so fairly and so well, that it will not have to be done again for some time. This fine volume is likely to become the text-book of its subject in theological colleges. It may well become also the working pastor's ever-present guide and instructor.

The Prayer Book has to be rightly interpreted. That does not mean that Dr. Gwynne reckons his interpretation the right one. His book is largely historical. He produces his authorities for all his affirmations; often he does not affirm, but lets his

authorities speak directly to us, and leaves us to think and settle.

Here, for example, is a quotation from his book, on the subject of Ministerial Priesthood. Although it is a note, it gives a good idea of his attitude as well as of his method.

'Liddon speaks of "sacerdotalism" as "a formidable word, harmless in itself, but surrounded with very invidious associations" (*Univ. Ser.*, 2nd series, p. 191). "The chief ideas commonly associated with sacerdotalism, which it is important to repudiate," writes Bishop Gore, "is that of a *vicarious* priesthood. . . . It is an abuse of the sacerdotal conception, if it is supposed that the priesthood exists to celebrate sacrifices or acts of worship *in the place of* the body of the people, or as their *substitute*. This conception had, no doubt, attached itself to the 'massing priests' of the Middle Ages. What is the truth, then? It is that the Church is one body. The free approach to God in the Sonship and Priesthood of Christ belongs to men as members of 'one body,' and this one body has different organs through which the functions of its life find expression, as it was differentiated by the act and appointment of Him who created it" (*The Church and the Ministry*, pp. 84-86). "If Christian laymen would only believe with all their hearts that they are really priests," writes Liddon, "we should very soon escape from some of the difficulties which vex the Church of Christ. Spiritual endowments are given to the Christian layman with one purpose, to the Christian minister with another: the object of the first is personal, that of the second is corporate" (*Univ. Ser.*, 2nd series, p. 198). Each is a real priest in his own sphere, and so, in all the worship of the Church, it is never "*I* offer, *I* beseech, *I* intercede," but "*We* offer, *we* beseech, *we* intercede," and that not only for ourselves, but for "The whole Church, and for all men."

Great Issues.

Certain articles and essays which have already been published are now gathered by John Beattie Crozier, LL.D., into a single volume, to which he gives the title of *Last Words on Great Issues* (Chapman & Hall; 10s. 6d. net).

The subjects are mostly religious; but politics, literature, and spiritualism have all some attention given them. One title is 'The Problem of

Religious Conversion.' Now Dr. Crozier is a liberal theologian; this hymn of praise is therefore remarkable.

'What, then, is this Religious experience known as "Conversion" or "change of heart"?—an experience which alike from the spiritual illumination and exultation which attend it, the peace, resignation, and joy with which it suffuses the heart, and the profound effects it has on the character and life, is the most entire *transformation* which in this world the mind of man can know; and of all others is the one which to those who have been the subjects of it, most convincingly demonstrates the direct and immediate *presence* of God, or the spirit of God, to the soul. Although sudden in its onset, it is always definite in its characteristics, which are in essence the same in every age and time, under every sky and every religion—Christian, Hindoo, or Mahommedan;—in Paul, Augustine, Buddha, St. Francis, Boehmen, Fox, Wesley, and the Mystics of the Mahommedan sects. It is a clear *human* experience transacted in the full sunlight of consciousness, and on the open arena of the soul; and is a transfiguration as real and surprising to the man himself who experiences it, as was that vision of Jesus on the Mount to His wondering and adoring disciples. From all the accounts we have of it, it would seem to follow usually on a period of deep inward dissatisfaction, unrest, disillusionment, or sorrow; bursting on the mind in a flood of light, and bathing it and all the world in a glory so intense that the very senses are affected by it; the grey old dreary world tingling under its transforming radiance with life and love, as on its first morning; the very landscape even, the trees, cattle and streams, being Eden-tipped by it; and on tiptoe with inner exultation and joy. In this experience the soul feels itself to be in the very presence of God Himself, wrapped around with His enfolding Spirit; and is so spellbound and entranced by the rapture of the vision, that it melts and swoons under it in a kind of speechless ecstasy of gratitude and prayer. It would seem to be the quintessence of all that is rarest and most excellent in life, raised to the transcendental pitch; no words can adequately describe it; and to those who are still "unconverted" it can be but faintly shadowed forth in such casual and intermittent experiences as when in some propitious hour, especially in love's young morning dream, strains

of music come to us which give us, if but for moments, glimpses of eternal melodies; and speak to us of such things as in all this endless life, as Richter says, we have not found and shall not find. In this rapturous experience the conviction that it is the very Spirit of God that is present to the soul

seems self-evident; an axiom needing no demonstration to confirm it; a thing *above* proof; and which, like all fundamentals, must in every attempt at proof be itself assumed.

That quotation is enough. The liberal theologian who can write in that way is worth reading.

Loyalty.

BY THE REV. J. G. JAMES, D.LITT., M.A., SOUTHSEA.

Of all the noble personal qualities that have been brought into prominence by the Great War there are none more important than loyalty, which had not only fallen into the background of life, but has been generally employed in what we consider to be a secondary sense in the days of peace. It is not identical with patriotism, because it is finer in quality and more generic; it is, in fact, an essential of all true religion; and wherein religion has lacked loyalty it has become to that extent ineffective, formal, and unreal. Patriotism is frequently dealt with in Scripture, and it has received therein ample support; so also is loyalty, although it is difficult to find a single word in the Old Testament or in the New which distinctly denotes that characteristic. It is implicit throughout the prophetic and the apostolic writings and above all in the teachings of our Lord, but it needs to be sought for and brought out distinctly into the light.

First of all, we must consider what is precisely meant by the term. Its etymology connects it with law, the base being *loi*, which is derived from the Latin, *lex*; but it has long since parted company with any mere sense of legality or allegiance to law in the abstract, or legislation, or even law-abiding conduct. It has come to be almost correlative with royalty, the king as the over-lord, with all the authority that sovereignty denotes, requiring and having the right to demand on the part of the subject loyalty to his person, his government, and his commands. In primitive times and also under the feudal system the lord made a distinct appeal for loyalty in the full sense. Inseparable from this was the quality of fealty, the personal sense of honour which bound a man to his vows and made him true to his *foi*, and thus he became faithful and trustworthy. Loyalty during the course of modern days has lost in a measure

its personal character, and we talk freely and in a somewhat self-conscious spirit of loyalty to our convictions, our principles, and our party. The discovery and closer investigation of the qualities and properties of the conception of personality have brought out recently into prominence the personal equation in life, and religion is coming to bear more distinctively the attitude of personal submission and surrender, allegiance and obedience to our Sovereign Lord, our beloved *δεσπότης*. This characteristic, illustrated and enforced by the response to the call of King and Country in the present appalling crisis, is thus gaining a significance which is of the highest value and importance for religion, and which brings us back to a clearer conception of the obligation of believers as set forth by our Lord and in the Pauline and Petrine Epistles.

If we take loyalty to denote personal attachment and submission to a definite authority, vested in a person who has the right to our allegiance and obedience, or as it has been put, 'the quality of commanding disinterested service and uncalculating devotion,' we can find it everywhere in Scripture. Its advance may be clearly traced from the naïve ideas of submission to God as the Supreme Authority, the Covenant-keeping Jehovah, through the period of loyalty to the Divine law, then degenerating later into mere legalism, and finally to the teaching of personal surrender to the lordship of Jesus Christ.

The Covenant-keeping God of the patriarchs demanded both fealty and loyalty, faithfulness on the part of the Deity calling for and evoking loyalty and faithfulness on the part of His servants. The full idea of individual personality had not, of course, completely emerged; it was household loyalty that was involved, as conveyed in the

resolve, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord,' Joshua thus speaking on behalf of himself and his family (Jos 24¹⁵).

Loyalty to law under the Mosaic system was not as abstract as it might seem, nor was it, until the later Pharisaism came in, merely legalism. The 119th Psalm is the purest and choicest expression of loyalty to law: 'Oh how I love thy law' (v. 97) is its keynote. Now, it is obvious that no one could love an abstract law, even though that love might be 'intellectual' enough to satisfy Spinoza. It was the personal element associated with that law that inspired the love—the Supreme Sovereign taking so great an interest in His people as to entrust to them this expression of His will as a sacred deposit and to present to them so exalted an ideal of personal righteousness. Even the Wisdom literature in varying degrees and forms personalized the Divine Authority and claims, whether as Wisdom or as Logos, and a claim was set up for the attachment and obedience of the complete manhood.

Our Lord's demand throughout was for loyalty to Himself as a Person. All men are invited to come to Him, to believe on Him, to take His yoke upon them, to carry His cross and to follow Him; and as loyalty is always associated with fealty, His demands were for faithfulness in face of all trial and persecution and in the smallest details of personal service and by heroic endurance to the end. The whole of the conflict between Christ and the Pharisees turned upon the distinction between loyalty and legality. We can hardly doubt that loyalty to God and to His righteousness would have led the leaders of that day to recognize the moral and spiritual claims of Jesus Christ. It was devotion to law and its traditions in the abstract that made their lives so unreal, and for the reason that it gripped and controlled only a section of the personality; consequently they were more especially interested in producing an impression upon others, and thus they became 'hypocrites,' and their religion was a pose.

Paul's conception of loyalty to his Lord led him to the ethical union of the highest type, and he was enabled to say, 'I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me' (Gal 2²⁰). He was his Lord's bond-servant, the slave of Jesus Christ, and he determined that not a single thought or opinion of his own should be excluded from that absolute claim. Christ was to be so enthroned within his heart

that every thought should be brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. Could loyalty have been more explicitly declared or of a more completely personal character than this? Peter reprobates those who deny the *δεσπότης* who bought them, and he admonishes believers to sanctify in their hearts Christ as Lord (1 P 3¹⁵).

The relation of a Christian to his Master in its entirety includes not less than the enthronement of Christ as Lord over all his functional and conscious activities. Whilst trust in Christ as the Saviour and Mediator, the acceptance of His merit and worth on our behalf, are involved in the act of faith, it embraces quite as essentially the chivalrous devotion, the submission of the will, allegiance and obedience to Him as Lord—in fact, all that the term 'loyalty' connotes. It is hardly too much to say that all religion is loyalty and all disloyalty is irreligious. It is quite true, as Nietzsche says, that Christianity is a religion of slaves, and it is the opposite of the character of the Superman; nevertheless, the paradox still holds that slavery to Christ is the only way of true freedom and power.

It must be said that the development of this conception has come through the course of time to imply personal devotion to a collective ideal—that of the State, of society, and of the Church. Even so far back as Plato the ideal of a perfect State, which, as he taught, should be enshrined within the individual soul, possessed the supreme authority over the life and conduct of the citizen. Every modern statesman professes that this ideal is that to which he owes his loyalty, and he is doubtless right in so far as that ideal is really the highest from a moral point of view and does not override the rights of humanity as a whole. Rival loyalties have arisen in the more complex conditions of society, as between the good of the State or the Empire as a whole and the interests of a particular party in the State, and as between the sovereign rights of the reigning monarch and the freedom and advance of the body politic. The individual has often to decide between the higher and the lower loyalties in such conflicting claims. We readily stigmatize a man as being 'disloyal' to his party or creed when perhaps he is more truly loyal to the still higher moral claims which command his allegiance. In fact, the fundamental idea of loyalty has been largely lost in what may only be quite justifiably and conscientiously adherence to principles or convictions. When,

however, the ideal ceases to be personal, especially in religion, it comes to lose its hold upon the concrete person and the totality of conscious existence. The War, amongst other things, and the trend of the most recent thought, have brought us back to the simplicity of the soldier's loyalty and thus have restored the personal element; and we believe that it is only the personal element of the highest order that can impart to loyalty its full content in spite of the oft-quoted maxim of political life, 'principles, not persons.' In religion, above all, loyalty has a finer, warmer, and richer content than any such conception as adherence to principle or personal conviction, however conscientious these may be; or even devotion to creed or cult. It is essential to the Christian religion, which is distinctively the right personal relation to Jesus Christ. And it is for this reason, that it consists of the attitude of the concrete self to that Person who possesses sovereign power to command and who has a right to claim our whole-hearted service.

It is remarkable, to say the least, that the latest philosophical writers have come to recognize the importance of loyalty in this full sense and its value for ethics and religion. Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, has a whole philosophy of 'Loyalty,' which makes religion to consist in loyalty to 'the beloved community,' and sin to be nothing short of disloyalty, betrayal, and treachery—an act which is in itself irrevocable and must be atoned for. Surely theologians should take note of this system! It would be easy to quote from Bradley, Bosanquet, Ward, and others to show the importance laid upon the determination of the concrete self towards the object of homage and worship which loyalty involves. Perhaps we may be permitted to quote from Balfour's *Theism and Humanism*. 'I am not putting on a moral level the patriot and the partisan, the martyr to some great cause and the shouting spectator at a school match. What I am insisting on is that they all have loyalty in common; a loyalty which often is, and always may be, pure from egoistic alloy. . . . The relation (for example) between a commercial company and its officials is essentially a business one. The employer pays the market price for honesty and competence, and has no claim to more. Yet that company is surely either unfortunate or underserving whose servants are wholly indifferent to

its fortunes, feeling no faintest flicker of pride when it succeeds, no tinge of regret when it fails. Honourable is the tie between those who exchange honest wage and honest work; yet loyalty can easily better it' (pp. 104, 105). In all the relationships of life loyalty means so much more than law-abiding and covenant-keeping that a demand is made upon interest, sentiment, and in a certain measure every attribute of personality. How much more then in religion does it demand such a response to the claims of our adorable Lord that the whole of one's affection, regard, and love focused upon the surrender of the will is awakened by His claims.

It is not here contended that loyalty exhausts the whole theological content of saving faith. It includes fealty, and it involves every function of the soul in that attitude of the concrete self to Christ as faith's Objective Reality. But when loyalty in its personal significance is left out, religion becomes anæmic, impoverished, and flaccid, and the character has lost its chivalry and its finer sense of moral values all round. Not only so, but the very idea of loyalty had before the War been disparaged and even detested as something hardly consistent with the idea of independent and highly developed manhood. Adherence to principle, as it was termed, the following of the value-judgments of the enlightened soul, the result of the appeal to the self-consciousness, were raised to a higher plane than loyalty to any person. The result has been subjectivism in its various forms, all more or less morbid and pathological. On the one hand, there has been a general indifference to the claims of Christ, and on the other an outcrop of singularity, solitarism, and eccentricity, and the condition of the man with a 'kink' in his conscience. Adherence to and even the worship of a mere principle may make a man a conscientious moralist, but it cannot constitute him a Christian. The centre and focus of the soul's vision must be the Lord Himself, who possesses the absolute claim to every power and function of our being. His infinite mercy and love call for warm-blooded, passionate, and rich devotion to His Person, which transcends even the conception or consciousness of altruism, self-sacrifice, and self-abnegation as abstract ends. It enters into the very fabric of our being and affects the whole bearing and character; a loyal person can no more play a

small-souled, a mean, or an unworthy part than he can annihilate himself. It is unthinkable, for he is the soul of honour, chivalry, and heroism. Spiritual freedom demands the absence of a strained, affected, and self-conscious service, and it is only by self-transcendence, as Bosanquet so clearly demonstrates, that a man can truly realize himself. This is indeed possible when a man is loyal, through and through, to his Superior, and when he is fully conscious that he is not his own, but that he is 'bought with a price.'

Whatever developments our modern complex life has wrought in our ideas of religious and moral obligation, and even in the conception of loyalty itself, it is vitally important to reinstate in our religious conceptions the concrete values of personality, and above all our personal relationship to Christ, who as perfect Man and God can alone claim and command the totality of our powers. To express and demonstrate the response to this all-embracing and imperative claim, we know of no better word for our day than 'loyalty.'

Irenæus and the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. H. A. A. KENNEDY, D.D., D.Sc., PROFESSOR OF EXEGETICAL THEOLOGY,
NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

II.

LET us now narrow down our discussion. Irenæus was personally acquainted with Polycarp and Pothinus, the one born about 69, the other about 87 A.D. He may also have known Papias, a contemporary of Polycarp, and at any rate he had read his writings. Further, both directly and indirectly (through Papias' works and, doubtless, other written documents), he was in touch with information handed down by elders, men of outstanding authority in the Churches of Asia and Gaul, and his language in the Letter to Florinus seems to imply that he knew some of the earlier 'elders who were disciples of the apostles.' What did he learn from these various sources, or did he learn anything, regarding the Fourth Gospel and the prominent Churchman, John, with whose name it seems at least from the last quarter of the second century to have been regularly associated?

(1) *Polycarp*. A central matter in Irenæus' celebrated statement of his intimacy in his early days with Polycarp is his recollection of how the bishop 'used to tell of his intercourse with John and the rest of those who had seen the Lord, and how he would repeat their words. And what he had heard from them about the Lord, and about His miracles, and about His teaching, Polycarp, as having received it from eye-witnesses of the life of the Word, used to relate in complete accordance with the Scriptures' (Eus. v. 20. 6). Plainly, the

intercourse of Polycarp with John was the paramount feature of his intimacy with 'those who had seen the Lord.' The others of the group are not named. But John and they are classified together under the designation, 'eye-witnesses of the life of the Word.' The phrase can scarcely be dissociated from Jn 1¹⁴ and 1 Jn 1¹⁶. Moreover, although we cannot be sure whether it is Irenæus' own, or represented Polycarp's way of speaking, it gives a presumption in favour of some connexion between the 'John' mentioned in the same context and the documents through which the term 'Logos' had gained currency in the Church. That presumption is strengthened by the concluding words of the sentence, 'in complete agreement with the Scriptures.' Irenæus was well acquainted with the four Gospels. The juxtaposition of the phrase we are discussing with this reference, following the mention of an influential eye-witness named John, indicates the links of association in the mind of Irenæus. We are not surprised, therefore, to find in the only extant writing of Polycarp, his brief Epistle to the Philippians, clear echoes of the 'Johannine' literature: 'Every one who confesses not that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is Antichrist, and whosoever confesses not the testimony of the cross is of the devil'; cf. 1 Jn 4² 3⁸, and possibly Jn 8⁴⁴.

But Irenæus makes further reference to Poly-

carp's connexion with John. Victor, bishop of Rome, had severed intercourse with the Churches of Asia Minor, because they refused to abandon their practice of terminating 'the feast of the Pass-over of salvation' on the 14th of Nisan, and to conform to the Roman order of making the festival culminate on the Sunday that followed the equinoctial full moon. Irenæus, who was himself in accord with the Roman practice, writes to Victor, remonstrating with him for his harshness, and reminding him that his predecessors in the Roman See recognized the difference of opinion on this question, and never made it an occasion for excommunicating their brethren. 'When the blessed Polycarp sojourned at Rome in the time of Anicetus, and they had some trifling differences about other matters, they at once came to terms, and on this important question put away all love of strife. For Anicetus was unable to persuade Polycarp to give up keeping the feast [on the 14th Nisan], seeing the latter had always kept it [on that day] along with John the disciple of our Lord and the rest of the apostles with whom he lived constantly' (Eus. v. 24. 16). Two most important points emerge from this passage. Again, Polycarp's intimacy with 'John, the disciple of our Lord,' is emphasized. And here Irenæus includes John among the apostles.

Once more, the setting of Polycarp's career is put before us by Irenæus. 'Polycarp, moreover, was not only instructed by apostles and intimate with many of those who had seen Christ, but he was also appointed by apostles bishop in Asia, in the Church at Smyrna. Him I myself also have seen in my early youth (for he remained long with us and died in extreme old age, after a glorious and illustrious martyrdom). He ever taught those things which he learnt from the apostles, the things which are also handed down by the Church, and which alone are true. To them bear testimony all the Churches in Asia and Polycarp's successors up till now, regarding him as a witness far more stable and worthy of confidence than Valentinus and Marcion and the rest of the perverse in mind. . . . And there are some who have heard him tell that John, the disciple of the Lord, at Ephesus, having gone to bathe, saw Cerinthus in the bathing-house and rushed out without bathing, exclaiming, "Let us flee in case the bathing-house collapse, since Cerinthus the enemy of the truth is inside"' (iii. 3. 4). Several inferences are obvious. Irenæus

is in touch with the continuous tradition of the Churches in Asia. Polycarp, with whom he had been acquainted, is a very important link in that tradition. Smyrna, the seat of his bishopric, was, roughly speaking, a neighbour Church to that of Ephesus. With Ephesus the name of 'John, the disciple of the Lord,' is associated. Polycarp is known to have been a disciple of John's. Probably the words, 'appointed by apostles . . . bishop,' are meant to include John.

Eusebius corroborates Irenæus' statement in general terms: 'Prominent in Asia at that time was Polycarp, a disciple of the apostles, who had been entrusted with the bishopric of the Church at Smyrna by the eye-witnesses and ministers of the Lord' (Eus. iii. 36. 1). It is needless to cite Eusebius' testimony as to the intimacy of Polycarp with Ignatius, bishop of Antioch (iii. 36. 5, 10), as we have Polycarp's own evidence in his Epistle to the Philippians (13). The bearing of their intimacy upon the present discussion may be indicated by such an estimate of Ignatius' relation to the Fourth Gospel as that of an unbiassed scholar like Dean Inge, who says (*N.T. in Apostolic Fathers*, p. 83): 'Ignatius' use of the Fourth Gospel is *highly probable*,¹ but falls some way short of certainty.'

Let us collect the results of our examination of Polycarp's relation to a leading Churchman in Asia named John, and to the 'Johannine' documents, as described by Irenæus, and confirmed by Eusebius. (a) This John was a disciple of the Lord. (b) He was evidently the most eminent of 'those who had seen the Lord,' in the Church of Asia Minor, for when Irenæus earnestly warns his old friend Florinus against heretical opinions and appeals to their common master Polycarp, the one authority who is named as standing behind Polycarp is John. Similarly, in referring to Polycarp's position in the Paschal controversy, John's is the one name given by Irenæus from the earlier generation whose practice influenced Polycarp. The reference is quite incidental. (c) Polycarp is regularly described as a 'disciple' of the apostles. That must mean primarily apostles who had settled in Asia Minor. And in the story of Cerinthus Polycarp associates John with Ephesus, which was not far distant from Smyrna, his own See. Certainly Polycarp must have been for a large part of his life in close touch with the affairs of

¹ Italics mine.

Ephesus. (d) There is no clear evidence that Polycarp was acquainted with the Fourth Gospel. Of one reference in his Epistle to the Philippians (5⁸): 'Even as he promised us to raise us from the dead,' we may say with the careful scholar who has examined the Epistle for *The New Testament in the Apostolic Fathers*, that it 'seems certainly to be to a Johannine tradition (cf. Jn 5^{21. 25} 644), though it need not necessarily be to our Fourth Gospel' (p. 104). But it must be remembered that Polycarp's single work consists of only thirteen brief sections, so that the argument from silence is peculiarly hazardous. Even within this short compass, on the other hand, there occurs the passage (7¹) already quoted in which 'the numerous coincidences of language render it probable that Polycarp either used 1 John or was personally acquainted with its author' (*op. cit.* p. 100). Some scholars have laid emphasis on Irenæus' statement as to Polycarp's discourses being 'in complete accordance with the Scriptures,' inferring from this language that he may have in view 'Johannine accounts of Jesus' work and teaching—but not our fourth gospel—current in the time of Polycarp' (Lewis, *The Irenæus Testimony to the Fourth Gospel*, p. 35). But the inference rests on precarious arguments and ought not to be pressed. There is significance in the description of John and his fellow-disciples as 'eye-witnesses of the life of the Word.' It may have no connexion with Polycarp's standpoint, but its casual employment by Irenæus in this context seems to hint at a Johannine atmosphere in which Polycarp had moved.

(2) *Papias*. We have seen that the bishop of Hierapolis was a contemporary of Polycarp. The fact that Eusebius 'discusses him . . . in connexion with the fathers who flourished in the reign of Trajan or before, while the notice of Polycarp is deferred till a much later point in the history' (*Essays on Sup. Religion*, p. 150), suggests to Lightfoot that Papias was the older man of the two. Irenæus describes him as 'the hearer of John.' Eusebius, taking for granted that John the apostle is meant, corrects the statement: 'Papias himself as a matter of fact in the preface to his discourses does not profess to have been a hearer and eye-witness of the holy apostles.' But there is some force in Lightfoot's caution that 'Irenæus does not state that he derived his knowledge from this preface, or indeed from any part of the work' (*op. cit.* p. 144). Curiously enough Eusebius him-

self, in his *Chronicle* (ed. Schoene, ii. p. 162), describes Papias along with Polycarp as a 'hearer' of John the apostle. Harnack, followed by most scholars, holds that he took this information directly from Iren. *Contr. Hær.* v. 33. 4 (*Chronologie*, i. p. 36). It would appear, therefore, that Eusebius had revised his opinion. In a fragment of Apollinaris, bishop of Hierapolis c. 170 A.D., a successor of Papias and a contemporary of Irenæus, Papias is called *ὁ Ἰωάννου μαθητὴς* (Harnack, *Patr. Apost. Opp.* i. p. 187). This, however, is ambiguous, in view of his own famous and elusive statement, to which we must now turn (Eus. iii. 29. 3-4).

'I will not hesitate,' he says in his preface, 'to incorporate for you along with my interpretations all that once upon a time I carefully learnt from the elders and carefully remembered. . . . On any occasion when a follower of the elders happened to come, I used to question him about the discourses of the elders—what was said by Andrew or Peter or Philip or Thomas or James or John or Matthew or any other of the disciples of the Lord, and what Aristion and the elder John, disciples of the Lord, say.' Eusebius, commenting on this passage, notes the twofold mention of the name 'John,' first, among the apostles, 'evidently meaning the evangelist,' and, second, outside the number of the apostles, along with Aristion, and designated 'the elder.' He remarks that this agrees with a statement current that there were two persons of that name in Asia, and that the tombs of both were at Ephesus. Here we are face to face with one of the most puzzling problems of early Church history.

In spite of Dom Chapman's vigorous arguments to the contrary (*John the Presbyter*, pp. 9-26), I find myself obliged to believe, with Lightfoot, that when Papias speaks of 'those who had been followers of οἱ πρεσβύτεροι,' and of himself as 'inquiring into (ἀνέκρινον) the discourses of the πρεσβύτεροι, what was said by Andrew or Peter, etc.,' he must mean by οἱ πρεσβύτεροι here the apostles and disciples whose names follow, using the word as the writer to the Hebrews (11²) does of the famous Old Testament worthies, or as we speak of the 'Fathers' of the Church.¹ Otherwise, the situation described would be a curious one. We have seen reason to believe that Papias

¹ Cf. Irenæus' account of what a certain-elder related *de antiquis* (iv. 31. 1). πρεσβύτερος was obviously a most elastic word in the second century.

was at least as old as Polycarp. That means that he was easily in a position to have known apostles who were in Asia within the last ten or twelve years of the first century. But if we take of *πρεσβύτεροι* in the sense of the Christian leaders who came after the apostles, we make Papias depend on those who were disciples of these leaders, that is to say, on persons who would usually be much younger than himself. Does this shed any light on the phrase at the close of our quotation from Papias, *ὁ πρεσβύτερος Ἰωάννης*? It is remarkable to find the epithet applied to him, and not to the 'disciple of the Lord' mentioned along with him, Aristion. And we cannot but be struck by the coincidence with the Second and Third Epistles of John, where the author designates himself by no other name than *ὁ πρεσβύτερος*, as if further explanation were unnecessary. A Church leader named 'the elder' or 'the ancient' must have been a marked man. In view of second-century tradition as to the very advanced age of the apostle John, 'the ancient,' as Dom Chapman remarks, 'was not an unnatural title to receive or to assume,' and he compares Paul's description of himself as *Παῦλος πρεσβύτερος* in Philemon⁹ (*op. cit.* p. 39, note 1).

The crux lies in Papias' previous mention of John among the familiar names of the Twelve. Is it conceivable that, after saying that he used to inquire of followers of 'the old worthies' what they had heard from men like Andrew and Peter and John, he should return, to this same authority at the close of the sentence? In the one case he inquires *τί Ἰωάννης εἶπεν*: in the other, *ἃ τε ὁ πρεσβύτερος Ἰωάννης λέγει*. The most noteworthy difference is the change from past to present. Will this distinction admit of a reference to the same person? May we here apply Lightfoot's important criterion as to oral and written tradition, and refer *λέγει*, as contrasted with *εἶπεν*, to Johannine *documents*, by this time in private although not yet general circulation? The latter hypothesis seems to me by no means impossible. Perhaps the change from the *τί*-construction of the earlier part of the sentence to the *ἃ τε* of the later points to a silent alteration of this kind in the writer's standpoint for the moment. It is certainly curious, and I know of no adequate attempt to explain it. One is very doubtful whether it is correct to translate *ἃ τε* (as commonly): 'and what Aristion, etc.,' or 'also' (with Moffatt).

Eusebius, continuing his observations on this passage, remarks: 'Papias, of whom we were now speaking, confesses that he had received the words of the apostles from those who had been their followers, but says that he was himself a hearer of Aristion and the elder John. At all events, he mentions them many times in his writings, and records their traditions' (iii. 39. 7). But there is nothing in the extract from Papias to justify Eusebius' statement that he had been a personal hearer of 'the elder John.' The bishop professes to have received reminiscences of his discourses, perhaps written down, at second-hand. And it is merely begging the question to say that Eusebius must have known some other passage in his works to justify his assertion. For he proceeds to suggest that he had made too sweeping an inference from Papias' statement (possibly misled by the strange alteration in the construction from *τί εἶπεν* to *ἃ τε . . . λέγει*), and that the data really at his disposal consisted in repeated references by name to Aristion and the elder John. Similarly, in a later paragraph of the same chapter, he mentions that Papias 'hands down in his own work narratives of the words of the Lord which have come from Aristion, who was referred to above, and traditions of the elder John.' But he does not even hint that Papias received them at first-hand.

As a matter of fact, the evidence of this keenly discussed fragment rather obscures than clarifies the situation. And the interpretation of it by Eusebius, on which so much has been built, reveals a great deal of vagueness in his mind also. Writing nearly 200 years after the death of Papias, he probably was as little in a position to estimate its meaning as we are. We must return to this passage later. Meanwhile, as to the question whether any traces have been preserved of an acquaintance of Papias with the 'Johannine' documentary tradition, Eusebius tells us that he 'used testimonies from the former (*πρωτέρας*) Epistle of John' (iii. 39. 17). That appears to be the only direct reference. It has been suggested above that certain passages in Irenæus, where he seems to refer to published works, may reasonably be ascribed to Papias. In one of these (v. 36. 1), which describes the bliss that awaits the redeemed, and which Irenæus ascribes to the 'elders,' they are reported by him as saying that one group 'shall be taken up into the heavens, and the second shall dwell in paradise, and the third shall inhabit the city: and

that therefore our Lord has said, "in my Father's house are many mansions (ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρὸς μου μὲν εἶναι πολλάς)." A good case can be made out for connecting the passage with Papias. It deals with his favourite subject of eschatology, and it represents his method of blending traditions of

the elders with his own interpretations of Scripture. If it comes from him, there is a presumption that he was acquainted with the Fourth Gospel or one of its sources, but, of course, this saying of Jesus (Jn 14²) may have simply been current in oral tradition.

Literature.

MALORY.

MR. ALFRED W. POLLARD has spent time in modernizing Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. We envy him the duty for the pleasure of it. We might not have been able to do it, for this is the work that is so easy to do and so difficult to do well. But the longer the labour the greater the pleasure, for you must live with Malory, as Tennyson did, to know how remunerative he is.

Mr. Pollard has done well, but with all his doing the book would have been only half the joy it is had not Mr. Arthur Rackham been enlisted on the illustrating of it. The plates are so characteristic and so artistic that few but Malory could outshine them.

The title is *The Romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net).

NATIONALISM.

'Have you not seen, since the commencement of the existence of the Nation, that the dread of it has been the one goblin-dread with which the whole world has been trembling? Wherever there is a dark corner, there is the suspicion of its secret malevolence; and people live in a perpetual distrust of its back where it has no eyes. Every sound of a footstep, every rustle of movement in the neighbourhood, sends a thrill of terror all around. And this terror is the parent of all that is base in man's nature. It makes one almost openly unashamed of inhumanity. Clever lies become matters, of self-congratulation. Solemn pledges become a farce,—laughable for their very solemnity. The Nation, with all its paraphernalia of power and prosperity, its flags and pious hymns, its blasphemous prayers in the churches, and the literary

mock thunders of its patriotic bragging, cannot hide the fact that the Nation is the greatest evil for the Nation, that all its precautions are against it, and any new birth of its fellow in the world is always followed in its mind by the dread of a new peril. Its one wish is to trade on the feebleness of the rest of the world, like some insects that are bred in the paralysed flesh of victims kept just enough alive to make them toothsome and nutritious.'

The quotation is from Sir Rabindranath Tagore's book on *Nationalism* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). It is enough to show what opinion Tagore has of patriotism as it is professed by some patriots. It is a book which only a few will be able to read with pleasure before the war is over. But then—

PRIEST OF THE IDEAL.

Mr. Stephen Graham will make what he writes interesting, whatever his subject be. What is his subject in *Priest of the Ideal* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net)? Look at Biggleswade. Biggleswade is a Chaplain to the Forces, home for a short rest. He tumbles into the company whose acquaintance we have made as if his entrance were an accident or an episode. But he represents the demand for a new world when the war is over—new books, new churches, new priests, and new prophets. He stands for the men at the front who are coming back with new thoughts and the resolve to realize them. Does Mr. Graham mean to tell us that we may give way too much to these demands?

An American millionaire, or agent of millionaires, comes to England for the purpose of buying up all the ancient historical monuments for which we no longer care. He would buy a cathedral and transport it stone by stone if he could find one for sale. He does buy gargoyles, jewels, and other things. Does Mr. Graham mean that we may go

too far in insisting on new ways of worship and the like? The advocates of a good classical education think that the cry for Science in the schools is in danger of sweeping away something that has made England great. Does Mr. Graham think that we run the risk of sweeping away all that has made England beautiful? He loves the Prayer Book, the Cathedral lawn, the walk between the hedges to an old old church with an old old parson. The American must not be allowed to carry them away as if we were done with them. When the men come back they must see that they come back to the same old England which they and we have loved all along. 'These old holy places, Glastonbury, Iona, Lindisfarne, and others are holy still. There is spiritual life in them and about them. They must re-emerge as great sources of spiritual redemption and healing power.'

Notice, further, the religious rightness of the book. Mr. Wells? Mr. Wells is an infant in religious thinking, Mr. Graham is a man. The less Mr. Wells knows the more unorthodox he is; Mr. Graham is whole-heartedly with historical Christianity, and intensely interesting.

CARDINAL XIMENES.

Messrs. Grafton of Coptic House, London, W.C., have published a biography of Cardinal Ximenes (10s. 6d. net), in a form that is fit for any drawing-room or the most exclusive shelf in any library. And the book is worth the care that has been given to it. The author is Mr. James P. R. Lyell, a noted bibliographer, who can write as not all bibliographers can. His biography of the great Spaniard is a model of conciseness. Yet the best part of the book and the most original is the long chapter in which Mr. Lyell describes the Complutensian Polyglot Bible. Neither the lover of old Bibles nor the lecturer on Bible Versions can neglect this account of the Complutensian. Mr. Lyell claims quite justly that the facts 'are to some extent presented now for the first time to English readers in detailed and connected form.' Among the rest, there is a new discussion of the Heavenly Witnesses text (1 Jn 5⁷).

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

'The *Lives* of St. Francis Xavier fall into three main classes—the erudite, the popular, and the

pious. An addition to the first or third of these groups would have been beyond the capacity of the present writer, even had they not already had abundant attention from the devout and the scholarly. But since the original letters and documents have been printed no popular *Life* of the Saint has appeared in England. The present work is an attempt to fill that blank.'

So says Edith Anne Stewart in her Preface to *The Life of St. Francis Xavier, Evangelist, Explorer, Mystic* (Headley Brothers; 12s. 6d. net). It is a modest claim. It is fulfilled and more.

First of all, however, the book is particularly pleasant to look upon. The publishers have recognized its worth and given it an appearance that is fitting. The book-lover will handle it fondly before he reads a word of it; and if he has an eye for art he will be satisfied with the reproductions of the old engravings that are in it.

The author's style is direct and unadorned, very different from the ornamental manner of the authors who wrote our 'popular' books in days gone by. But in her plainness there is often an intensity of feeling which is not far removed from the passion that turns prose into poetry. It is no purpose of the author to write poetry; she is a restrained and responsible historian. But the subject has taken possession of her, and we feel now and then the emotional thrill of the passage from the simple narrative to the epic vision. This is so most often when St. Francis is accomplishing one of his great acts of atonement.

The biography is very circumstantial. That is good. So comprehensive a soul as Xavier's is misinterpreted when only the outstanding events of his life are recorded. And every one of these events is misrepresented unless its circumstances are known. This is the biography that makes the deepest and the only abiding impression. And 'popular' as it is, those who read it through will be able to think that they have made a great man and a great movement in the history of Christianity their own. Now St. Francis is ours as well as Paul and Apollos and Cephas.

TENNYSON.

It is not the subject, it is the treatment of it, that makes the difference. In *Hearts of Controversy*, by Alice Meynell (Burns & Oates; 5s. net), the subjects are Tennyson, Dickens, Swinburne,

and the Brontës; and yet the attention is arrested at once and retained to the end. The more familiar the subjects, the more enjoyment. It is as if a friend had called to talk about some absent dear one, and discovered new aspects for our affection to rejoice in.

Perhaps the Tennyson essay is the most surprising. Is it not itself a surprise that a critic of keenest insight should give Tennyson the highest place? 'He is the captain of our dreams. Others have lighted a candle in England, he lit a sun.' Then there is the distinction between his style and his manner. He 'had both a style and a manner: a masterly style, a magical style, a too dainty manner, nearly a trick; a noble landscape, and in it figures something ready-made.' But again, the style asserts itself against the manner, and—'It is no dishonour to Tennyson, for it is a dishonour to our education, to disparage a poet who wrote but the two—had he written no more of their kind—lines of "The Passing of Arthur," of which, before I quote them, I will permit myself the personal remembrance of a great contemporary author's opinion. Mr. Meredith, speaking to me of the high-water mark of English style in poetry and prose, cited those lines as topmost in poetry:

On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Here is no taint of manner, no pretty posture or habit, but the simplicity of poetry and the simplicity of Nature, something on the yonder side of imagery.'

Turn for a moment to the essay on Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and note this judgment on Emily, and by Emily on us: 'Of Emily Brontë's face the world holds only an obviously unskilled reflection, and of her aspect no record worth having. Wild fugitive, she vanished, she escaped, she broke away, exiled by the neglect of her contemporaries, banished by their disrespect, outlawed by their contempt, dismissed by their indifference. And such an one was she as might rather have taken for her own the sentence pronounced by Coriolanus under sentence of expulsion; she might have driven the world from before her face and cast it out from her presence as he condemned his Romans: "I banish you."'

A SUPER-HARMONY.

It is a long time since we received a Harmony of the Gospels. Now that it has come we do not

wonder that it was long in coming. For the author, Dr. Henry Burton Sharman, who might so easily have reprinted one of the numerous Harmonies in existence with a few improvements; or at the most have caught the best features of each of them and produced a Harmony of Harmonies, has worked over the Gospels for himself, chapter by chapter, verse by verse, according to a plan that is altogether his own, and has given us a Harmony which deserves the description printed by the publishers on the cover, 'A Super-harmony of the Gospels.' Dr. Sharman's own title is simply *Records of the Life of Jesus* (New York: Doran; \$2.50 net). It is an extremely handsome royal octavo volume, beautifully printed on paper which no publisher can print on now in this country.

Dr. Sharman divides his Harmony into two parts, giving the Synoptics first, and then St. John by itself. Of his Method this is what he says: 'At no point throughout the work has any theory or hypothesis as to any literary or other relation of these records to one another had any part in the determination of the arrangement or the showing forth of the material. Mark is placed in the order of Mark; Luke is placed in the order of Luke, and John in its own order. In the case of Matthew only has any departure in order been made, and there for three chapters only (8-9-10) of the twenty-eight of that record. The departure made in that case was not based on any theory as to the source relations of the records, but resulted simply from the decision to conform Matthew in these chapters (8-9-10), as Matthew of itself is conformed throughout the rest of its structure, to that order of events on which Mark and Luke are in complete agreement.'

Then as to the Form he says: 'Those portions of the text that appear in roman type represent each record in its own chronological order, except that chapters 8-9-10 of Matthew, though in roman type, are not in the Matthew order, but are conformed to the order of Mark-Luke. Those portions of the text that appear in italic type are not in the sequence of the records from which they come, but are placed where they stand in order that they may be studied there in relation to the record that does stand chronologically at that point. If, therefore, the reader will pass over what stands in italic type, the book may be used for the independent consecutive study of any one of the four individual records.'

The volume is itself a harmony of Science and Art.

NEW ENGLAND.

A series of lectures on *The Religious History of New England* were delivered in King's Chapel, Boston, in the winters of 1914-15 and 1915-16, and they are now issued in one handsome volume (London: Humphrey Milford; \$2.50 net). The lectures were eight in number; (1) the Congregationalists; (2) the Revolt against the Standing Order; (3) the Baptists; (4) the Quakers; (5) the Episcopalians; (6) the Methodists; (7) the Universalists; (8) the Swedenborgians. Each lecture was delivered by a distinguished representative of the particular denomination who could lecture. Rufus M. Jones lectured on the Quakers; George Hodges on the Episcopalians; William Edwards Huntington on the Methodists—to give three well-known names. No doubt we may trust the facts: the presentation of them is in every case (though with much variety of manner) true and forcible English literature.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HEBREWS.

If Moses wrote the Pentateuch we may speak of Mosaism now in another sense than that of a system of legislation. It is an attitude to life. Its opposite is Darwinism. According to Moses all things came into being at a bound, and by leaps and bounds all things have continued their being. According to Darwinism there are no leaps in the Universe; all is movement forward by imperceptible alterations.

It is therefore no surprise (the Churches in the United States of America having taken to Darwin so heartily) to find Professor Laura H. Wild of Mt. Holyoke College publishing a book on *The Evolution of the Hebrew People* (Scribners; \$1.50 net) and simply ignoring the method of Moses. The whole history of the Hebrews can be explained as an example, and an excellent example, of evolution.

We have no fault to find. Moses did not mean to tell us how the heavens and the earth were formed. He meant to tell us that they owed their formation to God. He did not mean to tell us how the Israelites subdued the earth. He meant to tell us that they prospered according as they recognized

the power and the presence of God. And evolution, as Professor Wild expounds it, never leaves out God.

Professor Wild has her weaknesses. They show up most when she comes to Jesus. She has not discovered Jesus yet. But for the history, with all its adjuncts, for the politics, the geography, for all the environment of religion and literature and life, this is the book.

The publishers as well as the authors are recognizing the demand for a religious, a real religious, basis for life. The publishers of the anonymous book entitled *Life's Edifice* (John Long; 5s. net) have hitherto been associated with fiction, and almost identified with it. But this book is religious. True, it is the work of an evolutionist, but it is none the less religious, and ends with a frank acceptance of the supremacy of Christ, the need for repentance, and the vital importance of prayer. Moreover, there are here and there striking passages of religious insight. When he is speaking of the second great commandment, the author says: 'The love of one another, however, goes beyond "the duty to one's neighbour," a factor which has been described as the starting-point of progressive civilization. Love and sympathy are more powerful in their effect than a sense of duty, and, therefore, an exhortation to "love one another" forms an ultimate ideal.' It is a book to be read, and as a sign of the times it is to be welcomed with gratitude.

A number of papers on *Women and Church Work* have been edited by the Rev. Cyril C. B. Bardsley (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). They are partly historical—Women in the New Testament, by the Rev. F. S. Guy Warman, D.D.; Women in History, by Margaret G. Brooke. They are partly social—Co-operation between Men and Women in Social Work, by the Rev. W. Temple; Women and Social Purity, by J. E. Higson. And they are partly religious—Women in the Church on the Mission Fields, by M. C. Gollock; Women and Church Work at Home, by the Editor; Women and the Spiritual Life of the Church, by Elaine Thornton.

Have we run away to the lantern and the cinema before we had exhausted the possibilities of the

black-board? The Rev. W. Fairlie Clarke, M.A., Vicar of St. Andrew's, Watford, can use the black-board to some purpose. Just look at the Devil here in the form of a roaring lion—and yet a few strokes with the chalk have done it. He tells whole stories, fascinating stories, with his bit of chalk. And he tells other teachers how to tell them. His book is *A Black-board Catechism* (Longmans; 2s. net).

Mr. A. H. Walker's title is a little clumsy: *The Catechism in the Bible: Baptism—Our Profession* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). He wanted to make it cover the contents of the book, which had to be varied, being 'Sunday School Lessons on Modern Lines designed to give children love for the Saviour, knowledge of the Catechism, and instruction in the life of a Christian.' It is a book with much matter in it, all well arranged, and clearly exhibited to the eye by large type and small type, clarendon type and roman type.

The Rev. Homes Dudden, D.D., has preached his war sermons, twelve in number, and published them. The title is *The Heroic Dead* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is the title of the first sermon, of which the text is from the Book of Wisdom (3¹): 'The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.' Dr. Dudden does not haggle over the word 'righteous.' They are righteous who give their lives willingly, not counting them dear unto themselves, that they may win liberty for the nations of the earth. And so

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,

England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal

Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

Part iii. for 1917 of *Ancient Egypt* (Macmillan; 2s.) contains four or five papers of most unusual interest. Clearly there is no exhaustion of treasure. The most valuable paper has been written by Professor Flinders Petrie himself. It is an article

on 'The Geography of the Gods,' illustrated by maps.

Messrs. Macmillan have published *Sacrifice, and Other Plays*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (5s. net). It is a surprising book, after all the surprises which this Indian author has given us. It is almost a folly to call him an Indian, so human is his genius. He is an Indian as Isaiah and Job are Hebrews. Perhaps it is the unexpectedness of so great a dramatic gift in one's own time that dares this comparison. But let any one read *Sacrifice*, and write coldly.

The book called *The Consciousness of Jesus*, by Horace M. du Bose (New York: Methodist Book Concern; 75 cents net), is undoubtedly difficult reading, but it is well worth the difficulty. The author is as profound as he is wholesome. He might have expanded this into a great volume, but he prefers to write like Tacitus. And it is not—mark that—it is not a foolish comparison to compare him as a theologian with the historian Tacitus. The book is new, and we are sure it is true. Here is the Saint, and here also is the Saviour.

The argument is this: 'Jesus having removed himself from the limitations of his earthly life, during which his consciousness was manifested in many extraordinary ways, is succeeded by universal and continuous manifestation of himself in the Word, from which, in even more extraordinary ways than during his earthly life, his consciousness affects and engulfs the lives of men.' Does that convey nothing? Then read the book, and read it the second time.

During a great war the State controls the individual so frequently and so severely that liberty-loving men take alarm. Will the State continue its control when the war is over? Has it really the right to so terrible a pressure now? These are the questions that have sent Mr. E. F. B. Fell to the writing of *Personal Liberty* (Methuen; 5s. net). It is an earnest and strongly worded plea for the liberty of the individual—and that not only against the State, but also against secularism and socialism. But indeed Mr. Fell finds that 'a Socialist is one who asserts or implies the absolute supremacy of the State over the individual; the assumed "Good of the Whole" is his sole criterion of right and wrong, and (consequently) the signific-

ance of the Individual is to be regarded as exhausted in his relation to the State.' Perhaps Mr. Fell is carried by his argument further than even the most sympathetic reader will follow him. 'If,' he says, 'the State, if and when it is acting unfaithfully to Liberty, should desire to compel our fellow-citizens to do even things that we approve and practise spontaneously in our own lives, we must on moral grounds resist such legislation, even though it should seem at first that we should gain wealth, culture, ease, virtue, or whatever else by thus winking at the violation of a principle. The violation of a principle is like a rent in a sail—it does not end where it began.' And he gives as an example an agitation some years ago in Canada to prohibit the consumption of alcohol.

Must we defend the Virgin Birth because it is in the Creed? Some feel that they must. Others defend it because they believe heartily in it. The Bishop of Norwich is one. His little book *The Virgin's Son* (Murray; 2s. 6d.) is a believer's book out and out. Hence Dr. Pollock can speak with edification as well as with persuasion.

Sir Francis Darwin has issued in book form a number of essays and addresses with which he has charmed readers and hearers in years gone by. He calls the book, after the first essay, *Rustic Sounds* (Murray; 6s. net). Sounds are to him more reminiscent than sights. 'Wendell Holmes claims the sense of smell as most closely associated with memory; for me it is that of hearing.' Accordingly that first essay is a delightfully free-and-easy talk about sounds, and how to make them. There is a full description, with diagram, of the manufacture of a whistle out of a slip of chestnut—very pleasant for a country boy to read. Sir Francis is himself a musician and has studied the history of the pipe and tabor.

The rest of the papers are biographical, with just a flavour of Science—Francis Galton, Jane Austen, Stephen Hales, George Darwin. He says: 'The power of endlessly re-reading the novels of Miss Austen is the only advantage conferred by a bad memory. I do not imagine that Macaulay, greatly as he admired her, could have endured to read her as often as I have. Nor am I willing to allow that this is intellectual idleness, for her works like those of Nature, always yield something new to

the faithful student.' Not to omit all reference to science, notice Sir Francis Darwin's preference for Mendel, much as he admires Galton and his work on heredity. 'Nevertheless, it seems to me that Mendelism, the main facts of which are no longer in dispute, will compel the world (if it has not already done so) to look at variation in a very different way to that of Galton.'

M. Deshumbert has written *An Ethical System based on the Laws of Nature* (Open Court Pub. Co.; 2s. 6d. net), and he has had it translated already into seven languages, while translators into other three are busy. The translator into English is Mr. Lionel Giles, M.A., D.Litt. The idea is that Nature has definite and ascertainable laws along which she has caused all things in the Earth (and probably in the Universe) to develop, and by living in agreement with these laws, plants, beasts, and men live morally and happily. For M. Deshumbert believes that plants and animals are moral or immoral as well as man, and gives many marvellous examples. That may be so. In any case here is a strong encouragement to man to live the life of highest morality, which includes the practice of all the virtues.

Among the gains of the war one is the turning of literary men to thoughts of God. We have Mr. Wells for one, vivid enough if uninstructed; Mr. Stephen Graham, penetrating and imaginative; and Mr. Coulson Kernahan, earnestly evangelical and outspoken. Mr. Kernahan has published a strong plea for the practice of intercessory prayer. Its title is *More than this World Dreams of* (R.T.S.; 1s. net).

The Rev. A. Patrick McNeile, M.A., Vicar of Heybridge and formerly Chaplain to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, has published a series of letters written to a boy who is preparing to be confirmed. *Letters on Confirmation* is the title (Scott; 1s. 6d. net).

Canon J. H. B. Masterman has worked right through the *Sunday Gospels* and explained them one by one (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). The explanations may serve as models for addresses on the Lessons. Or they may serve as hints and helps to the making of sermons on them. For in every one there is fresh thought as well as clear order.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has undertaken the issue of a new Commentary. We have already noticed the volume on the Epistle to the Romans. Now we notice the first volume of the series on the Minor Prophets. Its subject is *Hosea* (1s. 6d. net), and its author is the Rev. A. Lukyn Williams, D.D. The prophecy is divided into short sections, and each section has its introduction and notes. The introduction (in large type) is really an exposition, so that the notes (in small type) can be very few. All is the work of a scholar and a teacher.

Six addresses on *The Life of the World to Come* given by the late Professor H. B. Swete in Hitchin have now been published (S.P.C.K. ; 2s. 6d. net). It was Dr. Swete's hope to live to issue a last volume on the Creed, dealing with the life everlasting. These lectures were no doubt a clearing of the ground for it. So it was well to publish them. In their simpler and more popular form they may appeal even to a larger public than the projected book would have done. They have all the marks of accurate scholarship and the close walk with God.

Miss Bertha Condé, Senior Student Secretary for the National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations in the United States, has heard the call 'Go and make disciples.' In a book entitled *The Human Element in the Making of a Christian* (Scribners; \$1 net) she works her way systematically through all the stages that lead to Christ and to the fulness of manhood in Christ Jesus. The subtitle of the book is 'Studies in Personal Evangelism,' but the evangelism is much more educative and much less hortatory than we are familiar with. At the end of each chapter there is a Bible Study and Questions for Thought.

How early may we begin to give our little ones religious instruction? Miss Mary Everett Rankin, Instructor in Kindergarten Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, says at the age of five. And for the age of five she has prepared *A Course for Beginners in Religious Education* (Scribners; \$1.25 net). It is no child's play. A substantial book, it is planned and prepared with skill and thoroughness. Even apart from the illustrations, which are beautiful but not indispensable, every page could be used in school or

at home, and a distinct lesson taught. Much is made of music. It is no child's play, we say; and yet we can easily believe that, with all its seriousness and thoroughness, this method of giving religious instruction would be enjoyed heartily by the children, and give them a love of God and goodness priceless in value for their future life.

Mr. W. Asquith in his book *The Power that is Life* (Universal Pub. Co.; 2s. 6d.) speaks of himself as 'still young in years, but old in experience.' Whether it is his youth or his experience that encourages him, he makes 'attacks upon established religion,' and confesses it. He will be forgiven. For his whole soul is set upon arresting the advance of materialism; and for all that he does in that way we give him thanks. It may be that there are those to whom his very conspicuous distance from 'established religion' will be a recommendation, and they will be the more likely to join him in his spiritual crusade.

Forty years ago, when young men left the county towns to go to the University, they carried with them a copy of *The Student's Manual*, by the Rev. John Todd. It was a little dumpy book with much in it, the type being very small, for eyes were of no consideration in those days. And it was most merciless. Did the Rev. John Todd follow his own instructions? Some of us dared to doubt it even then.

Professor John Adams, of the University of London, is more merciful. Todd's *Manual* is out of date: Professor Adams has written *The Student's Guide* (Univ. of Lond. Press; 3s. 6d. net). He does not demand that the student should get up at an unearthly hour in the morning and that he should live all day on the rack of duty. And what he does demand he demands in much less peremptory language. Indeed, his guide is a fine literary work, good to read as well as possible to obey.

Professor Adams does not cover so much ground as old John Todd did. He is not so inquisitorial. There are secret places in life into which he does not attempt to enter. But the great change, as we have said, is that he comes to us by way of love, not of commandment. The difference between Todd and Adams is the difference between the Old Covenant and the New. Professor Adams has more authority because he is less authoritative.

The young men of the future will carry this attractive book to the city with them and thank God.

Mr. A. S. Mories has hitherto been known as one of the very aggressive band of rationalists who publish with Messrs. Watts, the publishers of the Rationalist Press books. Now he comes before the world as a man who has passed through a sudden and complete conversion. He has discovered that God is in close affinity with man, and man with God, through Jesus Christ. The great saying for him is, 'I and the Father are one,' with this other, not less great, 'That they all may be one, as we are.' And he is determined now to give himself to the delivery of this, the true Gospel of the Grace of God. His new book is also published by Messrs. Watts. Its title is *Christ's Secret Doctrine* (1s. net).

Dr. Warde Fowler illuminates everything that he touches. This gift of giving light he possesses beyond most of the scholars of our day. Is the subject of his new book beyond your horizon? It is *Aeneas at the Site of Rome*, further described as 'Observations on the Eighth Book of the Aeneid' (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). You have not read the Introductory Note before you are in earnest to read the book through. And every additional note is a new delight.

It is very pleasant to see a volume of unashamed exposition again. It is very satisfactory to find that it is an excellent volume. The author is the Rev. David Burns. The exposition is of the Epistle to the Philippians. The title of the volume is *Philippians: Expository Sermons on the Epistle of St. Paul* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net). May it be the first sheaf of a great harvest.

The volume of sermons which the Rev. H. W. Morrow, M.A., of Omagh, has published, is undoubtedly one of the most reliable and restful of the books of comfort called forth by the war. Not a sentence seems to have been uttered without anxious thought—probably not without actual suffering. But over it all rises faith in Him who spared not His own Son, a faith as sympathetic as it is victorious. The title is *Under the Shadow of God* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

The Wisdom Literature of the Bible has been more neglected than any part of it. But it seems as if the neglect were to be made good at last. For here come two books, both of first rank scholarship and both of serenest evangelical faith, which seem as if separately, and surely together, they mean to give us all that the Wisdom Literature has to give this present generation. Both books are published by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. The one is *Studies in Life from Jewish Proverbs*, by the Rev. W. A. L. Elmslie, M.A.; the other *The Wisdom Books*, by Professor John Edgar McFadyen, D.D. (4s. 6d. net each).

Professor McFadyen is a translator. He has translated into modern speech and rhythmical form the Books of Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, as well as Lamentations and the Song of Songs. And he has added notes. Of the notes he says: 'I have reduced the notes to the barest minimum, giving only such as justify the translation, explain allusions, or briefly elucidate obscurities: they are in no sense a substitute for exegesis. Commentaries will always be necessary, but too often they shadow the text instead of illuminating it. The ideal commentary would be a perfect translation: for then, without intervening explanation, the ancient writer would make his own immediate impression, and speak home to the hearts of his readers as a man speaks to his friend.'

As an example of the translation take Job 16¹⁻⁵:

Then Job answered and said:
Many things such as these have I heard:
Ye are wearisome comforters—all of you.
Shall windy words have an end?
What is it that provokes thee to answer?
I, too, could speak like you,
Were your soul in my soul's stead.
I could weave words together about you,
And shake my head at you.
I could strengthen you with my mouth,
And encourage you with lip-comfort.

Mr. Elmslie has made a thorough and sympathetic study of the Jewish Proverbs, taking account of them wherever they are to be found—in the Old Testament, in the Apocrypha, and in later literature, some of it tinged with Christian thought. It is a volume that will be found to exceed in interest the highest expectations that have been formed of it, and yet the expectations of those who know the author were quite unusually high.

The fascination of Flying is not for those only who fly. No stories are read with more avidity by the multitude who have never yet been able to 'mount up with wings as eagles' than the stories of our flying men. Well, in the book called *With the French Flying Corps*, written by an American who trained and took service in France, Mr. Carroll Dana Winslow (Constable; 3s. 6d. net), we have the whole theory and practice of flight. The telling is so faultless that the photographs, though excellent, are almost superfluous. Mr. Winslow is not concerned to record anecdotes, but among a few that are good he tells this one over again and authoritatively:

'A bomber had been over the German trenches. The pilot was about to spiral down for the landing, when his passenger looked out to see if everything was in good order. To his horror, he noticed that two of the bombs were still unreleased, having become caught on the chassis or running-gear of the machine. If they landed in this condition, there was every likelihood that there would be nothing to mark their landing-place but a deep crater in the ground. The two men were desperate. To climb down and unhook the bombs seemed impossible. No one had ever been known to do it. It was like clambering up to the main truck of a sailing vessel in the teeth of a hurricane. It was the only alternative left to them. The passenger mustered up his courage and climbed out on the wing and then down on the running-gear. Holding on with only one hand, he leaned down and carefully loosed the bombs with the other. It was a splendid exhibition of nerve and courage, and it saved the lives of both men.'

Messrs. Cornish have published a little book of *Prayers for Boys*, collected and arranged by the Rev. Hubert H. M. Bartleet, M.A. (1s. net). The prayers are taken chiefly from the Prayer Book, but Canon Bright and others have also been culled from. It is an attractive little book, and it is printed in large comfortable type.

The Rev. Thomas Dunlop, of Bootle, was an interpreter of Bunyan to his own generation, very practical and very acceptable. His lectures were delivered many times. And now, much condensed, they have been published with this title: *In the Steps of Bunyan's Pilgrim* (Edinburgh; Elliot; 3s. 6d. net). The editor is the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan has written the volume on *Freedom* for Messrs. Headley's 'New Commonwealth Books' (2s. net). He is a keen advocate of personal liberty, and dreads the necessities of war. This is outspoken enough: 'From this divergence between the honour of the individual and the honour of the State arises the present apparent incompatibility of their needs and the almost farcical character of Governments all over the world. The individual is more civilized than the State, and this is perhaps one reason why the State attempts to stupefy and brutalise the individual by a narrow and prejudiced education and the callous bullying that accompanies conscription. As an illustration take the position of Viscount Grey, who is in his private capacity a fair type of a nineteenth-century gentleman, but in acting for the State he is constrained to behave like an eighteenth-century duellist. He must go warily, lest he disturb the honour of foreigners in an equally delicate position, and if he is challenged he must fight—not, however, with his sword, which is illegal, but with the lives of millions of his fellow-countrymen, which is legal.'

But he has great expectations of the time when the war is over: 'We shall not, with the coming of peace, find ourselves in a new world. The stuff of humanity remains the same with this difference, that the secret is out. Ariel is free. The imagination of the childhood of humanity plagues men no more. There is no mysterious authority behind the Governments, but there is some mysterious authority behind the people, more and more becoming clear to the consciousness of all, a potent emanation from the earth, as vast and miraculous as the rhythm of the seasons, a spirit expressing itself in the beauty of flowers, in the song of birds, in the filmy drifting of the clouds, but most clearly in the heart of man.'

After giving us a little book on *Self-Training in Prayer*, which we have found original and encouraging, Dr. A. H. McNeile has now issued its companion, with the title *Self-Training in Meditation* (Heffer; 1s. 6d. net). Only experience—experience that has failed as well as succeeded—could have discovered these practical rules; only the girt loin and the lit lamp could have made them so impressive.

Whether *The Making of a Mystic*, by Aelfrida

Tillyard (Heffer; 2s. 6d. net), will be the making of other mystics or not, it will certainly be enjoyed by its readers. Written in the form of letters, confessed to be fictitious, it will not attract the idly curious, but the reading of a single page will finish the book. What is the way of the making of a mystic? It is meditation. Lie down at night, cross your hands over your breast, think of consecration, or some other big idea. Do it again in the morning. The mystical life will begin and grow, and the visions and revelations will come. So stated it may seem frivolous: it is not frivolous by any means.

Take note of the Calendars issued by Messrs. Pickering & Inglis of Glasgow. One is the *Daily Meditation Calendar* (1s. net); the other the *Daily Manna Calendar* (6d. net).

It is not Irishmen only that will read with pride of the doings of *The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli* as told by Major Bryan Cooper (Herbert Jenkins; 6s. net). No man on earth, whatever his nationality, be he friend or foe, if he is a man, will be able to read unmoved the story of that rocky peninsula. And the Tenth (Irish) Division, under Major-General Sir Bryan Mahon, had a fine share in its glory. Major Cooper is proud of his men, and would not have their deeds left unsung. He has furnished the facts for the poet who is to come. With surprising clearness he describes the

operations in which the Tenth had a part. Only in this way can we ever understand how wonderful these operations were—every man who has the gift telling us what he himself saw.

And this is the model for the future historian. There is no self-glorification. We do not remember once discovering Major Cooper's own name throughout the book. The Division does everything. And the Division is a reality. 'A unit trained to arms has a spiritual as well as a material being. A battalion of infantry is not merely a collection of a thousand men armed with rifles; it is, or at any rate, it should be, a community possessing mutual hopes, mutual fears, and mutual affection. Officers and men have learnt to know one another and to rely on one another, and if they are worth their salt, the spiritual bond uniting them is far stronger and more effectual for good than the power conferred by rank and authority. In the 10th Division the bonds uniting all ranks were unusually strong. In the first place came love of Ireland, shared in equal degree by officers and men. Second to this, and only second, was pride of regiment, happiness at forming part of a unit which had had so many glorious deeds recorded of it and resolution to be worthy of its fame. The names of the battalions—Dublins, Munsters, Inniskillings, Connaught Rangers—spoke not only of home, but also of splendid achievements performed in the past, and nerved us to courage and endurance in the future.'

The Babylonian Paradise and its Rivers.

BY THEOPHILUS G. PINCHES, LL.D., LONDON.

IN THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for September 1915, Professor Sayce published a most interesting article upon 'The Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man according to the Sumerians.' This is an examination of the details given in Langdon's *Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man* (Philadelphia, 1915), in which the veteran Assyriologist points out that the situation of the Sumerian Paradise in the land of Tilmun (thus, apparently, not Dilmun) was the same as that of the Biblical Garden of Eden. *Til-mun* seemingly means 'the salt tract' (*til*, 'to come to an end,' and *mun*, 'salt') on the shores of the Persian Gulf. This

district owed its fertility to the rivers—the Tigris and the Euphrates—which watered the tract, and whose efficiency was increased by the many artificial waterways which ran through it, and carried the salt away at the same time as they irrigated the land. In this we have a further indication of the Babylonian origin of the Biblical Creation-Story, which, as a theory, has now been in existence for about 370 years.

As pointed out by Fried. Delitzsch (*Wo lag das Paradies*, p. 38), the earliest localization of Paradise in Babylonia is that of Calvin in his *Commentary on Genesis*—a theory in which he was

followed, more or less closely, by other scholars. It is not so much Calvin's theory, however, which Delitzsch has adopted in the above-named work, as that of Hopkinson (*Paradise*, p. 49), whose explanation was curtly dismissed by Dillman with the words: 'Hopkinson even took as an aid (to this identification) two connecting canals between the Euphrates and the Tigris constructed by human hands.'

Though we should like to welcome the theory of an Englishman with regard to the rivers of Paradise, and, at the same time, accept Professor Delitzsch's views, we feel that there is some difficulty in doing so. What will turn out to be the true explanation with regard to the rivers of Paradise, as described in Gn 2¹⁰, cannot, at present, be predicted, but one point seems to be certain—namely, that Babylonia, either wholly or in part, was the land of Eden, eastward (really south-eastward), in which the garden—the earthly Paradise—was located; and whatever the differing details of their theories, Calvin, Hopkinson, and Delitzsch are all of them right. In connexion with this, it may be assumed that the Sumero-Akkadian plain, *edina* is the Biblical Eden, and that the Babylonian belief that their land was the place of the Paradise-city, Êri-du, is correct. In any case, two of the rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, are there, and the identification of the other two may be but a matter of minor importance. It is even possible that Delitzsch is right in accepting the theory that two Babylonian artificial waterways are to be identified with the Pison and the Gihon, but more light upon this question is required.

Naturally, as has been already pointed out, it was not the Babylonian plain which was identified with the Garden of Paradise, but only a small portion of it, namely, the region of Abu-Shahreïn, which is universally identified with the Babylonian Êri-du, 'the good city,' regarded long ago, by the late Sir Henry Rawlinson, as the Babylonian Paradise-city. Concerning this interesting place, it may not be altogether useless to quote again the well-known poetical incantation concerning it:

In Êri-du a black vine grew—in a sacred spot it was made.

Its substance was white-flaked lapis-stone, planted in the Deep.

Êa's path in Êri-du is filled with fruitfulness—

His seat is the place (probably centre-place) of the earth,¹

His abode is the bed of Engur (or Nammu).

In his holy house, which is like a forest, (his) shelter is set—no man can enter therein.

In the midst of it is Šamaš (and) Tammuz,

Between the mouths of the rivers on both sides:

Ka-ĥengala, Igi-ĥengala, [(and) Ka-na-ab-ul, keep] the vine of Êri-du, and ut[ter] the incantation of the deep.

Has he plac[ed] it (the vine) at the head of the sick² man?

Then the spirit of luck, the fortunate genius of the man, the son of his god, verily stands by his side.

This incantation, which runs to a considerable length, is somewhat mutilated, but the important thing about it is the above descriptive introduction. It was Êa's vine which grew in this sacred place, and Êa has been identified—whether rightly or wrongly remains to be seen—with the Yah (Jah) of the Hebrews. That the 'dark vine' is probably the Babylonian equivalent of the Tree of Life is suggested by the fact that a branch of it, placed by the head of a sick man, would ward off the evil influences which afflicted him.

Another point is that of the position of Êri-du. This city, if rightly identified with Abu-shahreïn, lay close to the Euphrates, and far from the Tigris, and was by no means 'between' these two rivers in the real sense of the word. As far as the Babylonian view is concerned, therefore, it is best to leave those two great waterways out of account, and confine ourselves to the three artificial waterways or canals mentioned in the incantation. A reference to the great list of gods shows that the section referring to Êa (*Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets*, part xxiv. pl. 28) mentions five others, making eight in all, the additional names being *Igi-na-ab-ul*, *Ka-ba-ni-namtila*, *Ka-ba-hi-silima*, *Igi-bi-šu-namtila*, and *Igi-bi-šu-silima*. Now *Igi*, 'eye,' means also 'spring,' and *ka* means 'mouth,' so that the eight streams resolve themselves into four, as follows:

Igi ĥengala, the spring of abundance.

Ka-ĥengala, the mouth of abundance.

Igi-na-ab-ul, by its spring it hath perfection.

¹ The Sumerian has 'earth-eye-land,' but 'eye' may be used in the sense of 'spring.'

² Or 'fever-stricken.'

Ka-na-ab-ul, by its mouth it hath perfection.
Igi-bi-šu-namtila, in its spring is life.
Ka-bi-šu-namtila, in its mouth is life.
Igi-bi-šu-silima, in its spring is well-being.
Ka-bi-šu-silima, in its mouth is well-being.¹

Nourished by such streams as these, there is no wonder that the 'dark vine' of Êri-du was held to be capable of healing all diseases, and even of restoring the dead to life.

It would therefore seem that, as in Gn 2^{10f}, the Babylonian Paradise-streams were four in number, but as their Paradise-city was a very small tract, they did not include the Tigris and the Euphrates among the number. They would seem, however, not to have been artificial waterways, but streams due to springs. Whether they will ever be found and identified is doubtful, as the country has greatly changed since Sumerian times, and the head of the Persian Gulf is now some 110 miles south-east of Abu-Shahrein.

Concerning the nature of the plant translated as 'vine,' nothing is known, but the references to it in the inscriptions are interesting. The word so translated is *kiškanû*, Semiticized from the Sumerian *giš-kin* (originally, seemingly, *giš-kan*), literally 'tree' and probably) 'pip-fruit.' This, which immediately precedes various words for 'vine' in *W. Asia Inscriptions*, ii. pl. 45, no. 4, is there described as having been 'white' (*pišû*), 'black' (*šalmu*), and 'red' or 'violet' (*sâmu*), apparently referring to the colour of its fruit. Among the 'vines' indicated by the more usual character or group pronounced *geštin*, it is to be noted that we find mentioned the *geštin lula*, in Semitic *karan šēlibi*, 'the fox-vine.' And in *Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets*, xiv. 22, col. viii. lines 52, we are informed that *šam gin-gin* was the *šam geštin-lula*, 'the herb fox-vine.' This has every appearance of being a synonym of *geštin-lula*, and proves that the *giš-kin* or *giš-kan*, like the *geš-tin* was a vine.

And, finally, *geš-tin*, 'vine,' has long been known to mean 'tree of life.'

Concerning the Tree of Knowledge in Babylonian religious inscriptions, very little can be said. The

¹ The order of the original text differs, as the mouths precede the 'eyes' or 'springs,' and in the case of two couples the grouping is horizontal, and in the other two vertical. It is also to be noted that they are all personified, each 'eye' and each 'mouth' having been regarded as a god.

'Tree of Knowledge' in the true sense, among the Babylonians, was the *gis-su*, a word (or group) which generally stands for 'wooden tablet,' or the like. The tree of which the Babylonians ate 'all the days of their lives' was the date-palm, which is the central feature of what many regard as the Babylonian temptation scene, preserved on a cylinder seal in the British Museum.

Something may also be said concerning the strange river-name (or canal-name) given in one of the lists. This was referred to by Delitzsch in *Babel und Bibel*, and opens up the possibility of further interesting discoveries when excavations can be resumed. The meaning of the name is 'the river of the serpent-god shattering the abode of life,' or the like. Now 'the abode of life' is expressed by the characters *tin-dir*, which, in other texts, with the place-suffix, is one of the ideographic groups for 'Babylon.' It is therefore not improbable that the scene of the 'shattering' was laid somewhere in the neighbourhood of Babylon, though Êri-du or the neighbourhood is not excluded.

Naturally the details with regard to the Babylonian Paradise-streams do not diminish the difficulties of the identification of the Hebrew record with regard to Paradise—the Tigris and the Euphrates are there, but what about the Pison, which 'encompasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold,' and the Gihon, which 'floweth round the whole land of Ethiopia'? Or, if it be not Ethiopia, but the Cappadocian Cush, what stream in that neighbourhood are we to identify the Gihon with? Were there districts in Babylonia bearing the names of Havilah and Cush? All these still remain difficult points—nevertheless, whatever the answers to these questions may be, the parallels between the Babylonian indications as to the site of Paradise and the description thereof in the opening chapters of Genesis are sufficiently striking.

RIVER GODS.

I have taken the four deities whose names contain the word 'eye' or 'spring,' and the four whose names contain the word 'mouth,' as personified streams, notwithstanding that the determinative prefix for 'river,' *nâru*, is in each case absent. The name of the river-god proper naturally has the character for 'river' as one of its constituents, but none of the six sons of Ênki or Êa, who were probably river gods, are indicated by this prefix.

Even the sixth on the list, *Burnun-ta-saa*, 'he who came forth from the great (water) receptacle,' is unprovided with it. The eight divine water-courses—the four 'eyes' and the four 'mouths'—are described as 'the 8 porters (*i.e.* gate-keepers) of the god Enki' (or Êa), the god of the Deep. Whether there be any significance in the fact that, in the great lists of gods, the great Babylonian river-god had four names—(*H*)*id* or (*H*)*it*, 'the River,' (*H*)*i(d)-gala*, 'the great river,' (*H*)*i(d)-silim*, 'the benefiting river,' and (*H*)*i(d)-lu-šub-gu*, 'the river which overthrows its bank' (?)—or not, remains to be decided. This deity had a special ship, 'the ship of the River-god' (*ēlippi ilu Nāri*), which is mentioned between 'the ship of Êa,' and 'the ship of Merodach.'

THE SERPENT GOD.

This deity seems to have been called *Saḥan*, and, dialectically, *Šeraḥ*. He appears as one of

the six *utukku*-genii of the temples Ê-kura (in Nippur?) and Ê-šara (possibly in the same city), and was one of the attendants of Ellila, the 'older Bel.' In another place the serpent-god is explained as being *Gu-silim*, 'the speaker of well-being'—perhaps the serpent tempter—the seducer with fair words. But if this be the case, the Babylonians did not regard him as a malignant divine personage, but rather of the nature of the evil spirit in Heine's lines:

Ich rief den Teufel und er kam,
Er war nicht hässlich, er war nicht lahm—
Er war ein lieber charmanter Mann!

It is doubtful whether the ancients thought of their gods as being anthropomorphic—probably they did not; and the Babylonians would certainly not have desired their evil spirits to be recognizably so. For this reason, maybe, *gu-silim*, if really the serpent tempter, was thought of not as an evil spirit, but as a divinity.

Contributions and Comments.

Martha and Mary.

I.

CANON MORLEY STEVENSON'S interesting comment on 'Martha and Mary' indicates the difficulty felt by many in the story of the sisters in Lk 10³⁸⁻⁴². But may not much of the difficulty be due to the way in which this one incident is nearly always fastened on without any regard to others in which Martha figures, so that grievous injustice has too often been done to a really fine character; and consequently too much meaning has been read into our Lord's rebuke? The popular conception of Martha is of a fussy, irritable, unspiritual sort of person, and one has come across sermons in which she is simply pilloried as a warning. But surely that is not the N.T. picture of her.

Martha is mentioned three times in the Gospels—once by St. Luke in the passage quoted (10³⁸⁻⁴²), and twice by St. John.

(a) Jn 12². 'And Martha served . . .' at the supper in Bethany. Here again we see the busy hostess; but this time there is no censure for her service. Indeed, the way in which St. John mentions it almost suggests the reverse. Evi-

dently Martha was a woman with a great gift for service. And Christ never despised nor deprecated that.

(b) Jn 11^{20ff.} Martha's place in the story of the raising of Lazarus reveals the spiritual side of her nature as not less real and deep than her sister's. It is to the 'practical' Martha, not to the 'spiritual' Mary, that Christ makes the great spiritual pronouncement, 'I am the resurrection, and the life': from her, not from Mary, came the great Confession, unsurpassed in spiritual insight and force even by Peter's at Cæsarea Philippi, 'I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.'

Granted, then, that there was ground for the rebuke—and in our Lord's actual words there is no such comparison between the sisters, as popular exposition loves to dwell upon—it is not fair to judge Martha by that alone. Is she not rather an example of what we have come to consider the very best type of Christian—a woman of great practical ability combined with deep spiritual perception, expressing her devotion in the way that came most naturally to her? Mary's devotion was of a different type; and our Lord's words were uttered in defence of that type against her sister's

implied depreciation of it, rather than to draw any contrast between the two. John tells us that 'Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.'

In view of all this, do we not find in these difficult words, not Christ's final judgment on Martha's character, but merely a gentle remonstrance with a zeal that had, in a trying moment, rather overstepped the bounds of good sense and charity alike? Such a remonstrance was justifiable: what is not justifiable is the sweeping condemnation of this woman by comparison with her sister and the use of our Lord's words to prove the same.

N. NICHOLSON.

Castle-Douglas.

II.

THIS passage, Lk 10³⁸⁻⁴², brings us up against the great question in Textual Criticism, the question, namely, as to the relative importance of Neutral (NB) and Western (D *Syr sin* OL) texts. Westcott and Hort hold the former as the best, but according to the late lamented Dr. Denney, most discoveries since their time go to substantiate the validity of the latter, which Nestle says has been too much depreciated. Indeed, Nestle goes so far as to say that NB is of no value, and that D will yet be raised to its position. In spite of the good work done in this sphere by Dr. Rendel Harris, Professor Blass and Sir Wm. Ramsay, who has specially devoted himself to the Third Gospel and the Acts, it may safely be said that the problem remains unsolved. I notice that in the passage in question, Professor James Moffatt in his Historical New Testament has accepted the Neutral text, whereas in his recent Translation he has accepted the Western. That may or may not represent a change of view, but if so, then perhaps we may take it that the drift of modern scholarship is towards a preference for the Western text.

If Mr. Stevenson consults his W. and H. he will see that all between *Μάρθα* and *τὴν ἀγαθὴν* is omitted in some MSS. It is omitted entirely by *Syr sin*, while D retains *θορυβάζῃ*. Now, if this reading be correct, Mr. Stevenson's difficulties do not arise. I would like, however, to give him the results of a minute study of the passage which I made some time ago. I propose therefore to deal in turn with the points raised.

The first word to observe is *κατέλειπεν* in v.⁴⁰. That is the reading of W. and H. Mr. Stevenson says: 'The word implies that Mary had not

helped from the first,' so that this must be the reading which he followed. Godet says that *κατέλιπε* is preferable, and is an acknowledgment on Martha's part 'that Mary up till then had taken part in serving.' In doing so he rejects the authority of 15 Mj., which in v.⁴¹ he is disposed to accept. Farrar must have had the aorist before him, for he informs us that 'the Greek word means "left me alone in the middle of my work" to come and listen to you.' The aorist is used also in Mill's text, and is read by Bruce in the *Expositor's Greek Testament*. Mr. Burton in the *Expositor's Bible* says: 'The "also" of v.³⁹ shows that Mary had assisted in the preparations' and that 'Martha's words imply the same.' Evidently he also followed the aorist. Alford reads the imperfect. One would be disposed therefore to read *κατέλιπε* rather than *κατέλειπεν*. The former has the support of ND; the latter, of B. If we accept *κατέλιπε*, then Mary should be completely absolved in the eyes of her critics.

The next point to be observed is the *ἐνὸς δέ ἐστιν χρεία*. This is the reading of Mill's text and of Huck in his synopsis of the first three Gospels. It is accepted by Mr. Burton. The alternative reading is *ὀλίγων δέ ἐστιν χρεία ἢ ἐνός*. Sometimes, according to Farrar, the *ἢ ἐνός* is omitted altogether. He disposes of the various readings by saying that they 'seem to have risen from the notion that even for the simplest meal more than one dish would be required,' and denies that that is the case in the East. Alford follows Mill's text, while Bruce says, 'this long reading commends itself on reflection.' Professor David Smith says this is the true reading, and I notice it is given in the margin of the R.V. If we take this as the correct reading, the question as to what 'the one thing needful' is, still arises. Perhaps I should mention before proceeding to consider the interpretations given of 'the one thing,' that Professor J. E. McFadyen in *The City with Foundations* accepts this reading. His translation is the same as Professor Smith's, only that where he has a pause, Professor Smith sees the smile fading from Christ's face. Professor McFadyen's words are "'Only a few things'" says Jesus, "are necessary," and then, after a pause—"or rather, only one." He asks, "Was ever transition from the material to the spiritual sphere more delicately mediated than by this great word of Jesus?" Bruce's comment is similar: 'Thus Jesus passes, as was His wont,

easily and swiftly, from the material to the spiritual.' 'There is subtilty in this reading,' says Godet; 'too much perhaps.' I agree; although I do not accept Godet's explanation of 'the one thing.'

Let us take the reading of the A.V., 'But one thing is needful.' It occurs to us at once to inquire where the need arose, and the answer to that inquiry will establish the nature of 'the one thing.' Opinion on this matter is as varied as it is sometimes amazing. Farrar says: 'The context should sufficiently have excluded the very bald, commonplace, and unspiritual meaning which has been attached to this verse, that only one dish was requisite.' But the question is not whether the meaning is all that he calls it, but whether it is true. In the interests of simplicity Godet holds that 'by the expression "one thing," Jesus meant to designate spiritual nourishment, the divine word,' but not without allusion to that simplicity which ought to characterize our physical life. It is simply a riot of imagination to argue that in these words Jesus desires to inculcate simplicity in our meals. He does that earlier, but to say that He does so here is not true. Neither is it true to say that Jesus was speaking of a necessity common to every life, the satisfaction of which alone secures complete and unbroken felicity and brings to the life a composure and a content that nothing can disturb or diminish. It was His own passing need to which our Lord referred and not the immortal need of men. Nothing to my mind is clearer than that.

Mr. Burton seems to prefer the reference to 'one dish,' but goes on to say: 'What the "one thing" is we cannot say with certainty, and almost numberless have been the interpretations given to it.' It is certain that, if we take 'the one thing' as relating to the spiritual life of man, we are left in a hopeless muddle when we try to determine what that one thing is. Nothing is easier than to make the transition from an ordinary meal, whose preparation gave rise to the incident, to the 'Bread of Life' by which is signified the food of the soul. But is it necessary in the interests of a true exegesis? I think not. It seems very proper also to say that 'the one thing needful' is Religion, but that is quite beside the mark here because it is not what Jesus is talking about. Bruce, McFadyen, Farrar, and Godet give 'the one thing' a spiritual significance. Plummer, Smith, and more guardedly Alford give it a material significance. I agree with the latter that the reference is to a 'single dish.'

Professor McFadyen answers the question thus: 'It is very characteristic of Jesus that He does not say. To the interpretation of His great words we must go forth with our minds, our imaginations, and our hearts. He does not always tell us plainly what we should so much wish to know. He does not tell us, but He shows us.' These are his words, and he finds Mary to be the incarnation of 'the one thing needful,' which to my mind is quite mistaken.

We are told on the authority of Professor Smith that our Lord arrived in Bethany when the Feast of Tabernacles, the most joyous of the Jewish feasts, was being celebrated. That feast recalled the days when their fathers tabernacled in the wilderness. It was at the same time a celebration of the harvest home, a season of gladness and goodwill. The celebrations were being held in the house in Bethany, and Martha, like a proud housewife, was anxious to improve the occasion of Christ's visit by honouring her guest worthily. She erred in thinking that to do it worthily meant to do it elaborately. Her hospitality was admirable and praiseworthy, but it was superfluous and indiscreet. Jesus, whose life was distinguished by simplicity, observing her distraction, does not disparage her efforts, but simply assures her that she has over-busied herself on His behalf and that one thing was sufficient. A lordly repast was out of place at such a time; a single dish would satisfy Him. Nothing seems to me to be plainer than that Jesus was referring to His own immediate bodily needs. Nevertheless, one would have thought that Jesus would have desired to enter more fully and sympathetically into the festivities of the occasion by partaking of more than one dish. If He was more sympathetic than His appetite seems to suggest, then an added emphasis is given to the interpretation which I propose to give. We can at least understand better the anxiety and the hospitality of Martha if the festivities of the season were in full swing.

The interpretation I have to offer is this. The A.V. reads: 'But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her.' This is according to Mill's text. The R.V. reads: 'But one thing is needful; for Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her.' In the margin it gives the longer reading for the first part of the verse. Concerning these two readings, Alford has the note: 'The variations have arisen from understanding

evos to refer merely to the provisions then being prepared,—then softening it by *ολιγων*, and finally combining both readings.' I take it that either reading refers to the provisions being made. The difference in the readings to which I wish to draw attention is found in the second part of the verse. Mill's text, following Stephen's third edition, which is the standard accepted in this country, reads *Μαρία δέ*. W. and H. read *Μαριὰμ γὰρ*. Bruce and Alford follow Mill here. Professor Smith follows W. and H., as does Huck in his synopsis. Of those MSS. which read either *δέ* or *γὰρ*, *γὰρ* seems to be the better supported. That *γὰρ* is the crucial word. It provides us with our Lord's reason for what precedes. I submit that what precedes, whether it be 'a few things' or only 'one thing,' has not a spiritual but a material significance. The *γὰρ* gives us the reason for Jesus' saying that one dish was sufficient for Him. It was not that He was less enthusiastic over the celebrations of the season; it was not that He felt the pangs of hunger less keenly than others; it was not that He might inculcate simplicity in meals; it was not even that He wished to save Martha from unnecessary toil. His reason was simply that Mary was at His feet. He would not renounce Martha's repast—that would be discourteous and ungrateful—but He would not spend too long over it, because in Mary at His feet He had something nearer to His heart than the desire for an ample meal. Only our Lord's desire to minister first of all to the spiritual need of Mary can adequately and reasonably account for 'the one thing needful.' It affords yet another illustration of the truth that Jesus was oblivious to His own need when He could serve the spiritual need of others. He could devote more time to Mary if there were but one dish rather than a sumptuous meal for Himself. That seems to me the significance of the conjunction *γὰρ*.

It would be mere conjecture, of course, to say that Jesus showed any preference for Mary. It is only true to say, however, that He preferred the choice which Mary had made. She had a true estimate of what Jesus is and what pleases Him, and the first requisite in a hostess is to please her guest, not in the way she thinks best, but in the way he prefers; and our Lord's preference was always to give spiritual instruction. Jesus would rather that Martha had sat with Mary than serve Himself. He implies that Martha had chosen a

good part also, but that it differed from that chosen by Mary in that it would be taken away.

What, then, is 'the good part'? Professor McFadyen says that 'in one of its phases, the one thing needful is the power to sit down.' I would say that that belongs to 'the good part,' especially to have the power or the sense to sit down at the right time. 'In another of its aspects,' he says, 'the one thing needful is to hear the words of Jesus.' Again I would say that 'to hear the words of Jesus' is of the essence of 'the good part.' Dr. Garvie in his *Studies*, p. 249, identifies the two. On p. 332 he says: 'The good part chosen by Mary which Jesus would not take away from her was to listen reverently, obediently, sympathetically, nay even appreciatively, as He spoke to her of what was the heavy burden on His heart.' I would accept this if it mean more than merely that Jesus found in Mary one who would bestow a sympathy for which He craved. That is Dr. Garvie's contention on p. 249, but I prefer to think that Jesus gave heed to Mary for her sake rather than His own. The sympathy, it seems to me, would be evoked during the conversation.

I come back to Mr. Stevenson's article to sum up. He says that he cannot think the interpretation of 'the one thing needful' as 'one course is sufficient' satisfactory. I think it is the only interpretation that meets the case. He 'would rather favour the view that our Lord is referring to the Bread of Life, the food of the soul, and that that is the good part which Mary chose.' To my mind 'the one thing needful' and 'the good part' are quite unrelated, each having the meaning which I have attached to it. He asks, 'May we take the view that both sisters made mistakes?' On my interpretation, it was only Martha who made the mistake. Indeed, in addition to mistaking the real interests of her guest, she erred in dragging Him into the matter at all. Her bad taste was as culpable as her lack of discernment.

Far too long we have regarded Jesus as balancing the two sisters against one another as types of the 'practical' and 'contemplative' life respectively. If there is any contrast or comparison, it seems to me to exist only in the mind of the evangelist or the commentator, certainly not in the mind of Christ. We may take this line in the interests of a bankrupt exegetical power, but it is inconceivable that Jesus would commit such an indiscretion as it suggests. I think we may take it that the sisters

were regarded with equal affection by Jesus, only that He preferred Mary's to Martha's choice. Martha's danger—and is it not the peril of most of us?—was, that she should be lost in the temporalities. The primary concern is, not that we should attend to the physical needs of ourselves or of any one else, even though our motives in the latter case be the highest, but to give heed to the words of Jesus, those words which are spirit and life. Is not Mt 6²⁵⁻³⁴ the best comment on the passage? I notice that in this I am in agreement with Farrar, although he will not accept the lower reference to 'the one thing needful' which I accept.

Some of us have heard Dr. A. B. Macaulay say that when, in the preparation of our sermons, we have consulted our commentaries, we have seldom found what we wanted to find. Some of us have learned that it is true; true also, perhaps, of what we should have found and were entitled to expect. I shall gladly abandon this interpretation for another which seems to me to shed a fuller light upon the incident, meanwhile I offer it for what it is worth, even as a stimulus to the thought and research of others.

The following seems to me to be the thought of Jesus in the passage: 'Martha, Martha, you are troubling yourself to the point of distraction to provide Me with an ample meal. That is a good part, but it is of its essence to be taken away. One dish will suffice for Me, for Mary at My feet has chosen the good part which is such in essence that it cannot be taken away. It is to this I must devote My time and energy. It is this that delights My heart, and if I spend time over an elaborate meal, I waste one of life's most precious opportunities for both Mary and Myself. One dish will do for Me, Martha, for Mary is at My feet to hear the words of Life; I may not take all I want or need of the bread that perisheth, while one soul craves for the Bread that cometh down from Heaven.' 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.' Bruce says: 'The notion that it was beneath the dignity of Jesus to refer to dishes, even as a stepping stone to higher things, is the child of conventional reverence.' I agree, although I do not think the reference had the purpose which he suggests.

Since the foregoing was written, *Expository Thoughts on St. Luke*, by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, has come into my hands. He cannot entertain for a

moment the notion that our Lord's reference was to 'one dish.' Salvation, according to him, was 'the one thing needful.' He evidently agrees with Doddridge, whom he quotes thus: 'One can scarce pardon the frigid impertinence of Theophylact and Basil who explain it as if our Lord had only meant one dish of meat.' His own contention is that 'if one thing is needful' means only 'one dish,' we might just as well say that the 'good part' which Mary chose was the good portion of the feast which she had selected for herself. I submit that we might just as well say nothing of the kind.

For one thing, it seems hardly credible that Mary would consume her portion of the feast at the feet of Jesus. Again, it is against all we know of her to say that she selected that portion for herself. In addition, to make 'the good part' refer to the good portion of the feast, is to leave the clause *ἥτις οὐκ ἀβυσσεύσεται αὐτῇς* out of account. The *ἥτις* shows that the quality to which the clause refers is of the essence of 'the good part.' If 'the good part' were the good portion merely, then it was in its very nature perishable. We may make the two identical if we regard the clause as referring to physical violence. We might conceive of a domestic row over the best portion, in which, as the words of Jesus suggest, Jesus will take the part of Mary's champion. Surely, if Mary were so selfish as to take the good portion, it was not likely that any one present would seek to wrest it from her. That would reduce the incident to the region of the absurd. Physical violence is not contemplated at all. The fact is that Mary retains the good part not because she can successfully resist all personal violence that would try to deprive her of it, but because it is such in essence as to become hers for ever. The purpose of the clause is to give to 'the good part' a spiritual significance, even admitting the play on the word *μερίδα* which Dr. Moffatt suggests. And if the clause has this spiritual significance, it seems to me to distinguish 'the good part' from 'the one thing needful' and to emphasize the interpretation which I have offered. Dr. Ryle says that Mary 'was choosing soul-benefit, seeking more grace.' He seems to have come to this conclusion, and then to have inferred that 'the one thing' must also have a spiritual meaning. It would appear as if he were the victim of that 'conventional reverence' of which Dr. Bruce speaks.

FRANK JEFFREY.

Glasgow.

Entre Nous.

Agnes Smith Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis, the eminent scholar and discoverer of the great Syriac Manuscript of the Gospels, is also a poet. Her poems she has gathered into a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, under the title of *Margaret Atheling, and Other Poems* (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net).

There are three poems of some length. 'Margaret Atheling' is the longest. The other two are 'A Legend of Madagascar' and 'The Daughter of Tutmosis.' The rest are short poems with great variety of topic and of style. Many of these are New Year and Christmas Greetings, for Mrs. Lewis has for years honoured her friends with dainty Christmas or New Year cards. One poem is in Scots, and that is the poem we shall quote. It is a pleasure to find somebody who is able to rise above the prejudice created against the Carlyles by the worst of all biographers. The poem was written in 1911.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

(A Legend of Haddington.)

It was a' for a curlie wurlie
That Tammas he lost his hairt;
And oh! but his brain was swirlic
Lest Jeanie and he should pairt.

For the head that had grown the curlic
Was carried sae prood an' high;
As sprung frae the dauntless Wallace,
Strong hero of days gone by.

An' Tammas was only a writer,
That nae great folk cared to ken;
An' Jeanie thocht they wad slight her,
Though her lad was a king o' men.

O lassies! be wise, an' min' ye
To marry wi' men o' worth;
For a blessin' they're sure to fin' ye
Abune and ayont this earth.

An' there's nane that can shove his brither
Frae the shade o' a laurel bough;
Sae a garland too green to wither
Tam set on his Jeanie's brow.

Stephen Phillips.

Mr. John Lane has published an edition of Stephen Phillips's poem *Christ in Hades*, with an introduction by C. Lewis Hind and illustrations by Stella Langdale (3s. 6d. net). Here are three things—the poem, the introduction, the illustrations—and it is saying little to say that each of them is worth the price of the book. Let us linger a little on the introduction.

Mr. Hind has been art critic, literature critic, and editor. He nearly edited *The Studio*, he did edit *The Pall Mall Budget* and *The Academy*. In all this work he came into touch with innumerable men of ability and not a few of renown; and here he speaks of them freely and delightfully. He speaks delightfully even of his publisher, Mr. John Lane. 'Authors seldom say anything nice about publishers, yet publishers are continually saying extraordinarily nice things about authors in advertisements. So why should not I return the compliment (we will not call it praise) and say some nice things about John Lane of the Bodley Head? Frankly, where would many of the writer and artist flowers just budding in the nineties have been without the fertilization of the Bodley Head? It was the new publishing, as *The Studio* was the new method of conducting art magazines, and *The Daily Mail* the new journalism.'

But he is introducing Stephen Phillips and *Christ in Hades*. The first reference is on page 28: 'It must have been about this time, in the same hospitable house where I first met Beardsley, where one also met George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and many other notabilities, that I asked the name of a young man—thoughtful, reticent, attentive, but unbending. So he appeared to me, in mind as in body. His firm, well-knit figure looked as unyielding as a Roman statue, and Roman-like were his features. He might have stepped off an enlarged coin. I asked his name, and was told that he was a poet, who had been an actor—Stephen Phillips. All poets gravitated to the Meynell household. I asked to be presented to him, for already his sad and beautiful "Apparition" was running in our heads, and in our hearts:

"She pushed the hair from off my brow,
And looked into my eyes.
'I live in calm,' she said, 'and there
Am learning to be wise.'"

And that lyric, who could forget it? beginning:

"O thou art put to many uses sweet!
Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in
Spring;
But yet! . . ."

Of the poem itself he has things to say, but nothing better than this said by Lionel Johnson: 'The poem has the Sophoclean simplicity so full of subtle suggestion and the Lucretian solemnity so full of sudden loveliness; and the result is Virgilian.'

Max Plowman.

'Two subjects only are worthy of a poet's regard, Religion and Sex.' So says Mr. Plowman, and so he practises. What is it but the two commandments on which hang all the Law and the Prophets? In *A Lap Full of Seed* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) there is poetry indeed. But we must be content to quote one sonnet.

ATONEMENT.

'Two, yet but one.'

Beyond all thought, whose swift or tangled
ways
Are paths around the doorway of your heart:
Beyond the touch of sense, whose heavenly
maze
Leads where the everlasting gateways part,
I stand and meet your spirit face to face
Wrapped in that white still flame of living fire
Which is the crown and summit of all desire,
Being love set free from bonds of time and
space.
Here is my wholeness: here my wherefore
born:
Here love and life and death no more contend:
Here faith's poor shivering garment drops out-
worn,
And old contentious reason makes an end.
I die, you live. You die, I live in you,
And love and death and life make all things
new.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

Mr. Graves has called his book of poems *A Celtic Psalter* (S.P.C.K.; 6s. net) because 'it mainly consists of close and free translations from Irish, Scotch Gaelic, and Welsh Poetry of a religious or serious character.' Now Mr. Graves is both a poet and a translator. He has not written poems merely, nor merely translated poems; he has made his translations poems, and his poems translations.

Three living poets are represented in the Welsh section—Elvet Lewis, by his stirring and touching 'High Tide'; Eifion Wyn, upon whom the mantle of Ceiriog has fallen, by two exquisitely simple and pathetic poems, 'Ora pro Nobis' and 'A Flower-Sunday Lullaby'; and William John Gruffydd, the bright hope of 'Y. Beirdd Newydd' ('The New Poets'), by his poignant ballad of 'The Old Bachelor of Ty'n y Mynydd.'

Let us give one of these as an example, and let it be

'ORA PRO NOBIS.'

A sudden shower lashes
The darkening pane;
The voice of the tempest
Is lifted again.
The centuried oaks
To their very roots rock;
And crying for shelter
Course cattle and flock.
Our Father, forget not
The nestless bird now;
The snow is so near,
And so bare is the bough!

A great flood is flashing
Athwart the wide lee;
Like a storm-struck encampment,
The clouds rend and flee;
At the scourge of the storm
My cot quakes with affright;
Far better the hearth
Than the pavement to-night!
Our Father, forget not
The homeless outcast;
So thin is his raiment,
So bitter Thy blast!

The foam-flakes are whirling
 Below on the strand,
 As white as the pages
 I turn with my hand;
 And the curlew afar,
 From his storm-troubled lair,
 Laments with the cry
 Of a soul in despair.
 Our Father, forget not
 Our mariners' state;
 Their ships are so slender,
 Thy seas are so great.

L. A. Hurst Shorter.

No poet writing now seems able to forget the war. Mr. Shorter has some fine poems of love and friendship, but the noise of battle is heard in every one of them. Many of the poems are of war entirely. They have a steady excellence of workmanship. We shall quote the poem on

DAWN.

The rosy dawn steps slowly from the East,
 White-footed o'er the dewy meadowlands,
 And gently casts her radiance o'er the world,
 Her fairy-fingers lighting up the earth
 With a mild glory, raising everything
 To heaven-sent perfection in our eyes.
 This is the dawn of day; but soon will come
 Another dawn, greater, more blest than all
 That went before: the dawn of Peace! See
 how
 The darkness thins, the first grey streaks are
 there,
 The stricken world is waiting, hush'd and still,
 For that great flood of hard-won hallow'd light.

The title of the book is *The Forest Child*
 (Humphreys; 3s. 6d. net).

Moireen Fox.

Miss Fox has freely used the ancient Irish tale of *Liadain and Curithir* (Blackwell; 2s. net) and made passionate love poetry out of it, every stanza with an ancient flavour and a modern insistence. Take these two stanzas together:

All day I sought for hidden paths in vain;
 I was as one o'ertaken by sudden dark,
 Who stumbles bewildered and lost, in familiar
 ways.

To-night, ere I drew near, the Threshold flamed
 And a river of sweetness flowed from the Heart
 of God—
 O piercing Love, I have no life but Thee!

O grave, pure face, remote and strange thou art,
 Unwavering eyes that gaze on wars unknown,
 O beautiful stern mouth and resolute,
 How far from thee my weakness, and my will
 That wavers like a torch blown by night winds!
 Thou Warrior of God's Hosts, flame-helmed,
 erect,
 Pausing one moment thus to look on me,
 Thy beauty like a sword pierces my soul.
 O terrible Loveliness, would that the Fire thou
 art
 Could burn this mortal dross away from me!

A. B. Harley.

Mr. A. B. Harley has found a welcome for his new volume of recitations, called *Story Recitals in Poem and Prose* (Oliver & Boyd; 3s. net). With unconcealed satisfaction he prepares a new edition, making it an improvement on the first by omitting some of the older pieces in favour of some new. Now more than before the new greatly overbalance the old—which is the secret (along with the clever selection) of the book's success. Mr. Harley has failed to discover the author of a good many of his quotations—which shows that he has read widely. This one is anonymous.

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticised her puddings and he criticised her
 cakes,
 He wished she'd make some biscuits as his
 mother used to make.
 She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't
 make the stew,
 Nor even darn his stockings as his mother used
 to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her
 work was done;
 His wife seemed drudging always though she
 only had the one;
 His mother always was well dressed, his wife
 should be so too,
 If only she would manage as his mother used
 to do.

Ah, well, she was not perfect, though she tried
to do her best,
Until at length she thought her turn had come
to have a rest.
So when one day he went the same old rigma-
role all through,
She turned and boxed his ears as his mother
used to do. ANON.

Robert Calverley Trevelyan.

Mr. Trevelyan has translated the famous passage
in *Lucretius on Death* (Book iii. lines 830-1094)
and has published his translation in a fine quarto
(London: Omega Workshops, 33 Fitzroy Square,
W.). Here are the last twelve lines:

What fortune future time may bring, we know not,
Nor what chance has in store for us, nor yet
What end awaits us. By prolonging life
No least jot may we take from death's duration;
Nought may we steal away therefrom, that so
Haply a less long while we may be dead.
Therefore as many ages as you please
Add to your life's account, yet none the less
Will that eternal death be waiting for you.
And not less long will that man be no more,
Who from to-day has ceased to live, than he
Who has died many months and years ago.

H. C. Cradock.

The Song of the Burden of Mary (Scott; 1s. net)
is a long poem in many cantos commemorating
the birth of our Lord. Mary herself sings through-
out—first of the Burden that she had to carry and
no place to lay it down:

Lord, oh! where can I lay me down,
Sore and heavy and dree?
There is no room in the whole wide town,
No room in the hostelry.

and then of the joy that *this* Man-child is born
into the world:

Joy! I have laid my Burden down,
And the whole wide world exults with me;
My Babe is its Maker, Redeemer and King,
And He is my Son to eternity.

Lucie Henley-White.

We shall quote two complete poems from '*Twixt
Dusk and Dawn* (Stock).

THE UNDER-WORLD.

Dread visions rise of one dead, ivoryed child,
Unwanted and unnamed, and round him danced
Children that might have been of happy mien,
Sweet, innocent, in that dark, eerie place.

THE CHANT OF WOMEN.

We have cast great nets in waters deep,
And the meshes are silver'd with sorrow's great
tears;

We have dragged our nets though heavy and wet,
To far fishing grounds on Endeavour's high tide.

Those two are fairly representative of the poems in
the book, though they are among the shortest.

Arthur Shearly Cripps.

Lake Victoria Nyanza has its chaplain and its
poet. Many of the poems in *Lake and War*
(Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) are patriotic, and their
country is Africa; or if Africa is too large to be
anyone's 'country,' then just the Lake itself. But
the war has come to the Lake; and from the Lake
men have gone to Mesopotamia and Flanders.
So Mr. Cripps sings of the war and of the Lake
together.

This is one of the songs:

ON A DOCTOR.

[J. RITCHIE BROWN, M.D., late of Mashonaland,
mortally wounded in Flanders.]

Ah! If 'twas given him thus to crown his days
At his white blameless task in war's red flame,
Be it remember'd by what steps he came
To such apotheosis! Be the praise
Of how he salv'd and heal'd dark simple flesh
Yet unforgotten! Keep the memory fresh
Of how o' days or nights he rode so bold
By moor and ford for mercies manifold!
If we may never to that sky-line rise
Wherefrom he pass'd in flame of sacrifice,
Pray we to plod at lower levels dim
In patient courage, as rememb'ring him!

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WHEN a preacher of the gospel is discovered with a fine selection of novels in his library, his explanation is that they are good for the making of sermons. It may be so. But biographies are better. And of recent biographies the best for all the preacher's purposes, and for the preacher himself, is the *Recollections* of John Viscount MORLEY (Macmillan; 2 vols., 25s. net).

Why is it good? Because of the estimates it contains of certain great men, and because of the revelation it makes of the character of Viscount MORLEY himself. The estimates are very many—of Cotter Morison, Mill, Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Mazzini, George Eliot, and other men and women with whom he has been associated in literature; of Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, Asquith, Lord Spencer, Campbell-Bannerman, and the rest (with only one brilliant exception, Lloyd George) with whom he has been associated in politics. But for the preacher's purpose it is not his estimate of the men and women whom he has known that is most profitable, it is the revelation he makes of himself.

For he reveals himself as irreligious. He is one of those men, rarely met with now, to whom the things that are seen with the eyes and handled with the hands are everything. He ignores God.

He is utterly unconcerned with Christ. There is no life for him but the present life.

He does not deny the existence of God. He ignores Him. Throughout the two volumes the word occurs three times—twice in quotation from others, once by himself in the phrase 'God knows.'

He is unconcerned with Christ. We noticed the name of God three times. We have found the name of Christ only once. Once also He is referred to as 'the founder of Christianity.' That reference is worth considering. It is best perhaps to quote the passage entirely. It enables us to see how much Viscount MORLEY knows about 'the founder of Christianity,' and how little. 'Mill's estimate of the founder of Christianity is a glowing, beautiful, and deeply sincere tribute. Unfortunately for its strength as argument, he overlooked one of the most remarkable new growths of his time, the science of comparative religion. If he did not overlook comparative religion, he dissociated his speculation on Theism from methods of ordered historic thought and knowledge, with which it was specially connected. He had forgotten or overlooked the shock given to orthodox faith only seven years before by a Jewish scholar, who showed that the sublimest sayings in the Gospels found exact parallels in the Talmud. The originality, however, of the lessons taught to man-

kind in the Gospels is a question with only secondary bearings on the source of that benignant inspiration, whether it was altogether human or partially divine. What became of the whole scheme of social evolution in its successive stages fixed by ordered mutation, if one of the most important of all the changes in moral history was due to a special, express, and unique act of supernatural intervention? Why may not the same special interposition be just as reasonably claimed for Athanasius, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Hildebrand, Knox, and the rest of the mighty actors in spiritual and ecclesiastical transformations, by whom what bears the common name of Christianity has been defined, decided, settled, and set to work in the stupendous phalanx of Catholic and Protestant churches?

Again, there is no life for Viscount MORLEY beyond the present. He quotes John Stuart Mill. 'Mill once said to a friend afflicted by a sore domestic tribulation, "To my mind the only permanent value of religion is in lightening the feeling of total separation, which is so dreadful in a real grief."' His comment is, 'If you will. But can we really suppose that this scheme of possible contingencies, low degrees of probability, permissive hopes, dubious potentialities, could bring comfort or consolation worth the name to aching hearts—

In shock of loss and anguish of farewells,
At that eternal parting of the ways?

After all, death is death, however we may meet it. As we cannot, but see every day we live, even religion fails to wipe away the tears from the eyes of those to whom religion is the most priceless of blessings. We know well enough that problems of life and death offer us a knot that is hard indeed to disentangle. Mill here cuts it, then at the same moment he presents us with a second knot that is still harder to disentangle than the first.

He also quotes Huxley. 'If' was in 1883 that Huxley wrote to me (the letter is printed in his *Life*): "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike

to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way.'" MORLEY says, 'My answer to his query I cannot recall; that it was a negative is certain, perhaps supported by a reference to Lucretius' world-famed Third Book, or Pliny's ironic reproach of *avida nunquam desinere mortalitas*; or our English—

Men must endure

Their going hence even as their coming thither,
Ripeness is all.'

He never swerves from this indifference. In the second volume there is a long chapter with the curious title of 'An Easter Digression.' It is a series of quotations from men who wrote of death, and he quotes them (even though one of them is Archbishop Leighton) as if they had not a thought of a hereafter. It is the show of courage in dying that delights him. Thus he quotes Gladstone in reference to Cranmer at the stake: 'Do you remember Jeremy Collier's sentence on his bravery at the stake, which I count one of the grandest in English prose? "He seemed to repel the force of the fire, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought." Thucydides could not beat that.'

One day Mr. Gladstone was much interested in a story which MORLEY told him of an old patriarch 'for whom I had opened a park in my burgh of Forfar. He was 94, shrewd and lively as ever. "Sensuality, Vanity, Avarice," he said to me, "these are the three things that destroy a man." I never heard him say a word about another world, or the Creator of this: shrewd, generous, kindly, rationalistic.' That is Viscount MORLEY himself—'Not a word about another world or the Creator of this'; or, as he afterwards says of Lucretius, 'vehemently unorthodox on sacred fundamentals—a pagan, without religion, or the feeling for it.'

Is Viscount MORLEY any the worse for that? We must face the question fairly. And the answer is not immediate. For there is no denying—and who would desire to deny?—that John MORLEY has been reckoned one of the most reliable public servants that ever King or Country had. But listen to Lord ACTON.

Lord ACTON knew MORLEY well, and esteemed him highly. They were almost always at one in public policy and sometimes very pleasantly at one in private intercourse. Yet this is what he wrote: 'As there are for him no rights of God, there are no rights of man—the consequence on earth of obligation in Heaven. Therefore he never tries to adjust his view to many conditions and times and circumstances, but approaches each with a mind uncommitted to devotion and untrammelled by analogies. . . . The consequence of this propensity of mind is that he draws his conclusions from much too narrow an induction; and that his very wide culture—wide at least for a man to whom all the problems, the ideas, the literature of religion are indifferent and unknown—does not go to the making of his policy. These are large drawbacks, leaving, nevertheless, a mind of singular elasticity, veracity, and power, capable of all but the highest things.'

'Capable of all but the highest things'—that is just the impression which the biography makes. But not only does he not reach the highest things, he does not try to reach them. He has a certain standard of approval or disapproval, and it is not the highest. It is the political world he lived in, or it is himself.

It is not his constituents. He did not always seek to please his constituents, because he had a wider public to consider. There is in the second volume a beautiful passage from his diary, in which he describes a visit to Bervie, one of the Montrose Burghs. 'One of the most delightful days of my life. Superb sunshine, broad and flashing on the floor of waters; sea, skies, air, all

vivid.' It ends with, 'Bervie hereafter a name of blessing.' Yet on that very occasion the Liberals in Bervie were deeply disappointed. The writer was present at the meeting and saw the disappointment. He saw also the curious circumstance of a farmer from the district rousing to enthusiasm an audience which had remained unmoved by Viscount MORLEY's speech. For the Member for the little burgh ignored his audience, and spoke to the body of reporters who sat in front of him—leaning over sometimes towards them to watch their progress and give them time!

He did not seek to please his constituents because he had a larger audience to please. And then he had to please himself.

This is the most astonishing and yet characteristic thing in the book. Viscount MORLEY frequently refers to his own estimate of his own doings; and when he does so it is always with approval. 'Glad to find that I keep my head cooler than most.' 'And so to bed at 1 a.m. with a really clear conscience.' Those are phrases; there is the sense of this satisfaction throughout.

Now no man can do his best who stands before no higher tribunal than this. But the striking thing is that Viscount MORLEY does not try to do his best. 'It was not long,' he says, 'before a lady of quality, an uncompromising Millite, dealt faithfully by me. "You know what people are beginning to complain of? They say three things. You are too haughty. You are not at heart a real democrat. You are not half ambitious enough."' His only comment is, 'Who knows?'

Why *did* he miss the highest? Was it circumstances? He went to Oxford with the intention of taking Holy Orders. He came under the influence of—whom but Cotter Morison! How scornful would Viscount MORLEY have been in after life had he met Cotter Morison then with his feeble arguments for infidelity.

Was it temperament? Why did he take to Cotter Morison and his like? Undoubtedly there was something in him that satisfied him with the superficial. All his life long (if this biography is enough to tell us) he had no strong feeling for man or woman. He never deeply hated; he never deeply loved. Tolerant he has always been to an incredible consistency. He can repeat what is said against him, without a word of reproach or reply. The sentence which he quotes from Machiavelli describes himself: 'He uses few of our loud, easy words of praise and blame, he is not often sorry or glad, he does not smile and he does not scold, he is seldom indignant and he is never surprised.' Once only does he let himself go in words of moving sorrow, and they are uttered over the death of a little dog.

Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward have published an edition of *The Book of Job*, with an Introduction by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and illustrations in colour by Miss C. Mary TONGUE (10s. 6d. net).

It is a book to be noticed for three reasons. The Book of Job can be read in it (according to the Authorized Version) with comfort and even a sense of luxurious content. The illustrations compel us to reconsider our conception of Job and his surroundings—where we got it, what it is worth. The Introduction is the least paradoxical and most considerate of all the writings of Mr. CHESTERTON that we have read.

What is the conception that we have formed of Job's wife? Miss TONGUE represents her as utterly overwhelmed with grief. She has thrown herself across Job's knees, as he sits on the ground—his brow shaded with sackcloth, his mouth half-hidden with his hand, his eyes bewildered and heavy as if with sleeplessness. She lies across his knees, her white left arm clasping her head, which is hidden, all but the dark blue hair which the white arm throws almost into blackness. The right arm hangs long and helpless, till the fore-

finger unconsciously touches the ashes. 'Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die.' The words are terrible because terrible is her desolation. Said a woman recently: 'I prayed every day for six months, that my son might be spared, and now he is gone: *I have no more use for God.*' Thus is the Book of Job immortal.

Mr. CHESTERTON'S Introduction is not critical. He is content with the critics or without them. He asks one thing only, that they will leave the Old Testament a unity. 'Those are wrong who maintain that the Old Testament is a mere loose library; that it has no consistency or aim. Whether the result was achieved by some supernal spiritual truth, or by a steady national tradition, or merely by an ingenious selection in after times, the books of the Old Testament have a quite perceptible unity.'

He demands unity because he finds that one main idea runs throughout the Old Testament. It is more prominent in some books than in others. In the Book of Job it brings all other ideas within its shadow, till you have to look again in order to discover their existence. That idea is the sovereignty of God.

Mr. CHESTERTON does not use the word sovereignty. He prefers to speak of God's loneliness. 'The central idea,' he says, 'of the great part of the Old Testament may be called the idea of the loneliness of God. God is not only the chief character of the Old Testament; God is properly the only character in the Old Testament.'

The thought is not new. It was a discovery of that great expositor of the Book of Job, Professor A. B. Davidson, of whom Mr. CHESTERTON may not have heard. But it is Mr. CHESTERTON'S own discovery. And he develops it. Since God is the only character of the Old Testament, all the men and women in the Old Testament, good and bad, are merely God's tools and instruments.

Good or bad—that is the peculiarity of the Old Testament. The New Testament makes only the saints the instruments of God. When He would have work done in the earth He sends His saints and martyrs to do it. That, says Mr. CHESTERTON, is a deeper, a more daring, and a more interesting idea than the old Jewish one. For the Gospel, which is of the New Testament, is a deeper, a more daring, and a more interesting idea than the Law. The New Testament idea is 'the idea that innocence has about it something terrible which in the long run makes and re-makes empires and the world.'

That is a daring idea. It is not the idea of common sense. The common-sense idea is the idea of the Old Testament 'that strength is strength, that cunning is cunning, that worldly success is worldly success, and that Jehovah uses these things for His own ultimate purpose, just as He uses natural forces or physical elements. He uses the strength of a hero as He uses that of a Mammoth—without any particular respect for the Mammoth.'

'This is the main key and characteristic of the Hebrew scriptures as a whole. There are, indeed, in those scriptures innumerable instances of the sort of rugged humour, keen emotion, and powerful individuality which is never wanting in great primitive prose and poetry. Nevertheless the main characteristic remains; the sense not merely that God is stronger than man, not merely that God is more secret than man, but that He means more, that He knows better what He is doing, that compared with Him we have something of the vagueness, the unreason, and the vagrancy of the beasts that perish. "It is he that sitteth above the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." We might almost put it thus. The book is so intent upon asserting the personality of God that it almost asserts the impersonality of man. Unless this gigantic cosmic brain has conceived a thing, that thing is insecure and void; man has not enough tenacity to ensure its continuance. "Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost

that build it. Except the Lord keep the city the watchman watcheth but in vain."

Sir Henry NEWBOLT's new book *A New Study of English Poetry* (accept the emphasis on the 'new') has been published by Messrs. Constable (10s. 6d. net), and that ancient and eminent firm has rarely published a more pleasing or more profitable book.

Its value is great to those who enjoy poetry. It is greater to those who maintain an attitude of detachment—"I cannot say that I have ever cared much for poetry." It is greatest of all to the preacher.

For the preacher is an artist. Whatever else is forgotten let that be forgotten never. There are two attitudes to life. Sir Henry NEWBOLT separates them well. 'There are two worlds,' he says, 'to which every man simultaneously belongs. He lives by his bodily senses and his intellect in a world of matter, governed by "laws of nature." Its language is the language of reason, its statements are such as can be verified by calculation: it is the world of prose. To any one living wholly in this world, if that were possible, beauty would be merely one particular arrangement of molecules, not more interesting than another, except perhaps as the ascertained cause of a pleasurable excitement of the nerves. His representation of it would be either a diagram or a photograph: in either case a mere imitation of nature: purely prosaic.' That is the one world.

And the other? The other world is ours too. 'The illimitable blue above the earth cloud: the shoreless sea into which we would plunge back from our desert island: the universal life in whose freedom all is good—it is Art that gives us this: and poetry is the living voice of Art: the emotion of life made audible. It reminds us of that which is both our native land and the far country of our pilgrimage. We recognise again in every supreme moment of Art that unremembered, unforgettable

kinship, "O born with me somewhere that men forget." Even while we are trudging among the roaring mechanism of our civilisation, we can always hear any word that is spoken in the language of our home.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Is that poetry? It is also preaching. For not only is preaching art; it is art expressing itself in words; and when art expresses itself in words it is poetry. As Sir Henry NEWBOLT has it on another page: 'A work of art in words is always poetry; a work of science, in whatever form of words, would always be prose.'

Now the preacher sometimes forgets that his work is art. The inevitable result is that he interferes in matters with which he has nothing to do. He interferes in trade disputes even though he knows that Christ refused to be a judge or a divider. He interferes in politics. Sir Henry NEWBOLT has a whole chapter on 'Poetry and Politics.' And in that chapter he makes it very clear that the poet and the preacher have nothing to do with politics. He is neither a Liberal nor a Conservative. He is above both.

For there is a region above both parties in the strife of politics and public life. It is the Ideal which the devoted of both parties hold in their heart. Blake expresses it:

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

That Ideal it is the business of the poet and the preacher to maintain in existence and ever point to. He is not a judge or a divider. He bids both sides beware of covetousness. When the preacher or the poet leaves this high office and goes to 'serve the State,' he loses himself, and the State loses more than a servant. 'For twelve years Addison spent his time in lucrative appointments, sessions of Parliament, and high Offices of State. In these he made only a subordinate figure: but in the one interval when he was out of office he achieved the triumph of his life, by the production of *Cato*, and by the perfect expression of his own personality in the *Spectator* he worked a lasting change in the thought and feeling of the nation.'

'This is a lesson for the modern Poet: if his poems should achieve so much success as not only to influence the public but even to attract the attention of the Government, he will none the less resist all attempts to turn him into a Secretary of State: he will probably—though this is less certain—refuse even to become a member of the House of Lords. He will not forsake poetry, nor will he attempt to use poetry in the service of particular interests. The conflicts of policy he will judge, not by pitting arguments against each other, but by measuring each against the ideal which is common to both sides. Those who hear him will be reminded not of their differences but of the underlying sympathetic aspirations which are not partisan or temporary, but national and imperishable.'

No doubt it is possible, and at the present time even probable, that the poet or the preacher who takes no part in politics will be accused of lack of patriotism. Sir Henry NEWBOLT wrote the ballad of Plymouth Hoe. He will escape. But other preachers and other poets may suffer. Mr. Yeats was once afraid. 'In his early days the thought

came to Mr. Yeats that he might in time to come be reproached for not having done more for the cause of Ireland. It was not, of course, moon-lighting that might be expected of him, nor even speeches in favour of Home Rule, but good political verse, denouncing the oppressor, instead of unpractical poetry about that Lady Beauty, whose presence keeps alive the souls of nations. These are the first lines of his *Apologia*:

Know that I would accounted be
True brother of that company
Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
Ballad and story, rann and song;
Nor be I any less of them
Because the red rose-bordered hem
Of her whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Trails all about the written page.
For in the world's first blossoming age
The light fall of her flying feet
Made Ireland's heart begin to beat,
And still the starry candles flare
To help her light foot here and there,
And still the thoughts of Ireland brood
Upon her holy quietude.'

What does Sir Henry NEWBOLT say of that? The Irish poems here defended, he says, 'are certainly very remote: I suppose none ever touched more distantly or more obliquely a question of contemporary political strife: none ever appealed less to the selfish fears and hates of men. But I believe they have done more for Ireland than all the threats and curses of the last hundred years.'

But if the preacher or the poet is to take no part in contemporary political strife, is there not some danger that he will live for ever in the clouds, untouched by reality? There is great danger, and Sir Henry NEWBOLT is aware of it.

A poet, he says, must never be so remote from the strife of tongues as to be no longer human. It

is his business, certainly, to build an ideal world, just as it is the business of the preacher to build an ideal world, but he must build it of materials which he finds in the actual life of the world he lives in. 'Other-worldly,' he must be, or he is nothing; but he must be 'this-worldly' also.

Now it is no surprise to find that that necessity is forgotten most of all by the religious poet. For the religious poet has 'his conversation in heaven,' and it is very natural for him to look for heaven, not in the life of the Spirit which includes both worlds, but in the future life and in the future life alone. But when Sir Henry NEWBOLT tells us that this explains 'the astonishing weakness of our religious poetry,' we cannot agree with him.

For the sentence is too sweeping. Our religious poetry is not weak. Milton wrote religious poetry. Is it weak? Browning wrote religious poetry—we could almost say theological poetry. Is Browning weak? Is the poetry of Francis Thompson weak? Is Christina Rossetti's religious poetry weak? Sir Henry NEWBOLT says that 'among the few hymns to be excepted from this condemnation of futility is that anonymous one—not to be found in many of the modern books for church use—in which, among all the old 'conventional splendours borrowed from the gorgeous East and to us almost senseless, among the walls of precious stones and turrets of carbuncles and streets paved with pure gold, we come suddenly upon a touch like this:

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.'

But this poem does not stand alone. Christina Rossetti has a poem which is identical with it in thought, and certainly not less poetical:

Once in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.

And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
 And faint the lily on its stem,
 And faint the perfect violet,
 Compared with them.

What Sir Henry NEWBOLT means when he says that our religious poetry is astonishingly weak is simply that certain of our hymns are weak. And the hymns of which he is thinking are those hymns which describe the heavenly life, the hymns which speak of the joys of Paradise. Religious poetry, he says, 'has tried not so much to remake this world as to make a new one out of unfamiliar or misplaced materials: it has invented a Paradise which is not a transfiguration of this life, but an irrelevant sequel to it.'

Now it cannot be denied that there are hymns in all our hymn-books which are not poetical. Nor can it be denied that, in Sir Henry NEWBOLT'S words, some of our hymns are 'only saved from total failure by the aid of music and other extraneous associations.' But it *can* be denied that the unpoetical hymns are especially those that have Heaven for their theme. It can also be denied that these hymns are a failure because they are out of touch with reality.

Sir Henry NEWBOLT has three faults to find with them. First, they are unpoetical because they deal with an unreality like Paradise. Are there no unpoetical hymns but those that speak of Paradise? We wish it were so. But what is to be said of a hymn like Faber's 'O it is hard to work for God'? Read the second verse:

He hides Himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad.

Or the eleventh verse:

Workmen of God! Oh lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like;
 And in the darkest battlefield
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

Read any verse in it. Whatever associations we may have with it, whatever fragrance these associations may convey to us, we cannot call it poetical. Yet that hymn has no thought of Paradise from the beginning to the end of it. It is altogether occupied with the worry and the work of this present evil world.

The next objection is that the aspirations of the hymns about Heaven are not the aspirations of truly religious poetry. Sir Henry NEWBOLT quotes from Mary Coleridge:

I envy not the dead that rest,
 The souls that sing and fly;
 Not for the sake of all the Blest,
 Am I content to die.

My being would I gladly give,
 Rejoicing to be freed;
 But if for ever I must live,
 Then let me live indeed.

What peace could ever be to me
 The joy that strives with strife?
 What blissful immortality
 So sweet as struggling life?

Sir Henry NEWBOLT is at one with Mary Coleridge. He wants the joy that strives with strife, not the rest that remaineth for the people of God. But this is simply to deny his own most essential poetic principle. If there is anything that he is emphatic about it is that the individual poet's individual experience is not made prominent in the greatest poetry. Mary Coleridge prefers activity. The next poet may come with a preference for rest. And he may be as poetical as Mary Coleridge. Robert Browning is as poetical:

There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—
 That, when this life is ended, begins
 New work for the soul in another state,
 Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
 Where the strong and the weak, this world's
 congeries,
 Repeat in large what they practised in small,
 Through life after life in unlimited series;
 Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
By the means of Evil that Good is best,
And, through earth and its noise, what is
heaven's serene,

When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God:
And I have had troubles enough, for one.

The last fault which Sir Henry NEWBOLT finds with the hymns of Paradise is the most serious, and it is the most mistaken. He says that they make use of images borrowed from the gorgeous East which to us are almost senseless. He refers to 'the walls of precious stones and turrets of carbuncles and streets paved with pure gold.'

Now Sir Henry NEWBOLT would never deny that images borrowed from the gorgeous East may be used as the raw material of the very greatest as well as the most modern poetry or preaching. His objection cannot be to the images themselves or to their Eastern origin. His objection seems to be to their 'other-worldliness.' These figures of speech are not human. They do not belong to that blissful immortality which Mary Coleridge finds in our present struggling life. Do they not? Sir Henry NEWBOLT has made a mistake, and it is a serious one. He has forgotten Christ.

Between the present and the future there must certainly be some link of connexion, else the future is nothing to us. It is nothing to such a man as Viscount MORLEY; for Viscount MORLEY does not believe that any friend of his has ever survived the dread ordeal of death. But Viscount MORLEY's great friend Mr. Gladstone believed in the life to come. He believed that some who had gone from him were waiting in that other world which the hymns call Paradise, to receive him at his coming. To Mr. Gladstone the other world was scarcely less real than this. Sir Henry NEWBOLT demands that if the poet builds an ideal world he must use the material of our actual life, 'otherwise he fails, he

leaves us cold, we refuse to enter into his alien and unattractive Paradise.' Mr. Gladstone used that material, and Paradise was both real and attractive to him.

And that is not all. That is not the half of it. For it is not chiefly those who have gone before who make Paradise real and attractive. It is the fact of Christ. First Christ becomes real here, human and 'altogether lovely.' And then this human and well-loved Christ is recognized as dwelling in Paradise. That is the secret of heaven's attractiveness. That is the condition of its reality. The circumstances of the life to come we may be very ignorant of. The best images we can use—taken from the gorgeous East or elsewhere—may be very imperfect. They may very inadequately express to others that ideal which we call Paradise. But at least they are real. They are both real and attractive because of their association with Christ.

How know I that it looms lovely that land I
have never seen,
With morning-glories and heartsease and un-
exampled green,
With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent air?
Some of this, not all, I know; but this is so:
Christ is there.

How know I that blessedness befalls who dwell
in Paradise,
The outwearied hearts refreshing, rekindling the
worn-out eyes,
All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing everywhere?
Nay, much more than this I know; for this
is so:
Christ is there.

O Lord Christ, Whom having not seen I love
and desire to love,
O Lord Christ, Who lookest on me uncomely
yet still Thy dove,
Take me to Thee in Paradise, Thine own made
fair;
For whatever else I know, this thing is so:
Thou art there.

Perfection, in God and in Man.

BY THE REV. F. R. TENNANT, D.D., B.Sc., LECTURER IN THEOLOGY AND FELLOW OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

OUR Lord's words 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,' or, as they run in the Revised Version, 'Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect,' have often puzzled readers of the New Testament; partly because it is not easy to understand what precisely is meant by 'perfect,' and partly because they seem at first sight to imply no difference between such perfection as is theoretically within the ultimate reach of mankind and such perfection as we must attribute to the Divine Being. It will therefore not be unprofitable to endeavour to understand in what sense or senses perfection can be ascribed to God and to the ideal human being respectively, so that a suitable exposition of the words quoted above from St. Matthew may be arrived at.

Perfection is one of the major attributes of God as these are enumerated in treatises on theology. But the term is one which has been found to be patient of several different meanings. Some of these, inspired by the abstract mode of thought prevalent among Greek philosophers, and adopted by the Fathers and later theologians, will be found to be hardly assimilable with the Christian conception of the Deity. Firstly, some ancient writers, especially those with Platonic and Neo-Platonic leanings, have identified perfection with exaltation above all such attributes as man can conceive, or with an indeterminateness which would resolve the conception of God into the conception of nothing actual at all. Thus, just as Plato in one place describes the good as transcending real existence in dignity and power, so Philo and Clement of Alexandria endeavoured to conceive God in complete abstraction from His attributes, such as wisdom, life, power, etc. God is then relegated to the realm of the unknowable; He ceases to be a living Spirit and is reduced to a mere abstract idea. Others again proceeded to the opposite extreme, and taught that the Perfect Being must possess all possible attributes—such being supposed to be the meaning of the perfect or complete. But an 'everything in general' is no more determinate, no more of an actuality, than

a 'nothing in particular.' We can put either too full or too empty a content into the idea of the perfect to allow it to have any contact with reality, and any meaning in theology.

Another meaning of 'perfect,' also taken over from the thought of ancient Greece (Parmenides and Plato), is that of completed, so that in that which is perfect all must be realized and nothing be potential. Hence perfection came to be interpreted as immutability. There is indeed a sense in which God may truly be said to be immutable—with Him 'is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' God is not a man that He should repent; His purpose and will are constant and abiding; His life is an harmonious continuity; His holiness and goodness can know no relaxation. Still, the Divine immutability cannot be construed as absolute absence of change, unless experience be denied to God and He cease to be capable of description as a living Spirit. Nor can He be held, in the strictest or most general sense, to be 'impassible'; a Being who could not be touched or moved by human infirmity, who felt no sympathy with human suffering, would be a Being for whom human creatures could scarcely feel love and reverence, and no such being as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

'Perfection,' then, as applied to God, cannot mean transcendence of all attributes, or comprehension of all attributes (some, indeed, would be mutually incompatible), or absolute changelessness, such as would imply absence of life, activity, and experience. Does it, however, necessarily exclude all potentiality; that is to say, possibilities such as may be at a given time (from the temporal point of view) unrealized? This also would seem to be incompatible with Christianity. For surely the Incarnation of the Son of God 'in the fulness of time' must not only be an event in the time-process as we apprehend it, but also a 'moment' or a new departure in the eternal life of God, in which the fulness of that life was somehow enriched and perfected, though by an act of self-limitation. The creation of the universe—if the universe be not everlasting *a parte post*—would be

another such realization of what had before—or had in some real sense of which 'before' expresses the phenomenal appearance—been only potential in the Divine thought; and, once more, the progressiveness of revelation must similarly point to something in the Divine life which we can only express as realization of the potential.

Thus, it would seem that in order to be amenable to use in Christian theology, the conception of Divine perfection must be further limited, so that in it is found room for the potential. Perhaps the force of this plea for admission of the potential into the life of the perfect God can best be brought out by the resort to an analogy of which several recent writers have made use, and its meaning be thereby safeguarded against possible misunderstanding. A drama, in its enactment or realization, unfolds itself in time. What comes at the end is not presented at the beginning, and the full significance of the opening act is revealed to the spectator only when the *finale* is reached. Yet for the composer of the drama, the end is in view from the beginning, and is in his mind all through the process of his writing. Even so may the end of the drama of human evolution and man's redemption till God be 'all in all,' be present to the mind of God, the author of this drama and no mere spectator of it. Potentially, though not actually, the work which 'the Father worketh hitherto' is finished from the first; its non-fulfilment in time is not accompanied in the experience of God by that weariness of non-attainment and doubtfulness of the issue which characterize human strivings and purposes. Non-attainment in actuality, from the Divine point of view, is yet Blessedness; and fruition does not wait, for Him, on the end of time. Life, as we know it and alone can conceive it without inner contradiction, means development; and the Divine immutability and perfectness have already been found necessarily to imply self-identity and absence of variableness *through and in relation to* change. Thus the perfection of God need not be conceived as static completedness—which is theologically impossible—but may be construed to the self-manifestation of love in a finite world, and a revelation of the Eternal in the temporal process of ethically significant human history. 'Becoming'—not static and fixed 'Being'—may be the characteristic of all reality, including the life of God. Not only self-revelation, but also the

self-realization which it would seem to involve, may without irreverence or conflict with the Christian idea of God, be predicated of the perfect Divine Being. All that needs to be excluded is that tentativeness, learning by mistakes and failure, growth in goodness and advance from worse to better, which inevitably characterize all human life in virtue of the constitution of finite man in relation to this environment.

Here, at last, then, is a conception of perfection which can be applied to the living God of Christian faith. And it will be obvious that it is perfection of a type which is of necessity quite out of reach of man, who is altogether a different order of being.

But doubtless what was in the mind of our Lord, when He uttered the words quoted at the beginning of this paper, was something altogether different from the kind of perfection which has just been described; though God is perfect in that sense. The words cited occur in a context which is concerned with the ethical qualities of the Christian life; and it is therefore ethical perfection, for God and for man, rather than perfection of being or existence, of which Christ here speaks. And in this sense also, the ethical sense, perfection must be of quite different types when it is predicated with reference to the Divine and to human beings respectively.

The ethical perfection of God, His perfect holiness and love, are certainly immutable. There can be no degrees of perfection, in this sense, if there can be in other senses of the term as it is applicable to God. God's moral perfectness is of quite a different order from such perfection as man can be bidden to strive for and can possibly attain to. We are growing beings—through no volition and no fault of our own, but simply according to the will of God. But 'living and learning,' with relation to ethical standards and ideals, such as conditions human perfection, do not apply to the life and the goodness of God. We cannot attribute to Him any conflict of motives, because it is of His very nature to reject the alternative of evil and exclusively to love the good. God cannot experience temptation; His perfect goodness is not attained by striving and self-discipline, as perfect virtuousness can alone be attained by the human saint. Thus the statement that God is an ethical Being, while possessing a very real meaning, contains an implication which

is partly different, and different in very important respects, from that which is involved in predicated morality of imperfect human nature. When we are charged, then, to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, it cannot be meant that we are called upon to change the constitution of our being and to 'become as gods'; for that is essentially impossible. It rather means that we are to order our life in accordance with the ideal of perfect manhood: to use faultlessly, at each successive stage of our moral growth, such necessarily finite and imperfect natural talents as we may have. To be ethically perfect in the sense that God is, as just now described, is not requirable of us; in that sense indeed, 'there is none good save one, that is God'—not even the Incarnate Son of God, for He *increased*, as in wisdom, so also in favour with God. Divine perfection and human moral perfection, we repeat, are quite different things. There can be no one absolute ideal for man, independent of the varying conditions of individual lives, static and fixed, and the same in content for all or for the same man at every stage of his development from infancy to death. Perfection such as is within human reach is comparable to a fixed ratio rather than to a fixed quantity; for human nature itself is not a constant

but a variable. Development necessarily involves imperfection, as judged from an absolute standard, in all but its final stage. Moreover, perfection, with us, must admit of degrees, though at first sight this may seem paradoxical. And it must also admit of different kinds. The usual denial that perfection can be applicable at all to developing beings is founded on the assumption that development is but a means to an end. This, however, may be wholly a mistake. There may be perfect progress, and therefore progress from one perfection to another. There is one perfection of the rosebud, another of the rose; there was a perfection of the Child Jesus, and a perfection of the Man of Sorrows. Rosebud and childhood have a perfection of their own, and both may realize the purpose of God, quite apart from their being necessary stages on the way to expanded flower and to mature manhood.

If we thus recognize that perfection is no one fixed thing, but is necessarily one thing for God and another for man, one thing for childhood and another thing for the mature saint, it is possible to assign intelligible meaning to our Lord's charge 'be ye perfect'; perfect 'even as' God is perfect, though not with the same kind and order of perfectness.

Literature.

WHO'S WHO.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK have issued *Who's Who for 1918* (21s. net). It contains 2642 pages—surely one of the 'stoutest' books published in a year of war. It is also one of the most popular books. We are interested in many things, but most of all in one another. Who's Who?—that is the very question everybody asks of everybody else. And there probably never was man or woman or book that could answer it so fully or so accurately as Messrs. Black's wonder. Yes, accurately. Test it wherever you have the ability. The accuracy is due, first of all to the editor [to whom we lift our cap, accuracy is our foible], and secondly to the method. The method is to make every man and woman responsible for his own biography, including his publications, his recreations, and his address or addresses.

It is an excellent method; but it needs to be controlled. The small are too ready to usurp the space of the great, and must not be allowed to do so. Some men are anxious to give the titles (and all the rest of it) of every pamphlet they have published. We would exclude pamphlets—though we must admit that we have been indebted to *Who's Who* for the exact title of a pamphlet when we could find it nowhere else.

Messrs. Black have also issued the 1918 edition of *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (2s. net). Its splendidly complete lists of Journals (British, Colonial, American) and Publishers are a great service.

IMMORTALITY.

Canon B. H. Streeter and Miss Lily Dougall have together edited another up-to-date book of

Oxford theology. What is so up-to-date or insistent in its demands for exposition as the life to come? Yet we think the title is not the very best. The five authors whose essays are here, met together to discuss the topics they were to deal with, and they came to agreement on them all. So it may be presumed they agreed to call the book *Immortality* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). But the *fact* of another life which that title suggests is much less discussed in the book than the nature of it. A better title would have been 'Future Life.'

Canon Streeter himself describes the future life with his very remarkable gift of imaginative and persuasive writing. He is not always orthodox, but that does not disturb him; he is determined to be always in touch with reality. His picture of Heaven is quite plausible. Is it not even attractive? But we think he exaggerates the unattractiveness of the ordinary hymn-book Heaven. Its worth is not in its imagery; it is in its Christ. Paul did not say 'to depart and to be in heaven is far better.' He said 'to depart and to be with Christ.' The 'goodness, beauty, and truth' which make up life, and which Canon Streeter properly insists upon, are all in Him. Christ gives the hymn-book Heaven its reality.

Mr. C. W. Emmet has a memorable essay on Hell. The word signifies punishment, not discipline, and to most minds punishment that never ends. Mr. Emmet is at one with the modern mind in rejecting that idea. But he is a sensitive and trained expositor of Scripture, and he admits that Scripture is not with the modern mind altogether. Well, he will go beyond Scripture. He has Christ's encouragement. Deliverance from the Hell even of St. Matthew's Gospel is one portion of the truth into which he believes it was the Master's promise that the Church should be led.

Three essays are contributed by Miss Lily Dougall, the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. Their topics are as up-to-date as any—Spiritualism, Theosophy, and the Undiscovered Country—and so is their treatment.

But mention must be made, and that with some emphasis, of an article by an Army Surgeon, Mr. J. A. Hadfield, on 'The Mind and the Brain.' It is crowded with thrilling facts; and it comes to thrilling conclusions.

Last of all—Mr. Clutton-Brock's two articles, especially the one entitled 'A Dream of Heaven.'

What does the fact of death do for us?—that is the theme. It does not land us in Purgatory, for Purgatory is purging, and what we need is enriching. 'We shall be purged enough by leaving this world and its phantoms behind us; but we shall be weak and empty after the process. In some cases that thread of self connecting this life with another will be very thin. There will be little reality to remember from the past when all the phantoms are forgotten, but in that small residuum of reality will be the faint beginnings of the future life. Whatever we have known of reality here will help us to recognize reality there. Whatever we have really loved here will be there to be loved again, to be recognised like the sound of bells from an old city church, like the swinging open of gates, like the sunrise over the mountains, like all those things that are eternal to us, that seem to call us into that place when no more time shall be "but steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed upon the pillars of eternity."'

INSTINCT.

Many books have been written on Instinct, many have been written recently, for it is one of the scientific things that at present are most puzzling to scientific investigators. But few books have ever been written on *Instinct in Man*, and Dr. James Drever's fine volume is opportune (Cambridge: At the University Press; 9s. net).

Dr. Drever begins with a series of welcome definitions. He defines Biology, Physiology, Psychology, and above all Instinct itself; and he delimits the boundaries between Psychology and Philosophy. He has proceeded for 150 pages, more than half the book, before he reaches Instinct in man, for there is no hope in a plunge into subjects of this kind; it must be slow progress, every step tested and secured before another is taken. Only in this way can a treatise on Instinct be scientific; in this way Dr. Drever's book is truly entitled to that coveted designation.

The book is valuable to the teacher of Religion. It is a psychological book, and no teacher can ignore the progress of psychology. It touches some of the deepest, or at any rate some of the most difficult, problems of life and conduct—the influence of heredity, human responsibility, the place of the emotions, the value of fear, the struggle between originality and imitation.

Occasionally Dr. Drever sets himself against the current. This is an example: 'The importance of curiosity and wonder, as the basis of that "intellectual curiosity" and disinterested love of the truth, which furnish the driving power in scientific research, and philosophical investigation and speculation, has been sufficiently emphasized in the past, and by many writers of all shades of opinion. Perhaps it has been over-emphasized. In education, at all events, the tendency has been to interpret that interest which the teacher must utilize and guide, in order that successful school work may go on, almost solely in terms of curiosity. This involves two educational errors. The one lies in ignoring, or belittling, practical interests, which are sometimes more valuable, and often more fruitful, than theoretical interest. The other is what amounts to an assumption, that theoretical interest is always reducible to curiosity. To interpret curiosity vaguely as the impulse or desire "to know" amounts to a suggestion that the questioning attitude always involves curiosity, when, as a matter of fact, it frequently does not involve curiosity at all, or only to an insignificant extent. A gap in my knowledge may be theoretically of no significance, I may not even be conscious of it as a gap, while practically it may mean the difference between success and failure in something I wish to do. In such a case—and in everyday life there are scores of them—it is some other impulse, not curiosity, that makes me conscious of the gap, that gives it significance, that furnishes the motive force inducing me to strive to fill it up, that gives, in other words, the desire "to know." The other side of the story has been so often emphasized, that there seems little danger in occasionally emphasizing this side.'

TURGENEV.

Mr. Edward Garnett has a great opinion of Turgenev. His book, entitled *Turgenev: A Study* (Collins; 6s. net), is a direct answer to those, in this country and in Russia, who compare Turgenev with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky to the disadvantage of the first. 'They admire his language, his beautiful style: they pay lip service to him as "a poet." They even admit that he was "a great artist," but they do not suspect that his intellectual pre-eminence is disguised from them by his very æsthetic qualities, balance, contrast, grouping,

perspective, harmony of form and perfect modelling, qualities in which Turgenev not only far surpasses Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, but any nineteenth-century European.'

The fault found with Turgenev is that his scenes and characters are not taken from life. They are 'bookish,' 'conventional,' even 'unreal.' Mr. Garnett disproves every word of it.

But what a philosophy of life these Russian writers have, and Turgenev most unrelievedly of all. How is it that life has come to mean to them mere misfortune, and duty nothing but patient acquiescence, with only an occasional wild hopeless challenge? Mr. Garnett describes it well. Does he share it? This is what he says: 'Both Turgenev's temperamental melancholy and irony are seconded by, indeed are enrooted in, his calm piercing perception of the ineffectual struggle of virtue in the vortex of worldly power. All the great literature of all the ages warns us that the world is mainly swayed by force and craft, twin-children of human necessity and appetite. Virtue, beautiful in its disinterested impulse, as the love of truth, has always to reckon with the all-powerful law of life, self-interest, on which the whole fabric of society is reared. Goodness is but a frail defence against the designs of force and egoistic craft. We see magnanimity falling before unscrupulousness; while the stupidity of the mass of men is twisted adroitly by the worldly to their own advantage. While Turgenev's philosophy reinforces the experience of the ages, his pictures of life are distinguished by the subtle spiritual light which plays upon the egoistic basis. In his vision "the rack of this tough world" triumphs, but his peculiarly subtle appeal to our sense of spiritual beauty registers the common earthiness of the triumph of force and evil. That triumph is everywhere; it is a fundamental law of nature that worldly craft and appetite shall prevail, whelming the finer forces, but Turgenev's sadness and irony, by their beauty of feeling, strengthen those spiritual valuations which challenge the elemental law.'

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Mr. Charles Whibley is a 'tory.' How do we know that? Because in his *Political Portraits* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net) he describes a 'whig,' and says: 'Thus has the Whig spoken from the beginning, in those far-off days when he served the

Devil, the first of his kind. Thus shall the Whig speak, until with the smug satisfaction of a false martyrdom he beholds his land in ruins.' Further, because his heroes are Clarendon and Beaconsfield, his villains Gladstone and Cobden. And chiefly because he proves to his own perfect content that *Shakespeare* was a 'tory.'

'Shakespeare, then, perceiving the permanent, unchanging elements of politics, was a wise Tory. He cherished no superstition of universal brotherhood; he did not preach equality for a doctrine; the liberty to which he aspired was liberty of thought, not liberty of the hustings.' Thus Mr. Whibley. And his method is the usual one. He quotes the sayings and sentiments of 'tories' throughout the plays and makes them the sentiments and sayings of Shakespeare himself. So Shakespeare can be (and has been) proved to be a barber, a physician, a dyer, a jack-of-all-trades, and master of them all.

All the same this is a charm of a book, so sound is the author's confidence in his opinions, so unerring is his use of the best idiomatic English.

LOGIC.

Benedetto Croce is nothing if not original. He glories in overturning every previous system of Logic. And his translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, glories with him. 'I think that this Logic will come to be recognized as a masterpiece, in the sense that it supplants and supersedes all Logics that have gone before, especially those known as formal Logics, of which the average layman has so profound and justifiable mistrust, for the very good reason that, as Croce says, they are not Logic at all, but illogic—his healthy love of life leads him to fight shy of what he feels would lead to disaster if applied to the problems that he has to face in the conduct of life. It is shown in the following pages that the prestige of Aristotle is not wholly to blame for the survival of formal Logic and for the class of mind that denying thought dwells ever in the *ipse dixit*. Indeed, one of the chief boons conferred by this book will be the freeing of the student from that confusion of thought and word that is the essence of the old formal Logic—of thought that rises upon the wings of words, like an aviator upon his falcon of wood and metal to spy out the entrenchments of the enemy.'

Mr. Ainslie complains that Dr. Croce has not

received credit for his originality. 'One of the most stimulating portions of the book will, I think, be found in Croce's theory of error and proof of its necessity in the progress of truth. This may certainly be credited to Croce as a discovery. That this theory of the uses of error has a great future, I have no doubt, from its appearance at certain debates on Logic that have taken place at the Aristotelian Society within the last year or two, though strangely enough the name of the philosopher to whom it was due was not mentioned. A like mysterious aposiopesis characterized Professor J. A. Smith's communication to the same Society as to the development of the ethical from the economic activity (degrees of the Spirit) some years after the publication of the *Philosophy of the Practical*.'

The new book—*Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept* (Macmillan; 14s. net)—is not so difficult to read as its title and its earlier pages seem to promise. The translator has done his work well. The difficulty that exists is due to the subject and the novelty of the author's attitude. Close reading is of course necessary as well as continuous reading. But the tension is now and again relaxed by the discovery of so simple (or seemingly simple) a paragraph as this: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" is a false saying, because the increase of knowledge is the overcoming of sorrow. But it is true, in so far as it means that the increase of knowledge does not eliminate the sorrows of practical life. It does not eliminate, but *elevates* them; and to adopt the fine expression of a contemporary Italian writer, superiority is "nothing but the right to suffer on a higher plane." On a higher plane, but neither more nor less than others, who are at a lower level of knowledge,—to suffer on a higher plane, in order to act upon a higher plane.'

Return to the translator. 'It is my hope,' says Mr. Ainslie, 'that this original work, appearing as it does in the midst of the great struggle with the Teutonic powers, may serve to point out to the Anglo-Saxon world where the future of the world's civilization lies, namely, in the ancient line of Latin culture, which includes in itself the loftiest Hellenic thought. It is sad to think that the Germans have relapsed to barbarism from the veneer of cultivation that they once possessed, particularly sad when one comes upon the German names that must always abound in any treatise on the development

of thought. Their creative moment, however, was very brief, and the really important names can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, that of Emmanuel Kant being corrupted from the Scots Cant. Of recent years the German contribution has been singularly small and unimportant, such writers as Eucken being mere compilers of the work of earlier philosophers, and without originality. The foul-souled Teuton will need a long period of re-education before he can be readmitted to the comity of nations upon equal terms—his bestiality will ask a potent purge.'

MAGGIE BENSON.

Mr. A. C. Benson's books usually arrest you at once. Not so the biography of his sister—*Life and Letters of Maggie Benson* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net). Almost half of the book, the first half, is uninteresting and unimportant. But when you discover that this is really a remarkable woman and lay yourself out to observe her ways, the interest becomes keen enough and never lets you go till the end.

Miss Benson was not a letter-writer. As she says, her letters are mostly 'too short and tell you nothing.' But sometimes they are long and valuable—valuable for the intellectual force of them and their utter sincerity. The best are those written to Mr. Stewart McDowall. And perhaps the best characterization of Miss Benson is by him: 'I remember her clear-sighted, humorous, and epigrammatic summaries of acquaintance. She was a quick, and generally, though not always, a very sure judge of people, and not naturally expansive. Some people were rather afraid of her. I think she was even more appreciative on the intellectual than on the personal side. She didn't suffer fools very gladly always, though personally I never felt a touch of intolerance or impatience. She was always extraordinarily *bracing*, especially in times of illness or anxiety.'

Her father's influence does not seem to have been good for her; she was too much afraid of him. Then at the end the sensitiveness which shrank from his 'heavily-loaded gun' became altogether a disease, and she suffered greatly from depression and suspicion. Nevertheless it is a life of encouragement—a bracing life, as Mr. McDowall says.

There are two good stories of Queen Victoria.

'A lady was presented to her, and some one said afterwards to the Queen that the lady had been very much impressed by her. Upon which the Queen said "It doesn't matter what she thinks of me: what matters is what I think of her."'

'Miss Hodgson described how her great-aunt was doing lessons with Miss Croker, the adopted daughter of the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the day of Queen Victoria's accession. The Queen came in and said: "Miss Allworth, I am Queen of England, and I wish my first present to be to you. What shall it be? I shall rule my kingdom on Bible principles, so I will go out into High Street, Kensington, and buy you a Bible." She did so, and wrote in it "Victoria Regina, 1837." That Bible is bequeathed to Miss Hodgson.'

And this description is Miss Benson's own: 'What an unexpected and splendid character for a Queen—that little straight intelligent vigorous girl, with enough appetite for pleasure to be healthy, and enough sense of duty for a regiment, and a warm and simple heart, and the dignity of reality.'

SIR COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

One of the proposals sure to be made when the war is over is that certain countries should be placed under the control of more than one Power. So let us hear what a man of experience and judgment and strictest integrity has to say about dual control. Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff was an engineer. He did memorable engineering work in India, but he will be longest remembered for his irrigation triumphs in Egypt—unless posterity should regard the abolition of *corvée* as a greater benefit to the world. He knew Egypt as few have known it, and he knew it under the dual control of Britain and France. Well, this is what he says:

'If you mean that the Great Powers in congress should some day resolve that the tottering Ottoman Power is no longer to curse so much of God's fair earth, and if they should mutually agree to divide the spoil among them, and give the European provinces, say, to Austria and Greece, and Armenia to Russia, and Syria to France, and Egypt to us, if such a thing is possible and could ever be justified, I think it might work all right. But I must emphatically disbelieve in a united control of several Powers in the same place.'

The Life of Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff has been edited by his niece, Mary Albright Hollings

(Murray; 12s. net). It is unexpectedly interesting. That is due mainly to two things—his letters and himself. He enjoyed letter-writing and wrote often, and his correspondents kept his letters. But he was greater than his letters. And his greatness appears to have been due, not to extraordinary intellectual ability, but to sincere faith in Christ, which expressed itself in conscientiousness and courtesy. He did everything as well as he could do it, and he took no credit for the result. When the merchants of Alexandria presented him with an address, he replied: 'I must be permitted to take all the too flattering expressions used towards me as intended equally for those officers who have worked with me. For it is not by attending office in Cairo (which is all that I have done) that good irrigation is produced, but by daily inspections and perpetual travelling, by constant watchfulness over a large staff of subordinates, by total indifference to exposure to the sun, by the disregard of all personal comfort. This is the life my officers have led, and it is no little satisfaction for me to know that the merchants of Alexandria appreciate their work.'

When he proposed to leave Egypt, Nubar Pasha called upon him, and said: 'Is it true that you are thinking of leaving Egypt? Don't do it. If you go, the *corvée* comes back; many bad things come back, all goes back. If ever you must go, see that you send a man of heart; mind not about his being a clever engineer; that is work easily got, but, after all, send a man of heart.' Lady Scott-Moncrieff overheard this and proudly sent it home to her parents.

When he first went to Egypt, Nubar Pasha sent for him: 'After repeating that he could not make me Minister of Public Works, and that he must put in a native, he said: "Voulez-vous avoir un homme capable, ou une nullité?" "Une nullité, s'il vous plaît, Excellence," I replied. "Ah, mon cher, vous avez raison, vous avez raison, je vous chercherai une nullité." And he was as good as his word, and appointed a very nice old fellow—Rushdi Pasha—to be my nominal chief.'

REALITY.

'In this volume'—the volume is *Reality and Truth*, by John G. Vance, M.A., Ph.D. (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net)—'I have attempted to lay bare the last supports on which everything must rest.

The questions are deeply technical, but at the same time of such abiding interest to all thoughtful men, that I have deliberately laid aside the technicalities as well as the useful but inhuman jargon of the multitudinous schools, in probing and establishing this doctrine of Critical Realism. This vision of the problems and their solution depends upon no name, no tradition, no authority, no assumption, no postulate. It stands or falls by its own intrinsic arguments, and by the plain facts which tell their own tale. For the rest I have endeavoured to set forth the whole sequence of ideas with all the clearness and precision of a geometrical proposition; while, as a lover of English, I have tried to remember the suppleness, wealth, and beauty of our language. There is little enough reason why clearness in thought and structure should not go hand in hand with concision, simplicity, and grace of expression.'

Not often is an author so successful in estimating his own creation. Not always has he imagination enough, not always courage. The offer of a book of philosophy with the clearness and precision of a geometrical proposition is surely a courageous offer. But it is more nearly realized than human efforts usually are. The secret of the success lies in Professor Vance's gifts. These are sharp clear telling phrase and clear unemotional thinking. These gifts are enough to make any scientific book successful, if it deals with a subject worthy of their exercise. Assuredly Dr. Vance's book will be read. Since Professor William James left us, no philosophical volume has been offered to the public in which sound sense and captivating language have been more victoriously united.

THE CONVERSION OF EUROPE.

Dr. Charles Henry Robinson is the author of a History of Christian Missions in the 'International Theological Library,' and by the writing of that book he has made himself known as one of the great historians of our day. For even the most determined *laudator temporis acti* will surely admit that we have a few great historians in our day. Canon Robinson has now written a history of *The Conversion of Europe* (Longmans; 18s. net), which will certainly take nothing away from the reputation which he has obtained. It is a volume of serious history, written in a style of sustained elevation and yet surprising simplicity, and dis-

tinguished on every page by the tolerance and good judgment of the scholar.

There are passages in the book which some of the circumstances of the war have made exceptionally interesting. In telling the story of the conversion of Belgium, Dr. Robinson says: 'Early in the fifth century the development of Christianity in Belgium was interrupted by the invasion of Huns, Vandals, and other tribes who in 407 crossed the Rhine and devastated the land, destroying the churches and killing or reducing to slavery its inhabitants. Jerome, in a letter written in 409, refers to the cities destroyed by these marauders in Belgium and France, specially mentioning Tournai, Théroutanne, Rheims, Arras, and Amiens. The final result was that a large part of the work of the Christian missionaries had to be done over again, as was the case in England after the invasion by the Saxons. Remigius bishop of Rheims, after baptising Clovis and his warriors on Christmas Day 496, sent Vedast to Arras and Antimond and Athalbert to Théroutanne, but for at least a century no extensive missionary operations were carried on within the limits of what is now Belgium.'

Still more significant is Dr. Robinson's account of the way in which the Teutons came into Prussia with a profession of Christianity in their hands. He says: 'There is a note of pathos, not to say tragedy, in the story of the conversion of Pomerania and of Prussia, inasmuch as in both cases the land did not become Christian till the inhabitants whom it was sought to convert had been practically exterminated, and this as a direct result of the process of conversion. In both instances the Church which was eventually established was in chief part composed of Germans or men of Teutonic race who forcibly supplanted the earlier Slavonic inhabitants. In the case of Prussia the methods employed and the results attained remind us painfully of the missionary activities of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and the West Indies. The judgment, moreover, which Prescott passes upon the Conqueror of Mexico is the judgment which the charitable student of the conversion of Prussia will be inclined to pass upon the Christian knights who forced upon that land a profession of Christianity. Prescott writes: "When we see the hand red with blood . . . raised to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the cause which it maintains, we experience something

like a sensation of disgust at the act, and a doubt of its sincerity. But this is unjust. We should throw ourselves back into the age—the age of the Crusades. . . . Whoever has read the correspondence of Cortés . . . will hardly doubt that he would have been among the first to lay down his life for the faith. . . . There can be no doubt that Cortés, with every other man in his army, felt he was engaged in a holy crusade." The only other country in Europe in which the forcible conversion of the people was accompanied by cruelty similar to that which attended the conversion of Prussia was the kingdom of Norway, but in this case the oppression of its non-Christian inhabitants was of comparatively short duration and was followed by religious tolerance, which did much to obliterate the effects of the period of persecution.'

THE ART OF DYING WELL.

The Art of Dying seems to have been studied in the Middle Ages more than it is now. There was one book in Latin (*De arte Moriendi*) which became very popular, and there were block-books which were more popular still, especially in England, Germany, and France. These block-books contain illustrations 'depicting the five great temptations which beset the soul at death. These temptations are embodied in the forms of hideous demons, which are repelled by angels and saints, and by Our Lady, who is the great interceder and last resource of the Dying Creature.' The Latin treatise was translated into English by Richard Rolle. At least it has usually been ascribed to him. There are three manuscripts of it in existence. The MS. in the Bodleian has been turned into modern spelling and edited by Frances M. M. Comper, and has been published under the title of *The Book of the Craft of Dying* (Longmans; 6s. net). Within the same volume the same editor has included 'other early English tracts concerning death,' taken from MSS. and printed books in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries. The whole has been introduced by the Rev. George Congreve, S.S.J.E.

The first thing that strikes one is the workmanship of the book itself. Whatever the ancients could do in the art of dying, moderns can do something in the art of book-making. In spite of the war and the scarcity of paper pulp, this volume is beautifully printed on beautiful paper, and daintily

handled in every way—quite a delight to the lover of books as books, whatever the contents may be.

Mr. Congreve's preface is not remarkable; it is indeed somewhat obvious and ordinary. But originality is scarcely to be looked for on such a commonplace subject as dying. Quotations are made from several writers, from Bunyan among the rest; and it is a pleasant surprise to find Bunyan so familiar to a Roman priest. But the best quotation is from this very book, and becomes quite an appetizing introduction to it. Much of the book is more curious than comforting; fortunately it is also more quaint than terrifying. If it does not help us to die well upon whom the end of the ages has come, at any rate it gives us a vivid picture of the manner in which the mediæval Christian prepared himself to meet his God. It was an elaborate and often absurd preparation; but God knows how to translate our utmost absurdities into acceptance, if only we are humble-minded and sincere.

THE DOCTRINE OF CREATION.

The doctrine of Creation demands new exposition. We have been fighting shy of it far too long. To disregard Evolution was impossible. To accept Evolution seemed to be to disregard Creation. The Right Rev. J. E. Mercer, D.D., formerly Bishop of Tasmania, has at last done what should have been done long ago. He has done it well. Accepting the evolutionary process without reserve, he has shown conclusively that we can and must retain all that is worth retaining in Creation.

His single axiom is *Ex nihilo nihil*. With that he discovers in the Universe a conscious, purposeful, rational Will—and he is content.

Will you grant his postulate? He gives grounds for claiming it: 'Our reason demands, on the one hand, that Nothing shall mean Nothing; and science demands, on the other, that we shall trace back all that exists to what previously existed. *Ex nihilo* needlessly outrages common sense, trained reason, and scientific postulates. It is assuredly simpler and more natural to hold that the Creation is, in some mode of externalization, the expression and embodiment of the will, the mind, the love of an eternal God. Such a doctrine does not in any wise interfere with emphasis on the transcendence of the Creator; and it gives content, full and rich, to emphasis on His immanence.'

On Genesis and its cosmology he is firm and

courageous. 'I cannot but agree with Driver in his conclusion that when we turn to the Mosaic Cosmogony for supernatural information on points of scientific fact, we mistake its whole purpose. I also agree with this reverent and cautious critic in his further conclusion that there is nothing in the cosmogony of science that is in conflict with the deeper teaching of the Genesis narrative, nor anything which can obscure the wonder of its insight and speculative power. There must be few nowadays who cannot unite keen appreciation of the larger harmony with hesitation to force it into perfect consonance.'

The title of the volume is *The Problem of Creation* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net).

A DIPLOMATIC DIARY.

The name of Hugh Gibson will be read henceforth in all the great records of the great war. For he it was who fought so hard for the life of Nurse Cavell, and was beaten at last only by incredible meanness and deception. The guilt of that deed will not be wiped out for many a day, nor the memory of the man who tried to prevent it. Mr. Gibson was Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels. He kept a diary in which he recorded the day's happenings just as they happened. The diary has now been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton under the title of *A Diplomatic Diary* (7s. 6d. net).

It is one of the most valuable sources of information for the actual state of affairs where Germans held sway, and for the actual crimes they committed, that we possess. The author's sympathies were with the Belgian people, but his accuracy and openness are unassailable. He has more of the gift of literature than Mr. Gerard, and his book is more interesting, in spite of the Kaiser's letter and other sensations which the American ambassador to Berlin had to thrill us with. Indeed, nothing could possibly thrill one more than the quiet intense narrative of every hour's endurance as the struggle was being maintained for Miss Cavell's life. That is the climax of interest, but the book beats with expectancy from cover to cover.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'A Doctor of Hermetic Science,' whatever his name may be, has done a difficult enough thing in

condensing into one volume the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, known as the Seer of Poughkeepsie—*The Harmonial Philosophy* (Rider; 10s. 6d. net). For the writings of the Seer of Poughkeepsie extend to twenty-seven volumes, and they are 'full of repetitions, verbiages and extraneous material.' That he has correctly represented the Harmonial Philosophy in his single volume has been disputed, as the author himself tells us. In particular, it has been asserted that 'an undue space has been given to descriptions of the Summer Land; as Davis claims to have seen it in his "superior condition"; to which the reply is that these descriptions have 'been always the chief attraction of his "revelations," and that his "harmonial philosophy," apart from these as a title or warrant in seership, would scarcely demand presentation in a new form, its great occasional insight and suggestion notwithstanding. It is in connexion with these more especially,' says the author, 'that this work has been undertaken, and to mark the philosophical aspects of the claim respecting intervention between the physical and spiritual worlds.'

Who was Andrew Jackson Davis? He was the first spiritualist. Born of very poor and ignorant parents, he met in his teens a mesmerist, and discovered that under mesmerism he could do and say astonishing things, that, in fact, he was an adept in clairvoyance. The 'scenes' took place at the town of Poughkeepsie. With the help of a lady who afterwards became his wife, he published a volume which was the most readable and became the most popular account of his visions and trances, and of the philosophy fastened thereon. The title of the book was *The Principles of Nature*. But the philosophy was called the Harmonial Philosophy, from its character and from the title of a later book, *The Great Harmonia*.

What is the Harmonial Philosophy? Says this Doctor of Hermetic Science: 'The doctrine, in a word, was that the world beyond is as natural as this world of ours; that it is neither the heaven nor hell of official Christianity; that it is simply this world spiritualised, and that men and women in their psychic bodies are as men and women here in the bodies of flesh, but with better opportunities of progress and a far better environment. They are encompassed by helpers innumerable, so that those even who pass from the life of earth in a state of hardened criminality have every encourage-

ment to amend and ultimately never fail to do so. In a word, the gospel of Davis, in common with that of Spiritualism, cast out all fear concerning the life to come.'

GIBRALTAR.

The present Bishop of Gibraltar, the Right Rev. Henry J. C. Knight, D.D., has written a History of *The Diocese of Gibraltar* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net).

It is a curious name to give the diocese which Dr. Knight oversees; for besides the Rock, it covers Malta, Northern Africa, Austro-Hungary, France, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and Asia Minor. If Gibraltar is his own Cathedral, the Bishop of Gibraltar cannot be much at home. And when he travels he does not travel for health or pleasure. There is an idea that the best thing for a sickly or weary clergyman is to obtain a chaplaincy within the Diocese of Gibraltar. The Bishop refutes that idea. 'The work of the Church in this field is of an exacting and a unique character. The idea that it can be adequately done by tired or delicate clergy is, with very few exceptions, most misleading. Certain features in it make it spiritually exacting, and call for constant ministerial alertness. To minister to a flock living in unsettled and artificial conditions, without the wholesome regular occupation of life, separated from home and children, of a fluctuating and migratory character, on one side; on another, the amount of ill-health, anxiety, grief, bereavement, which escapes the notice of those who have eyes and minds only for landscape or art, and the amusements and gaiety of the hour, but which ever grows in volume as years of residence and work reveal what is often bravely and studiously concealed, make great demands on ministerial patience and nerves. When the resorts are full, the number of services on Sundays, and especially on great Festivals and holy Seasons, and the ministrations called for during the week, demand not only spiritual energy, but also real physical strength in many chaplaincies. The atmosphere of pleasure-seeking, and of much thoughtless and selfish worldliness, and the casting off of conventional restraints especially in regard to the observance of Sunday, and the ever-present gambling problem, tax the spiritual standard of life and Christian faithfulness and wisdom.'

How does the Bishop of Gibraltar find time to

write books? And to write so well? This book is well written and of wider interest than the wide diocese. It is also, we are sure, an utterly reliable history. For Dr. Knight is not the man to be content with superficial research or general observation. He is a trained scholar, with a conscience for accuracy to the minutest fact and figure.

The volume contains illustrations, including portraits of the Bishops of Gibraltar from Tomlinson to Collins. Why is there no portrait of the author of the book?

The entry of America and the speeches of the President have given democratic ideals a fine advertisement and impulse. Mr. J. A. Hobson would spread that advertisement and intensify that impulse. His book on *Democracy after the War* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net) is an intensely earnest, almost fiercely earnest, appeal to anti-militarists everywhere to have done with militarism and all its works, and give democracy at last an opportunity of showing what it is and what it can do. The language he uses about the mere imperialist, especially when he is found among the clergy, knows neither restraint nor reserve; and if there are clergy of so imperialistic a mind and so anti-democratic an influence, they deserve to be spoken of with some force of language. For if, after the war, these men are to have their way with us, it were just as well for us that we had never entered into it. But Mr. Hobson is too sweeping; he must discriminate. We do not know one single person whom his description would fit entirely. Nevertheless it is a book on the right lines, and whatever it is it is that emphatically.

The Future of the Disabled Soldier (Bale; 6s. net) is the title of a work of very great and very hopeful interest, written by C. W. Hutt, M.A., M.D., D.P.H. It is a book first of all for the disabled soldier himself. Let him read what has been done already in the way of finding work for him, and making him fit for the work. The progress that has been made in the manufacture of artificial limbs is astonishing. And not less astonishing is the ease and effectiveness with which they are used by the disabled men even after a short period of training and experience. Many illustrations are here from photographs. We see the men doing things they never hoped to be able to do again, and doing them comfortably.

But the book is to be read by everybody. Who has a heart unmoved as the men pass on crutches or with empty sleeves? Who does not wish that something could be done to help them? Here is something that can be done. To encourage the work here described is to do good, immediate and undeniable. And it needs just our encouragement to make it effective and far-reaching.

Considering the long and faithful alliance that has existed between Britain and Portugal it is a disgrace to us that we know so little of the country of Vasco da Gama. We may remove the reproach a little by reading the *Portuguese Portraits* of Aubrey F. G. Bell (Blackwell; 5s. net). The portraits are of King Dinis, Nun' Alvarez, Prince Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama, Duarte Pacheco Pereira, Affonso de Albuquerque, Dom João de Castro. Besides the pen portraits there are photographic portraits of five of them.

The Rev. C. W. Emmet, B.D., has published *A Plea for a Revised Use of the Psalter in Public Worship* (Milford; 6d. net). It is an earnest utterance, both frank and reverent, the utterance of a man who is loyal at once to the Church and to the truth. Mr. Emmet says plainly what should be done to the Psalter.

The Rev. Harry Smith has sent out the last annual volume to be edited by him of *Morning Rays* (R. & R. Clark; 1s. net). Volume after volume has been noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, some good new thing being found in every one of them. We hope the next editor, the Rev. John Muir, will find both pleasure and success in his work.

The Rev. L. Swetenham believes that we are on the eve of a new Renaissance. And it will be better than the first. For it will be spiritual. The first Renaissance was intellectual and rational. What are we to do to bring about so desirable a revival? We are simply to clear obstacles out of the way, and leave the rest to God. What are the obstacles? Worldliness, and the too well-known etcetera. The book which sets forth all this is called *A New Spiritual Impulse* (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net).

'I feel as if I wrote you the dullest letters and

can't help it, and Frdk.'s statement that my letters are the most interesting reading he has at present is an unblushing lie, unless indeed he reads nothing else, which is quite likely.'

Those of us who have enjoyed Frdk.'s privilege will be of his mind. The letters are *Letters to his Wife*, by R. E. Vernède (Collins; 6s. net). You never read letters that were less obviously written to be published, or more obviously written to tell just what the writer was going through. This is realism if you like, and as clean (morally, not physically) as a Highland stream. 'The Boches shelled us twice yesterday after I wrote, but only for a little, I'm glad to say, as everybody had had enough, I think, and several of the oldest hands said it was the worst shelling they had ever been through. Our casualties were remarkably small considering that wherever you crouched two or three shells seemed to split over your head every second. We had only five killed and about a dozen injured. T. sat most of the time with a wounded man across his knees, and the man said he knew it would be all right when the captain came along: which I thought was rather nice. One of our best sergeants was killed—a very nice man who was rather a friend of mine, though not in my platoon. I think the men are wonderful and awfully good to one another. The C.S.M. was knocked senseless by the same shell that injured the man I mentioned, and when he came to, dragged him into the dug-out, to which I traced them by a pool of blood. Even the chef, when I went for the stretcher-bearers, dashed out and leapt an open part of the trench where it had been crumpled in to go and help, which I'm afraid will render me weak-minded towards his cookery in future; the shells flying as hard as ever. It's an extraordinary sensation—every portion of the trenches seemed to have shells exploding over them and you were nearly deafened by the near ones. I really was in a great state of funk, but I'm not sure that it's avoidable. The least sensitive of the men, I fancy, are strung up to the last pitch, and I doubt if even T. was as cool as he looked, though looking it is all the battle under the circumstances.'

The last two paragraphs of the book are:

'I think it will be summer soon, and perhaps the war will end this year and I shall see my Pretty One again.'

'Deeply regret to inform you that 2nd Lieut. R. E. Vernède, Rifle Brigade, died of wounds, April

ninth. The Army Council express their sympathy. —Secretary, War Office.'

To their series entitled 'Heroes of all Time,' Messrs. Harrap have added a biography of *Cardinal Wolsey*, by René Francis, B.A. (2s. 6d. net). It is a surprise to find that the author has a poor opinion of Wolsey's accomplishments, saying: 'In the most readable of all Zola's works, *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, the hero is called by his admirers and parasites, so long as he is in power, *le grand homine*, but when out of office and unable to help them in their place-hunting he is called *le gros homme*. One feels inclined, at moments, to apply this comparison to Wolsey, in the sense of calling him a "big" man rather than a "great" man. For the fact of the matter is that Wolsey's was essentially a selfish life, and though it loomed large in the eyes of his generation, it had no wonderful effect for good or utility for England, for his contemporaries, or for posterity.' An estimate of Wolsey which has just been published by Mr. Charles Whibley is the direct contrary, and shows that posterity may differ not less than a man's own contemporaries as to his worth and influence. But the work that Wolsey did is quite faithfully recorded here, and he himself before the end becomes 'the great man.'

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have issued an illustrated gift edition of certain of Laurence Binyon's poems under the title of *For the Fallen, and Other Poems*. The poems are 'For the Fallen,' 'The Fourth of August,' and 'To Women.' They are printed in a special clarendon type on soft white paper with large margins. The illustrations are in colour and very taking in their suggestion of Whistler's most popular work. It is a book for the heart rather than the hand; for the table rather than the shelf.

The Rev. W. Bardsley Brash, B.D., has written and published some *Letters to 'The Happy Warrior'* (Kelly; 1s. net). He has a great opinion of the happy warrior of to-day, as he well might have. The little book has some crisp anecdotes and illustrations in it. Here is one: 'I have been greatly consoled by a story Dr. James Moulton told me of a Didsbury gardener who made many experiments in obtaining new colours in sweet-peas. There was a deep red that he sought, but

could not find. One night there was a storm, with a biting, icy east wind. When the gardener came down in the morning he found that some windows in the greenhouse had been broken. He looked at some sweet peas, and saw on them the colour he had before so long and vainly sought. The icy cold wind had wrought the miracle. He told me that a little time after this the gardener died, and that he went to comfort the family. He did not know what to say. When he reached the house he told them the story, and said, 'The cold wind has blown, but there will be in our souls a deeper red.'

Mr. E. P. Stebbing was appointed transport officer to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals going out to Salonika. When they reached Salonika they were sent up to Ostrovo, not far from the fighting line. So the book which the transport officer has written is called *At the Serbian Front in Macedonia* (Lane; 6s. net).

It is written in great detail. But the danger of loss of interest in the multitude of affairs is met by the frequent introduction of 'good stories.' Mr. Stebbing tells these stories, whether new or old, just as they were told to him. Clearly he did not mean his book to be read at mothers' meetings. Rather he raises the question in one's mind whether the introduction of swear words really adds to the humour of a good story.

Much light (some of it lurid) is thrown on the ways of both seamen and landmen, their courage and their carelessness. For example this on the way out: 'The voyage through the Bay was uneventful. Beyond being picked up by a British destroyer or two there was no excitement save off Cape Finisterre one evening, when from the upper bridge the captain saw, to his indignation, a broad beam of light issuing from the troop deck. Some repair work was being done by the engineers! But why at night? No answer was forthcoming. The captain was furious. It is positively extraordinary how careless or callous people become on this subject of lights if it interferes with their momentary comfort. The captain said that every voyage there would be surely one or more instances of it. On one voyage early in the war he was on a transport carrying 3000 troops. She was a big passenger steamer with rows of portholes in her sides. They were in the Red Sea, and at that stage it was a danger zone, the whereabouts of the Germans

being still unknown, all not having been rounded up at that time. Late at night, in his watch he looked aft from the bridge and there lay a broad beam of light issuing from one of the portholes amidships. "Enough to give us away a dozen times over."

The book is illustrated from the author's own photographs. Evidently he set out to make a book and determined to do it well.

The latest of the Lay Reader's little books on Non-Christian Religions is *Present Day Buddhism in Burma*, by the Rev. W. C. B. Purser, M.A., and *Druzes and the Secret Sects of Syria*, by the Rev. Canon J. T. Parfit, M.A. (Lay Reader Headquarters, 7 Dean's Yard, Westminster; 3d. net each). They are both the work of specialists and well written.

The Rev. J. O. Johnston, D.D., Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral and sometime Principal of Cuddesdon College, has published a number of addresses given by him at Cuddesdon to men preparing for ordination. The title is *Men of God* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). And to urge that those who seek ordination should be men of God is all the object of the addresses. They must be called, prepared, follow Christ, be converted, resist temptation, study, confess their sins, and keep the Commandments. On each of those points there is one urgent address.

The Evangelical also is a Churchman. The Rev. A. E. Barnes-Lawrence, M.A., proves it. In a series of addresses entitled *A Churchman and his Church* (Longmans; 1s. 6d. net) he shows with unmistakable clearness and some warmth of emphasis how 'high' the doctrine of an Evangelical is on the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments—how much higher indeed (that is, nearer the mind of the Highest) than any doctrine that tends towards magic or materialism.

When He is Come (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net) is the title of some 'Studies in Retrospect and Forecast' by the Rev. A. C. Bouquet, S.C.F. Mr. Bouquet has no detailed scheme of religious reconstruction to put forward. He is a minister of Christ, and believes that he can render his fellow-countrymen the best service by saying quite honestly what he believes. For 'what people

expect is that the clergy should have a mind of their own, even if it produce something with which the laity disagree. "Tell us what you stand for," they say. "Don't try to keep in tune with the artillery. You may succeed in that at the expense of your principles. Tell us what you stand for, and when this tyranny is overpast we will perhaps try to build Jerusalem upon the ruins which we have made. Don't tell us we were wrong ever to engage in this grim undertaking. You know that we could not honourably refuse it, and we look to you to comfort and sustain us in 'carrying on' until the safeguards be obtained which all sober men who are not blinded by war-lust believe to be necessary. Then tell us to stop, and do so fearlessly without counting the consequences."

The boldest of the papers is on 'Trying to see Both Sides.' In that paper there is an appreciation of Professor Troeltsch of Heidelberg which anybody might be glad to read. 'Alone of all the German professoriate, he has lifted up his voice to protest against the sentiments of the "Hymn of Hate." He has since lapsed into silence, because, as he is reported to have said: "All my colleagues have gone mad. What is the use of my writing any more?" Yet as a student of history and of comparative religion he has always maintained an independent and temperate attitude of mind, and he has set us a striking example of that national self-criticism which must inevitably precede any efforts at the reconstruction of our religious life.'

The late Judge T. Troward was one of the most distinguished adherents of New Thought. He was also one of its most acceptable exponents. After his death there was published a book which he had written entitled *The Law and the World*, with an Introduction by Mr. Paul Derrick (McBride; 5s. net). No criticism or compliment will explain the character of the book so well as the quotation of the following paragraph:

'In the early part of 1902 Marconi made some experiments on board the American liner *Philadelphia*, which brought out the remarkable fact that, while it was possible to transmit signals to a distance of fifteen hundred miles during the night, they could not be transmitted further than seven hundred miles during the day. The same was found to be the case by Lieutenant Solari of the Italian Navy, at whose disposal the ship *Carlo Alberta* was placed by the King of Italy in 1902,

for the purpose of making investigations into wireless telegraphy; and summing up the points which he considered to have been fully established by his experiments on board that ship, he mentions among them the fact, that sunlight has the effect of reducing the power of the electro-magnetic waves, and that consequently a greater force is required to produce a given result by day than by night. Here, then, is a reason why we might expect to see more supernatural appearances, as we call them, at night than in the day—they require a smaller amount of force to produce them. At the same time, it is found that the great magnetic waves which cover immense distances, work even more powerfully in the light than in the dark. May it not be that these things show that there is more than a merely metaphorical use of words, when the Bible tells us of the power of Light to dissipate, and bring to naught, the powers of Darkness, while the Light itself is the Great Power, using the forces of the universe on the widest scale? Perhaps it is none other than the continuity of unchanging universal principles extending into the mysterious realms of the spiritual world.'

The Rev. E. O. James, B.Litt., F.G.S., is one of the younger men who have taken to the study of anthropology and comparative religion. These men are more numerous than some of us think. Mr. James has been trained under Dr. Marett, who contributes an introduction to his book on *Primitive Ritual and Belief* (Methuen; 5s. net). Under Dr. Marett's training Mr. James has acquired not only an enthusiasm for his subject and the skill to discern matters of consequence in it, but also the necessity for strict accuracy in the discovery of facts, and the right use of the English language in setting them forth. We have been particularly struck with the chapter on 'The Beginning of Theism,' from which we see that recent study of religion sets aside the ghost theory of Spencer and also the animistic theory of Tylor, as efforts to explain the origin of religion. 'The evidence,' says Mr. James, 'of the belief in a High God or, as Howitt terms him, an All-Father, in Australia, is sufficient evidence of itself to show that the theory of Tylor and Herbert Spencer which explains the Supreme Being in primitive cult, as merely the idea of spirit or ghost, carried to the highest power, is no longer tenable. It has

already been demonstrated that in the Australian myths the High God is represented as existing before Death entered the world, and that he still exists in the sky. He is seldom conceived as a spirit. He is simply an eternal being, who lived long on the earth, which he is often supposed to have had a share in creating, and then went to his own place, whence he watches over the natives and their conduct, especially during the initiation ceremonies.

Few books combine information with entertainment in larger measure than books on primitive religion, and Mr. James's book is one of the best in both respects.

In *The Holy Spirit in Faith and Experience* (S.C.M.; 4s. 6d. net), Professor A. Lewis Humphries, M.A., discusses the real difficulties of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. There is no easier task than to write on that doctrine. Big bulky volumes have been written on it—without once coming into touch with reality or offering a single profitable suggestion. Professor Humphries has written a reasonably small book, and every word of it is worth weighing.

He arrests the attention at once by offering three chapters on the Old Testament doctrine of the Spirit. There are scholars who say that there is no such doctrine. They will say so no more. These three chapters are true to the best scholarly traditions, and they not only establish a doctrine of the Spirit in the Old Testament, but also expound a richer Old Testament doctrine of God.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has begun the issue of a series of small books on 'The Romance of Missions.' The first volume on *Beginnings in India* (2s. net) has been entrusted to Dr. Eugene Stock. Space, and perhaps the purpose of the series, confine him to the Missions of the Church of England. These he describes attractively, with all the necessary names and figures, and just incident enough to give the book human interest.

The Rev. P. J. Richardson, M.A., late Vicar of Seaton, Devon, has published a volume on *Fellowship with God in Prayer* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). He works along the history of man's intercourse with God as it is revealed in the Old Testament. He is thus at once an expositor and a writer in devotion.

The exposition is perhaps a little out of date scientifically once or twice, but on the other hand it is always very much up to date in spirituality. The devotion is always sincere and instructive.

The Rev. Bernard M. Hancock, Vicar of St. James's, Southampton Docks, has prepared a Manual for Pastoral Visitation, and given it the title of *Pax Huic Domui* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). To repeat what the author says about his purpose is the most satisfactory notice of the book: 'First, we try to make clear to ourselves what is the great purpose for which we have come to the sick man, namely, to bring Peace. Then (ii.) follow some short offices, which leave large scope for *extempore* prayer. (iii.) An arrangement of the whole of our Prayer Book Office as a "Mission" to a single soul. (iv.) Some general readings, including one on the duty of the sick to be helpful to their doctors. (v.) A selection of short sayings, which may be left as last words, and an Appendix containing among other matter an outline of Instructions which may be used for long or chronic cases, as well as generally in classes.'

Very attractive is the centenary edition of *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, translated with notes and an introduction by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d. net). It must be difficult to re-issue classics in these times, but there is no sign of paper famine here.

Christ our Sacrifice, by Margaret Perceval, S.Th. (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net), is offered as an introductory study on the Atonement. Short, simple, and unassuming as it is, you will not find a better book for the beginning of the study of any great doctrine—and this is the greatest of all doctrines—whether for the understanding or for the teaching of it.

If the new series of volumes to be published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled 'The Romance of Missions,' is to give us much work of the quality of Bishop Gilbert White's book, *Round about the Torres Straits* (2s. net), that series will be one of the most popular as well as profitable in all the literature of missions. It is quite a small book, within a hundred pages, and it is nothing more than a record of Australian Church missions, that is, missions belonging to the Church of

England. But it is written with so much humanity, so much sympathy and humour and enthusiasm, that one may very well read it more than once. The author's opinion of the Australian aborigines is a surprise. He says: 'It is my deliberate opinion that the aborigines at Yarrabah have shown themselves as capable of those qualities of discipline, unselfishness, self-restraint, and fixity of purpose which go to make up civilized social life as any other race.' Afterwards he tells a delightful story of an aboriginal, called Neighbour, who was being taken in chains to prison somewhere on a charge of theft although innocent, and who plunged into the flooded river, chains and all, to save the life of the constable who was escorting him.

What is it after all but that the Australians are just a little younger in the world's history than ourselves? Bishop White tells us about an official church awakener, who 'had an ancient black rod with a silver top, originally, I fancy, part of an umbrella, with which he went round and prodded every member of the congregation who fell asleep under the sometimes very long-winded exhortations of the native deacons.' Have we not heard of that official ourselves in the days of our fathers?

In *God, the War, and Britain* (Stock; 1s. net) the Rev. C. C. Dobson, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Paddington, gives the Devil the whole credit for the war (the Kaiser being presumably his instrument). But he gives God the power (over the Devil) to turn the war into good. And we shall

see that justice and judgment are always in the earth.

There is a small book published in Edinburgh about *How St. Andrew came to Scotland*, by a writer who knows—knows both history and philology—though he is too modest to give us his name (Turnbull & Spears; 1s. net).

The book which Principal W. E. S. Holland has published, through the United Council for Missionary Education, under the title of *The Goal of India* (2s. net), is unpretending without and within, but we advise those who have any interest in missions or in India to read it. Every word is weighty. Knowledge and responsibility and the love of the Hindu and of Christ make together for exceptional impressiveness.

The *R.P.A. Annual* for 1918 (Watts; 1s. net) is as rationalistic as ever but less warlike. The war is in it certainly, especially in Mr. C. T. Gorham's article 'The World after the War.' The first article is a poem, reminiscent of Lucretius in the length of its lines and some of its antipathies; but Mr. Eden Phillpotts is not calm enough for immortality. Professor Gilbert Murray writes on 'The Essence of Christianity,' and Dr. E. S. Hartland on 'Religion among the Indians of Guiana.' These are the articles that give the Annual its distinction. Mr. William Archer's paper on 'Humanity the Best Policy' is third because of its brevity, but it is a good third.

The Gardener in the Epic of Paradise.

By S. LANGDON, M.A., SHILLITO READER OF ASSYRIOLOGY, OXFORD.

READERS of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES will remember that a somewhat violent discussion has been conducted concerning the writer's volume, *The Sumerian Epic of Paradise: The Flood and the Fall of Man*, a discussion marked with all the vituperation so characteristic of Assyriology. Those among us who steadfastly seek peace even at the sacrifice of truth will venture into this soiled arena with great misgiving, but clothed at any rate with the armour of goodwill towards all those critics who seriously study the facts and honestly seek to understand the author's work. The main

points raised by the remarkable six-column Sumerian tablet now in the Nippur Collection of the University Museum of Philadelphia were as follows:¹

¹ These theses rest naturally upon my interpretation of the Sumerian text as the theses of my critics repose upon their own. When other scholars assert with vehemence that there is no Paradise, or that there is no Fall of Man in this text, they mean, of course, that their interpretation of the text leads them to these results. That would be the truly critical way of stating their case in the interest both of science and of justice. Until the French edition of my volume is ready, the author begs to refer to his corrections in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, 1917, 250-260.

(A) Columns I. and II. of the obverse describe the Sumerian legend of Paradise which, according to the writer's interpretation, endured for a vast period of time, from the creation of the world to the Flood, in which man lived to fabulous ages, and knew neither disease nor trouble. Paradise was located in Dilmun, on the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf.¹

(B) In Column II. of the obverse, Enki, the water-god, source of all wisdom and art, ruler of mankind in Dilmun, became angered against mankind because they failed to keep the rule of the cults, and decided to destroy mankind by a deluge. Column III. of the obverse describes how the mother goddess Nintud appealed to Enki through the messenger Isimu on behalf of a pious man who is said by Enki to be unatoned. Nevertheless Enki prepares a boat for him, and then again the deluge which will come is described. Finally this pious son of man is atoned, the deluge descends, mankind dissolve like fat in the waters. After the Deluge we find the mother goddess in conversation with one Tagtug,² who has the title of a god, and is called a gardener.

(C) The reverse, Column I., relates how Tagtug, lone survivor of the Flood, became a gardener,³ and received revelations from the god of wisdom, Enki.

(D) Reverse II. describes how Enki decreed the fate of a plant,⁴ whereupon the mother goddess asks Enki's messenger what this may be. In reply the messenger says that Enki orders man to eat from eight kinds of plants, ending with the cassia. But the messenger says that Enki had placed the plant of fate in the centre of the garden. Since

¹ The first line of this epic is, 'They that slept, they that slept are ye.' At the left edge is a break, hence the first half of the line rests upon a restoration. Jastrow and Barton restore [*ki-asag-ga-ŷim*, and render 'In a holy place.' This is impossible. Forms ending in *am* are usually not locative but emphatic, and in this case, if this restoration be made, the rendering would be, 'It is an holy place, they that slept are ye,' which is meaningless. Moreover, the restoration *ki-asag* violates liturgical usage in which the first line is repeated with the proper addition in the second (or third here). For the liturgical style at the beginning of a passage, see *Sumerian and Babylonian Psalms*, pp. 38, 52, 96, compare lines 1 and 3.

² Reading *Tagdur* also possible.

³ Some of the critics began by denying that the word for garden exists in the text. That objection was unfortunately founded on conjecture, for the word is clearly written (*Rev.* i. 26, 41) and is no longer questioned.

⁴ *Rev.* ii. 17.

Ninharsag the mother goddess at once pronounces the curse:

The face of life⁵ until he dies⁶ not shall he see.

it seems evident that the loss of perfect health followed upon the eating of the plant of fate.⁷ The gods bewail the fate of man. The Flood had ended the Utopian age, and the curse of Ninharsag had taken away the priceless gift of health and longevity.

(E) In Reverse III. the gods send eight patrons of the arts and cultures to aid man in his sorrowful existence. There is an undoubted connexion of ideas between these eight patrons and those of the Hebrew story in Gn 4. [The writer never maintained a philological connexion between these names, a view that has been most unjustly attributed to him. But the idea of divine patrons arising to aid mankind after the loss of Paradise is as clear in the Sumerian legend as it is in the Hebrew version.]

The writer discussed at length and in detail the Eridu version of the Fall of Man as known from the poem of Adapa, and pointed out its connexion with the version of the Fall in the Jahvistic document of the Hebrew, whereas the Nippur tablet in general agrees with the Priestly Code, so far as we know its version of the Fall of Man. Now these are far-reaching results which ought to have been discussed by the critics *sine ira et con sinceritate*. This great belief in a lost Paradise permeated Sumerian theology, and evidences of it lie on every hand. It gave rise in the middle of the third millennium B.C. to a passionate longing for the restitution of the age before the Flood, and the belief in deified kings who had come as messiahs, begotten of the gods, to restore the lost age. I do not mean to say that this myth of a lost Paradise was entirely responsible for the extraordinary cults of deified kings which dominate Sumerian religion in the last centuries of its existence. But the hymns sung in the worship of kings such as Dungi of Ur and Ishme-Dagan of Isin afford all the evidence we can desire that the Sumerian people actually

⁵ *I.e.* good health.

⁶ *I.e.* as long as he lives.

⁷ To those who raise the objection that no forbidding injunction concerning this plant is issued, and the text does not describe a transgression of eating therefrom, those who have been initiated into the style of Sumerian poetry will reply that such an hiatus characterized all their compositions. The same kind of omissions recur in the great Gudea Cylinders and in all of their great poems.

believed that these rulers were gods made flesh to dwell among men and restore him to his lost estate.¹ In one of the liturgies chanted in the adoration of Dungi there is a passage which distinctly confirms the writer's interpretation not only of the Epic itself, but of the profound theological ideas which moved the minds and inspired the souls of men in those great days of our religious history. The passage referred to occurs in a liturgy which praises the god king for having brought peace and happiness to the land of Sumer. And it refers to the Flood as the time when the cruel age of toil began.

Once on a time the spirit, the wrathful word, the Deluge² gathered all.

The raging storm uttered its roar with terror.

The devastating spirit with its seven winds caused the heavens to moan.

The violent spirit caused the earth to quake.

The storm god in the vast heavens shrieked.

And there were little hail stones and there were great hail stones.

But now the brick walls of the Temple of the Seal shine with splendour.

A king am, I³; the storm winds. . . .⁴

So in the joy of their emancipation under the incarnate god Dungi, the legend of the Fall of Man and the loss of Paradise is referred to in order to magnify the greatness of his achievement. —Now the entire theology and cult literature of the age reflects the belief in the Fall of Man. It can

be understood only in the light of this interpretation.

I should like to adduce now another religious document of the period which further substantiates in a most striking way the interpretation which the writer made of the deified Tagtug, the gardener of Paradise. This name has the determinative 'god' before it precisely as do the deified kings of the period. But the deification of heroes is much older in Sumerian religion than the age of which we have been speaking. Prehistoric rulers who for unknown reasons became the subjects of myth and legend appear in the traditions of the Sumerians with the rank of gods. So Gilgamesh, half-human, half-divine, according to the Epic in which he is the chief hero, has the divine title, although he is known to have been an early ruler of the dynasty of Erech. Etana, hero of the poem which describes his flight to heaven on the wings of an eagle, has the divine title in the Semitic poem, although he was a ruler in a prehistoric dynasty. Two of these demigods actually attained a place in the theological lists of the real pantheon.⁵

⁴ Tagtug,⁶ or the deified Tagtug, gardener in the Epic of Paradise, is obviously an ancient king, and, since he is the hero of the Flood in this version, the last king before the Flood. At any rate he was a hero made by tradition into a demigod and accorded the rôle of the founder of agriculture. The tablet to which I refer is a single column tablet of the Philadelphia Collection, carrying sixty-one lines, all but six quite well preserved.⁷ The contents are divided in sense and style into two parts—Obverse 1–24 and Obverse 25 to the end. The first section describes the world after the creation, but before vegetation, animal life, and civilization had appeared. Lines 5–6 of the obverse have this remarkable statement:

5. (When) of the Land (of Sumer) its saviour (?) Tagtug had not been created.

6. (When) for Tagtug a foundation⁸ had not been laid.

⁵ Enlilzi and Ur-Sin, *Sumerian and Babylonian Psalms*, 152 14 f.; Genouillac, *Tablettes de Drehem*, A.O. 5501 ii. 21; *Cuneiform Texts*, of the British Museum, vol. xxiv. 8. 1 (cf. 6. 20); *Babylonian Liturgies*, p. 147.

⁶ The letter ⁴ is an abbreviation for *dingir*, 'god.'

⁷ Ni. 14005, already published in transcription and translation by Professor G. A. Barton, *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, 1917, vol. xxxvii. p. 36. The text is reserved by the same scholar for publication, hence the writer utilizes the text only so far as necessary.

⁸ Said either of a palace or of a temple.

¹ The best examples of these liturgies to deified kings hitherto translated will be found in the writer's *Historical and Religious Texts*, Munich, 1914, pp. 9–18, two hymns to Dungi, king of Ur, in the 25th century, and in *Sumerian Liturgical Texts*, Philadelphia, 1917, pp. 136–140, hymn to Dungi; 143–9 and 178–84, hymns to Ishme-Dagan, 23rd century. Three more hymns of this kind will be found transcribed and translated by the writer in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, 1918. See also the remarkable text discussed and partially translated in the *Museum Journal*, vol. viii. No. 3, University Museum, Philadelphia.

² Sumerian *mar-ur*, Semitic *abubu*, the ordinary word employed for the Flood in the Semitic legend as preserved in the eleventh book of the Epic of Gilgamesh. The text here is not my own copy, but that of Myhrman, *Publications of the Babylonian Section*, of the University Museum, Philadelphia, vol. i. pl. 13; *Rev.* iii. 68.

³ Liturgies chanted before the statues of these living deified kings often introduce them in the first person precisely as the liturgies to any of the major gods have passages in which they are represented as speaking to the people as though actually present.

⁴ *Historical and Religious Texts*, p. 19.

The Sumerian text is:

5. *kalama azag (?) -bi* ^{d.} *Tag-tug nu-ub-da* ¹ *-an-dim-ma-dš.* ²
 6. ^{d.} *Tag-tug-ra* ³ *temen nu-mu-na-si-ga-dš.*

Unfortunately the second sign of line 5 is doubtful, which with the syntax assigned to this line ⁴ would more clearly specify the character of the hero.

Lines 17 f. of the obverse are likewise interesting:

17. Tagtug had not been born and had not been crowned.⁵

¹ This verbal form is passive, see *Sumerian Grammar*, § 199, p. 146. The *dš* at the end governs *mu* as a compound relative adverb = when. This *mu* occurs at the beginning of line 3 f., but is omitted at the beginning of line 5. Lines 3-6 are all dependent upon this compound adverb.

² Barton now renders this line, 'Tagtug created land and water.' Against this rendering can be urged the following points. Sumerian never places the subject after the object. At any rate examples are unknown to me. If *e* be read for the doubtful sign, *kalam-e-ki* cannot mean land and water, for *kalam* in Sumerian never means land in the material sense, but only land as an organized state. It commonly means Sumer, as 'the land.' Again Sumerian cosmogony does not contemplate, in any of the texts which refer to the Creation, the creation of water. That is a principle which the legends universally assume as already existing in chaos. Finally the verb *dim* is not active with inserted *da* unless it can be shown that a postfixed *da* precedes the verb, whereby the idea of accompaniment is obtained. But no such construction exists here, and the verb must be passive. Finally lines 17 f. show that Tagtug was a deified man to whom the creation of the world would certainly not be attributed. Personally I prefer the value *dim* = *šurkuš*, 'to educate,' 'bring up,' and would suggest '^{d.} Tagtug had not been reared.'

³ At first thought one might conclude that *Tag-dur-ra* is the true reading, but *ra* is the post-positive particle, not the phonetic complement. See also the large Nippur tablet *Rev. i. 38*.

⁴ The anticipative construct.

⁵ Literally, 'had not lifted a crown.'

18. The lord, god of the floods,⁶ the precious lord had not been born.'

Not only is Tagtug specifically defined here as one who ruled over mankind, but he is associated with that other hero of ancient mythology, Tammuz, who also appears as a prehistoric deified ruler in the dynasty of Erech. Of Tammuz, that incarnation of vicarious suffering who lives and dies, Sumerian and Babylonian religious texts have already informed us much. He was construed into the greatest of all culture heroes, and his worship spread throughout the ancient world. Tagtug certainly stood for equally deep motives in Sumerian religion, and these ideas are now partially disclosed by the records of Nippur. In the Barton tablet he symbolizes the beneficent rule of the heroic age whose inauguration the remainder of that tablet describes. Whether he actually ruled in Sumer is here of no vital consequence. In the legend of the Fall of Man he was chosen as the hero whose piety saved the race of man and whose indiscretion involved the loss of health and divine life on earth. Even so Adapa, most wise of mortals, according to the Fall of Man as propounded in the schools of Eridu, brought about this disaster through the cajolery of a jealous god.

Other searching suggestions are raised by these discoveries. Perhaps tempestuous discussion may still be unabated, but new ideas and new facts are upon us. A reconstruction of our most familiar theological cosmology is inevitable as the religious texts of Sumer slowly yield us their difficult secrets.

⁶ *en mir-si*, ordinarily ^{d.} *en-mir-si*, a frequent title of Tammuz as god of the waters in which he was annually drowned.

In the Study.

Michal.

'As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.'—PR II²².

THE women mentioned in the Books of Samuel are, for the most part, distinguished for their piety. But what shall be said of Michal?

No portrait in the Old Testament is drawn with more distinctness than that of this second daughter of Saul, the wife of Saul's rival and successor. There are lessons of a very valuable kind to be

learnt from the delineation, but it does not appear that the sacred writer has taken special pains with the subject for the purpose of edification; rather the portrait is sharply defined because the original was herself a marked character with strong lineaments and an unmistakable personality.

I.

1. That Michal was impressionable and impulsive appears from more than one instance in the Bible story. When David, fresh and ruddy, rich

in manly beauty and strength, came to the Court of her father, and began to fill men's mouths with the fame of his prowess, the young girl allowed her fancy to linger about him until she found herself in love with him. She made no secret of her affection; but she does not appear to have perceived any of his highest qualities. And David on his part took little notice of his *inamorata* and showed no anxiety to make her his wife. He was at the time in that mood of the young Adonis when the blandishments of Venus fall very tamely on a heart engrossed in manly exercises, the pursuits of the field, and feats of arms. Saul, on the other hand, was anxious to put his daughters in David's way, not with the desire of making him a son-in-law, but with the malicious purpose of entrapping him. They were baits to entice him to his doom.

As the traveller in the desert is often lured, by a false vision of water and freshness, to turn aside from the track which leads to the tried and established fountains, so the Evil One will take advantage of a natural yearning towards the better, to delude the soul with a self-flattering belief in a visionary virtue, higher than the ordinary fruits of the Spirit.¹

2. But the question of David's marriage is a difficult one, and appears to involve some contradictions. First of all we read that a daughter of Saul, along with great riches, had been promised to the man who should kill Goliath. Later we are told that the hand of Merab, the elder daughter, was offered to David as a spur to warlike enterprises against the Philistines, and the hope of Saul was that, lashed by the ambition of seeming acceptable in the lady's eyes, he would attempt the impossible and fall by the hand of the enemy. But Saul's cunning was brought to light by his own conduct; for when David had earned his bride, and looked forward to the fulfilment of the promise, Merab was given to Adriel the Meholathite (1 S 18¹⁹), and David was exposed to the derision of the Court.

Then it was, perhaps, that Saul said, 'I will give him Michal, that she may be a snare to him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him.' The Philistines regarded David as a mortal enemy, and Saul secretly hoped that they might avenge the death of their champion. Saul's plot was deep and dangerous. One man would surely fall before a hundred Philistines. But he who dared to meet Goliath single-handed was not

daunted by a hundred Philistines. David's commission was speedily commenced and successfully concluded. 'And Saul gave him Michal his daughter to wife.' Michal's secret love could now be openly shown. Perhaps it had not been very secret.

Though the Bedawin themselves will not admit that love-making or flirtation is easy to be carried on in the wide open plain, seeing that every movement can be observed by the whole camp, yet I am inclined to think that they find ways and times to manifest their preference. Love-making like that of Occidentals is prohibited; still, as has been repeatedly mentioned, cases of real love are met with, and especially among the Bedawin, whose open-air life and contemplation of Nature give them more poetic feelings than those of the ever shut-up Madanîyeh, expecting to be surprised with the veil off at the turning of any corner, or of the ever-busy Fallaha, too much occupied with her continual duties.²

II.

1. In the married life of David and Michal one thing becomes immediately apparent. The beautiful woman captivates the heart of her husband. She, on her part, is for the present devoted to him. And as a wife she reveals herself as capable of doing a noble action. Her hero-husband had achieved another brilliant victory over the national foe, and he had been rewarded by another murderous attempt on the part of her demented father. Rising from the banqueting-room, David sought his wife and his home.

A woman, and especially a wife, has eyes and ears that are very sensitive, that see and hear things that would never reach the senses of the man. And it was so here. It would never have occurred to David that Saul's emissaries would be lying in wait at his door to put him to death. But Michal got to know of it: she knew what it meant; how full of danger the situation was for her husband; and it is to her credit, a proof of her devotion, that she took the side of her husband as against her own father, and was instrumental in saving David's life.

The Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, who was of courteous and gentle manner, appreciated the desire of the Pasha to understand the life of a European household, and welcomed him at all times.

The Pasha became specially interested in the household affairs which, without ceremony, Madame Rosen discharged in his presence. After awhile, in a confidential talk with the Consul, he avowed that the European system of managing a house was distinctly to be preferred to that of the Oriental, in that dishonesty was completely checked in the

¹ George Elliot (Rufus Lyon, in *Felix Holt*),

² P. J. Baldensperger, in *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*, April 1901, 174.

servants; this he declared was truly excellent, but still he added, 'There is one point I cannot understand; your wife effectually guards you from dishonest servants, but what check have you to prevent her from defrauding you herself?'¹

2 While capable of a noble action, Michal was both designing and deceptive. Her quick-wittedness devised the means of escape, deceived the messengers of Saul to gain time, and invented a ready story to disarm her father's wrath. Her fear of her father was greater than her love for truth; and her love for her husband greater than her hatred of sin.

The messengers who came to the house to kill David in the morning took Michal into their counsel, and expected her aid in their design. But she came to him at once, and entreated him to escape. With her own hands she let him down through the window, and he, with hurried farewells to the woman whom he had learnt to love, and who was now saving his life at the risk of her own, fled to Samuel at Ramah. Meanwhile she arranged his bed with the Teraphim in it, and then brought the king's messengers to the chamber; showed them the apparently sleeping form, and inquired how they could possibly touch a sick man!

The men carried back the message to their master. There is a peculiar ferocity, an absolute brutality, in the king's next order, 'Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him.' Evidently he was enraged, and either he felt that it would be a satisfaction to murder David with his own hand when unable to defend himself, or he saw that his servants could not be trusted with the dastardly business. The messengers entered the house, and instead of David they found an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster. When Michal was angrily reproached by her father for letting him escape, she parried the blow by a falsehood—'He said unto me, Let me go; why should I kill thee?'

The Teraphim were not such idols as represented Baal or Ashtoreth or Moloch, but images designed to aid in the worship of the God of Israel. The use of them was not a breach of the first commandment, but it was a breach of the second. We see plainly that David and his wife were not one in religion; there was discord there. The use of the images implied an unspiritual or superstitious state of mind; or at least a mind more disposed to follow its own fancies as to the way of worshipping God than to have a severe and strict regard to the rule of God. It is impossible to suppose

that David could have either used or countenanced the use of these images. God was too much a spiritual reality to him to allow such material media of worship to be even thought of. He knew too much of worship inspired by the Spirit to dream of worship inspired by shapes of wood or stone.²

3. Michal was changeable and wayward. During the wanderings of David she accepted the hand of Phalti, or Phaltiel, 'the son of Laish, which was of Gallim' (1 S 25⁴⁴). The conditions of polygamy seem hardly to admit of romance. But the very dispersion of feeling which that horrible system implies, and the roving incontinence which it fosters, make the devotion with which David sought to recover his first wife the more remarkable, and give a striking evidence of the abiding charm which she had for men who came beneath her spell.

We have no reason to think that Michal ever loved Phalti. But we have the most pathetic proof that he loved her. For when that stroke of fate fell which snatched her from him to restore her to her first husband, we are told that Phalti 'went with her, weeping as he went, and followed her to Bahurim' (2 S 3¹⁶).

It is the punishment of Don Juanism to create continually false positions—relations in life which are wrong in themselves and which it is equally wrong to break or to perpetuate.³

III.

1. Michal was proud and scornful. There are occasions of great rejoicing when all ceremony is forgotten, and no forms or appearances are suffered to stem the tide of enthusiasm as it gushes right from the heart. Such was the occasion of David's bringing up the Ark to Jerusalem. It was one of the great days in David's life; perhaps more to him than all his victories. For the Ark—the sacred symbol of the Presence of that God to whom, with all his faults, he was devoted in every fibre of his being—this Ark was coming home to his capital, there to abide for ever and be the centre of that beautiful temple which is to arise around it and enshrine its awful glory. In such an hour his gladness knew no bounds. He danced his way up the streets, caring nothing of what men would say, caring only for his God.

It was a display of enthusiasm which Michal, as she could not understand it or sympathize with

¹ W. Holman Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, ii. 33.

² W. G. Blaikie, *The First Book of Samuel*, 308.

³ J. Kelman, *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, 144.

it, had the folly to despise and the cruelty to ridicule. The ordinary temper of the sexes was reversed—the man was enthusiastic; the woman was cold. Little did she know of the springs of true enthusiasm in the service of God! To her faithless eye, the Ark was little more than a chest of gold, and where it was kept was of little consequence; her carnal heart could not appreciate the glory that excelleth; her blind eye could see none of the visions that had overpowered the soul of her husband.

Her eyes were only for the degrading spectacle of a king forgetting his dignity. She saw in it only a vulgar exhibition. How shameless it is! How could David so forget himself! She, a queen and a queen's daughter, to be mated with such a man! How different would her father have been! He was every inch a king. She despised David in her heart, and unfortunately could not keep her scorn to herself, reading her husband that night a very bitter curtain lecture, and cutting him deep with the lash of her biting sarcasm: "How shamelessly did the king uncover himself to-day!"

What says Salvator of himself? 'Despiser of wealth and of death.' Two grand scorns; but, oh, condemned Salvator! the question is not for man what he can scorn, but what he can love.¹

2. On the mind of David himself, this ebullition had no effect but to confirm him in his feeling, and reiterate his conviction that his enthusiasm reflected on him not shame but glory. But a woman of Michal's character could not but act like an icicle on the spiritual life of the household. She belonged to a class that cannot tolerate enthusiasm in religion. In any other cause, enthusiasm may be excused, perhaps extolled and admired: in the painter, the musician, the traveller, even the child of pleasure; the only persons whose enthusiasm is unbearable are those who are enthusiastic in their regard for their Saviour, and in the answer they give to the question, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?' There are, doubtless, times to be calm, and times to be enthusiastic; but can it be right to give all our coldness to Christ and all our enthusiasm to the world?

'It was before the Lord,' was David's noble answer to Michal's taunting and insulting words. That was the whole explanation of David's emotion and the sufficient justification of it. David's overflowing joy that day had its deep and full spring in

¹ *Modern Painters (The Works of Ruskin, vii. 309).*

that far-off but never-to-be-forgotten day when Samuel came to Bethlehem with his horn of oil.

I observe symptoms of Pococuranteism here, and am always dreading its ascendancy, though we have some who struggle nobly against it. I believe that 'Nil admirari,' in this sense, is the Devil's favourite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man infected with this disorder as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish.²

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

A Spring Song.

'The time of the singing of the birds is come.'—Song 2¹².

A delicate girl, speaking to a friend, said, 'My body weeps, but inside I want to cry out with joy.' She was one of those people who never lose hope.

We are all meant to be like her. Even the seasons as they come round bring something with them to make us feel happy. Not only the seasons, but each month seems to come with a fresh surprise every year.

December and January—they are cold winter months, but isn't it jolly to have Christmas holidays with snowballing, skating, and perhaps Christmas presents? February—you boys and girls will scarcely believe it, but I think there is no month in the year that is so much longed for. Sick people look forward to its coming. Lying in bed—sometimes all day as well as all night—the winter nights seem to them very long; but they

² *The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.*, i. 419.

know that February will bring daylight sooner, they will hear of the snowdrops peeping up, and perhaps some kind friend may bring them a flowering hyacinth. I heard of a lady who said a very beautiful thing about February. It was this: 'I feel I do not want to die when I hear the mavis sing.'

I wonder if you have ever noticed the mavis—or the thrush, to give it its proper name—when you were running to school on a February morning. If you should chance to see one, I want you to listen for his song. It is even worth waiting for. The mavis sings because there is happiness in his heart; he cannot help singing. Ever so many people, some of them perhaps poor and lonely, pass on happier because a mavis flew across their path, then perched on a leafless branch and sang a little song.

St. Francis of Assisi gave up everything, even his friends and home, that he might the better serve his Lord and Master. He loved the birds very much, and somehow the birds seemed to love him. They would fly down from the trees to him, and hover all round about. I have no doubt he was kind to them, throwing down crumbs occasionally, as you might do. One day he preached to them. His sermon was just such a sermon as might be preached to boys and girls; only of course you can't fly, and you don't build nests. You can run, however, and in very many cases with hearts as free of care as the birds. This is what he said, 'My sister birds! You owe God much gratitude, and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt him, because you can fly so freely, wherever you want to, and for your double and threefold clothing and for your coloured and adorning coats, and for the food which you do not have to work for, and for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. You sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you, and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourselves in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and though you can neither spin nor weave, he gives you the necessary clothing. Love therefore the Creator much, since he has given you such great blessings. Watch therefore well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves always in praising God!'¹

The light-heartedness that is like the happiness of the bird is given to boys and girls who with

¹ J. Jørgensen, *St. Francis of Assisi*, 150.

God's help keep themselves pure and true. And our Heavenly Father is always willing to give us that help if we ask Him.

We are all very much clumsier than the birds, but you certainly come nearer to them than your fathers and mothers do. You can, with your happy ways and kind and obliging manners, make the people about you forget their sorrow; and if they cannot forget it, they may take courage to go on even when life seems hard. You know that there are many sorrowful fathers and mothers just now.

Here are three little verses from a short Scots poem about the mavis, which I should like you to try to remember:

A mavis sang on a leafless branch,
An' 'twas only Can'lemas Day:
The win' wis snell, an' he haed nae mate;
But I sensed the drift o' his lay.

The mavis lilt it gaed roon my hert,
An' my conscience it strack wi' micht;
I turned awa' fae the shadows grim,
An' frontet the Howp an' the Licht.

Sae the mavis mauna sing his leen,
Fin there's licht on the hills for me,
Sae I'll tune my throat, tho' it's winter yet,
An' herald the day that's to be.

Boys and girls, can you read a lesson from the verses? The mavis made some one who was very sorrowful take courage. And it only sang its daily song.

II.

A Moth-eaten Garment.

'A garment that is moth-eaten.'—Job 13²⁸.

I want you to take a good look at what I have brought you to-day. It is a cashmere shawl belonging to an old lady who is a friend of mine. She very kindly lent it to me as a text for you.

If you looked at the shawl from a distance you might imagine it was very beautiful, but if you came a little closer you would see that it was all riddled with small holes, just as if a great many bullets had gone through it. I hope some of you can see them from where you are sitting.

Now I wonder who made these holes in the shawl. Well, my friend forgot to put camphor

in the drawer where she laid away her best shawl, and by and by along came Mrs. Moth looking for a nice, soft, warm place to lay her eggs. When she found the shawl she exclaimed, 'Why, here's the very thing!' and she lost no time in setting to work.

Shortly after, out of each egg popped a little grub, and as he came out to the world he said to himself, 'I'm really most awfully hungry. I must have something to eat.' So he at once proceeded to eat the thing nearest to him, which happened to be his particular corner of the shawl. And that is how the holes came to be in the cashmere.

Now I think that our characters are a little like this moth-eaten shawl. They were meant to be beautiful and useful, but some destructive moths have eaten into them and spoiled them. I wonder what the names of these moths are? I think they are bad habits, and unkind feelings, and wicked thoughts.

1. There are two ways in which these moths spoil our characters—first, they spoil their beauty; and second, they spoil their usefulness.

(1) *They spoil their beauty.* If you came a little nearer you would see how the moths have spoiled the beauty of this shawl. It is made of a lovely, soft fine wool and must have been very nice to look at once upon a time, but now nobody would wish to wear it as an ornament. It is altogether spoiled. And it is just like that with bad habits. They make ugly holes in our characters. You often meet people who would have been very noble and grand and beautiful if they had not allowed a wicked temper, or an unkind feeling, or a bad habit to get the better of them.

(2) And then, besides spoiling the beauty of our characters, these wicked little moths *spoil their usefulness.* A garment that is badly moth-eaten is of no use. It is quite rotten and tears when we pull it.

Now I think we should all like to be of use to somebody in the world, but if we let those wicked little moths eat into our characters, I'm afraid we shall not be able to do much good. They will weaken our characters until nobody will be able to rely on us.

2. Shall I give you two recipes to help you to keep away the moths?

(1) First, *be busy.* You know it is when clothes

are laid away idle that the moths come to them. I read a poem the other day about a lady who owned a very beautiful garment. It was so beautiful that she thought it was too fine to wear, so she laid it away carefully in a drawer. Guests came to the house, but she received them in sober raiment. The poor and the orphaned came, and she gave them pity, but she never cheered them with a sight of the beautiful garment. It lay wrapped up in a napkin in the dark drawer, its beauty all hidden. And then a feast-day came, and she took out the garment meaning to wear it. But when she shook out its wonderful folds she found that the moths had been busy with it, and its beauty and its usefulness were gone for ever. And the writer of the poem ends with these two lines:

Into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

One of the best ways of keeping good is to do good. If you are busy helping and serving others and making use of the talents God has given you, why, then, you have very little time to harbour wicked thoughts or grow bad habits. The boys and girls that Satan loves to get hold of are those who have no aim in life and too much time on their hands. He usually finds them an easy prey. So the first recipe is—'Be busy.'

(2) And the second is—'*Use plenty of camphor.*' If you keep plenty of camphor among your garments the moths will be afraid to come near them. And what camphor shall we use to keep the moths of bad habits away from our characters? The camphor of prayer. God will never refuse to help us if we ask Him, and when we have this remedy at hand we should all use it.

3. But I'm afraid that in spite of all our efforts there will still be a few moth-holes in the garments of our characters, for all of us began to let the moths have their way before we could even walk or talk. What are we to do then? Are we to go through life with our beauty and our usefulness always a bit spoilt. Sometimes when you have made a big tear in your coat or your frock, mother darns the rent so carefully that you can scarcely see it, but even mother isn't clever enough to get rid of the holes in a moth-eaten garment. But Jesus can mend the holes in the moth-eaten garments of our characters. He, and He alone, can do it, because He alone has lived the perfect life, and He

has suffered and died to make us good. He can take away all the ugliness out of our lives and put our mistakes right, and He can present us at last faultless before His Father's throne with exceeding joy.

III.

Soldiers.

The title of Mr. H. G. Tunnickliff's new volume of sermons to children is called *Marching as to War* (Kelly; 1s. 6d. net). It contains eighteen sermons on great Christian soldiers. One of them is Caedmon, one Mary Slessor, and one Arthur Jackson. This is the sermon on

ARTHUR JACKSON, THE LIFE-SAVER.

One sunny afternoon in August 1901, a little party was leaving a Scottish hotel for a picnic, when a messenger burst in upon them with the news that two men were drowning in a little loch up in the hills. One of the boys, a sturdy fellow in footer shorts, soon gained the lead as they raced to the rescue. It was no easy task to run for more than a mile uphill on a hot afternoon; but Arthur Jackson was dogged, and in a short time he had reached the banks of the loch, where several non-swimmers stood helplessly watching one poor fellow who was desperately clinging, completely exhausted, to the side of a small boat. His companion had sunk before Jackson had arrived on the scene. In a moment the schoolboy took in the situation, and with lightning speed he resolved what would be best to do. Flinging his shoes away, and grasping a rope, he swam out with swift strokes to the drowning man. Deftly he fastened the rope around the poor fellow, and with the help of the hitherto helpless men on the side of the loch he was able to get his man to land.

Nearly ten years had passed away, and in January 1911 another summons for help came to that schoolboy, now a well-qualified doctor, twenty-six years of age. He had gone out to Moukden to serve the stricken in the United Free Church of Scotland Hospital, and he hoped to teach in the new Medical College which was to be built. Then one cold winter day the call came. Plague had broken out in Northern Manchuria. The bitter cold had sent the people crowding into the shelter of their miserable houses, into which they refused to admit the smallest draught of fresh air. The close railway carriages and the stuffy inns were full of

infection, and the dread scourge spread swiftly. The terrified coolies boarded the trains, seeking the safety of their homes in China, and there was grave danger. The plague had reached Moukden, and unless its southward course could be stayed the countless millions of China would be in deadly peril.

Before the last train-load of coolies reached the frontier the plague had seized two travellers as victims, and the train was immediately sent back to Moukden. There were nearly five hundred coolies aboard who must be kept apart, and those who were suspected themselves isolated from the rest. Only in this way could any of the five hundred escape death. Arthur Jackson did not hesitate. The schoolboy who hastened to the rescue of a drowning man had grown to manhood, and his spirit was unchanged. Readily he volunteered for the work, though he knew well that he was embarking on a desperate undertaking, for once a man was smitten with the plague there was absolutely no hope of recovery.

He was needed, and that was enough. It was bitter weather—that night there were sixty-two degrees of frost—but the tall young doctor strode manfully through the snow. He had come out to serve, and this was a chance of service to be seized with both hands. Calmly he put on a white overall, slipped a mask and hood well over his head and face, fixed a pad well saturated with strong disinfectant over his nose and mouth, and drew on his stout oilskin boots.

He forgot all about himself in his anxiety to save life. He did not forget the risk which his two brave English assistants were running. 'Stand back, Elder,' he would cry. 'Don't come too near, Coppin; it's risky, and there's no use all of us running risks.'

He gave loving attention to every patient. Now he would smooth the pillow of some poor coolie; now he would gently steady with his strong arm a sufferer on his way to hospital. Plunging into dirty inns reeking with plague, he brought hope and cheer to the terrified survivors, not one of whom as yet knew whether he would prove to be the next unhappy victim.

At last, after nine days of tireless toil, all seemed well. On the Monday afternoon sixty coolies were discharged, saved from the fatal touch of plague by the British doctor's loving care. Next morning those who remained were transferred

to new quarters; but Arthur Jackson was so ill that, after slowly dressing, most unwillingly he went back to bed. That evening the unmistakable signs of plague appeared, and the next moment he realized this; forgetful of himself, he warned his fellow-doctor of his peril. For twenty-four hours the doctors fought the plague with all their power and skill, but the fight was unequal; the next evening, when the sun was set, the great Physician laid His healing hand upon the young doctor's fevered brow, and gently led him to the land where there is no more pain.

All Moukden was stirred, and the news of the young hero's sacrifice spread far and wide. A few days after his simple burial a memorial service was held in the British Consulate, and was attended by the leading Chinese officials, headed by the Viceroy, Hsi Liang, one of the most important men in the great Chinese Empire. The Bible was opened, and after the Scripture reading prayer was offered. Then the familiar strains of the moving hymn 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' rang out on the wintry air. Then the Viceroy stepped forward, and the silence was broken by these heartfelt words: 'Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign's spirit, and with the heart of the Saviour who gave His life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its need. He went forth to help us in our fight daily where the pest lay thickest. Amidst the groans of the dying he struggled to cure the stricken, to find medicine to stay the evil. Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure; our grief too deep for words. O spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty million people of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows. In life you were brave; now you are an exalted spirit. Noble spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all.'

Arthur Jackson had spoken to the whole world, and his message stands on the memorial tablet placed to his honour in his old school, Merchant Taylors', Crosby: 'He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.'

Point and Illustration.

The Prophets of the Old Testament.

If the war has raised the question of the worth of Christianity, some things which the war has given Christians the opportunity of doing are not at all a bad answer to the question. Is not one of these the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem? We have only to read or recall the story of former entries and what followed to see the contrast. It could scarcely be more conspicuous. It is *The Prophets of the Old Testament*, by Professor A. R. Gordon, D.Litt., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), that has suggested this bit of apologetic. Dr. Gordon does not minutely describe any of the sieges of Jerusalem, but he describes the siege and capture under Nebuchadrezzar sufficiently to make us see that Christianity counts for something.

We are still more struck, however, with what Dr. Gordon says about the patriotism of the prophets. It is found in different places of the book, which, taken together, carry a wonderful lesson in true patriotism. 'In the person of Nahum prophecy is identified with national patriotism. The earlier prophets had turned the fierce light of Divine judgment on their own people; Nahum has eyes for nothing but the destruction of the oppressor. With eager interest he has watched the crippling of the old Lion, and now that he sees him at bay in his den, and his defences passing one by one into the hands of the hunter, the whole ardour of his Jewish soul kindles within him, and he pours forth his torrent of glowing lava.'

Again, of Jeremiah—'The conflict between prophet and king marks the contrast between *true and false—or higher and lower—patriotism*. By the people of Jerusalem the kings who offered so stubborn a resistance to the hosts of Nebuchadrezzar were naturally enough honoured as heroes and patriots, while the prophet who counselled surrender was flouted as a base and cowardly traitor, worthy of death. These sentiments are shared by not a few among Jeremiah's modern detractors. Renan, for example, dubs him a fanatic, an anarchist, "a furious declaimer, who never sacrificed one grain of personal enmity to the good of his country." But Jeremiah was neither a coward nor a traitor. He loved his native land, and fain would have shared his fellow-prophets' glib assurances of its salvation (28^o). For him, however, patriotism meant

primarily devotion to the moral and religious welfare of the people. This welfare secured, all other good things would be added to them; without it the nation must perish. Like St. Paul, he would gladly have given his own life for his people. Even when the hope of salvation had vanished, he had no thought of deserting them. Through the whole terrible ordeal of the siege and downfall of Jerusalem he remained bravely at his post, striving with all his might to ward off the last and cruellest sufferings of the city, uttering no word of complaint against his persecutors. He showed his patriotism in this, too, that he never despaired of his country. In the course of the siege he redeemed from his cousin the family inheritance in Anathoth at its full value, as a token that "houses and fields and vineyards shall yet again be bought in this land" (xxxii. 15). And he steadfastly declared that Jerusalem should rise from its ashes to a new and better life. That is a long quotation, but is it not worth quoting?

There is a still finer passage on Habakkuk. What is the prophet going to do with God? 'The prophet refuses to accept the Divine silence as final. With equal patience and daring he takes his stand on the high planes of vision, and awaits the revelation of God's purpose.

On my watch-tower will I stand,
And will set me on my rampart;
I will look out to see what He will speak with
me,
What answer He will make to my complaint
(ii. 1).

Anon the answer comes; and he is bidden write it on tablets, with clear bold letters, that one may read it running.

Though the vision may wait for the time
appointed,

It straineth toward the end, and will fail not;
If it linger, yet do thou wait for it,

Since it will surely come, and not delay;
Behold! the soul of the wicked shall faint in
him,

But the righteous shall live by his faithfulness
(vv. 3 f.).

'In this great sentence, which has become the watchword of Christian freedom, the eternal contrasts are defined. However prosperous he may

now appear, the wicked man has the seeds of death already planted in his soul, and the issue is inevitable.'

Now all this on patriotism is only an item in a book of wonderful interest and instructiveness.

A Dante Scholar.

The Hon. William Warren Vernon is the author of 'Readings on the *Divina Commedia*' and thereby well and favourably known to Dante students. He is now in the eighties and has written his autobiography—*Recollections of Seventy-Two Years* (Murray; 12s. net).

It is the life of an aristocrat, an aristocrat with money and brains. What more could a man desire to have or be? The book introduces lords and ladies without number. Who could have believed there were so many titled persons in the country? The picture of them, if crowded, is pleasing. Mr. Vernon is a sympathetic, even a most good-natured, chronicler. Only of the notoriously bad has he a bad word.

Mr. Vernon has not spent his life in eating and drinking. He has been a member of public bodies devised to do good to their fellow-men. For many years he worked with the Charity Organization Society. And he did much hard and unthankful 'slumming.' It was his brother, Augustus, the sixth Lord Vernon, who introduced him to the East End. But Lord Vernon could do no slumming himself. One day they met:

"William," he said, "are you inclined for a walk?"

"Yes," said I, "I'm on, only I want just to go into St. Giles's for ten minutes, to leave some tickets for a poor woman whose child is very ill. Do you mind?"

"Oh, well," said Augustus (very reluctantly), "but shall you be long?"

"Oh no," I replied, "only a few minutes," and I thereupon took him into Stacey Street, that runs now from Shaftesbury Avenue to St. Giles's Church, and we went down into one of the dreadful cellars in which human beings lived and died in those days, but which the sanitary inspectors now no longer sanction as dwellings. I sat down at the table and began writing my ticket for the poor woman, when a sort of gasp made me turn round and I saw Augustus with his handkerchief up to his nose, retching violently, with the

tears running down his cheeks! I chuckled inwardly.

'When we got outside, he exclaimed, "What a horrible atmosphere!"

"Yes," I said, "it is pretty bad, but you know it is so good for us of the upper classes to visit the poor ourselves in their wretched homes. I am sure you would find it so, if you went oftener!"

It was the author's father, the fifth Lord Vernon, who produced the Vernon Dante in three folio volumes. Its production cost him £20,000. Thus Dante has been a family affection, and there is much Dante interest in the book.

The Pastoral Epistles.

The new volume of Dr. Walter Lock's 'Westminster Commentaries' has been written by an Indian Missionary, Mr. Ernest Faulkner Brown, M.A. On that account it is (in Dr. Lock's words) 'less critical, less detailed in discussion of questions of date and authorship. On the other hand it has special features of its own. Written by one whose life has been devoted to missionary work in India, it draws frequent illustrations from that work, it shows how appropriate the moral and doctrinal teaching of the Epistles is for the early stages in the building up of a newly-converted Church, it makes very real and human the relation between St. Paul and his delegates, and thus throws over the whole circumstances out of which the letters grew an atmosphere of spiritual reality, which is a strong indirect testimony to the historical character of the position assumed in them.' Its subject is *The Pastoral Epistles* (Methuen; 6s. net).

We have long seen that the Acts of the Apostles should be edited by a missionary; that the missionary is the best editor of the Pastoral Epistles is a new idea, for which we have Dr. Lock to thank. For no doubt he chose his editor of purpose. And the choice is vindicated. The Missionary (at least in India) is now a pastor, and the pastoral work he has to do is just the work that lay before Timothy and Titus. 'Directly we had charge of a body of Indian Christians, much of our work became pastoral rather than evangelistic, and then it was that we found the building up of character to be no less necessary than the inspiration of faith. And the building up of

character had to be done from the very foundations. One in charge of a boarding-school found that almost his whole energy had to be put into the inculcation of honesty and truthfulness. One in charge of a congregation found himself absorbed in the struggle with petty cheating and idle quarrels. It was with a delighted surprise then that we came back to the Pastoral Epistles, and realised that the apostle's difficulties had been much the same as ours. Such phrases as "not given to much wine," "not purloining," "not slanderers," "tattlers and busybodies," rang in our ears with comfort and encouragement, and we felt indeed thankful that the apostle had not thought it beneath his dignity to mention such matters. Also we began to understand why "self-control" occupies so large a place in these epistles; it was a new thing for these wild natures not to give free play to every passion. Many a dull day of drudgery and irresponsiveness was brightened by the remembrance that just so Timothy must have laboured amongst degraded Ephesians in their evil slums, and Titus amongst the vicious and stupid boors of Crete, never doubting that the gospel, always and for all men, "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The pastor at home will find this commentary on the Pastoral Epistles of use to him however many commentaries he has already.

Edith Sichel.

Mr. A. C. Bradley has edited a volume of letters, articles, essays, and poems by Miss Sichel, calling it *New and Old* (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). In a short Introduction he tells us a little about Miss Sichel's life and work. We wish he had told us more, so good it is the little he does tell. 'In the later eighties her favourite French authors seem to have been George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; and it was partly to the latter, partly to her friend, Emily Ritchie, that she owed her introduction to French memoirs. On the study of these she began, about 1890, to concentrate; and this study, extending its bounds, led to the composition of her best-known and most valuable works. The first two volumes of the series, the *Story of Two Salons* (1895) and the *Household of the Lafayettes* (1897), dealt with the era of the Revolution. From this she went back to the sixteenth century, and produced in

1901 *Women and Men of the French Renaissance*, in 1905 *Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation*, in 1907 *The Later Years of Catherine de Medici*, and finally in 1911 *Michel de Montaigne*. Thus the French Renaissance may be described as her principal subject, and one on which she made herself an authority. But during the years of her work on it she found time for the *Life* of her friend Canon Ainger (1906), for the beautiful memoir of Mary Coleridge which forms the Introduction to *Gathered Leaves* (1910), and also for a large number of articles on a great variety of topics, not confined to history and literature.'

The volume contains Extracts from Letters, Thoughts, Poems, Biographical Studies, Articles from the *Pilot*, and Articles from *The Times Literary Supplement*. Thus we learn that Miss Sichel was one of Mr. Lathbury's dark and clever horses, as well as one of the big lions of the Supplement. Indeed, we discover here some of the reviews which caught our attention at the time through their abounding vitality. The longer papers are the most readable, they are never cheap, and yet are wholly human.

We shall test the book by quoting two of the extracts from letters, three of the thoughts, and a portion of one of the articles :

1. From the Letters.—

(1) I am a heretic, you know, and it seems to me that all who call Christ Master with adoration of that life are of the same band, whatever the view taken of the manner in which that life came to us. The spiritual miracle of it was—is—greater than all miracles, as Emily Lawless says so well; and it has never seemed to me that *whence* Christ was should so trouble men, when *what* Christ was is so all-important, so compelling, so life-filling (June, 1914).

(2) Humbly and passionately I dare call him Master. And I can't say more than that. The immanence of God and the life of Christ are my treasures. They warm existence and help one's worst hours. Buddha, Socrates, Mahomet, all the long chain of revelations of God so dear to the Broad Church (and rightly), do rank for me in a long chain of evolution, but they seem the more to show how much greater, warmer, more mysterious, more near to God Christ was. They never make one glow (July, 1914).

2. From the Thoughts.—

(1) The work of religion is to clear the will of desires and to set it free.

(2) There are two conceptions of religion: that which adapts God to the needs of man; that which fashions man to the needs of God.

(3) Poetry and religion are truer than fact, because they attest the solidarity of life, and its permanence through love.

3. From 'Saints and Mystics.'—In the pronouncements of these four great pioneers [Florence Nightingale, Octavia Hill, Canon Barnett, and St. Vincent de Paul]—the three modern contemporaries, the fourth, their predecessor, the creator of lay charities two hundred and fifty years before them—we shall first be struck by the likeness, by the same mystical note in each. Work in God and through Him is their gospel. And thus they escape all the perils of mysticism. Like wine, mysticism is dangerous when drunk alone without food. Every sacramental thought needs both bread and wine. And to each of these four vision seemed useless without action.

Kultur.

'The third guard had just gone on. Two sentinels were placed at a point in the wall where the breach made by a shell had been rudely barricaded. Enough of the hole was left open to command a view of the hillside approaches by which an attack might be delivered, but of the ground immediately on the other side nothing at all. The moon had just risen.

'The sentinels had hardly been on long enough to reconnoitre their post when a grenade fell at their very feet. The fuse sputtered a second and went out without explosion. A bolt out of the blue could not have astonished the two men more. With sickening certainty the realisation came upon them that the enemy had approached without their knowledge, and were standing there two yards away without their being able to strike a blow in self-defence.

'It was a moment for quick decision. Yet no course of action that presented itself seemed very satisfactory. To fire was useless, for no possible angle commanded the ground just behind the wall. The call to arms might have precipitated the danger, which still hanging in suspense offered a better opportunity for overcoming. Leaving

his comrade at the breach, therefore, the mobile sentry ran down to the *petit poste*, which was only about fifty yards along the walk, and called up the corporal of the guard, warning him of what had occurred.

A little incredulous the old soldier buckled on his equipment, took his rifle, and, preceding the sentinel, walked up the path toward the barricade. Before he had time to arrive another fuse appeared, spinning over the wall at the same spot. Realizing the danger, he cried out to the sentinel who had remained, to save himself. He had hardly spoken when the bomb burst with a terrific explosion. Turning toward the *petit poste* the corporal shouted "*Aux armes!*" These were his last words. Almost simultaneously with the explosion of the grenade the enemy burst in the barricade, fired down through the smoke, and were off again before the bewildered men inside had time to answer. They shot well, for almost with the first ball the old veteran of Morocco and Tonkin fell, struck in the temple, and never moved again.

That night there was not much difference at *petit poste* between the two hours on guard and the two hours off. Every one was on the alert, keyed up with apprehension. But nothing happened, as indeed there was no reason to suppose that anything would. Only about midnight, from far up on the hillside, a diabolical cry came down, more like an animal's than a man's, a blood-curdling yell of mockery and exultation.

In that cry all the evolution of centuries was levelled. I seemed to hear the yell of the warrior of the stone age over his fallen enemy. It was one of those antidotes to civilization of which this war can offer so many to the searcher after extraordinary sensations.

That narrative is taken from the *Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger* (Constable; 5s. net). Some short time ago we reviewed here a volume of Poems by this American author, who found himself in Paris when the war began and joined the Foreign Legion. To the Legion he stuck to the end, fighting for France as if he were a Frenchman, and for glory, the Frenchman's ideal of duty. The end came on July 3, 1916, in the attack on Belloy-en-Santerre. The letters and diary have been admirably edited. They will be read with interest throughout.

Sir Arthur Helps.

A selection from the *Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps*, K.C.B., D.C.L., has been made and edited by his son, E. A. Helps (John Lane; 12s. 6d. net). Sir Arthur Helps was one of the successful, almost one of the popular, authors of the middle of last century. His best book was *The Spanish Conquest in America*, but it was hampered by a certain stiffness of style, and never reached anything like the popularity of *Friends in Council*. Greater, however, than his books, and more popular, was the man himself—a social reformer, an adviser and intimate friend of the Queen, a philanthropic, self-denying, and slightly self-conscious English gentleman.

The letters in this volume that are of most interest are not those of Sir Arthur Helps himself, but of his correspondents. For the most part they are written in acknowledgment of copies of his books, but they are nearly always worth reading on their own account. Some of them are quite characteristic and eventful. Thus:

CARLYLE.—About Maurice and eternal damnation I hear a great deal, from the idle circles of mankind; but to say truth, I have of myself almost no thought about it at all. Like the Frenchman, tired with arguments about the being of God, I may *a fortiori* say, '*Monsr. je n'y prends aucun intérêt!*' Perhaps it might do Maurice good if he were turned out of the Church altogether—which, it appears, is not likely at present. That splitting of hairs, which he has long laboriously carried on, to prove that he belongs to her, *cannot* ultimately turn to good for any creature. As to the Church herself—well, I should say, so long as she talks about damnation at all, she must make it 'eternal'; there is no even *extinct* worth in any other kind. God help her, poor old Church! England *believes* now, and she herself at heart believes, in no 'damnation' except ruin at your bankers (such damn as *has* now fallen on Hudson, they say): and a poor church in these circumstances is ill off!

TENNYSON.—Thanks for 'Oulita.' I have not yet read it but I have cut it open, which looks as if I meant to read it.

My complaint against the time and my office of P.L. is not so much that I am deluged with verse, as that no man ever thinks of sending me a book of prose, hardly ever. I am like a man receiving

perpetual parcels of currants and raisins and barley sugar, and never a piece of bread.

When you talk of sending 'tribute to a *Royal man*' see what an unhandsome allusion you make to my position in H.M.'s household!

MORLEY.—I have been recruiting at Hastings, and your large envelope looked so full of business that my people dared not forward it. I am heartily obliged to you for sending me your book. Among your ten thousand readers, nobody has a warmer admiration or a keener relish for your wise words than I have. A recluse myself, I am all the more eager to have delicate and profound reflections from a man who is in the world, or at any rate on a pinnacle looking over the world. This very night I shall put on my slippers, and dip joyfully into 'Brevia,' and go to bed full of mellow wisdom and good will, which is better than anything else. I hold slippers to be a compliment to an author; because who in this easeful fashion would read disagreeable letters or bad books? I wonder whether you agree with me in the garb proper for writing. Like Buffon, I insist upon shaving and clean linen before sitting down to composition.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Alas, I fear I am original only in the bad sense, but it is true I abhor prejudice—nothing less than following the multitude to do evil: nevertheless I too have my prejudice, *i.e.* in favour of probity and truth. Thus I have for years entertained a prejudice against retaining Gibraltar, which was originally anything but honourable to us as a possession, though we have since made ourselves famous by defending it.

Suppose when Napoleon was endeavouring to place his brother as ruler in the Peninsula, if the English had *kept* Lisbon or Oporto because they had taken them from the French, when we were there only as the allies of Portugal, I dare say some Admirals or Generals would have cried, 'Well done'; but all the rest of the World, 'Perfide Albion.' Is our tenure of Gibraltar more righteous?

Those are quotations out of a few letters. There are many other letters that are quite as characteristic—by Ruskin, Gladstone, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Lytton, Trollope, Froude. Assuredly the book was worth editing and issuing.

Charles Macara.

Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart., whose biography has been written by Mr. W. Haslam Mills, is

known most widely as the happy originator of 'Lifeboat Saturday.'

This is the story. 'On a stormy afternoon early in December, 1886, five men, the crew of a small steamer from Montrose, were seen from the shore at St. Anne's clinging to the mast of the vessel which had gone aground on Salter's Bank. The lifeboat put out to the rescue, and after many hours of labour and peril returned with its treasure. The coxswain and sub-coxswain of the lifeboat were taken to Sir Charles Macara's house, and from there they told their modest story by telephone to the newspapers in Manchester. Five nights later, and in the gathered fury of the same gale, the lifeboat was called out again. The German barque *Mexico*, bound from Hamburg to Liverpool, was aground on the treacherous Horse Bank, in the estuary of the Ribble. The lifeboat crews of Lytham, Southport, and St. Anne's went to the rescue. The St. Anne's men, fresh from their recent triumph on Salter's Bank, were in high spirits, though Charles Tims, the sub-coxswain, a fisherman of great bravery, and a famous man on that coast, seemed to hear in the gale a voice which he had not heard before.

'The boat never came back. Its single light was swallowed up in victory, and only an unintelligible rocket now and then out of the welter of the night told the watchers on the shore that there was still life, but of whom and how faring, no one knew. At dawn the wives of the lifeboat men gathered at Sir Charles Macara's house. There was still no news, but when the morning was a little spent a lifeboat was seen struggling towards the shore. It was the Lytham boat, which had rescued the crew of the *Mexico*. A horseman rode into the sea to meet her, and it was he who scattered the suspense and spread desolation in its place. The Southport boat and the boat from St. Anne's had both capsized. Of the Southport crew two were cast up alive. Not a man of the St. Anne's crew returned. The wives and children they had left looked up into the faces of Sir Charles and Lady Macara, and they did not look up in vain. They were friends at court. All England and all Europe was made to ring with the doings of that night. In less than a fortnight £33,000 was collected for the relief of the widows and the fatherless, and their future being made secure, the memory of the thirteen lost heroes was saved to future ages in the chiselled figure which looks out to sea from the beach at St. Anne's.'

Then Sir Charles Macara discovered that the national lifeboats were not being supported sufficiently, and he conceived and carried out the 'Lifeboat Saturday.'

He was a great Manchester cotton spinner. His life is told with splendid faith and verve in this book, the title of which is *Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart.: A Study of Modern Lancashire* (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes; 6s. net).

Father Stanton.

Two volumes of Father Stanton's sermons have already been published. Two volumes of *Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines* are now to be published. The first volume is out (Longmans; 5s. net). The manner of it will best be seen if we quote one of the outlines. But first read what the editor, the Rev. E. F. Russell, says about Stanton's method of composing his sermons.

'Ordinarily his preparation took the following form. When he had fixed upon his subject, and it was time to get to work, he would draw up his chair to the fire and sit gazing on and on into it, as if in expectation that some spiritual light might come through the flame into his own soul. He remained thus for a considerable time, motionless and insensible to whatever was happening around him. I have gone away fearing to disturb him, and have come back later, only to find him just as I left him, still agaze into the fire. Withdrawn thus into himself he was able to bring his whole soul to bear upon his subject, to walk round it, look at it from different points of view, and then, by sheer, steady labour of the mind, clear and arrange his ideas and, this done, determine in what way he could make his vision as shining and interesting and persuasive to others as it was to himself.'

The outline we shall choose is

ACCORDING TO THY MIND.

'Should it be according to thy mind? he will recompense it, whether thou refuse or whether thou choose; and not I: therefore speak what thou knowest.'—Job xxxiv. 33.

'Elihu thought Job spoke too boastfully, that Self was too much uppermost in him. So he rebuked him in these words. I am not going to follow Elihu's arguments or investigate the exact meaning of his words, but to use them as rebuke to ourselves asking the Holy Spirit to bless the Application.

'1. *There are many who would have their God to be after their own mind.*—All we know about God is by revelation, no intuition however deep, or invention however clever, could find out God. Can a man by thought find out God? No.

'But He isn't after the minds of many, or what they please to call their minds; they quarrel with statements about Him in the Old Testament, as not reconcilable with their inner consciousness. The fact is they work in a god factory and make God out of their inner consciousness. They do not accept the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He isn't according to their mind.

'Brethren, such real idolaters are worse than the heathen, for they reject the true God, which the heathen don't. Don't you give way to the modern theology, when Christmas comes you say, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

'Brethren, they like to eliminate out of their God all that is terrible. But by toning down His justice, you don't enhance His love; or by minimising His punishments, you don't enhance His Honour. Serve Him as He is. Has He not said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Where were wider words ever written than "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son," etc.?

'2. *There are many who would have His Providence after their own mind.*—We see His arrangements and are dissatisfied. Why are things as they are? "Art thou the first man that was born?" asks Eliphaz of Job. Art thou, Adam, the first man? Hast thou lived up all the centuries, why you are not as old as England is? And the wood of your coffin is growing. The world was ordered before you were born, and will go on when you are dead. Leave God to work out His own Providence in His own good time. The best thing for a child to do who has fallen out with his father is to fall in again. You lost your money. Well, should the machinery of the universe stop till you have recovered your loss? You lost your darling child—well, did he not belong to God first? He has given him life eternal. God gave and God has taken away, etc.

'3. *There are many who would have the Gospel after their own mind.*—God's plan of redemption, so simple, so sublime, won't do for them, i.e. that He came down and died for me, that I might go up and live with Him in Heaven. Some say they

don't want Atonement at all. Some not the atonement of the Bible. The Lord will never lay another foundation stone. The Cross is older than Adam. It is as old as the Love of God. Fix the date of the love of God, then you have fixed the date of the Cross. It behoves thee to be quiet and to hide thyself in the Love and the Mystery of the Cross of Christ.

'There are many who would have the Church

after their own mind.—If so there would be as many churches as there are minds, only the mind is never the same, there could be no *quod semper*, etc. We mustn't invent, we must deliver. 'I delivered to you that which I also received,' said Paul. If we contribute, it must not be to the substance but to the illustration. Our Faith is the Faith of our Fathers. I do not wish to tell you anything outside the Church of Christ.'

Irenæus and the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. H. A. A. KENNEDY, D.D., D.SC., PROFESSOR OF EXEGETICAL THEOLOGY,
NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

III.

(3) *The Elders.* As has already appeared from our discussion, the relation of Irenæus to those whom he calls the elders presents a complex question. Do his references to them imply that he had himself been in contact with them, and thus was able to quote their testimony at first-hand? I have suggested in an earlier paragraph that this possibility must be allowed for. His Letter to Florinus, on any fair reading, assumes his intercourse with 'the elders before us,' and this accords with all the historical probabilities of the situation. Some writers seem to ignore the large numbers of Christian communities to be found in Asia Minor by the middle of the second century, and the intimate relations which bound them together. It would be impossible for a youth with eager Christian interest and high purposes of Christian activity to be brought up in such an environment without frequent opportunities of friendly converse with leading men in the Churches, belonging to an older generation, whom he would naturally call *οἱ πρεσβύτεροι*. Any one acquainted with similar circumstances knows how tenaciously the recollections of such intercourse are preserved by impressionable minds. But when we investigate the bearing of the testimony of these older and leading Christians, as referred to by Irenæus, on the problem of John of Asia and his relation to the Fourth Gospel, the result is meagre. We are virtually restricted to three passages in the *Contra Hæreses*. One of these (v. 33. 3) has been already

examined, and its language possibly justifies the assertion that Irenæus was acquainted with an oral tradition of 'the presbyters who saw John the disciple of the Lord,' while he adds that 'Papias also records this.' In ii. 22. 5 he is reporting Ptolemæus, the famous Valentinian Gnostic, with reference to his assimilation of the passion of Jesus to that of the twelfth Æon, who suffered in the twelfth month. Ptolemæus asserts that Jesus suffered in the twelfth month of His public ministry, while still thirty years old, apparently basing his hypothesis roughly on the Synoptic chronology. Irenæus, starting from the larger number of Passovers mentioned in the Fourth Gospel, seeks to show that Jesus, as occupying the position of a teacher, must have passed from the stage of *juvenis* to that of *aetas senior*, and in favour of his view he appeals to 'the testimony of all the elders who had in Asia come into contact with John the disciple of the Lord, that John had reported this. For he survived in their midst until the time of Trajan. Moreover, some of them saw not only John but others of the apostles, and they heard the same account from them.' He thereupon proceeds to base a theory that Jesus was between forty and fifty when he died, on the words of Jn 8⁵⁷: 'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?'

I am disposed to believe, with Lightfoot and Harnack, that Irenæus reports this testimony directly from the work of Papias. For, as we saw,

it is most likely that when he refers to the testimony of the elders in the present tense (*μαρτυροῦσιν*), as here, he is quoting some document, and by far the most probable document, as the above-mentioned scholars have shown, is the *Expositions* of Papias. The same thing is true of the remaining passage, v. 30. 1. Here Irenæus, in a general discussion of Antichrist, appeals for the interpretation of the number of the Beast in Apoc 13¹⁸ to 'the testimony of those who had seen John face to face.' When we consider that this was the type of subject for which Papias had a predilection, and that the language used agrees with Lightfoot's criterion for a written document, we can scarcely doubt that Irenæus refers to Papias' report of the witness of the elders. Perhaps, therefore, the most important result from these data is the extraordinarily high place given by Papias and his authorities, who must have been to a large extent his own contemporaries, to 'John, the disciple of the Lord.'

(4) *The Elder*. In his *Contr. Haer.* iv. 27-32, Irenæus has various references to an elder whose testimony he plainly regarded as of special weight. He describes him by various terms, 'a certain elder who had listened to those who had seen the apostles,' 'the elder,' 'that senior,' 'that older disciple of the apostles.' In one place he remarks: 'the elder by such reminiscences of the ancient worthies used to refresh us.' I am inclined to follow Lightfoot in supposing that this unnamed authority was Pothinus, the immediate predecessor of Irenæus in the see of Lyons, who, as we have seen, died in 177, over ninety years of age. Whether the identification is accurate or not, these references of Irenæus remind us of the traditions concerning the past which were at his disposal. This remains true, even if we allow that his description of the unnamed presbyter as 'that older disciple of the apostles' may require to be taken in a general sense. It must be noted, however, that he quotes nothing from this source which has a bearing on John of Asia or his connexion with the Fourth Gospel. Only, the facts warn us that, in estimating his own language on these matters, we must not leave out of sight the links which bound him to the earlier apostolic age.

Recognizing, then, that whether as a youth in Asia Minor, or as a presbyter and bishop in Gaul, which was connected with Asia Minor by specially close ecclesiastical ties, Irenæus must have

had ample opportunity of acquainting himself with the main facts in the tradition of the Churches of Asia, let us examine those statements of his which have a bearing upon John of Asia and the documents which, in the last quarter of the second century, we find associated with his name. We must confine ourselves to representative instances selected out of a considerable number, and attempt to estimate their significance.

(a) When Irenæus quotes incidentally from the Fourth Gospel, he usually speaks of its author, John, as *the disciple of the Lord*. E.g., in controverting the Gnostic doctrine that the Christ who temporarily united himself with Jesus had not suffered, he says: 'The gospel knows of no other Son of Man, except Him who was born of Mary, who also suffered . . . but Him who was born, Jesus Christ, it recognizes as the Son of God . . . a truth confirmed by John, the disciple of the Lord, whom he declares,' and then follows Jn 20³¹ (iii. 16. 5). Apparently the term 'disciple of the Lord' was a favourite second-century description of members of the Twelve, for Papias, in the famous paragraph examined above, applies this phrase to them. The same terminology is found in other writers of the period. It need scarcely be pointed out that this reflects the usage of the four Gospels, in which *ἀπόστολος* as compared with *μαθητής* is extremely rare (only once each in Mk. and Mt.).

(b) This John he reckons among *the apostles*. Thus, when urging that the genuine apostolic tradition has been preserved not only at Rome but in other Churches, he mentions among these 'the Church at Ephesus,' which, 'having been founded by Paul, and John having remained in its midst until the time of Trajan, is a true witness to the tradition of the apostles' (iii. 3. 4). Similarly, in pitting the evidence of the elders of Asia 'who had associated with John the disciple of the Lord' against that of the Valentinian Ptolemæus, he remarks that some of those elders 'not only saw John but other apostles also' (ii. 22. 5). Again, in supporting the LXX version of Is 7¹⁴ against those of various heretics, he observes that 'the apostles, who are senior to all of them, agree with the aforesaid translation, and the translation agrees with the tradition of the apostles. For Peter and John and Matthew and Paul and the rest of them and their followers proclaimed all the prophetic messages in accord with the translation of the ancients' (iii. 21. 3).

(c) Several of his references reflect not only his own opinion concerning John, but also *that which was handed down in the Valentinian Gnostic school of Ptolemæus*. Ptolemæus who, as appears almost certain from the Preface of Irenæus (i. *præf.* 2),¹ was alive while Irenæus was writing, had been a disciple of Valentinus, indeed, according to some early testimonies, his chief disciple. It is his special phase of Gnosticism which Irenæus professes to describe. Incidentally, he lets us see this Valentinian sect using the Fourth Gospel to corroborate some of its most typical theories, and associating with the document the name of John. It is just possible that the words of Tertullian (*De Præscr. Haer.* 38) about Valentinus as 'appearing to use the whole instrument' [*i.e.* the complete Scriptures] are meant to include a knowledge of the Fourth Gospel. As he began to teach about 140 A.D., this would be an important piece of evidence for our discussion. In any case, the testimony of Ptolemæus, who stands completely outside the Church, as to the authoritative character of the Fourth Gospel and its connexion with John, points back to an earlier tradition, which it is in no way necessary to connect with Papias, to whose 'weak understanding' so many modern scholars confine all that can be known of the first quarter of the second century. In accusing the Valentinians of perverting the Scriptures, and especially the Fourth Gospel, so as to accord with their own baseless theories, Irenæus says (i. 9. 2): 'While John proclaims one God and one only-begotten, Christ Jesus, through whom, he asserts, all things came into being . . . these altered his words to suit their own hypotheses, so that according to them, in the above statements John makes (no) mention of the Lord Jesus Christ. For if he spoke of Father and Grace and Only-begotten and Truth and Word and Life and Man and Church, he was referring, according to their hypothesis, to the first ogdoad, which did not yet include Jesus or Christ the teacher of John. But that the apostle was not referring to their syzygies, but to our Lord Jesus Christ, whom he also recognizes to be the Word of God, he himself has made plain.' From this paragraph it is clear that the Valentinians had so keenly busied themselves with the leading terms of the Fourth Gospel that they had become prominent elements in their system. Such a process must have involved a considerable period, and

no doubt stretches back at least as far as the close of the first half of the second century. But Irenæus actually quotes a statement, most probably from Ptolemæus himself, in any case from his school. 'Further,' he says (i. 8. 5), 'they teach that John the disciple of the Lord made known the first ogdoad in actual terms. These are their words: "John the disciple of the Lord, wishing to describe the origin of the universe, when the Father emitted (*προέβαλεν*) all things, assumes a certain first principle . . . which he calls Only-begotten Son and God. . . . He speaks in this way: In the beginning was the Word, etc.'" Here these Valentinians appeal to John, the disciple of the Lord, whose fundamental ideas they have, in their own fashion, incorporated in their system, as their authority in the Fourth Gospel. It can scarcely be supposed, let me again emphasize, that *their* source of information was the indispensable Papias.

(d) This selection from the testimonies of Irenæus may close with his well-known words in iii. 1. 1, where, in describing how the earliest followers of Jesus carried His message to all the ends of the earth, and then referring to the composition of the four Gospels, he says of John: 'Thereafter John, the disciple of the Lord, who also reclined upon his breast, he too published the gospel, dwelling at Ephesus in Asia.' Before we inquire into the significance of this statement, we must note the remarkable parallel to it found in a fragment of Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus (Eus. v. 24). Polycrates, a contemporary of Irenæus, writing probably between 188 and 199 A.D. to Victor, bishop of Rome, in defence of the Asiatic practice of making the Easter festival culminate on the 14th Nisan, says: 'We observe the exact day: neither adding, nor taking away. For in Asia also great luminaries (*στοιχεῖα*) have fallen asleep, which shall rise again on the day of the Lord's advent.' Among these he names 'Philip, one of the twelve apostles, who fell asleep in Hierapolis,' three daughters of his, 'and, in addition, John, who reclined on the Lord's breast, who became a priest wearing the sacerdotal plate (*πέταλον*), both martyr and teacher. He fell asleep at Ephesus.' After mentioning as further authorities for his position Polycarp of Smyrna and others, he proceeds: 'Moreover, I also, Polycrates, the least of you all, keep to the tradition of my kinsfolk, some of whom I have closely followed. For seven of my kinsfolk

¹ See Lipsius, *Dict. of Christian Biogr.* iv. p. 515.

were bishops, and I am the eighth. And invariably my kinsfolk observed the day when the people put away the leaven. I, therefore, brethren, who have lived 65 years in the Lord, and have associated with the brethren throughout the world, and have gone through every holy scripture, am not scared because of terrifying words.'

Polycrates, who, at the time of writing, is actually head of the Church with which John's name is associated, describes him as a 'great luminary' of Asia, grouping him with Philip, whom he names 'one of the 12 apostles.' There is no good reason for doubting this last statement. The only plausible argument against it is the reference found in the *Dialogue of Gaius with Proclus* (referred to by Eus. iii. 31), which represents Philip the *Evangelist* (mentioned in Ac 6, 8, and 21) as living at Hierapolis with his four daughters who were prophetesses. This tallies exactly with the account in Ac 21⁹ of Philip the *Evangelist* and his family. But Lightfoot has shown that this *Dialogue* came from the Roman Church, probably a quarter of a century later than Polycrates. Its authority is therefore, as he says (*Colossians*, p. 46, note), 'in all respects inferior. It mentions four daughters instead of three, makes them all virgins, and represents them as prophetesses, thus showing the distinct aim of reproducing the particulars as given in Ac 21⁹; whereas the account of Polycrates is divergent in all these respects.' That Eusebius confused the Philip of the *Dialogue* with Philip the Apostle is of no importance for the argument. It is absurd also to find a difficulty in the fact that both Philip the *Evangelist* and Philip the Apostle are said to have had daughters, and the identification of the four in the one case with the three in the other is playing with evidence.

To return to the statement. Polycrates characterizes John of Ephesus by the very phrase used by Irenæus, 'who reclined on the Lord's breast.' The description is of far-reaching significance, inasmuch as it occurs in the very same fashion in the Fourth Gospel itself. The incident is, of course, related in Jn 13²⁵. But in Jn 21²⁰ this is the phrase employed to mark out the unnamed 'disciple whom Jesus loved,' whom the Fourth Gospel undoubtedly means to identify with John. It would seem that the description had attached

itself in the Churches of Asia to this disciple. Polycrates' testimony is very important, for as bishop of Ephesus he must have been in touch with an extended tradition. His further reference to John as 'a priest wearing the sacerdotal plate' is most obscure. None of the attempts to explain it are adequate. Delf's hypothesis that the words point to John as having acted as substitute for the high priest on the Day of Atonement, the one day on which the complete robes were worn, is pure fantasy. Strangely enough, Epiphanius (*Haer.* 78. 14) uses the same phrase of James of Jerusalem. It is possible that Lightfoot is right in taking the words metaphorically, for he shows that the whole passage is 'a very rude specimen of the florid Asiatic style,' and contains several 'violent' figurative expressions (*Galatians*, p. 362, note 1). But there are really no data for a decision. We must touch at a later point on his description of John as 'martyr.'

Some very significant things may be learnt from the remainder of the paragraph. Polycrates speaks of himself as 'having lived 65 years in the Lord.' I cannot see how this can be taken in any other sense than as marking the period of his *Christian* life. That implies that at least he must have been between seventy and eighty when he wrote to Victor, and if we assign the date of the Letter roughly to 195 A.D., the beginning of his Christian career must fall about 130, possibly a year or two later. At that date he would stand in the midst of a full current of tradition regarding the 'great luminaries' of the Church, so that he comes before us as a witness quite independent of Papias. But he himself deliberately emphasizes his opportunities of knowing the early traditions of the Church. No less than seven of his own relatives had been bishops, and he had associated with brethren from all parts of the Christian community. His agreement with his younger contemporary Irenæus as to John of Asia being the disciple 'who reclined on the Lord's breast' is a remarkable confirmation of Irenæus' opinion. This 'great luminary' of Asia is by two influential witnesses placed in the innermost circle of Jesus' disciples, which all readers of the Synoptics in the second century knew to consist of Peter, James, and John.

Contributions and Comments.

The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

TO THE REV. GEORGE C. WALKER, M.A.

CHRISTIAN Brother, you have found
A reason simple, safe and sound,
(A pebble from the sacred tide,
To pierce the giant Critic's hide;)

That when the Blessed Conclave sate,
And chose Matthias for their mate,
Not even Mary's self had power
To name her Guardian in that hour;

For he who next the Saviour bent,
And on His human bosom leant,
Could write upon his family tree
The honoured name of ZEBEDEE.

MARGARET D. GIBSON.

Cambridge.

Zechariah's Vision of the Lampstand.

It is now generally recognized that the vv.^{6b-10a} of the fourth chapter of Zechariah form no part of the vision, but are an independent oracle addressed to Zerubbabel to encourage him in his task of building the temple. Unfortunately, however, the presence of this address to Zerubbabel has caused interpreters to look for and to find in the vision a reference to Zerubbabel. Accordingly the two olive-trees which stand on either side of the lampstand are taken to mean the two heads of the Jewish community, namely, Zerubbabel and Joshua, who represent the two sides of every community, the State and the Church.

Two factors in the vision have helped to confirm this, which appears to me erroneous, interpretation. The one is that the two olive-trees are described as בְּנֵי הַיִּצְהָר, and this phrase is taken to mean 'anointed' ones. Since the high priest and the king were both anointed for their functions, it naturally appears as though these 'sons of oil' were the two specially anointed dignitaries in the Jewish community. Yet the phrase 'sons of oil' does not naturally suggest men who are anointed. What it does suggest (cf. Is 5¹) is sources of oil. Even the word employed (יִצְהָר) leans in that

direction, for, while יִצְהָר is generally used to describe the freshly expressed juice of the olives, or even the juice still in the olives (cf. Dt 7¹³ 11¹⁴, Nu 18¹²), the word for prepared oil is שֶׁמֶן (cf. Ex 25⁶, 1 S 10¹). Besides, the use of oil throughout the entire vision is for illumination, not for anointing. Indeed, v.¹² describes the function of the olive-trees as that of supplying oil for the lampstand, for which they are specially fitted, if they are themselves full of oil, or sons of oil.

The other factor which has helped towards this interpretation is that the lampstand itself is taken to represent the offering of the community to its God, i.e. what Zechariah saw was the lampstand of the second temple. Then the two heads of the community may naturally be regarded as ministering to this offering. But what Zechariah saw was not the lampstand of the second temple, for the simple reason that such a lampstand did not yet exist. The temple was not yet finished, far less was the temple furniture yet complete. If the object seen by the prophet, who, be it remembered, sprang from a priestly family, had been the lampstand of the second temple, there would have been no reason for his inquiry addressed to the interpreting angel in v.⁴. He does not recognize the thing which he sees, or any part of what he sees. But far more convincing than the prophet's inquiry, since such an inquiry might be a mere literary device to attract more attention, is the reply which the angel gives him. These, he says expressly in v.^{10b}, are the seven eyes of Yahweh which wander through all the earth. These cannot be understood as lights maintained by the community out of reverence to symbolize their good works or their obedience. Alike their name and their function set them clearly apart from any dependence on human maintenance. They fulfil a task which is beyond all human intervention and which are above both Church and State, not depending on these for their efficiency, since they are divine in character and function.

What, then, did the prophet mean? I think he meant simply to emphasize to the community the watchful supervision which Yahweh exercised over His world. The seven eyes of Yahweh keep vigilant watch and ward over His world. Nothing

escapes from His sight; and especially nothing which concerns Israel escapes His care.

There are two remarkable characteristics of the prophet's mind which appear in this vision as in all the rest. The one is that he, believing in the imminence of the day of the Lord, believes also that that day is to be ushered in by Yahweh Himself without intermediate agents. Nowhere is that more clearly stated than in the vision which describes the whole earth as lying quiet. We know that, when he wrote, the earth was anything but quiet. Darius was needing to fight for his kingdom against powerful rebels. It might have seemed natural for any one who knew the prophecy of Deutero-Isaiah to look for Messiah to come through these very patent political changes. Zechariah says deliberately that nothing in the condition of the world might lead men to suppose it; but yet the Lord is at hand. Yahweh is about to intervene. Here he says that He will intervene in His own time, for His eyes watch over all things in His world. When He sees the time to be ripe, He is coming.

The other characteristic of the prophet is that, though he does not think of Yahweh as employing earthly ministers to prepare His way or to bring about His day, he is less ready than, *e.g.*, Amos, to think of Yahweh as coming in person or acting for Himself. The prophet thinks continually of Yahweh as surrounded by a court of ministering spirits who serve His purpose. In one vision Yahweh sends out heavenly messengers to inspect the world, and who report it as lying quiet. Here the eyes of Yahweh are of the same type. They are not quite angels, but yet they are not Yahweh Himself. The Book of Genesis can represent Yahweh or His angels as coming down to inquire into, and to report upon, the condition of Sodom. Zechariah thinks of the eyes of the Lord as fulfilling these functions. Everywhere the earth is under the supervision of its God. And these eyes of Yahweh, these ministers of His will, are directed and supplied, kept vigilant by the two who (v.¹⁴) stand beside the Lord of the whole earth. One sees again there the suggestion at least of the rise of a heavenly hierarchy. There are the lower angels who go out to bring report, there are those who never perhaps go out from the presence of the eternal King.

It may be said that v.¹² forms a difficulty in connexion with such an interpretation. But the verse is of very doubtful authority, since it bears all the marks of being secondary. It begins with 'I answered a second time.' Any student of the prophets is suspicious when he meets שנית, so often is it the stitch for fastening a strange passage into the original. And he is confirmed in his suspicion, when, as here, there is no clear reason

why the questioner should repeat his query. After that the reasons for suspicion increase: שָׁבִי is a unique word in such a connexion, since elsewhere it means 'ears of corn': צִנְתִּירֹת, if it means 'pipes,' needlessly departs from the מִצְרִיָּה which is used in the rest of the vision; and the last sentence forms hopeless Hebrew. Probably the sentence is an addition by some one who thought it necessary to give the olive-trees a more definite function than Zechariah had seen good to supply. It may even have entered the text, after the application of the two olive-trees to Church and State had lodged itself in the minds of the Jewish community through their later difficulties in that connexion. In any case, the verse is of too doubtful authenticity to determine anything in the vision.

ADAM C. WELCH.

New College, Edinburgh.

James iv. 5.

ἢ δοκεῖτε ὅτι κενῶς ἡ γραφή λέγει; πρὸς φθόνον ἐπιποθεῖ
τὸ πνεῦμα ὃ κατόκτισεν ἐν ἡμῖν;

THE difficulty in this verse as printed in some editions of the N.T.—caused by one unexpectedly finding λέγει not introducing *any quotation* from the Old Testament—(a difficulty only intensified by rendering the verb 'saith' instead of 'speaketh') Professor Haire Forster, in his December note, most ingeniously removes. But, is there any necessity for ἢ at all? Have we not here simply a case of punctuation?—the text most probably requiring, as above, an interrogative point not only after λέγει but after ἡμῖν. One is not surprised that Westcott and Hort give this reading, although they might well have gone further, placing it in the *body* of their text, and not merely in the margin.

The text used by the 1881 Revisers must have been the same as we are suggesting—their rendering being: 'Or think ye that the Scripture speaketh in vain? Doth the Spirit which he made to dwell in us long unto envying?'

The version of the *American Bible Union* (Improved Edition) supports the same view—giving the footnote, 'Or, speaks in vain? Does the Spirit which he made to dwell in us long unto envying?'

P. THOMSON.

Dunning.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WE are all at present for the love of God and none of us for His wrath. The very word is an offence to us. It is true that the Scripture tells us that God is angry with the wicked every day. It is true that the great theologian of the New Testament assures us that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who suppress the truth within them and go on indulging in their iniquities. But we have somewhat superseded St. Paul in these days. And theology is out of date.

We are altogether for God's love and nothing for His wrath. And yet we ourselves make much of wrath and little of love. For two reasons. One reason is that we find it hard to forgive ourselves when we see that we have really done wrong. 'Words which we spoke many years ago, and deeds of which we were guilty, but which have been long forgotten by those against whom they were done, still rankle in our memories and make us ashamed of ourselves.'

The other reason is that we find it very hard to forgive others. 'As we read the story of wrongs done to innocent women and children, of cruelties and barbarities unutterable, there bursts forth within us a burning indignation, a consuming fire of wrath against the guilty men. We demand punishment for the crimes; we will not listen to

pleas of mercy; the earth, we argue, must be purged of such corruption.'

The Rev. George STEVEN, D.D., an up-to-date theologian, a preacher who all his life has made a point of keeping in touch with the times, discusses the wrath of God in a new book which he has written—*The Warp and the Woof* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). His courageous purpose in the chapter on the Wrath of God is to find a place for the anger of God while not letting one beat be lost of His heart of love.

But first of all he disposes of the superficial explanation: 'God loves the sinner but hates the sin.' It is an explanation which has been offered recently by so eminent a person as the Bishop of Winchester, but it has been properly rejected as unintelligible to the mind of a man of the world like Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE.

Not that Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE is right—or half so right as the Bishop of Winchester. For while it is true, as Dr. STEVEN declares, 'that sin is not a thing in itself, which you can separate from the sinner, deal with and destroy, leaving him scatheless; while it is true that sin is a state of a man's mind, that it lies within a man's thought and heart and will'—while that is true, we must be ever on the watch lest we stretch that truth wide

enough to cover the personal hatred, the wilful or careless misrepresentation, the petty spite, with which the earnest advocate of some cause which he thinks indubitably right very often follows up the man upon the other side whom he believes of course to be indubitably wrong.

What are the disadvantages of such a disposition? Listen to the weighty words of Bishop Phillips Brooks: 'First, it puts it absolutely out of the angry partisan's power, in case he is not wholly right, to get any advantage or correction from the opposite light in which his opponent sees the same transaction which he thinks so wrong. Second, it robs the furious hater of the chance to learn charity and personal consideration, for of course the chance to think tolerantly of a man who differs from us comes to us when we differ from him, and if, the moment that we differ from him, we begin to hate him, it is as if we shut up the door of one of our best school-rooms and turned the key of prejudice upon it. And, third, yet again it makes turbid and heavy and dull that stream of simple indignation against evil and love for righteousness which, when it is absolutely fresh and pure, is the most strong and persistent power in the world.'

'These,' says Bishop Phillips Brooks, 'are the reasons why it is a sad loss when the fighter with wickedness turns his struggle against wickedness into angry attacks on men against whom perhaps their wickedness has first provoked him, but whom he has come now to hate for themselves. This was the spirit of our Lord's disciples when they wanted to call down fire on the village of Samaria. This was Luther's spirit when at Marburg he lost sight of the simple fight with error and plunged into a personal attack on Zwingle. It is the danger of all earnest men. It seems sometimes to be so inseparable from earnestness that the world thinks that it must not call it a vice to take any note of it in the earnest man. But no really earnest man can be so self-indulgent. Ever he must struggle to know who his true enemy is, and

to fight finally with him alone. With wickedness we may be unmitigatedly indignant. We may hate it with all our hearts. Towards it there is no chance, there is no right, of indulgence or consideration. But with the wicked man, because he is both man and wickedness, we may be at once full of anger and full of love, and out of the spirit of the highest justice, both to him and to ourselves, insist always that it shall be the wickedness and not the man that we hate!'

'At once full of anger and full of love'—yes; that is the way it ought to be with us, for that is the way with God. Return to Dr. STEVEN. The wrath of God, says Dr. STEVEN, is simply the consuming fire of His love. 'The love of good men or women for their children, as every good man or woman knows, is not an easy-going, soft-hearted good-nature. It is not a pampering and defending and excusing of them in their faults and blunders and excesses. It is righteousness aglow with the fire of love. It is goodness in full activity in order to make their children good. Love never shrinks from causing pain to one who has done wrong; it speaks out firmly; it is sharper than a two-edged sword; it is not afraid of causing suffering, but only of leaving the root of evil in the wound. In all this, it suffers more pain than it causes, but it takes no account of the cost it may have to pay. Love will pay anything, endure anything, inflict anything, if only it can save the one beloved.'

So far is the love of God from driving out His wrath that the strength of the one within Him is in proportion to the strength of the other. We know it is so because of the revelation of God in Christ, and because of the experience that we have every day of the heart which God has given us. Says Dr. STEVEN: 'A man's wrath against sin is strongest against those whom he has trusted, and is at its fiercest against those whom he has loved and who have outraged him. The word wrath does not at all describe the feeling we have at the crime of an unknown man in a foreign land.

The crime of a son or a daughter stirs us to the very depths of our being. We feel the shame of it, perhaps the ingratitude of it, and there is also wrath. King Lear's indignation against his two daughters, to whom he has handed over all his power and wealth, but who turn him in his old age from their door out into the pitiless storm, is surely the utterance of the common heart of man :

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription ; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and depised old man :
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

The Jewish Publication Society of America has issued a new translation of the Bible. The title is *The Holy Scriptures according to the Masoretic Text* (Philadelphia: Jew. Pub. Soc.). 'The Bible' means of course the Old Testament.

In 1892 a committee was formed. Its members were Dr. Marcus Jastrow, Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, and Dr. Cyrus Adler. The idea was to obtain the co-operation of Jewish scholars in Great Britain as well as America, and assign the different books to different translators.

But the method proved unworkable. A larger committee was formed, a committee of Editors (the word was preferred to Revisers), Dr. ADLER being Chairman, and Professor Max L. MARGOLIS Editor-in-Chief. Professor MARGOLIS made the translation and submitted it to the Board of Editors. 'Each point was thoroughly discussed, and the view of the majority was incorporated into the manuscript. When the Board was evenly divided, the Chairman cast the deciding vote.'

The new translation is really a revision. It is a revision of the Revised Version. And it is

freely confessed to be. But there have been discoveries since 1885—archæological, philological, even geographical and grammatical discoveries—and all these discoveries have been made use of. Let us see.

In Gn 49¹⁰ A.V. and R.V. read 'until Shiloh come,' with R.V. margin 'till he come to Shiloh.' The New Version of the Jews reads 'as long as men come to Shiloh.' The question is at once raised: Have these Jewish translators deliberately set themselves to obliterate the traces of Messianic promise? We turn at once to the greatest prophecy of all—and we are satisfied. This is the rendering in the New Jewish Bible of Is 53⁴⁻⁶:

Surely our diseases he did bear, and our pains
he carried ;

Whereas we did esteem him stricken,
Smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded because of our trans-
gressions,

He was crushed because of our iniquities :
The chastisement of our welfare was upon him,
And with his stripes we were healed.

All we like sheep did go astray,
We turned every one to his own way ;
And the LORD hath made to light on him
The iniquity of us all.

In 1 Sam 13²¹ we light upon a pretty example of the use of the new discoveries. 'All the versions hitherto published read : "Yet they had a file for the mattocks, and for the coulter, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to set the goads," or something to that effect. Even in a translation the difficulty of this verse is quite apparent. We are told in the preceding verses that "there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel . . . but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock." Now verse ²¹, according to the old interpretation, flatly contradicts this statement. The textual difficulty in the Hebrew is still more baffling. The word

pim, which is not represented in the above translation, could not be satisfactorily explained. Fortunately a weight was discovered by Macalister in Palestine which bore the inscription *pim* in old Hebrew characters. Another weight was excavated bearing the inscription *beka*, and hence we know that *pim*, whatever its etymology, was the name of a weight. Judging by the weight of the *pim* stone its value is about two-thirds of a shekel. Accordingly, the new version renders: "And the price of filing was a *pim* for the mattocks, and for the coulters, and for the forks with three teeth, and for the axes; and to set the goads."

In Job 8¹⁴ our Jewish scholars succeed rather cleverly in preserving the parallelism of Hebrew poetry. The R.V. reads:

Whose confidence shall break in sunder,
And whose trust is a spider's web.

From the cognate languages we learn that the word translated 'shall be cut off' may denote something flimsy. Accordingly the Jewish Revisers give us:

Whose confidence is gossamer,
And whose trust is a spider's web.

There are some striking changes in the Psalter. In Ps 8², 'who hast set thy glory above (R.V. upon) the heavens,' is rendered, 'whose majesty is rehearsed above the heavens'—for the word rendered 'hast set' can by no stretch of imagination be taken as second person. In Ps 17⁸ the R.V. reads: 'Thou hast tried me, and findest nothing; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.' The new version:

Thou hast tested me, and Thou findest not
That I had a thought which should not pass
my mouth.

That familiar but unintelligible sentence in Ps 119⁹⁶, 'I have seen an end of all perfection,' is rendered, 'I have seen an end to every purpose.'

The 'virtuous woman' of Pr 31¹⁰ becomes 'a woman of valour'—which sounds very modern.

The puzzling verse, Ec 12¹¹ (much used for children's addresses), is translated, 'The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are those that are composed in collections; they are given from one shepherd.' The word rendered 'appear' in Song 4¹ (A.V.) is rather dubious. 'R.V. bases itself on the Arabic meaning of that root: "Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that lie along the side of mount Gilead." But the words "along the side of" can hardly be derived from the original.' The new version has: 'That trail down from mount Gilead.'

All these changes are acceptable. But what is to be said of the change which the Jewish editors make in Is 8²⁰? The words are, 'To the law and to the testimony,' and R.V. adds a point of exclamation to make the triumph of the invitation more emphatic. The translators of this new version carry on the previous sentence into this verse and the familiar challenge simply disappears. This is their translation: 'And when they shall say unto you: "Seek unto the ghosts and the familiar spirits, that chirp and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? on behalf of the living unto the dead for instruction and for testimony?"'

There is an epithet in St. Luke's Gospel which has caused a little discomfort to those who have looked into its meaning. It occurs in Lk 7² (*ἐντιμος*) and is translated in the A.V. 'dear'— 'And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die.' The Revisers retain 'dear' but acknowledge their uneasiness in the alternative marginal note, 'or *precious to him*, or *honourable with him*.'

'Honourable with him' is very odd. But 'honourable' is the meaning of the epithet, and its only meaning. It is an epithet which was reserved in Greek for men (or things) of established position, and signified that they were held in honour. Its most usual application was to an

officer who had retired, and it signified that he had served with distinction and retired with honour.

If, therefore, it had been applied by St. Luke to the centurion, it would have been applied properly. But it is applied to the centurion's slave. Such a use of the word is absolutely unknown elsewhere. Dr. E. A. ABBOTT, who discusses the matter in *The Classical Review*, comes to the conclusion that originally it *was* applied to the centurion, but, by a misreading in the manuscripts, was taken as referring to the slave. It could then mean only 'dear' or 'precious,' and to make that meaning clearer St. Luke added 'to him.'

Dr. ABBOTT believes that the centurion had retired from active service. If he had not, he could scarcely have been in a position to build a synagogue. As a retired officer he would be properly (and most probably) styled distinguished or honourable. And he would be the more at leisure to discover the worth of a slave and to give him attention. The translation would then be, 'And the servant of a certain distinguished centurion (or "of a centurion retired with honour") was sick and ready to die.' And (if Dr. ABBOTT is right) our New Testament lexicographers must remove the meaning 'dear' or 'precious' from their lexicons.

For in the only other place in which 'precious' is used as the translation of this word, the meaning is missed thereby and the translation is greatly to be regretted. That place is 1 Peter 2⁴⁻⁶. The reference is to the stone which the builders 'disallowed'—'disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.' The point is not that it is precious, but that, 'disallowed' (that is, 'rejected') (R.V.) by men, it is chosen by God and set in the place of honour.

What is the Church going to do with its Chaplains? They are a small body, but they cannot be called a feeble folk. It is said that

when a reform is threatened at one of the ancient Universities the country clergy come up to vote and 'the situation is saved.' The country clergy will probably be against the Chaplains. For they demand the most dreaded of all revolutions, a revolution in the conduct of Public Worship. The country clergy will not need to 'come up' in order to defeat that motion. They can defeat it by simply staying where they are.

The Chaplains are a small body. But they will not take defeat easily. For they have a great body behind them. They have behind them the whole British Army. And the British Army is drawn from every country parish in the land. It is the unanimous testimony of the Chaplains that the British Army, officer and soldier alike, will tolerate the Prayer Book no longer. If the country clergy resolve to save the situation once more by simply sitting still, then——

Then the British Army will leave them alone. That is what the Chaplains say. That is why the Chaplains are so earnest in the matter, and are likely to make themselves so troublesome. They do not threaten disturbance from the British Army. The Archbishop of Dublin says that 'only a minority of our soldiers are accustomed to look to the Church as their spiritual home.' After the War, if the country clergy 'save the situation,' the returned soldiers will make no unpleasantness—only, the Archbishop's minority will be smaller.

But what right have the Chaplains to demand a reform of the Public Worship of God in the name of the soldier? That question had better not be asked. For the answer is overpowering. It may be found in a new book, containing seventeen papers by seventeen Chaplains, and edited by Canon F. B. MACNUTT, himself one of the Senior Chaplains to the Forces. The title of the book is *The Church in the Furnace* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

What right? The right of men, the right of soldiers, and the right of Christ.

The officers and privates of the British Army have the right to ask that the services and worship of the Church should be made suitable for them, because they too are men. The public worship of God, as directed by the Prayer Book, and actually now in use, is unsuitable. It is suitable for saints, or at least for advanced and experienced Christians. For other men it is not suitable.

Listen to the Rev. E. MILNER-WHITE, M.A., Chaplain of King's College, Cambridge, and Senior Chaplain to the Forces. 'The Prayer-book as it stands is a volume that serves only those who are highly instructed in the Faith. Hardly a soldier carries a Prayer-book, because there is little in it he can use. We never guessed of old how removed it was from common wants; nor how intellectual are its prayers and forms of devotion. Its climate to the simple, ardent Christian is often ice. The warm romance of man's pilgrimage to God is absent from it, because it takes early stages for granted and can be used only by those who have ascended many hills of difficulty. How we have blushed for the incomprehensibility even of the Collects!'

Listen to the Rev. C. SALISBURY WOODWARD, M.C., M.A., Canon and Precentor of Southwark Cathedral. 'The language of many of the prayers is out of date, and therefore unintelligible if not actually misleading to the majority. "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep," "Graft in our hearts," "the continual dew of Thy blessing," are meaningless phrases to dwellers in great cities; "there is no health in us," "thy saving health," "the healthful spirit of thy grace," have physical rather than spiritual associations for most; "inestimable love," "unfeignedly thankful," "thy special grace preventing us," "acknowledging our wretchedness," "true and laudable service," "sore let and hindered," are but random examples of words which have passed out of current use and either lost or changed their meaning. So long as our prayers are couched in such language "how

shall he that occupieth the place of the unlearned say 'Amen,' seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?'"

And again: 'The length of the Psalms prescribed for daily use is another legitimate cause for criticism; the average number of verses prescribed is forty, and when, in Morning Prayer, we add to these some sixty verses in the Canticles, we find ourselves singing a hundred verses in a single service. It is little wonder that many worshippers occupy themselves before the clergy enter in reckoning the number of verses to be said or sung that morning, and breathe a sigh of relief when they find them to be below the average.'

And once more, from the same writer: 'The lessons are too long, they are often unedifying, and they are frequently quite out of harmony with the teaching of the Church's seasons. Few ordinary churchgoers can derive much help or comfort from listening to long passages from the Pentateuch or the historical books, or to isolated fragments from some complicated doctrinal argument of St. Paul. Simple minds must moreover be hopelessly confused by hearing an account of the Crucifixion of Our Lord read to them on one of the Sundays after Easter, or by listening to the incidents which followed the Resurrection on a Sunday in Advent; yet both are liable to occur, and do actually occur in the present year.'

Now it is open to the country clergy to say, if they care to say anything, that the Prayer Book is suitable for them and for their present worshippers. It is open to them to ask why they should disturb use and wont, and perhaps mar 'the incomparable beauty' of the Book of Common Prayer, for the sake of men who never worshipped with them before the War and may never worship with them after. They may ask that question, but they will not rout the Chaplains with it.

The Chaplains will still urge that the soldiers are soldiers. For this is a circumstance that has

greatly impressed the Chaplains themselves. It is very likely that the country clergy do not realize the fact; it is certain that they do not feel it so forcibly.

What is it to be a soldier? Ask the Chaplains. They cannot tell. Ask each of these seventeen experienced Chaplains, and not one of them will be able to tell you. They know it. They feel it. But it is too wonderful for them. They cannot find words to convey the wonder of it to another. They know very well that these soldiers were men in civil life who—but let us hear what one of them says about that.

It is the Editor himself who speaks. 'We have lived in closest comradeship with the young subaltern who used only to think of his silk socks and the shape of his felt hat, his bank-account and his revels; and we have seen him changed into the platoon commander who thinks of everything but himself, and is ready at any moment to fling his life away in the doing of some deed of service for his men. We have mixed daily with the hard-bitten coal-miner or factory-worker from the North, whose language would set an iceberg on fire, or the rough labourer from some "haunt of ancient peace" in rural England, with a head as hard as the sun-baked clay in which he digs trenches in summer to resist a counter-attack. They seemed in old days incapable of anything but rebelliously or listlessly following the dull routine of daily work with its parenthesis of often gross or lurid recreations. But now we know what fortitude and chivalry, courage and charity, fidelity and devotion lay waiting beneath the forbidding surface, for the demand which has made them the magnificent men we have seen fighting in the trenches, marching up to the attack and booking orders for Hun helmets, or almost invisible in the white bandages which swathe their tortured bodies in Casualty Clearing Stations or Base Hospitals.'

What do the country clergy say to that? Do

they still ask, What right have they? The Chaplains will not be utterly routed even then. They have one argument left. It is the right of Christ. For now the Chaplains claim that the religion of the soldier, and not the religion of the country clergy, is the religion of Christ.

When the Archbishop of Dublin confessed that 'only a minority of our soldiers are accustomed to look to the Church as their spiritual home, and the organized institutions of the Christian religion have little attraction for them,' he added: 'But the practical Christianity of the trenches is very real and very widespread. Patience, faithfulness, cheerfulness, unselfishness: these are great qualities.'

Great qualities? They are the Apostolic Virtues. 'Instead'—it is now Canon J. O. HANNAY who speaks (you will know him better perhaps as the novelist, 'George A. Birmingham')—'Instead of making his own list of virtues,' says Mr. HANNAY, 'the Archbishop might have taken almost the whole of St. Paul's list of the fruits of the Spirit. Our soldiers—that is to say the best part of the young manhood of the Empire—possess in high degree just these virtues, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness. This sounds like a paradox, for of all such catalogues none, surely, is at first sight less military than St. Paul's. But if we take the Apostle's words and translate them into a language which is not petrified by theological use, if we strip the things meant of the reverent draperies of ancient pieties, we see at once that instead of being a paradox this is a simple statement of fact. By love St. Paul meant more than comradeship; but he did mean comradeship, which elsewhere he calls brotherly love. In joy we recognize cheerfulness. Is peace—the inward peace which exists in spite of war—anything else than an outlook upon life untroubled by repining and fear? Long-suffering is surely the power of enduring, unrebelling, hardship and even injustice. Gentleness and goodness are seen in unselfish, untiring care for

the weak and suffering. Is it not true that meekness, the ready subordination of personal will to the will of others, is the inward spirit of discipline? St. Paul would surely have recognized his list translated thus; though it is no doubt harder for us, coated with the quickly-hardening varnish of conventional religiousness, to recognize the fruits of the Spirit in lives which display everywhere comradeship, cheerfulness, endurance, calm, kindness, and discipline.'

What will the country clergy say to that?

Yes—what will the country clergy say to that? And when we speak of the country clergy we mean, and have meant all along, every clergyman, priest, minister, or pastor in the land. What if the religion of Christ is to be found outside the Church of Christ? He said, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.' That the soldiers are sinners, there is no doubt. What if they are repentant—these Pauline virtues of theirs being as it were the sign of repentance? And what if the Prayer-book saints are such as have never needed repentance?

What is a saint? There is not a more beautiful word in the English language, nor one that is more despised and spat upon. You ask the soldier what a saint is and he will tell you to read 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and think of Holy Willie. But you ask the Chaplain, and you get another answer.

Seventeen Chaplains of the Church of England have been asked already. They did not consult with one another, but wrote independently. Yet they agreed in their definition of a saint. Now let us turn to two Presbyterian Chaplains. The Rev. Norman MACLEAN, D.D. (of the Church of Scotland) and the Rev. J. R. P. SCLATER, D.D. (of the United Free Church of Scotland) have together written a book about *God and the Soldier*

(Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). In that book they have directly and deliberately set themselves to answer the question, What is a saint?

They say that this tree also is known by its fruits. The first fruit is Self-control. It may take the exaggerated form of asceticism—sometimes the asceticism of the Catholic, sometimes the asceticism of the Puritan—but if it is self-control, it counts for saintship. Self-control is the first and most unmistakable mark of the Chaplain's saint.

And he finds it in the soldier. The soldier sent us to Holy Willie; the Chaplain sends us to the soldier himself. 'You will not find amongst soldiers much encouragement for the idea that control of appetite is not part of the ideal. On the contrary, it is remarkable to discover how highly the mastery of the flesh is respected. Here and there, in the Army as out of it, men may be met with who "sit in the seat of the scorner," and deride what they call the ethics of the vicarage; but they are rarer than might be imagined. For the most part, our men have a high thought of purity, and are quite certain that a worthy religious life cannot be maintained without it.'

The next fruit of this tree is Courage. Courage, bravery—there is certainly no need to prove laboriously that the men in the field bring forth that fruit. But how is it one of the fruits of sainthood? Because it is one of the fruits of the character of Christ. 'Some one has related that a Japanese General was given the Gospels to read for the first time, and after he had perused them, he was asked what was the quality in Jesus Christ that struck him most. "His bravery," was the reply.'

But courage moves upward to a virtue nobler still. For courage at its highest merges into fortitude, which is a mark of natures that are noble indeed. Botticelli, seen through Ruskin's eyes, has the right way of it, when he paints his

figure representing this virtue, not in the guise of some proud warrior, ardent for the fray, but as one who is weary, who will rejoice greatly when the word comes to disarm for the long day's work is done, but whose hand, nevertheless, again will resolutely clasp the sword-hilt, and whose spirit again will shake itself free from its fatigue, if the bugle calls to battle.

Now 'after this manner, in amazing measure, are our soldiery. Their Endurance, their purposeful good cheer, their absurd habits of grumbling about everything that is of no moment and thereby keeping their minds off the trials that might unnerve them, their grim will to carry on—these are the facts that again and again impress the observer, and bring to his lips, as a humble and sincere expression of his thought, the words :

"By the living God that made you
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Dhin!"

Self-mastery, bravery, endurance—and then Charity. 'Some months ago, the present writer' (Dr. MACLEAN or Dr. SCLATER, we are not told which), 'the present writer happened to have occasion to take his walks abroad on a somewhat dismal French road. The usual mud abounded, and a rain was descending which would have done credit to the Hebrides. At the side of the road a military waggon was drawn up, and upon it two men seemed to be engaged in violent altercation. A nearer inspection proved that one of them had lost his overcoat and was, apparently, shivering and unwell. His friend was searching the outlying regions of a soldier's vocabulary—regions more vivid than refined—to describe the folly the other had displayed in mislaying so useful a garment on such a day; and ended his tirade by saying, "Ere—put my coat on." With the hands of compulsion he forced his companion to take the covering, and himself proceeded to get wet, the while he chanted his desire that some one should take him home to dear old Blighty. The ritual of the act, so to speak, was scarcely

evangelical; but the act itself was the gold of Christian charity. It was another case for reflections upon Gunga Dhin!"

And now to bring all these fruits together and lay them out, like 'apples of gold in salvers of silver,' so that we may see 'the beauty of holiness,' what is that which essentially is the saint? It is Selflessness.

And the soldier is selfless. 'Many unexpected men seem to have reached the point of assent to what may come of pain and loss to themselves, provided that the world is to grow fairer thereby. Sometimes the expressions of this selflessness are on a lofty scale, as in the case of a young Scottish minister, who served as a combatant, and has lost his life, who declared his perfect willingness for annihilation, if only so could the world's betterment come. But simpler men reach the same point. A sergeant in a base camp some time ago was returning to his unit after being wounded twice. He was, as we have it in Scotland, "fey." A presentiment was upon him that he would not come back, and to all optimistic prophecies he turned a deaf ear. "But," he said, "I don't mind. It's going to be a better world for the kiddies afterwards."

What is a saint? Christina ROSSETTI has an answer. The marks of a saint, she says, are two—likeness to Christ, and readiness to find saintship in others. And what is that but selflessness? 'I live, yet not I, but Christ'; and then letters to Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians—many of them just recovered from unnamable vices—and the superscription of every letter, 'To the Saints.' First self lost in Christ and then self found in other saints. And this, say the Chaplains, is the soldier. Courage, endurance, charity, that is likeness to Christ, and all quite unconscious, whereby the Chaplains are often led to speak of the 'unconscious religion' of the soldiers. And then the discovery of other saints, for no soldier doubts for a moment the loyalty of his comrades

—their bravery, their charity, their high fortitude. 'A chaplain has reported that a story of treachery on the part of some man once went round a battalion, and the men spoke of it with bated breath, as of a horror too dire to be contemplated.'

I saw a Saint.—How canst thou tell that he
Thou sawest was a Saint?—

I saw one like to Christ so luminously
By patient deeds of love, his mortal taint
Seemed made his groundwork for humility.

And when he marked me downcast utterly
Where foul I sat and faint,
Then more than ever Christ-like kindled he;
And welcomed me as I had been a saint,
Tenderly stooping low to comfort me.

Christ bade him, 'Do thou likewise.' Where-
fore he
Waxed zealous to acquaint
His soul with sin and sorrow, if so be
He might retrieve some latent saint:—
'Lo, I, with the child God hath given to me!'

Profane Nations.

BY G. BUCHANAN GRAY, M.A., D.LITT., D.D., PROFESSOR OF HEBREW AND
OLD TESTAMENT EXEGESIS IN MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

'AH! Assyria, the rod of my anger. Against a profane nation I send him, and against the people with whom I am wroth I command him. But *he* meaneth not so, nor thus doth his heart devise; but to destroy is in his heart, and to cut off nations not a few. . . . For he saith, By the strength of my own hand have I wrought; and by my wisdom, for I have discernment' (Is 10^{5, 6, 7, 18}).

The prophets, it has been said with substantial correctness, concerned themselves primarily and mainly not with individuals, but with nations. And in this lay in part a limitation, in part the secret, of their power. If a nation consists, as it does, of individuals, to neglect or too greatly to subordinate the reformation or uplifting of the individuals must render any national ethic ineffective, and the achievement by the nation of any high moral ideal impossible. No state composed of morally low individuals can be itself an embodiment of a lofty moral ideal.

On the other hand, a nation is more than the sum of the individuals; and has, as such, functions that could not be performed by a mere congeries of units. But the two functions are not morally inconsistent; reasons of state must not in national affairs replace morality; and a nation composed of moral individuals cannot make non-moral or immoral state action its ideal. Much of the abiding value of Hebrew prophecy rests on the

testimony of the prophets that, though the function of the nation may be other than that of the individual, it is not so different that the nation ought to be less religious or less moral. It is the conviction of the prophets that the nation no less than the individual was made by God for divine ends, and for the conscious and willing achievement of those ends; the profane nation, like a profane individual, is one that lives and works with a practical disregard of this fact. It was the aim of the prophets to turn, in the first instance, their own nation from its profanity by clothing in fresh and vivid imagery the disregarded idea that nations were made by God for divine ends, and by pointing out what seemed to them evidence of God's working in and through the wayward and unruly lives of nations in such a way that His ends should not be ultimately frustrated.

The narratives of Genesis, using and transforming the ancient stories of another race, leave an indelible impression of the idea that God made man; neither there nor elsewhere in the Bible is the truth of that idea demonstrated by argument after the manner of a modern treatise on apologetics; nevertheless the idea in and through the stories is clothed with power. The prophets are less easily read, and are in consequence liable to leave upon the modern reader—it was different with the ancient hearer—an impression far less

deep. It is worth while, however, to take some trouble to get as powerful an impression as may be of the prophetic idea embodied in these verses, and to see its relation to our own circumstances, and its incompatibility with certain other ideas that make loud claim to rule the thought and action of the present and immediate future—ideas the truth of which is just as little formally proved as the idea of the prophets.

Isaiah, when he wrote these words, had lived through years filled with experience of the bitter and brutal savagery of war, such as we have had these three years past and more. And he had seen, as we have seen, new and more imposing forms of brutality added to the ancient barbarities of war. It was already old custom to enslave captives, to sack and to burn, wantonly to dishonour in life and to desecrate in death; but Assyria in its last and most famous period of military power and conquest, which began as Isaiah was approaching manhood, had added fresh horrors to war by its wholesale and permanent deportations of conquered peoples from one extremity of its empire to the other.

When we used to read these prophetic descriptions of war, they left us comparatively cold: war had not come very near to us, and these worst barbarities at least seemed to belong to uncivilized races that had passed away. War, we said, has become humanized; there, too, the Christian spirit has left its mark. And even in the midst of the present war, and after we had become familiar with most of its worst horrors, one of the most distinguished and sympathetic of German Biblical scholars has drawn the contrast between ancient and modern warfare. 'Ancient war,' he writes, 'was especially terrible because it was waged, not as by us between army and army, but between people and people. It was then a matter of course that all property of the vanquished fell to the victor; the captives, women and children, became subject to his violence and caprice; and such booty was a chief end of ancient warfare. The conquered country, also, if it could not be retained, was horribly devastated. So much the more fiercely flamed out the hatred of people against people.'¹ The tone and temper of Professor Gunkel throughout his book is admirable; and we can follow him once and again as he seeks his way

after higher Christian principles, which the Old Testament in much of its attitude towards war but dimly anticipates. But we can only marvel at the remoteness from the realities of the present war which allows him, on the grounds which he alleges, to distinguish ancient from modern warfare as waged by his own nation. To us who have watched the desolation of Belgium and Serbia before advancing, the wanton destruction of the fruit trees of France, before retiring German armies, the sacking of cities, the treatment of civilian populations, culminating in deportations that are scarcely to be distinguished from organized slavery, the distinction has worn thin. We are happier than Isaiah in this that we have not witnessed so great a progress on the part of Germany towards universal conquest as Assyria had made; but we have seen enough to be unable to read the lines in which Isaiah depicts the temper and conduct of Assyria without feeling its applicability to the will, if not to the achievement, of Germany:

My hand reached as to a nest
To the wealth of the peoples;
And as one gathereth eggs
I have gathered the whole earth;
And there was none (left) that fluttered wing,
Or opened mouth or chirped (Is 10¹⁴).

It is almost impossible to read this and other descriptions of the brutality and the haughty self-confidence of Assyria, denying the right of other nations to life and independence, without thinking of its modern analogue. But there is in this no great value or guidance for ourselves. If we would gain guidance we must look a little more closely at Isaiah's judgment of Assyria in relation to Israel, and then we may discern a double application of his thought to our own circumstances, and our duty in the midst of them.

Isaiah singles out three features of the political and social life of his time for interpretation. First, he turns to his own country. It was the state of *this*, seen in the light of a vision of God, that made him a prophet. Against the holiness of God his people seemed the very darkness of sin. God required justice in the state and social righteousness, and what he saw was injustice rampant, and man wronging man. It is quite improbable that there was actually more injustice and social wrong in Israel than in other states of the time. But that was not the point. Isaiah was judging his

¹ Hermann Gunkel, *Israelitisches Heldentum und Kriegsfürmigkeit im A.T.* Göttingen, 1916.

people not by the standard of other peoples, but by the standard of God's revealed will. The wrong and injustice that prevailed, prevailed in spite of a higher conscience and, at least as it seemed to him, of a better past. Sion had once been a city full of justice; it was now the home of rulers who themselves broke the laws and consorted with those who plundered: those who should have executed even-handed justice received, and even went in search of bribes, as the price of allowing the strong to oppress with impunity the weak. And the corruption had extended to all classes. Israel, such was the standing prophetic doctrine, was the people of God's peculiar choice that they might be holy as He was holy: instead they had become foul as the storied cities of the plain; their rulers were as the rulers of Sodom, their people bad as the people of Gomorrah. In a word, the people had refused to fulfil the end for which they had been created and chosen, and that is what Isaiah means in the present passage by calling them profane.

But a nation made for God's end could not be allowed at will to pursue an opposite end. An unruly child must be whipped; and Israel must be chastised. And this correction of Israel Isaiah saw in the second feature of the political life of his time—the irresistible western advance of Assyria, the subjection of Israel and Judah. Assyria was the rod used by God in His righteous anger to correct his wayward child—Israel.

But twenty years' experience of Assyria, and Isaiah had had fully that when these words were written, had brought to the clear light of day another feature of political life—the nature of Assyrian conquest. It went far beyond correction, and it involved other nations as well as Judah. It was a ruthless, immoral force in action, entirely regardless of any rights or of the welfare of the conquered peoples. Assyria, even more than Israel, acted as if there were no moral end in history.

That, in brief, is how Isaiah read the history of his own time, and God's action in it. In particular he was faced with the problem of two profane nations—profane not in the sense that either disregarded what passed as religion, for Israel loaded God's altars with sacrifices, and Assyria showed no lack of recognition of Asshur and its other gods; but profane, because both alike disregarded the things that were nearest to the heart of God—justice, righteousness, humanity.

Thus we may see that it is not wise to read these words merely to discover an analogy between Assyria and Germany, and to reach the melancholy conclusion that there is less difference than we once thought between ancient and modern warfare.

For push the first and perhaps more obvious analogy a little further, and, though it very quickly breaks down, as we shall see, it has something to suggest. If Germany is Assyria, are we Israel? And if we are Israel, are we free from the profanity which Isaiah found in Israel? Or is God correcting us? Had we before the war no social wrongs in our midst? Was there in us no failure to reach a worthy standard of social justice, no declining towards the standard of Gomorrah? On this point, some facts speak loudly, and it will be well if we let them speak home. How exactly Isaiah, even before he was disillusioned, expected Assyria not merely to chastise but to correct Israel we cannot say; but we can in certain directions see how war is correcting or might correct us. Before the war we were familiar with lurid pictures of the way in which the country was moving to ruin because the national budget was rising to £200,000,000 to meet the expenses of new social legislation. Now we find the budget passing beyond tenfold that figure, and we refuse to admit that we are ruined. Whether the much discussed and much criticised social legislation was on the right or wisest lines, this is not the place to inquire. But if, after the war, we fail to seek the best path of social reform, or if the path becomes clear, and we make the plea that we are saddled with debt an excuse for refusing to follow it, we shall be refusing our correction and returning to our profanity. Again, wealth during the war has flowed into fresh channels; unhappily it has flowed unequally: it has produced a class, or numerous individuals, who can find no better use for it, in these days of national stress and strain, than to squander it on amusements, unnecessary acquisitions and costly dinners. But it has also flowed, modestly now, into innumerable homes where before the war intermittent and ill-paid labour provided but a bare and inadequate existence. Complaint is sometimes made of the extravagant waste of the larger and unwonted wealth in these humbler homes; and there doubtless has been some such waste, and it is to be desired that in every class and home the utmost

sobriety and care should be exercised in the national interest. But that is not the most important fact to seize with a view to future national action. What *this* fresh distribution of wealth has shown is how great is the value not so much of larger earnings, but of what exists for the time being, of greater regularity and security of income. Once again, if we show ourselves indifferent after the war to the value and need of regularity of employment and security of livelihood, we shall be returning to our profanity.

And now I turn to the other application of Isaiah's judgment to our own time. I said just now that any analogy between Israel and England quickly breaks down, and it does so for this reason: Judah in relation to Assyria was an entirely negligible power, entirely incapable of standing up to it, and much more incapable of overcoming it. England in relation to Germany is not in such a position; if God so will, with the co-operation of our Allies, we hope to emerge superior. But in that case we shall do well to consider Isaiah's judgment on Assyria in relation to ourselves. If Germany is comparable in might to Assyria, so too are we. In Isaiah's eyes Israel's profanity was displayed in its internal life, Assyria's profanity in its external exercise of power.

Assyria—I am still simply attempting to interpret Isaiah's thought—Assyria up to a point was fulfilling God's end, was the instrument for realizing the divine purpose of correcting Israel. The profanity of Assyria lay in this that it used the occasion of fulfilling a divine purpose to pursue its own most undivine ends of wanton conquest and brutal spoliation. Now it surely ought to give us room for thought that in the first respect we are even as Assyria. We believe that we are the instruments of God in defence of justice as between nation and nation, and in the promotion of a state of things in which the nations of Europe, or rather we may now say of the world, great and small may each fulfil the divine purpose for themselves. And here again there is the possibility of our becoming profane, not now like Israel within, but like Assyria in our external policy, in our international ideals. And the risk is none the less because it is subtle. We may hope we should not yield to the temptation, if we had the power, of enslaving civil populations. But there are other ways of outrunning the particular divine purpose which we believe we are fulfilling in this war, and

so opposing yet higher purposes of God more lasting in their effect. It is exceedingly difficult to descend here to particulars, for they belong as yet so largely to the future, and I will merely refer to one by way of illustration. How far will any particular commercial policy after the war be compatible with the purpose which not only justified us in entering but made it our imperative duty to enter on this war? Will an exclusive commercial policy be justifiable? I put the question, but not to argue it. This only may be said now. Such a policy, if necessary, would merely be one form, and a miserable form, of inconclusive peace. It might under certain conditions be necessary for a time, but it is certain that to exalt it and make of it a permanent ideal, would be a form of profanity, a using of the occasion for fulfilling a particular divine purpose for frustrating the permanent divine purpose that nations should serve and enrich one another.

If we cannot as yet determine what judgment Christian principles must pass on particular future lines of external policy, we can and must even now cherish the principles, and cultivate the temper, by and in which alone those future judgments can be rightly made. We must constantly remember that the morality of the state rests on the temper and action of the individuals composing it; and that the followers of Christ must each individually do his utmost to cultivate the right temper in himself and to welcome and encourage it in others, and not least in those who belong to nations now opposed to us.

There is one profound difference between ancient and modern warfare. Ancient nations fought, owing no allegiance to a common God and Ruler of all nations. Assyria, though seeming to Isaiah to overstep the commission of God, recognized no God to whom the rights of other nations were as sacred as its own. But modern nations profess at least to recognize such a common Ruler of them all. One of the effects of this, the solemn Te Deums of opposing nations for victories over one another, has often been made the subject of satire. And yet the hope of the future rests in giving to this belief vital power, and in approaching all national settlements and inter-relations in the spirit and temper which it ought to bring. The duty lies on each of us, to the utmost of our power, of extending and deepening this belief, this spirit and temper, and

it may encourage us in our hope for the future to realize that this duty is not even now entirely unrecognized or unperformed in Germany. I will close, therefore, with the expression given to the belief to which I have just referred in the closing words of Professor Gunkel's recent book. He cites that noble prophecy in which by substituting the names of modern nations we obtain an ideal such as we do well to cherish. The prophet's words are these :

In that day Israel will be a third,
 Along with Egypt and Assyria,
 A blessing in the midst of the earth
 Which Yahweh of Hosts hath blessed, saying :
 Blessed is my people, Egypt,
 And Assyria, the work of my hands,
 And Israel my inheritance.

Thus, says Professor Gunkel, 'recognition of the

equal rights of nations, and, therefore, peace on earth, is the last thought of the Old Testament religion. The hope that to Israel the empire of the world will one day fall, that fervent hope of the Jewish heart, here finds a place no more. And yet the prophet has not abandoned the thought of a kingdom of God. . . . But the ideal of a military world power yields place to the thought of a peaceful dominion of the Spirit. So, then, may the Christian nations of Europe, too, when, please God, the present world war is ended, once again reflect that there is a higher aim than violent subjection. And may our people even in victory not forget that there are many nations on earth, all of them a thought of God, each possessing its own individual right and reason for being. For, as in the social, so also in the political sphere, the end of strife is righteousness.'

Literature.

HAZELL.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL is now issued jointly at the Oxford University Press and by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and it goes by the title of *The New Hazell and Almanack* (5s. net). The editor (T. A. Ingram, M.A., LL.D.) is giving himself body and soul to make it indispensable. And now this year's issue, divided as it is into the two great sections of Peace and War, contains so much information—well-digested, well-arranged, well-presented information—on everything connected with the welfare of the Empire, and on everything connected with the War, whether in the Empire or out of it, that we should like to see the man who can do without it.

The interest of some sections is immense—the section on 'Aviation in 1917,' for example, ending, as the other sections do, with a first-rate bibliography.

The price has been slightly raised, but it is amazing value for the money.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

The *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke* have been edited by his son-in-law, Lawrence Pearsall

Jacks, M.A., LL.D., D.D., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford (Murray; 2 vols., 15s. net).

Stopford Brooke was an artist. That one word explains every act of his life; it explains himself. It is true that he did not begin to paint till he was nearly sixty, but then he painted straightaway and had his pictures hung immediately. The art he practised all his life was preaching. He was an artist in the pulpit. Speaking of his home in London (No. 1 Manchester Square) Dr. Jacks says: 'Had a stranger been suddenly introduced and asked to guess the calling of the master he would have said "artist" immediately. On learning that he was a clergyman the stranger might have experienced a momentary surprise. But there would have been no ultimate incredulity. With a little patience he would have found the true perspective, and perhaps read much of the story which these pages have endeavoured to tell. I think he would have concluded with some such reflexion as this: "If a clergyman is to be also an artist it is well that he should be the kind of artist which the contents of this house reveal. For there is nothing here that is not excellent."'

He was not a theologian. His volumes of sermons are many, but there is no theology in them. Let no one say that they will perish while

his books of literary criticism will last. They will all last together. For they are all together the creation of the imagination. Does this account for his secession from the Church of England? He seceded on doctrine—eternal punishment, miracle, the incarnation—but he never studied the evidence in favour of these doctrines. They did not appeal to his imagination, and what did not appeal to his imagination he disliked, and what he disliked he would have nothing to do with it—as is the way of artists always.

He did not enjoy Newman. 'Everything is settled by logic, and his conscience obeys what he calls and believes to be right, but which, in reality, is his logical conclusion from premises which he assumes. His progress to Rome is the march not of faith, but of reasoning; and he took his own process of thought to be the driving of God.' He did not appreciate George Eliot. 'George Eliot at root was a Philistine. She was an artist *by the way*, and never a real one. She had great human sympathy, she had keen observation and she had a fine intellect, and over and above, she could put what she felt, observed, and thought into form, but the predominance of intellect in her, or shall I say the predominance she chose—most foolishly—to give it, spoilt her formative power, and again and again made her commonplace. Above all, it gave that tone to her work, which more and more increased upon her—of teaching rather than feeling, of *first* thinking and *then* feeling a matter out, and of a consequent tentativeness in all she did—which is wholly apart from the work of a true artist. And I think she felt this herself. She ought to have followed her heart alone. Then she might have been truly great in art.'

Principal Jacks calls him a mystic. And certainly he had curious dealings with Nature, which first he personified and then apparently worshipped. There were times when he ran close to being what he more than once quotes as if he wished to be—'a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn'—so much does he make of Nature (with a capital N) and so little consequently of the Christ of God. He even declares once: 'Nature now amuses me more than humanity—what she does, not how or why she does it. Therefore I feel with you that out of London and in the woods, but with racing streams always in them, is the better life, and I hope I may

have it in full and undisturbed possession before I die.'

But we doubt if this is mysticism. The immediate sense of the presence of God, the living God—that is the note of mysticism. But here that place is taken by the imaginative creation of a presence which is felt most surely in running water. How is it that he who knew his Browning so well and (in spite of Browning's intellectualism) could appreciate so highly, missed the warning elsewhere and in 'A Bean-stripe' against the worship of the lower, the servant, the mere instrument, when the great God Himself was there to accept it and absorb it?

Suppose thou visit our lord Shalim-Shah,
Bringing thy tribute as appointed. 'Here
Come I to pay my due!' Whereat one slave
Obsequious spreads a carpet for thy foot,
His fellow offers sweetmeats, while a third
Prepares a pipe: what thanks or praise have
they?

Such as befit prompt service. Gratitude
Goes past them to the Shah whose gracious
nod

Set all the sweet civility at work.

But it is a wonderful biography for utter attractiveness.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Is it possible to make a synopsis readable, and not only readable but entrancing? The Rev. Alfred Davenport Kelly, M.A., of the Society of the Sacred Mission, has done it. His book, with the title *Values of the Christian Life* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net), is simply a Synopsis of Christian Doctrine. It is divided up into chapters and sections, all numbered and furnished with headings, after the most approved methods of instruction; and yet it is a book of the most unusual and absorbing interest. What is the explanation? The explanation is that Mr. Kelly has put himself, his own conviction, his own personality, into every chapter, every section, and every sentence.

The first result is that the notion, so popular at present and so pandered to, that only departure from the doctrine of the Christian Creeds can attract attention, is knocked on the head. Mr. Kelly is orthodox. His theology is the theology of Nicæa. All that he does, all the novelty that he is

guilty of, is to put it into the language of to-day and to emphasize certain somewhat overlooked aspects of it. Three aspects in particular he emphasizes. They are thus expressed and approved of by Mr. William Temple, who writes the Préface to the book: '(1) Self-perfection is not the true end of human life, whereas half, or perhaps nine-tenths, of popular devotional books assume that it is; (2) Christ is not only a revealer of the truth about God, but is God manifested; (3) Reason has the right, and indeed the duty, to inquire into all questions and determine all answers, though, of course, it has to work upon experience and cannot manufacture its own data.'

On one doctrine only is Mr. Kelly disappointing. But it is the central doctrine of the Atonement. He has made the mistake of taking over Moberly's curious speculations about Christ's vicarious penitence. That is the only theory that he has not made his own. And the result is unfortunate. He is compelled to admit failure, saying that 'the objector has the best of the case.' But he makes one thing clear. We shall never be able to find a satisfactory reason for the vicariousness of Christ's work until we obtain a better doctrine of the Universe. That doctrine is the most urgent need of our time, both theologically and practically.

LETTERS OF NEWMAN.

A volume of the *Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others, 1839-1845*, has been edited at the Birmingham Oratory (Longmans; 15s. net). It is an addition to the two volumes of letters edited by Anne Mozley, and makes that work more nearly complete and more fully illustrative of Newman's puzzling mind and peculiar experience. For not only are there letters here which ought to have been there, but sometimes also a letter is given in its entirety here, only a part of which is found in the earlier collection.

Apart from Newman himself, the interest is not intense. A vast host of his correspondents are already forgotten—gone for ever into the devouring mouth of that monster of monsters, the unhistorical past. At the Birmingham Oratory their names are preserved, as ticketed documents are preserved in a lawyer's office, and the necessary information is supplied in footnotes. But they

will never any more be part of the life of the world. Not only so. A great change has come over the attitude of the world to the things that were counted most important in those days, and to the controversies into which men threw themselves with so much zeal.

And yet more. A great and welcome change has come over the spirit of controversy itself. It is not clear that that change is recognized yet at the Birmingham Oratory. Certainly the criticism that must be passed on the editing of the book is just this, that its controversial tone and temper is out of date. A single example will suffice.

'Thomas Mozley had just taken over from Newman the editorship of the *British Critic*. Under his tolerant and genial auspices, this Review practically became the organ of the extreme men, such as Ward and Oakeley. His first number (July 1841) led off with a contribution for which Newman had declined to be responsible. This was Oakeley's famous article on Bishop Jewel, of which it is enough to say here that more than anything else it marked the parting of the ways between the old and new school of Tractarians. The editor's own contribution was a castigation of Dr. Faussett, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, for a blatant piece of rhetoric which he had just shot off against Tract 90. It was a castigation having the supreme felicity of being very witty and richly deserved. The victim, of course, could not have liked it, and Pusey, Keble, and Newman felt that it transgressed the bounds of charity. But nearly every one else seems thoroughly to have enjoyed it. The passage which it was such a relief to Newman to learn was not intended to be physically personal, is as follows:

'He [Dr. Faussett] confesses to a great difficulty in mere reading, not to speak of understanding what he reads. Two or three pages of quotation or argument he speaks of as a "long," "wearisome," "tedious," "perplexing," "irksome task"; "a prolixity well calculated to bewilder the reader and cause him to lose the thread of a disjointed argument"; "an entangled web of sophistical reasoning." So often do such expressions recur, that one is painfully reminded at every other page of headache, plethora, drowsiness, vertigo, depression of spirits, and other apoplectic symptoms. Knowing, therefore, the extreme difficulty some people find in mental operations,

we are willing to suppose the delay before publication was no more than the Professor's constitution required. But for his own avowals on this point, we might have thought some explanation necessary.'

But we must not leave the book on a note of disapproval. A fair example of the way in which it supplements Miss Mozley's volumes is the following. It is also a fair vision of Newman's affection for his friends. 'On September 12 Newman wrote a long letter to Keble which has been published by Miss Mozley with the omission of the two concluding paragraphs. Any reasons for withholding the first of these which may have been felt in 1890 have certainly lapsed by now. The second is merely one of the many touching proofs which we have of the writer's love for Pusey, and his anxious forebodings, too well justified in the event, about the health of the young Puseys.

'With you I have but subdued expectations of the Scotch Church—Copeland first broke one's hopes. There will be no good there, or anywhere else, till the doctrine of post-baptismal sin is recognised. N., N., and the Bishop of Exeter combine with the Cambridge Camden in making a fair outside, while within are dead men's bones. We shall do nothing till we have a severer religion.

'Pusey is pretty well—looks better—but has had the influenza—children, *he* says, better on the whole. I don't believe it. He is sorely harassed by a Romanising case on which he has gone out of his way to waste his strength, and which seems interminable.'

ABDUL HAMID.

It required some courage to include Abdul Hamid among the 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century.' Yet here he is—*Life of Abdul Hamid*, by Sir Edwin Pears (Constable; 6s. net). The general editor (Mr. Basil Williams) anticipates the objection. He quotes:

For, in a world where cruel deeds abound,
The merely damned are legion; with such souls
Is not each hollow and cranny of Tophet
crammed?

Thou with the brightest of Hell's aureoles
Dost shine supreme, incomparably crowned,
Immortally, beyond all mortals, damned.

And then he says: 'Thus wrote Mr. William Watson in a sonnet apologising to the late Sultan for having once called him simply "Abdul the Damned." A word of apology on my part may, perhaps, be expected for having included this sorry creature, Abdul Hamid, among the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." It will be seen by those who read this volume, written by one who has spent most of the working years of his life among the Turks, who saw and made others see what was good in them, and who has always lifted up his voice against the cowardly oppression of their rulers, that, far from gaining as a personality from intimate knowledge, Abdul Hamid loses even the little credit he had with those who judged him from afar as, at any rate, an astute and able ruler. All this is true enough, and yet as an influence on the political thought and action of Europe in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, as one who has handed down that evil influence to the Europe of this century, Abdul Hamid may justly lay claim to be included among those who have helped in large measure to make or mar the world into which we were born.'

Well, we read the book—it is not written with the literary finish of Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*, but it is reliable as to fact and inference, and never errs in preventing the reader's explosions of wrath by making them for him—we read the book, and we conclude that in all the history of the world known to us we have not met a less attractive human being. Abdul Hamid had all the vices of the Oriental and none of his virtues. He was Muhammadanism at its worst—except that he might have been more sexually sensual—but he had no vice in any strong positive degree. His whole life, and it was a long one, is history's fearful judgment on political human nature. He existed (he never lived) by playing off one 'Great Power' against another. If this biography is largely read, surely that terror 'the balance of power in Europe' will end its hideous course when the War ends.

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Edward Clodd, the well-known folklorist and agnostic, has written 'a brief history and examination of modern spiritualism.' Professor H. E. Armstrong, to whom the book is dedicated, writes a postscript and describes it correctly:

'Written with utmost sincerity of purpose, straight from the shoulder, in conversational style, without attempt at Stevensonian polish, the book appears to me to be a cumulative and forceful gravamen against a movement every aspect of which is pernicious—pernicious alike to the prime movers and to the public; one which, at all costs, in support of sanity of human outlook, we should seek to stamp out with every weapon at our command.' Perhaps no objection would have been raised to a little more 'Stevensonian polish.' But it may be that the purpose of the book will be served best by its very want of form and finish.

Readers of spiritualistic books, such as Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, will notice how different is the impression made by an incident according as it is read in the atmosphere of belief or unbelief. The greatest service which Mr. Clodd has rendered is to destroy the spiritualistic atmosphere. He holds up to ridicule the words and phrases used by writers on spiritualism to create a congenial atmosphere. A collection of them would be a fine study in the hypnotizing power of the English language. He has no belief in the Medium—none whatever. He gives a list of Mediums who have been detected and exposed—others are suspected but not actually detected. And Professor Armstrong adds his contribution on the credulity of their victims: 'As I write this, a letter appears in *The Sunday Times* (16th September 1917) under the title, "Sir Oliver Lodge's Innocence," written by Mr. Douglas Blackburn. After telling how he and a confederate hoaxed Messrs. Myers, Gurney, Podmore, and others by sham telepathic demonstrations, and after commenting on "the extraordinary gullibility displayed by Messrs. Myers and Gurney," he thus concludes: "I say deliberately, as the result of long acquaintance with and personal knowledge of most of the leading Occultists of the past forty years, that, while I acknowledge their absolute honesty and intent, I would not lay a shilling against a ten-pound note on any one of them not being roped in by the venerable Confidence Trick at the first time of asking." No more telling statement could be made.'

Mr. Clodd's title is *The Question: 'If a man die shall he live again?'* *Job xiv. 14* (Grant Richards; 10s. 6d. net). Does it imply that there is no other and no better answer to that question than table-dancing and elongation?

JOHN KEATS.

Sir Sidney Colvin has written his great book. It is at once biography and poetical criticism. To bring both together into one volume, to make the biography interpret the poetry and the poetry illustrate the biography, and all in such richness of detail and elevation of style, is an achievement which a man might well be content with as the sufficient end of his literary life's whole discipline. The title is *John Keats: his Life and Poetry, his Friends, Critics, and After-Fame* (Macmillan; 18s. net).

There is much in the book that is new. There are new facts and a new orientation of facts that are old. Sir Sidney Colvin has given his strength to the presentation of a portrait that shall be true. And he believes that a true portrait of Keats is the portrait of a true man. This is the great discovery that the reader makes—the discovery of Keats's supremé worthiness. All emotionalism, all the passion of love poured out unrestrainedly, all weakness of self-criticism, all fear of the opinion of men, all doubt of the future—all is swallowed up in a character that claims our interest, a character that waits, not for our indulgence but for our admiration.

Sir Sidney Colvin believes in Keats. He believes in his manliness. He believes in his place as a poet. Of 'Hyperion' he says, 'the fragment which in our language stands next in epic quality to *Paradise Lost*.' He has taken time and space to make us share his faith. There is a long and most welcome analysis of 'Endymion,' a very triumph of poetical interpretation. Then he says: 'But why take all this trouble, the reader may well have asked before now, to follow the argument and track the wanderings of Endymion book by book, when everyone knows that the poem is only admirable for its incidental beauties, and is neither read nor well readable for its story? The answer is that the intricacy and obscurity of the narrative, taken merely as a narrative, are such as to tire the patience of many readers in their search for beautiful passages and to dull their enjoyment of them when found; but once the inner and symbolic meanings of the poem are recognized, even in gleams, their recognition gives it a quite new hold upon the attention. And in order to trace these meanings and disengage them with any clearness a fairly close examination and detailed argument are

necessary. It is not with simple matters of personification, of the putting of initial capitals to abstract qualities, that we have to deal, nor yet with any obvious and deliberately thought-out allegory; still less is it with one purposely made riddling and obscure; it is with a vital, subtly involved, and passionately tentative spiritual parable, the parable of the experiences of the poetic soul in man seeking communion with the spirit of essential Beauty in the world, invented and related, in the still uncertain dawn of his powers, by one of the finest natural-born and intuitively gifted poets who ever lived. This is a thing which stands almost alone in literature, and however imperfectly executed is worth any closeness and continuity of attention we can give it.'

To the power which he finds most characteristic of Keats as a poet Sir Sidney Colvin gives the name of 'evocation.' He says that 'both by gift and purpose it was the part of Wordsworth to meditate and expound, while the part of Keats was to imagine and evoke.' And again, 'Wordsworth's poetry is intensely personal and "subjective," Keats's intensely impersonal and "objective." Wordsworth expounds, Keats evokes: the mind of Wordsworth works by strenuous after-meditation on his experiences of life and nature and their effect upon his own soul and consciousness: the mind of Keats works by instantaneous imaginative participation, instinctive and self-oblivious, in nature's doings and beings, especially those which make for human refreshment and delight.'

HAWARDEN.

A wonderful woman was that daughter of W. E. Gladstone who became known as Mrs. Mary Drew. The men who came to Hawarden all took to her, wrote to her, confided their secretest secrets to her. And she corresponded wisely with them all. The letters—some of the letters—of Lord Acton to Mary Drew were published a year or two ago. Now a volume has been published entitled *Some Hawarden Letters, 1878-1913*, edited by Lisle March-Phillips and Bertram Christian (Nisbet; 15s. net), and it contains more letters from Lord Acton, as well as letters from Ruskin, Burne-Jones, George Wyndham, Sir Arthur Gordon, Canon Scott Holland, Professor James Stuart, and others—all worth reading, some of them worth

reading again and again, till they become a memory and an inspiration for life.

The biographical stitches which sew the letters together are well inserted. We see the guests as they talk in the library (the 'Temple of Peace') or walk in the garden. Among them one day we see Henry Drummond. It is Professor James Stuart who writes: 'After that I "foregathered," as the Scotch say, with Mr. Drummond, with whom I went a walk. He is delightful. We talked of Christianity. He is full of it. We talked of the unending presence of the Holy Spirit among men as making an objective reality, and affording proof and testimony in its various manifestations of the nature of observed facts, as a more immediate proof of all we hope and wish for than is given by logical or intellectual proof. . . .'

Sir Arthur Gordon writing from India tells this story: 'In one of the numerous cave-temples is preserved in a crystal phial, resting on a golden lotus, and covered by a series of caskets richly jewelled, a small relic of a bit of one of Buddha's bones. The jewelled caskets are much too precious to be exposed to the vulgar eye, and are swathed in an infinite number of wrappings of every description. These were slowly stripped off in order to show me the relic. Countless coverings were thus removed. Old silk and cotton rags, woollen bandages, tattered *chiffons* of every description, when behold we came suddenly on a whole layer of red cotton Manchester handkerchiefs, each adorned with the well-known portrait of the G.O.M.'

THE UNIVERSITIES' YEARBOOK.

Last year no issue was made of *The Yearbook of the Universities of the Empire*. This year's issue accordingly covers 1916 and 1917 (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d. net). It is in many respects abnormal. And it is on that account the more interesting. A comparison with the first normal year after the war will be instructive.

In view of the great changes that will then inevitably have to be made, would it be possible to extend the scope of the Year Book and include the colleges? The line may be difficult to draw between colleges and schools, but there are colleges which are at present omitted although they stand on an equal footing in respect of work and estimation with those that are included. This is so with the

theological colleges in Scotland. To take in the theological faculty of the University of Edinburgh, for example, and leave out the New College is indefensible.

Perhaps we might be allowed to suggest also that the book could be packed better and the size reduced. The use of a clarendon type would often save spacing.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

The Right Hon. George W. E. Russell writes biography easily. This is his fourth volume. It is the biography of *Basil Wilberforce* (Murray; 8s. net).

Already we have had a sketch of Archdeacon Wilberforce's life. This also is a sketch, but it is fuller and more varied. All the eager activities of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's youngest son are touched. They are touched lightly enough, but we see him in them, and perhaps we should see him only less clearly if there were more details or descriptions. The truth is, Archdeacon Wilberforce's life was not for detailed description but just for the flash which reveals the spirit of the man. He did many things and he did them enthusiastically, and God will not be unmindful of his work and labour of love. But his influence came from what he was. Says Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, 'One felt that he was one of those rare souls that are unaffected by the laws of gravitation, and so rise superior to and are untouched by the attractions of the earth. I never met anyone who made me feel more intensely the reality of the things which are unseen.' . . . 'But perhaps one of his greatest charms was the fact that his inside and his outside were in perfect harmony with each other—a somewhat rare combination in this world of paradoxes. The beauty of his spirit was expressed in the beauty of his outward appearance: he looked exactly the manner of man that he was. One is so accustomed to meet, if not exactly "white souls clothed in a satyr's form," still white souls which are garbed in anything but becoming bodies—and, on the other hand, angel forms which clothe souls that are anything but white—that it is a joy to see anyone whose bodily presence is an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace within.'

C. H. H. WRIGHT.

Those initials and that name used to be familiar to Old Testament students. But Dr. Wright was always just on the conservative side, and it is nine years since he died. It is necessary now to say that he was the Bampton Lecturer who took the Book of Zechariah for his subject, the Donnellan Lecturer who lectured on the Book of Koheleth, the author of *Biblical Essays, an Introduction to the Old Testament*, and other books, and the editor (along with Mr. Neil) of *A Protestant Dictionary*. His biography, by the Rev. James Silvester, M.A., is called *A Champion of the Faith* (Thynne; 4s. net), less because Dr. Wright was conservative on Biblical criticism than because he was a keen anti-Roman controversialist. Keen enough, he had no personal animosities, and he was a sound scholar.

It is long since the discovery was made that instruction proceeds better by example than by precept. The difficulty has always been to find the examples. Arthur and Dorothea Ponsonby have passed by the overworked great men in action—Wellington, Nelson, and the rest—and have spent their days among the men of thought, preferring those of them who were *Rebels and Reformers*. With that title they have issued a book for young people, in young people's language, and just sufficiently above young people's thinking to be educative (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net). The *Rebels and Reformers* are Savonarola, William the Silent, Tycho Brahé, Cervantes, Giordano Bruno, Grotius, Voltaire, Hans Andersen, Mazzini, William Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau, Tolstoy.

The question of a League of Peace, now so suddenly become matter of popular discussion, is dealt with ably and practically in *The Framework of a Lasting Peace*, a volume edited by Mr. Leonard S. Woolf (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net). No other volume which we have seen gathers together so conveniently the various proposals which have been made for the preservation of peace, or offers so fair an estimate of their worth. There is much hopefulness to be found in the tone of the discussion, but there is also much necessity for Christian resolution. The book, however, is not occupied so much with the spirit that must be created as with the machinery that must be invented. But

the machinery, the editor clearly sees, must be worked by men of a right spirit. The questions which arose out of the Baghdad railway extension could have been settled quickly and quietly if they had been 'entrusted to the mediation of a Board of Conciliators, composed, for instance, of the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Norway.' Let all such questions be settled so in future.

There is information about the Church of Scotland in *The Church of Scotland Year-Book* (R. & R. Clark; 9d. net) that is not to be found anywhere else. The volume for 1918 is out, edited with extreme accuracy by the Rev. Arthur Pollok Sym, B.D., minister of Lilliesleaf. If the paper is war paper, the editing is the very best of war work.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has included in 'Everyman's Library' Victor Duruy's *History of France* in two volumes (Dent; 1s. 6d. net each). They are value for the money. Only the largest circulation could make it possible to issue two volumes of over five hundred pages each, well bound, and of the greatest historical value, for three shillings—and that in the severest time of the war. Duruy is best known in English by his great *History of Greece*. This *History of France*, admirably translated by L. Cecil Jane and Lucy Menzies, will give him a wider popularity. The History ends with the year 1815, but there is a sketch of events to 1871. An Appendix has been added by Miss Menzies carrying the record to 1914, the outbreak of the war. Dr. R. Wilson writes an Introduction.

For realizing what German ruthlessness is, there are no books to dispute the supremacy with those of Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee. First came *The German Terror in Belgium*; now comes *The German Terror in France* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). The pictures are enough. They are more than enough.

Dr. J. D. Freeman's book *The Edge of the Age* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net) is a book of comfort, not of consolation. It gives strength, not pity. It rouses to do, it does not help to bear. Dr. Freeman has found the bitterness. He dedicates his book 'To the Revered Memory of Lance-Corporal William Dakin Freeman, who fell in Flanders "while splendidly doing his duty,"

15th May 1915, aged eighteen years and six months.' He has found the bitterness of the cup. But he has drunk it in faith. And his triumphant faith gives him the right as well as the resource to strengthen others. He is not argumentative. If he asks 'Why does not God stop the war?' it is not to answer. Every man must find his own answer. Dr. Freeman gives the spirit to find it. He passes out of the war, forgetting the bitterness, into life. He reads poetry and recommends it. He compares the poet with the preacher. And it is not that life *has* to be lived; it is for the joy of living, the joy of the new-found life that is hid with Christ in God—with Christ, who has gone to prepare a place in God for us and has not left one of us comfortless or unable to comfort.

The Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., has now published in book form some papers contributed to 'The New Statesman' on *The War and Liberty*, and has included in the volume an address on Reconstruction (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. 6d. net). Its words are well weighed and worth weighing. Notice one debated matter. Mr. Samuel is convinced that every person of education or understanding should take part in public life. 'There are,' he says, 'still some who deliberately keep themselves aloof from public action. Sometimes they regard themselves as superior to politics. It may be suspected that in fact it is often the other way about. If they are lacking in judgment or goodwill their abstention may, indeed, be a service. But if they have those qualities, then it is an act both of desertion and of folly. There is an epigram, connected with the name of Simonides, which has a good moral:

"I never interpose in high debate:
Simonides, what think you of my rule?"—
"If you're a fool, I think you very wise;
But if you're wise, I think you are a fool."

And in any country where it becomes the custom, as was the case not long ago in the United States, for people of education and good intention to keep aloof from politics, to take no share in working the machinery which is an inevitable part of a democratic system, the effect is soon seen. One of the greatest of Americans has summed it up in a sentence. "The punishment," says Emerson, "which the wise suffer who refuse to take part in the government is to be under the government of

worse men." He might have added that they bear the reproach of leaving the less wise under worse government as well.'

It is right, and probably it is necessary, that the story of the origin of the war should be told fully, in a popular form. And it is clear that the man to do it is the author of *J'Accuse*. For he has studied the matter as few have been able to study it, and he is himself of German nationality. That he fixes the responsibility upon the military advisers of the Kaiser is for him a sorrowful enough responsibility, but the evidence is overwhelming. He has been taken to task by various German writers and speakers, and now to all his critics he makes reply in the first of two large handsome volumes under the title of *The Crime* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net).

The volume is at once a store of information and a rousing condemnation. To the original crime of hurling the world into war is added the abominable crime of lying. And very clumsy the lying is. For the spirit of arrogance takes little account of verisimilitude. The author of *The Crime* knows how to conduct controversy with such men.

There is one fact that in all discussion of peace terms is never forgotten and yet is never remembered enough. It is the fact of the Turk. For the Turk is treated as if he too were to have a place at the Council table and a vote in the disposition of peoples and countries. They who read Mr. E. F. Benson's *Crescent and Iron Cross* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net) will know better. Lord Aberdeen at the time of the Crimean War called the Turk the sick man of Europe. Mr. Benson calls him the sickness of Europe. He is its disease, its cancer. And you can give a deadly disease no place, you can come to no terms with it. If there are those who would restore him Armenia, let them read 'The End of the Armenian Question'; even if Constantinople, let them read the chapter entitled 'Deutschland über Allah.' 'Be Russia's decision what it may, the Turk will hold sway no longer in Thrace or Constantinople, or on the shores of the Straits of the Sea of Marmora.'

It is a mistake to know the geography of every country except one's own, the history of every age

except the present, the character and work of every literary or other genius except those who live among us. By W. M. Parker we are offered an easy introduction to some of our *Modern Scottish Writers* (Hodge; 5s. net). Perhaps it is no more than a bowing acquaintance that we obtain, but even so it is something, for the men are great enough to make us proud to bow to them—as they pass so courteously across the pages of this book. They are Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, William Sharp, Sir James Barrie, and eight others. Is it gossip? No, it is kindly criticism. It is appreciation of the instructive sort. It is genuine enjoyment.

There are many more systematic and even more searching books on *St. Paul's Ethical Teaching* (Humphreys; 4s. 6d. net) than that of the Rev. William Martin, B.D., but there are few that are more practical. Mr. Martin is not interested in St. Paul as a theologian, and he is not interested in ethics as a science. How did St. Paul behave, and how does he recommend behaviour to us?—that is his interest. For he has found disturbance in the war, disturbance to his ideas of conduct. Some actions are greater, some smaller than they were before. One of those that have lost their place is controversy. And on that he does not take even St. Paul as a perfectly safe guide. 'Two objections,' he says, 'have been made to his arguments: one from his use of the Old Testament, the other from his denunciations against his opponents. Both of these must be considered. With regard to the use of the Old Testament, it is objected that he uses texts without any regard to their contexts, and also heaps up proof-texts in a manner which no modern controversialist would adopt. Are we to conclude that he wilfully adopted interpretations to suit his arguments, without any regard to whether they were correct or not? Our reply is that St. Paul was a Pharisee, trained in Rabbinical schools, in which certain interpretations of Scripture were taught. These interpretations were not the result of a scientific exegesis of Scripture, but were traditional and held to be absolutely true. We cannot expect that, in the first century, the interpretation of the Old Testament would be on the same lines as it is in the twentieth century. The Apostle's general character ought to be sufficient to assure us that he believed firmly that his use of the Old Testa-

ment was a right one. Further, it must be remembered that the objection can be urged only against a few texts out of a vast number.

Mr. W. H. Drummond, editor of 'The Inquirer,' has reissued certain of his war 'leaders,' and they make an attractive as well as a stimulating book. The title is *The Soul of the Nation* (Lindsey Press; 2s. 6d. net). To read these short and pungent articles is to follow the events of the war and experience over again the emotions which these events stirred in us. But did we always rise as this editor did above the fear that weakens the arm?

It is becoming common for the preacher to kick against the demand for interest. The teacher repudiated it long ago, beyond the memory of the oldest. But let the teacher or the preacher come with something to say, and let him say it in a way to awaken interest, and he is the winner. Miss A. G. Caton is an interesting teacher. Her book, *Soldiers of the Cross* (Longmans; 2s. net), is full of scientifically instructive matter, but it is so set forth that we may read it without knowing that we are being scientifically instructed.

'The Epiclesis or Invocation is the most important and interesting part of the Eucharistic Liturgy. It takes somewhat different shapes in different liturgies, but it may generally be defined as a solemn appeal to God to intervene and make the Sacrament what Christ designed it to be when He instituted it. Practically speaking, all known liturgies contain an Epiclesis of some kind or other.' So the Rev. J. W. Tyrer, M.A., has traced the fortunes of *The Eucharistic Epiclesis* (Longmans; 2s. net) through the liturgies and the centuries, and has made a real contribution to liturgical study.

The new number of the *Journal of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Society* (Longmans; 5s. net) has five articles of importance, each a distinct and original contribution to its subject. Bishop Casartelli makes public an interest of the late James Hope Moulton not so well known as his other interests—his Iranian studies. This article is immediately followed by one on Dr. Moulton's Hellenistic Seminar, full of points, which are admirably set forth by the Rev. H. McLachlan. There is next a searching discussion

of the text of Judges xvii.-xviii. by M. H. Segal, which is followed (to show the variety of the Society's interests) by a very readable paper on the God of the Witches by Miss M. A. Murray. Dr. Canney closes with some reasons for saying that the translation of Mal 3²⁰ (4²) should be, 'The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his skirts,' not 'in his wings.'

The little book on *Religion and Common Sense*, by Donald Hankey (Melrose; 1s. net), in which he deals with Miracles, the Value of the Old Testament, and other topics, is of no use for systematic training in theology, but it is of much use for instruction in the way to remove the common man's religious difficulties. They are quite superficial. We blunder badly when we stand in awe of them. But they demand respect and patience. It is interesting to see that 'A Student in Arms' thought three chapters out of his ten necessary for 'Comparative Mythology.' How many of our professional teachers of religion could write one chapter with any confidence? And yet even Viscount Morley in his *Reminiscences* still supposes that Christ and the Gospels are reduced to ashes by that study.

'The world's great need to-day is for men.' Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy does not refer to the military world. It is not men for the trenches he means; it is men of character and leadership in every sphere of life. Where shall we find them? Following Christ, he says. For Christ is *The Maker of Men*. And that title he has given to his book (Oliphants; 1s. net). It is a history of how Christ made Himself and then undertook to make us as Himself.

Another book by Dr. Andrew Murray is a gift for which to be grateful. *Back to Pentecost* it is called (Oliphants; 2s. net). For it is full of the Holy Spirit. Each chapter may be read and enjoyed by itself; but a purpose is fulfilled by the complete book. That purpose, in the words of Mr. Albert A. Head, is to urge the value of the Holy Spirit first in the believer for holiness and next *through* the believer for service. And never did Andrew Murray speak with more authority than in this posthumous volume. 'The fragrance of his prayer life,' says Mr. Head, 'pervades his soul-stirring entreaty that the people of God should

be up and doing, their loins girded, their lamps burning, awaiting the return of their Lord.' The last is the most searching chapter. It handles hindrances. There is but one. It is unbelief.

The Rev. Walter Searle of the South African General Mission has been in the habit of using 'Brainerd's example as an incentive to wrestling in prayer and the unflagging pursuit of holiness.' Then came the thought—a true inspiration—to prepare a pocket edition of Brainerd's Diary and Journal. He calls it *David Brainerd's Personal Testimony in his own Thrilling Words* (Oliphants; 1s. 3d. net). Dr. Andrew Murray has introduced it. Confident that every praying person who knows of it will use it, he gives a warning: 'Beware of being content, and even delighted, with what you read of the intensity of Brainerd's prayers, and the wonderful answer that sometimes came so speedily and with such power. This delight may tempt you to rest content with the approval and the pleasure of knowing what he did. But this will profit little. Read, and pause, and read again, as in God's presence, until you hear the voice of the Spirit calling you to follow in the footsteps of God's servants, and to ask grace to enable you to prove what the secret is of such intense love to souls, and such confident assurance that God will, in answer to your prayer, too, bestow blessing on those for whom you pray.'

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., has gathered into *A Little Book of Comfort* (Scott; 2s. net) the most comforting passages of Scripture, and has added to them some passages that are only less comforting from devotional writers, sometimes in prose, sometimes in poetry. The divisions are: Comfort in Sorrow, The Sympathy of the Lord Jesus, War-time, Peace, The Death of those we Love, The Communion of Saints, The Comfort of Prayer, The Comfort of the Holy Eucharist, Reunion.

A simple evangelical statement of the meaning of the Eucharist is given by Mr. A. T. Schofield, M.D., in the book entitled *The Lord's Supper as Presented in Scripture* (Scott; 2s. net). Its chapter titles are: The Lord's Supper as Instituted, The Lord's Supper as a Remembrance, The Lord's

Supper as a Communion, The Lord's Supper as Spiritual Food.

Those who have the largest library of books on the Lord's Prayer will find reason to add *The Lord's Prayer and the Prayers of our Lord*, by the Rev. E. F. Morison, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). Dr. Morison (as the readers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES know) has a fresh mind, and he adds to it a scholar's industry. The distinguishing and commanding feature of his book is the way in which the Lord's Prayer is illustrated by our Lord's own prayers. And the surprise is the way in which this comparison throws understanding on our Lord's Person. Thus when we reach the petition 'Thy kingdom come,' the question is raised whether Christ Himself prayed for the coming of the Kingdom. Now, 'though we are not told that our Lord prayed the prayer "Thy kingdom come," yet we find that He uses the petition "Thy will be done," the necessary accompaniment of such a prayer. The Father's will must determine the principles and methods of the Kingdom which His Son was sent to proclaim. "Not my will, but thine, be done." Even the Messiah, the Founder of the Kingdom, God's Vicegerent, must pray in time of trial and temptation lest, by saving His life, He forfeit His soul and with it the Kingdom. The fate of the Kingdom was determined in the agony of Gethsemane, and it was prayer that decided the battle. "Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers" is our triumph-song of thankfulness.'

Mr. Thynne has published the *Advent Testimony Addresses* delivered at Queen's Hall in December (1s. net), and a reprint of Canon Edward Hoare's *Great Britain, Palestine, Russia, and the Jews* (1s. 6d. net), brought up to date by the Rev. E. L. Langston, M.A.

There is not an Annual in existence (or if there is, we have not seen it yet) which packs so much into the space as does *The Church Directory and Almanack* (Nisbet; 4s. net). Yet all is in perfect clearness and simplicity; and the accuracy is 'all a wonder and a wild desire.' That one who has once used this book should ever again buy a more expensive Directory is unthinkable.

The Possible Meanings of 'Eternal' in the New Testament.

BY THE REV. F. R. TENNANT, D.D., B.SC., LECTURER IN THEOLOGY AND FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The word 'eternal' and the phrase 'eternal life' are of frequent occurrence in the New Testament. The doctrine of heaven, in which the idea of eternity is involved, is of very practical significance for religion; and the relation of the Eternal God to the time-process of the world and to human progress in the appropriation of revealed truth and in ethical life, is of fundamental importance to the Christian Faith. The possible meanings of the term 'eternal' are therefore a matter of interest to all students of theology and teachers of religion; while the meaning or meanings which must be selected out of such as are possible, as those which are most probably intended by New Testament writers who use the term, will also be an object of inquiry which it is well worth while to pursue.

The Greek word, which is rendered by 'eternal' in our versions, literally expresses only a relation to some *æon*, age, or period of time. It is not, however, this primary meaning which is of religious interest, but rather the derived or secondary signification of the term: that is to say, it is the characteristics of the *æon* under contemplation when *αἰώνιος* is used by a New Testament writer, which chiefly matter to us. The first possible secondary meaning of 'eternal'—secondary in the etymological sense, but primary for theological interest—will be that which doubtless most plain Christians associate with the word when they read the Scriptures or use the word in ordinary discourse: viz. everlasting. Whether the New Testament term ever bears this sense, or this sense was intended by New Testament writers, seems to be a question as to which commentators differ. But partly because the lexicons assign this sense, among others, to *αἰώνιος* in classical Greek, and partly because it certainly seems to be borne in apocryphal books (Ec 18¹, Wis 5⁴⁵, etc.) and in Dn 12², where it is said of many that sleep in the dust of the earth that they shall awake, 'some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt,' this rendering would seem, at least in some cases, not to be excluded as impossible.

But, however this may be, it is certain that for popular Christian belief, eternity is synonymous with everlastingness, or life from everlasting to everlasting. Eternity, that is to say, is very commonly conceived as infinite or unending duration through time; and according to this interpretation, time would simply be a part of eternity. The well-known argument of Kant for human immortality, according to which immortality of the soul must be postulated as the necessary condition of the realization of the categorical imperative of conscience to attain the highest good, also seems to involve this interpretation of eternity. The chief difficulty besetting this notion of eternity as everlastingness is the difficulty, or rather the difficulties, involved in the idea of infinity as that which has no end. These are of a mathematical nature, and need not be dwelt on here. But it may be observed that these difficulties have been so acutely felt by most philosophical thinkers that the conception of eternity as quantitative, *i.e.* as an infinite number of successive instants, has been abandoned by them.

Accordingly, in the Middle Ages, the attempt was made to conceive of everlastingness as an eternal present, of duration as not involving succession of present on past, and future on present; and the favourite definition of eternity was, 'the whole and perfect simultaneous possession of interminable life.' This, however, affords no way out of the old difficulty; because duration is inconceivable without succession, and therefore it is impossible to speak of an everlasting now: the phrase 'eternal present' is but a metaphor, for 'present' is meaningless unless it involve relation to past and future. It is true that whenever we experience one perception—one single whole apprehension—of any object, the 'present' which the perception occupies is not a mathematical instant, but a very brief though measurable space of clock-time, in which the immediate past is retained in consciousness and the immediate future is anticipated. Here, therefore, we have a brief enduring present,

in which real past, present, and future are apprehended together in one, as simultaneous *for the percipient*. But though simultaneous for the percipient at the moment, really or objectively (or from the point of view of psychological reflexion and science), the past, present, and future are distinguishable in all such experiences; and the same is of course true of abnormal cases such as of rapt attention and trance, in which a lengthy period of time seems to the percipient but a moment or a present. Hence we cannot escape the implication of succession, and therefore of time, if, with Augustine, we credit God with a perceptual present like ours (in which past and future are also blended), though of indefinitely greater span, so that it embraces in one present the distant past and future. Eternity cannot be conceived, even on these lines, as an everlasting present in which there is no succession and therefore no infinite time.

Thus it appears that the common conception of the eternal as the everlasting is impossible to retain when we think out its implications. And we are therefore not surprised to find that many writers have abandoned this interpretation to embrace another.

This second possible meaning of 'eternity' is that of timelessness. The eternal has no relation at all to time. If all of reality that we know is in time, or perceived through the temporal form, there may well be real existence which is not subject to time; and indeed Spinoza and Hegel and other philosophers have regarded all reality as really timeless, and our sense of time as an illusion, or a subjective misreading of reality. This view of the eternal, and of the life of God, however, is of no use to Christian theology. If the temporal and the eternal are absolutely unrelated and unrelatable, God becomes of no interest to, and can have no dealings with, beings like us who perceive under the form of time, and to whom the time-process is of the utmost significance. God is resolved, on such a view, into a mere idea; He ceases to be a living Spirit. He can have no experience; for experience is change, and change implies time. He cannot be the ground and Creator and Controller of a temporal world; the immutable can have no relation to the changing. Thus the second possible sense which 'the eternal' might conceivably bear, though one which some philosophers have embraced and with which some

theologians have coquetted, is at least as hopeless as the first.

In the third place, the eternal has been conceived as not in, and confined to, the time-process (as, *e.g.*, trees are in the course of Nature, or as the drops of water are in the stream), though as having relation to time and things in time. Time may be phenomenal, an appearance of the supra-temporal, without being a mere false illusion to which no reality corresponds. In this case the eternal will be regarded as the truly real, as distinguished from what appears to be; *i.e.* 'the noumenal' of philosophers. The phrase in 1 Ti 6¹⁹, which in the Authorized Version is translated 'eternal life,' and which in the Revised Version is correctly rendered 'the life that truly is,' suggests this view of eternity. So also do St. Paul's words (2 Co 4¹⁸): 'The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.' And a similar meaning may perhaps be read into the Johannine phrase, 'life eternal,' which denotes increasing power to see things from the point of view of eternity—however that may be interpreted. In the Fourth Gospel, eternal life is represented as a present reality, a striving after growing knowledge rather than an already perfected knowledge, though a knowledge which is to be perfected in a future æon, when faith shall have passed into sight. Such knowledge would consist in apprehension of values and ideals which are timeless in the sense of being true for all time and apart from all relation to time—in which case the meaning of 'eternal' will include 'timeless' (in so far as apprehension of timeless truth is concerned), though it may also include the vision of God as He is, or 'face to face,' and insight into the things of God otherwise than as we now know them, 'darkly' or 'in a riddle.' Truths and values are different from things which *exist*; they are *valid* of what exists: and they can perfectly well be timeless, or unrelated to one time rather than another, and so 'out of' time. But existent things, such as God and the realities of the heavenly life, as we have seen, must rather be described as noumenal, *i.e.* as reality as it is in itself apart from our perception of it, than as timeless.

On this view of the eternal as the noumenal and supra-temporal, God can be conceived to have a functional relation to time and to beings in time, such as religion and theology require. The process of human development can be of interest to Him,

and He of intimate concern to us, which we could not conceive to be the case were He supposed to be 'out of' time, or timeless, in the sense of having no relation at all to time and the temporal. The temporal may then have eternal significance; the historical event (such as the Incarnation and the Death of our Lord), though occurring once alone and at particular moments in time, may nevertheless be charged with revelation-value and truth independent of all time and temporal circumstances. In fact, in this third possible sense of 'eternity' we have found a meaning to which New Testament language seems directly to point, and one which lends itself admirably to the exposition of the Christian revelation in theological doctrine.

But there is still another sense of 'eternal' to be considered, distinct from those of 'everlasting,' 'timeless,' and 'noumenal' or 'truly real,' respectively. 'Eternal' is also used as a term of *value*. Its meaning is then determined quite otherwise than by antithesis to time or phenomenality. According to some commentators on the writings of St. John, the best rendering, in popular language, of St. John's term 'eternal' is 'spiritual'—a term from which all reference to time is absent, and which suggests ideas of value rather than of existence. Similarly, we sometimes use the words 'enduring' and 'abiding' in a non-temporal sense. Indeed, there are passages in the

New Testament where 'eternal' and cognate words seem directly to refer to a contrast of values: e.g. 'The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever (εις τὸν αἰῶνα)'—1 Jn 2¹⁷. The contrast here is between what is worthy, and consequently satisfying, on the one hand, and the disappointing, because unworthy, on the other. The eternal, in this sense, does not bespeak immutability or timelessness; it allows of a peace of God, and a Divine perfectness of life, which is compatible with active energizing—'My Father worketh hitherto . . .'. Constancy and stability 'with no shadow of turning' may be marks of the Eternal, however; and it is not so much lapse of time, unending or otherwise, but the quality of the filling of time, and beatific absorption in the fulness of each successive present moment, that are the marks of the eternal.

Possibly at bottom, these last two meanings of 'eternity' meet and become one. For it may well be that what is of highest value is so because it most truly is, or is noumenal. But whether as ultimately one and the same, or as two distinct yet congruent conceptions, these last two meanings of the word 'eternal' are alone compatible with Christian theology, and are at the same time exegetically most probably the true interpretations of the scriptural term.

In the Study.

Rahab.

'By faith Rahab the harlot perished not with them that were disobedient, having received the spies with peace.'—Heb. 11³¹.

I.

Rahab's Hospitality.

1. Ancient Jericho stood in a beautiful, well-watered oasis between the pass up to Jerusalem on the south and the passes of Benjamin towards Bethel on the north. Surrounded by rocky ravines and desert, it was itself wooded with palms. And as it commanded the fords of the Jordan, it lay on a trade route in that busy and mercantile country, where merchants would constantly be travelling from Babylon and the other Mesopotamian cities

to the rich Phœnician cities on the coast, or to Uru-salim, and the Chabiri, and the great frontier towns on the way down to Egypt. It was a wealthy town (Jos 7²¹), splendid with the merchandise of the East and the West. From the mound of ruins which marks its site we cannot estimate its extent, and nothing in the narrative of Joshua gives us any indication. But the ruins of its immemorial walls quite justify the description that the Canaanite towns were built up to heaven, and enable us to understand how houses could stand upon the rampart broad as a street.

Upon the great wall of the city of Jericho, no doubt near to the eastern gate, there was what was called in Athens a thousand years later a *Hetæra*. The harlot's name was Rahab. There has been

an attempt made to take off the stigma which, to point the marvels of grace, all the centuries had attached to her. One of the earliest versions of the Jewish Scriptures renders the word which describes her calling—innkeeper. And one commentator (Adam Clarke) shows that women were the tavern-keepers in Greece and Egypt in ancient days, and points out many items in the narrative which would comport with such a view.

But we must remember that in the degraded condition of public opinion in Canaan, as indeed much later in the case of the *Hetære* of Athens, Rahab's occupation was not regarded as disgraceful, neither did it banish her from her family, nor break up the bonds of interest and affection between them, as it must do in every moral community. It was not accompanied with that self-contempt and self-loathing which in other circumstances are its fruits. We may quite easily understand how Joshua's spies might enter her house simply for the purpose of getting the information they desired, as modern detectives when tracking out crime so often find it necessary to win the confidence and worm out the secrets of members of the same wretched class. But the emissaries of Joshua were in too serious peril, in too devout a mood, and in too high-strung a state of nerve to be at the mercy of any Delilah that might wish to lure them to careless pleasure. Their faith, their honour, their patriotism, and their regard for their leader Joshua, all demanded the extremest circumspection and self-control. They were, like Peter, walking on the sea; unless they kept their eye on their Divine protector, their courage and presence of mind would fail them, they would be at the mercy of their foes.

Upon the Old Testament treatment of the subject it may be remarked as startling that there is no express condemnation of sexual immorality which does not involve violation of the marriage-bond. At the most, fornication seems to be condemned in Proverbs as health- and wealth-destroying folly, while the general tenor of the Old Testament morality is content to proscribe adultery and religious prostitution. In explanation of this, it may be observed that the true ethical attitude towards prostitution was impossible so long as marriage was in the transitional stage mirrored in the Old Testament, and that the Old Testament at least unfolded a conception of the divine holiness and its relation to sexual purity which was destined to mature into the higher sexual morality.¹

2. Rahab received the Israelitish spies and gave them hospitality. In one view her hospitable

reception of the spies and her collusion with them was treason. And if we look at her conduct by itself, it certainly cannot be applauded in that crisis of national peril, when her country's liberty was at stake. Undoubtedly she ought to have stood by her people; it was unpatriotic in her to listen to the traitorous suggestions of the Hebrew spies or to harbour them for an hour. But, as a matter of fact, we cannot always detach an action from its connexions and environments and subsequent consequences. Actions must sometimes be considered in their larger relations, and a thing may be unconstitutional and irregular and yet be right. And it is always better to be right than to be regular. Hence it comes to pass that a deed which in its local aspect and isolated is indefensible, sometimes receives applause and a vindication when its affiliations and remote effects are made clear.

3. The two men had evidently been noticed and suspected as they entered the city, which they seem to have done in the dusk of the evening. Whoever had detected them, after following them to Rahab's house, had then to resort to the king's residence and give their information to him. Rahab had an inkling of what was likely to follow, and being determined to save the men, she hid them on the roof of the house, and covered them with stalks of flax, stored there for domestic use. When, after some interval, the king's messengers came, commanding her to bring them forth since they were Israelites come to search the city, she was ready with her plausible tale. Two men had indeed come to her, but she could not tell who they were—it was no business of hers to be inquisitive about them; the men had left just before the gates were shut, and doubtless, if they were alert and pursued after them, they would overtake them, for they could not be far off. The king's messengers had not half the wit of the woman; they took her at her word, made no search of her house, but set out on the wild-goose chase on which she had sent them.

Mozley in his lectures on the Old Testament compares Rahab's deception with Jael's. He says: 'Rahab's act was the saving of two believers in the true God, whereas Jael's was the destruction of an enemy of God; but deception was common to both acts. The whole statement in answer to the king of Jericho's demand for the two spies was false, the two men being at the very time on the roof of the house hid with the stalks of flax. St. James, however, says that Rahab "was justified by works," and that this very concealment of the messengers was the work which justified her.'

¹ W. P. Paterson, in *Dictionary of the Bible*, ii. 304.

Bacon, in his tract 'On Church Controversies,' speaking of certain enthusiastic preachers of his day, says—'In this kind of zeal, they have pronounced generally, and without difference, all untruths unlawful; notwithstanding, that the midwives are directly reported to have been blessed for their excuse, and Rahab is said by faith to have concealed the spies.'¹

II.

Rahab's Faith.

1. Here we have not quite so easy a theme; for the mixture of good and evil which always marks human action is provokingly obvious here. With clear faith falsehood is mingled; with devotion to Israel, something like treason to her people. And persons who can do addition, but cannot balance accounts, are apt to reject her altogether. They forget that morality has its chronology, and that the sanctity of truth dates from the Christian era. They forget, too, what ought to be obvious, that the charge of not doing all she can to save her country hardly lies against a person who has the conviction that her country cannot be saved, and that her city is for its sins a very City of Destruction; and that in rewarding her, God rewards, not her lie, but her hospitality, her courage, her taking the part of Israel, her confession of His name; and that what we have here is not nineteenth century Christianity, but incipient Israelitism. Considering these things, we mark the action of faith in her case. When these considerations have their weight, it is striking to see how many of the characteristics of Christian faith are found here.

Though her faith may have been but as a grain of mustard seed, we see two effects of it that are not to be despised. One was her protection of the Lord's people, as represented by the spies; the other was her concern for her own relations. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters and all that they had, were dear to her, and she took measures for their safety when the destruction of Jericho should come. She exacted an oath of the two spies, and asked a pledge of them, that they would all be spared when the crisis of the city arrived. And the men passed their oath and arranged for the protection of the family. No doubt it may be said that it was only their temporal welfare about which she expressed concern, and for which she made provision. But what more could she have been expected to do at that moment? "What more could the two spies have engaged to secure? It

was plain enough that if they were ever to obtain further benefit from fellowship with God's people, their lives must be preserved in the first instance from the universal destruction which was impending. Her anxiety for her family, like her anxiety for herself, may even then have begun to extend beyond things seen and temporal, and a fair vision of peace and joy may have begun to flit across her fancy at the thought of the vile and degrading idolatry of the Canaanites being displaced in them by the service of a God of holiness and of love.

2. She hid the messengers. Possibly the Eastern law of hospitality had some influence upon her conduct, but the narrative shows that Rahab was willing to undergo present risk for the sake of future preservation. Had the spies been detected in her house, death was sure. We do not excuse the falsehoods she told, nor are they commended in Scripture. They were an outcome of her degraded state, and an infirmity which was graciously overlooked by reason of her faith. To have respect to a future good is the duty of every man. The obstacle in the path of many is that they cannot forgo present enjoyment. Religion requires us to endure 'as seeing him who is invisible,' to 'look at the things unseen.'

That scene upon the roof of the house on the wall in the solemn night, under the throbbing stars, assumes a certain universal significance. Human love, religious faith, the gloom of coming ruin and the hope of far salvation, mingle into a human tragedy. Did the passion of a new purity spring up in the heart of the woman through the faith of Yahweh? Did she hope to see her stained past burnt up and buried beneath the ruins of her native town? Did Rahab, which means Pride, grow humble there with a new faith, a new hope, a new love? At any rate, the two men, messengers from the host of the Lord, were at once her loyal champions. They would save the woman's life, though their own should go in the attempt. These were not the empty words of panic, the idle promises of those who are eager to win safety. All three there, in the sight of the witnessing stars, knew their own and each other's sincerity. Mutual pledges were given, which were to be fulfilled to the letter.

As to the question of the existence of a creative mind in the formation of the Universe, it seems to me precisely equivalent to the inquiry whether in Tintoretto's pictures the flax of the canvas, the gesso and the glue of the priming, the

¹ J. B. Mozley, *Ruling Ideas in Early Ages*, 284.

delightful forms and arrangement traceable on the surface came there by a happy chance, or whether all these materials were brought together by an intelligent mind, and the design was accomplished by wise direction and control. The conclusion forced on the mind in the case of a painting applies also to the creation of the Universe.¹

III.

Rahab's Deliverance.

It has not been the lot of Rahab to share the devout interest which has been lavished on Mary Magdalene. Our Correggios, Titians, and Carlo Dolcis have not attempted to represent the spirit of contrition and devotion transfiguring the face of the Canaanite girl. But though she was not one of those whose contrite and holy love painters delight to represent, she belonged to the same order, and in some respects is more remarkable than any of the New Testament penitents. For her light was much dimmer than theirs who lived in the days of the Son of Man. She was utterly without support or sympathy from those among whom she lived, for, with the exception of her own relations, who seem to have been influenced by herself, not a creature in Jericho shared her faith, or showed the slightest regard for the God of Israel.

Alexander Henderson² has two sermons on Rahab. Re-joicing in the mercy of God, he makes this appeal. 'And if so be thou thinks, I am not such as she was, then I say thou sees not thyself well, if so be thou knows not more of thyself than thou knows of her, whatever she had that was unknown. And albeit, indeed, ilk ane are not alike sinners, yet ilk ane of the children of God says, and thinks it in effect, "I am the chief of sinners"; for if so be that thou will search thyself, thou will see into thy awin heart, but thou sees not their heart. And, indeed, in the hearts of the best there are great mountains of corruption lying hid, whilk none sees but themselves, and that is a cause of great and daily humiliation to them, and therefore great need have we to repent daily because of these, although we had no other sin that either others or we ourselves knew. For as the Lord has put a mark upop her, and called her harlot, so might He have put a mark upon thee; and if so be that the Lord has kepted this secret between Him and thee, if Rahab was obliest to God for mercy, then thou are double obliest, both for shewing mercy and in keeping up thy shame, that it was not made open to the world.'

1. Rahab's story shows how living faith, like a living stream, will cut a channel for itself, and must

¹ W. H. Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, ii. 267.

² *Sermons, Prayers, and Pulpit Addresses*, by Alexander Henderson, 1638. Edited from the original MS. by the Rev. R. Thomson Martin.

needs flow out into the life. Hence James is right in using her as an example of how 'we are justified by works and not by faith only,' and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews is equally right in enrolling her in his great master-roll of heroes and heroines of faith, and asserting that 'by faith' she 'perished not among them who believed not.' The one writer fastens on a later stage in her experience than does the other. James points to the rich fruit, the Epistle to the Hebrews goes deeper and lays bare the root from which the life rose to the clusters.

Rahab was not only protected when Jericho and all its people were destroyed, but incorporated with the children of Israel. She became an heir of Abraham's blessing; she came among those 'to whom pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises.' An old tradition made her the wife of Joshua, but, according to the genealogies she married Salmon (Mt 1⁵), prince of the imperial tribe of Judah, great-grandfather of David, and ancestor of the Messiah. In the golden roll of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, she is the only woman who shares with Sarah, the great mother of the nation, the honour of a place among the heroes of the faith. Such honours could not have been attained by her had she not been a changed character—one of those who erewhile 'had lain among the pots, but who became like the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.'

2. Observe the mode of Rahab's deliverance—she bound the scarlet line in the window. This was the preconcerted signal which Joshua and the Hebrew army agreed to recognize and honour when they entered the land. It was a typical transaction, for the central truth of the gospel lies imbedded here. In that dark and brutal age God intimated in cipher that He would one day conclude arrangements for the reduction of this sinful world to the obedience of Christ. The parallel is impressive. Rahab seems to prophesy. For in this dramatic action is depicted the serious truth that our world is a heathenish, ungodly Jericho that must be ransacked and revolutionized and set on a better basis; it must be searched and cleansed and receive a new constitution; a loftier manhood must come in, a higher and finer social order. And to prefigure this future God has displayed from the walls of our world-Jericho a scarlet line, a

flaming banner, and has lifted up a holy cross, as a hopeful signal.

The sign of deliverance, the 'line of scarlet thread in the window,' has always been taken as a symbol of the blood of Christ, through whom alone we have redemption. It may be said that the Fathers have 'a passion for allegorical interpretation'; but when we find St. Clement of Rome, who, with this exception, never indulges in mystical meanings (Keble), asserting that the scarlet line teaches us that 'through the Blood of the Lord there is redemption for all,' it seems that the explanation of the 'ordained friend of St. Paul and St. Peter,' a practical person, must have some value. If the uplifted brazen serpent was, as we know it was, a type of the Crucifixion, surely the scarlet cord which saved from destruction may in like manner be a type of the precious Blood of Christ.¹

Rise up, rise up, O Rahab,
And bind the scarlet thread
On the casement of thy chamber,
When the battle waxeth red.

'Twas in the time of harvest,
When the corn lay on the earth,
That first she bound the signal
And bade the spies go forth.

For a cry came to her spirit
From the far Egyptian coasts,
And a dread was in her bosom
Of the mighty Lord of Hosts.

And the faith of saints and martyrs
Lay brave at her heart's core,
As some inward pulse were throbbing
Of the kingly line she bore.

As there comes a sudden fragrance
In the last long winter's day,
From the paly silken primrose,
Or the violet by the way.

And we pause, and look around us,
And we feel through every vein
That the tender spring is coming
And the summer's rosy reign.

In the twilight of our childhood,
When youth's shadows lie before,
There come thoughts into our bosoms
Like the spies to Rahab's door.

And we scarcely know their value,
Or their power for good or ill,
But we feel they are God's angels,
And they seek us at His will.

And we tremble at their presence,
And we blush to let them forth,
In some word of tender feeling,
Or some deed of Christian worth.

Yet those guests perchance may witness
In that awful battle day,
When the foe is on the threshold,
And the gates of life give way:

When the soul that seeks for safety,
Shall behold but one red sign—
But the blood drops of Atonement
On the cross of Love Divine!²

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

The Defeat of Jack Frost.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
Ps 147^{17, 18}.

1. Jack Frost is a favourite with you all, I know; but you love him best when he first comes. That is generally in the early winter. Perhaps you boast about the pranks he plays in your home and in the garden. 'There were pictures of ferns on our windows this morning,' one girl might say. Another will tell how Jack Frost had found the clothes that had been hung out to dry, and starched them, so that when they were taken off the ropes they stood up stiff on the green, just like pieces of pasteboard. We all have a liking for Jack Frost. There is no decorator like him. He can make the trees sparkle with a pure white glory, and throw over the wide moors a veil of perfect loveliness.

² C. F. Alexander.

¹ W. H. Hutchings, *Sermon Sketches*, ii. 188.

But he can do other things as well. The words on his trade card ought, in fact, to read like this :

I'm a cracker of pipes,
And a burster of drains,
And a beautiful painter
Of window-panes.

I give little boys cold,
And make little boys sneeze,
But I glorify gooseberry
Bushes and trees.

Jack has many good qualities, but he is certainly mischievous. He can be hard-hearted too ; I have heard of him blowing through a hole into a room where a poor child was lying ill, thus making her very much worse.

2. Some one, however, gets the better of Jack every year. There is a month that long ago got its name from Mars, the God of War—the month we call March. The Romans thought that Mars could do anything because he was so strong. They prayed to him for rain, and consulted him about their private affairs, and offered sacrifices to him. Now, although all the time they thought of Mars as being very strong, and associated him in their minds with thunder and lightning, they believed that a tiny bird like the woodpecker tapping the trunk of a tree was the answer of this blustering, noisy God to their prayers. What a strange mixture.

And our month of March is a strange mixture too. Here is a little poem about March in a boisterous mood.

The driver whistled as he awoke,
And drove the dust like a cloud of smoke,
He drove the clouds like a flock of sheep,
He drove the leaves in a hurrying heap ;
He whipped the hats from the passers-by,
And tossed them up till they seemed to fly ;
He drove the rain into level lines,
And roared in the tops of the tallest pines.
He never paused in his greeting rough,
For it seemed he could not go fast enough.
But where he was going none could say,
And all you would hear if you went that way
Was, 'Oh, what a dreadfully windy day !'¹

3. But when he makes up his mind to defeat Jack Frost, March is generally very gentle, as gentle even as the woodpecker.

¹ E. W., in *A Garland of Verse*, 151.

A something hovers in the air,
And poises o'er the naked tree,
And rides upon the wingèd cloud,
Yet hath no form the eye can see ;
But to the deeper, inward sight,
It is a presence sweet and true,
That fills the universe with joy,
And wakes the earth with impulse new !

A something in the forest word,
It scarcely may be named a voice,
Yet fettered captives hear its call,
And in their longing heart rejoice :—
A subtle whisper in the breeze,
So soft, it seems a spirit's breath,
Yet leafless boughs grow tremulous
With ecstasy, at what it saith !

A something rises with the morn,
And lingers with the sun's last ray,
Brings rapture to the silent night,
And lustre to the shining day ;
With yearning, half of bliss and pain,
It swells my heart, and, wondering,
I ask, 'What can it be?' A bird
Sings at my window, 'It is spring !'²

The bird singing at the window would probably be a robin, saying, not only 'It is spring,' but 'Cheer up,' 'Cheer up.'

4. And so we get sermons preached to us every month. This time it is a little sermon on gentleness. Every one of you wants to grow up to be a strong man or a strong woman. But there are *gentlemen* and *gentlewomen*. To be one of these you must be gentle-hearted. Jesus had power to do anything, but when we read His life the one thing that sticks in our memories is His wonderful gentleness. You have that life for a pattern. 'Learn of me,' He said. It will mean 'learning' to the end of your life, but you will have the best Teacher that ever lived.

II.

Paper Boats.

'Vessels of papyrus.'—Is 18.

Who would have thought that paper boats were mentioned in the Bible? But it is wonderful what you can find there if you hunt.

Do you wonder how they made them in those

² Z. Cocke, in *A Garland of Verse*, 155.

days; whether they used brown paper or white, and if they had the same pattern as we have? Well, I'm afraid you might not have recognized these paper boats if you had seen them, for they were made, not exactly from paper, but from the papyrus reeds which grew along the side of the Nile. Some people say that the ark of bulrushes in which the baby Moses was laid was woven of these reeds. From the papyrus reed was also made a writing material which was used for books and manuscripts for centuries before paper was invented and which gave its name to paper as we know it.

Would you like to know what these vessels of papyrus were like? Well, they were long light boats with flat bottoms. They were not unlike punts. They held only one or two passengers, and they were propelled by a paddle or a punting-pole.

Now I have been thinking that these paper boats are rather like boys and girls, and I have thought of three points of resemblance.

1. First they could go where larger and heavier craft could not venture. They were used for navigation in the shallows and pools of the Nile where large heavy boats would have been stranded.

I think that is very like the boys and girls. They can sometimes go where big people can't go, and do what big people can't do. Sometimes you sigh to be grown-up and to be able to do all the nice things the grown-ups are allowed to do; but did you ever think of the things that you can do and they can't? I'm quite sure heaps of big people would grow sea-sick on a swing, and if you asked many of them to go down a slide they would either refuse outright or collapse in the middle of it. No grown-up can be a telegraph-boy or a boy scout. No grown-up can go half-price in a tramcar or a railway train. And I know of one small boy called Tommy who came to the rescue when the big people got fairly stuck.

He was spending his holidays with his grandmother at a farm, and one morning the key of the hen-house went amissing. They searched high and low, the whole house was turned upside down and inside out, but not a sight of the key could be had. Perhaps Granny had a hole in her pocket, History does not relate.

It was market day and Granny particularly wanted those eggs to take to market. What was

she to do? At last a brilliant thought struck her. Why not make use of Tommy? So she called him and pointed out the hole in the door of the hen-house through which the cocks and hens went in and out. Did he think he could squeeze himself through that? Why, of course, it was just the very sort of ploy Tommy loved. And before you could say 'Jack Robinson' he was off, wriggling through the hole, and very soon he had searched all the nests and brought out the eggs.

You see boys and girls can often be of use when the big people fail. And there are higher and better things than those we have mentioned that a child can do. For there are rough and difficult places in life that the grown-ups sometimes reach; and often it needs a child's merry laugh to cheer a sad heart, a child's gentle touch to melt a hard heart or comfort a sorrowing one. If you took all the children out of the world it would be a dull and dreary place. You have got this gift, little children, of making the world brighter. Will you try to use it?

2. But, secondly, these vessels of papyrus were very swift. They were light, and a very small effort sent them shooting along the water. And that is rather like boys and girls too, isn't it? I often think they were made for running. They are light and they are swift—when they like. But sometimes the boys and girls are not so swift as they might be. They are asked to run an errand or to do something they don't very much like and then *how* their feet drag!

Now I believe that God never gives us a faculty but He means us to use it. He has made the boys and girls swift of foot, and perhaps one bit of work He wants them to do for Him is to run errands for other people. So when you feel disinclined to run errands, just think that this is your bit of work for God.

3. These papyrus boats were very frail. They could be used on the calm waters of the Nile, but no one would have thought of risking them on the stormy waves of the Red Sea. They were safe enough for shallow waters and calm weather, but they were useless for the deep sea and raging hurricanes. And you and I all set out in life in a little paper boat—the ship of our own strength. It may carry us well enough in smooth waters and in calm weather, but when the storms of life come on, when its troubles and temptations arrive, we are tossed about and like to make shipwreck.

But then God comes and, if we will let Him, He will take our little frail craft and make it into a strong vessel fit to weather any storm. He will put *His* strength within us and round about us, and He will guide our ship safely home to port.

Don't try to set out in life, boys and girls, in a little paper boat. Ask God to build you into a strong seaworthy vessel.

III.

A Good Medicine.

'A merry heart is a good medicine.'—Pr 17²².

I'm afraid you won't find to-day's text unless you are lucky enough to have a Revised Version of the Bible, because, you see, our text is given in another way in the Authorized Version. However, the boys and girls who have a Revised Version can look it up—they will find it in Pr 17²²—and the boys and girls who haven't a Revised Version can easily remember it without reading it, for it is only seven words: 'A merry heart is a good medicine.'

Now I think I hear some of you saying, 'Well, that's too bad to speak to us about medicine from the pulpit. We know enough about medicine already. We know all the different kinds, and most of them are horrid. There's the powdery kind that is always worst when you get to the bottom of the glass; and there's the fizzy kind that seems to go up your nose; and there's the brown kind out of a bottle, and it looks nasty and tastes nastier; and there's the clear kind also out of a bottle, and it doesn't look so bad, but just try it!—it makes your face screw up, it's so bitter; and there are the pills, and the little brown-black things, like the bits of seaweed that you crack on the rocks, and they simply *won't* swallow;—and there are heaps of other kinds, and we hate them all, and, please, we'd rather do without.' Ah! but the medicine we are going to speak about to-day is a really truly nice medicine, and easy to take. And the best thing about it is that it is not only good for yourself, it is good for other people.

1. *This medicine of the merry heart is good for yourself.* It is like a sunshiny day, it makes things easier. You know how it sometimes seems easy to be good on a fine day, when the sun is shining and everything else is shining too. Why, the very flowers are brighter and sweeter when the sky is

blue, and somehow, going to school you can't help jumping and skipping because everything is so lovely and it's good to be alive. And all day it is the same. Things go sort of right without trying. It's the other way round on a grey wet day when the sky is cloudy, and everything is dripping, and the rain gets down the back of your neck or under your umbrella, and everything is kind of uncomfortable, and things go wrong, you can't tell how. Well, this medicine of the merry heart makes every day a sunshiny day. It helps you to get through your lessons quickly and it helps you not to stick at difficulties. It knows that difficulties are things specially made to be got rid of. It always makes the best of even a bad job. It whistles or sings at its work, and it sees fun in everything.

Have you ever heard the story of the six flies? Three of them were on the inside of the window-pane, and the room was warm and cosy—just as a fly likes it best—and they were buzzing around very pleased with themselves; but on the outside of the window were other three flies, and the day was cold and wet and the raindrops were chasing each other down the pane, and these flies looked as if they ought to be thoroughly miserable. Said the three inside flies, in a superior sort of way, 'Poor things! We are sorry for you being outside on such a day.' 'Don't you worry!' replied the outside flies. 'We're having the time of our lives dodging these raindrops.' You see the outside flies had taken a good dose of the medicine of the merry heart.

2. *This wonderful medicine is good not only for yourself but for other people.* That's a strange thing—isn't it? Suppose you are ill, and so is the little boy next door. You take a dose of medicine and it makes you better, but you don't expect it to make little Master Next-Door well too. Now, the extraordinary thing about the bottle labelled 'merry heart' is that if you take it, it makes you well, and ever so many other people besides. It's a sort of infectious medicine. If you have it other people can't help catching it from you. And that is what makes a merry heart so valuable; for a merry heart means happiness, and happiness is one of the most precious things in the world—more precious than silver or gold, or diamonds, or rubies. The whole world is seeking it, but money can't buy it. There are rich people who are very poor because they haven't got it, and there

are poor people who are very very rich because it is theirs.

Isn't it rather fine to think that you can give other people one of the most precious things in the world? Yes, you can, for the merry heart is always a kind heart and a generous heart. It forgets about itself and thinks of others. It tries to share its happiness, and strangely enough the more happiness it tries to give away, the more it seems to have for itself. Just try the experiment, and see if that is not true.

3. I said that we couldn't buy a merry heart. Where then shall we get it?—for of course we all want it now that we know how tremendously nice it is. What do we do if we want ordinary medicine? We mix up something for ourselves, or we ask the doctor to give us a special dose. Well, that is just how we must set about getting a merry heart. We can either make it for ourselves or we can ask the Good Physician to give it to us. The first kind of merry heart isn't at all a bad kind, but the second is far and away the best. The first we can make by mixing together cheerfulness and determination. If we drink that mixture daily, we shan't do badly, for there's no doubt that if we make up our minds to be cheerful we *can* be cheerful. Just pull up the corners of your mouth, and make up your mind to smile whatever happens, and you'll be astonished at the result.

Ah! but the second kind is even better and surer, for it is given us by Christ Himself, and because it is His it can never fail. The drawback of the first kind is that it is apt to fail just when we want it most. But the merry heart which Christ gives us for the asking will never fail, for it is made up of love, and hope, and trust in Him. If we have that kind of merry heart nothing can harm us. We shall keep it safe through all life's sorrows and dangers, till we lay it at last at the feet of Him who gave it to us.

Point and Illustration.

The Spiritual Life.

Dr. Whyte's latest book is devoted to Thomas Goodwin. *The Spiritual Life* he calls it, and adds: 'The Teaching of Thomas Goodwin as received and reissued by Alexander Whyte, D.D., LL.D.' (Oliphants; 6s. net). It is an astonishing book. We can say with truth and reverence that,

like Moses, Dr. Whyte's eye is not dim nor his natural force abated. He never did better work than this. Never did he touch a higher height of spiritual teaching with more arresting words. We are going to take the liberty of quoting one of his chapters.

'There are a dozen renderings offered us of the great Greek word *μετριοπαθεῖν* (Authorised Version, "have compassion on"; Revised Version, "bear gently with"). But I have never forgotten Dr. Thomas Goodwin's rendering of that great Greek word which I came across one Sabbath night when I was at college, more than fifty years ago. And that rendering of the great Puritan, I may almost say, has never been a day out of my mind all these fifty years. How could it?

"This great Greek word," says Thomas Goodwin, "is exceedingly emphatical. It means much more than the English rendering 'who can have compassion' means. For, when this great Greek word of the Apostle is rightly rendered, and is rightly laid to heart, it reveals to us that Jesus Christ, our great High Priest, not only has a great compassion in His heart, but that He has a special and a particular compassion *measured out* according to every individual man's measure of need, according to every individual man's speciality, and particularity, and singularity, and secrecy of need." That is Thomas Goodwin's both grammatical and experimental rendering of this extraordinarily expressive Greek word *μετριοπαθεῖν*. And after going by it for fifty years, I feel to-day more fully assured than ever that his scholarly and experimental and homiletical exegesis gives us the comforting mind of the Holy Spirit far away better than do the comparatively cold and dry renderings of the Authorised and Revised Versions. And the comforting mind of the Spirit, possessing the mind and directing the pen of the Apostle, assures every greatly tempted and tried and afflicted and sorrow-laden soul of man that all his so great and so exceptional sorrows are all well known to his great High Priest, and are laid to heart by Him as if they were His own, as, indeed, they are. And that his great High Priest will most assuredly sympathise with him, and will most assuredly both succour and deliver him to all the exact measure, and speciality, and singularity, and particularity, and absolute secrecy of all his sinfulness and all his sorrowfulness.

'Preaching on this same great Greek word to

the City Temple congregation of his day, and preaching in all his own incomparably realising and homecoming way, Dr. Goodwin spoke as follows: "I need my great High Priest to have not only all the abilities and all the attributes and all the great qualifications that you need in Him; but, over and above all that, I, Thomas Goodwin, your minister, need Him always urgently, and indeed sometimes absolutely agonizingly, for certain special and secret and altogether individual needs of my own; needs of my own that no other mortal man knows anything about, nor would believe even if I confessed them to him; needs of my own that are so exceptionally and so exclusively my own that no other man before me, or now around me, or coming after me, will ever have needs exactly like them. It is absolutely inconceivable to me," he said, "that any other man, past, present, or to come, could ever have just that combination, and just that concentration, and just that incidence of sin and sorrow that I have, together with all the temporal and spiritual intricacies, of all kinds, of which both my heart and my life are brimful. No other man in all this sinful and sorrowful city of London has just my crosses and cups and thorns in his flesh. No man of you all," he said, as he looked down into all their hearts and around into all their homes. "And difficult as it is for me to believe that even my all-perfect Saviour can be the exact second and parallel and double and duplicate of me, yet it is so; and I, with my whole mind and heart, believe that it is so." And it was in scholarly and evangelical and experimental preaching like that that the first foundations of the City Temple were laid, and the foundations also of Thomas Goodwin's own splendid name and lasting fame as an incomparably Pauline and Puritan preacher of Jesus Christ, His person and His work. "A man's own need," says Pascal, "is the measure of his greatness."

'Go home, then, as Goodwin was wont to say, and never after this morning's great Scripture forget that whatsoever trial or temptation or thorn or cross or cup of any kind is in your appointed lot, you have the most absolute assurance that Jesus Christ your great High Priest was at one time placed under the very same trial and temptation and thorn and cross and cup under which you are placed. Or if His was not exactly and absolutely the very same identical trial and tempta-

tion and thorn and cross and cup as yours is, then all His trials and temptations were as like yours as the Holy Spirit could possibly make them. And He made them in this way—the Holy Spirit; with the all-seeing eye of the Godhead, and with all the omnipresence of the Godhead, looked down all the generations of God's elect and saw you and singled you out according to your foreordained trials and temptations and thorns and crosses and cups. And then with you in His eye the Holy Spirit returned to His great work on the Man Jesus Christ, and went forward from day to day to make Him after your very image and likeness and exact pattern till like you He was the Man of all kinds of sorrows. And thus it was so divinely and so graciously brought about that, experimentally, as we say, and as Man, Jesus Christ is able to have all possible compassion upon you; while at the same time as God He is able omnisciently and omnipotently to succour you and to deliver you to the uttermost. Yes, poor sorrow-laden soul, to the very uttermost! Go home, then, this morning to all your trials and temptations and thorns and crosses and cups, and among them all, and as long as they last, come boldly every day and every hour to the throne of grace in order to obtain all needed mercy and to find all needed grace in every time of need. For, *περιπαθεὶς δυνάμενος*, your great High Priest is able and is willing and is waiting to have compassion on you according to all the exact measure, and speciality, and particularity, and singularity, and secrecy of all your needs.

'Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ. For we are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.'

Catherine Marsh.

Catherine Marsh was known as the soldier's friend. But she did not confine her friendship to soldiers. Certainly she never missed an opportunity of getting into touch with the soldier; and the outbreak of a war found her busy distributing copies of the New Testament, the *Life of Hedley Vicars*, or others of her own books, or at least the Soldier's Prayer. But there was nothing human that was outside her interest.

Her method was individual. And when an

individual, high or low, rich or poor, came within her reach, there was no slackening of the grip, until repentance came and confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Her wrestling for and with one and another of the innumerable men and women to whom she brought the peace that passeth understanding is as fine a lesson in 'personal dealing' as an ambassador for Christ could have.

Yet she was no less successful with a crowd. She had a gift of persuasive eloquence which no muster of men could withstand. Says Dr. A. K. H. Boyd of St. Andrews: 'It was a very interesting event, when the saintly Catherine Marsh was persuaded to give an address in the large room of the Madras College on the evening of November 16, 1865, to a larger number than she quite approved. About 800 were packed into the west room, including a good many professors, and Miss Marsh spoke beautifully for about an hour. Sitting, according to her wont, speaking with perfect fluency in a rich contralto voice, she made herself heard in every corner. That most admirable woman disclaims the idea of anything like preaching. Both here and in Edinburgh I was so happy as to get her to give addresses; and I can but say (what all readers of *English Hearts and Hands* will believe) that for pathos, and interest, and deep impressiveness, I never heard a finer speaker.'

She had a wonderful way of overcoming difficulties and escaping from tight corners—and always so that her adversary was bound to her for ever in admiration and love. One instance must be quoted. 'The writer of the following letter was a well-known and talented woman, who, having been led to join the Church of Rome, was using every endeavour to persuade others to do the same:

"Miss Marsh, the well-known staunch Protestant but liberal Christian, constantly visited William, and read and prayed with him in the common sympathy of their Christian faith and trust. After all was over, and the room was decorated, and the body laid out, Miss Marsh came to see him, and taking his dead hand she placed a white camellia in it. Then kneeling by the bed she offered up the most beautiful prayer aloud. There was only one thing left out, she never mentioned our blessed Lady. I was standing at the foot of the bed with a crucifix, and when she ceased praying I said, 'You have never spoken of our Lady, I cannot let our Lady be passed over.' And Miss Marsh was

not angry, she only rose from her knees, and coming to me she threw her arms round my neck and said, 'Do not let us dispute upon this now, we have one God, and one Saviour in common, let us rest upon these.' And she came to see me afterwards when I was ill in London. She was the one person William wanted—any one else might have driven him back—she was daily praying by his side, handsome, enthusiastic, dwelling only on the love of God, and she helped him on till he began really to think the love of God the only thing worth living for."

In her more than ninety years she saw many wars, and although she did not see the beginning of the greatest of all wars, she left a message for those who have had to face its perplexities. This message she left above all others, that while faith in Christ is always the means of entrance into the joy of life eternal, the grace of God has a greater reach and a surer grip than we think. Hear this word and pass it on:

'This lady after we had been talking alone together told me about her own conversion, and then that some of her children had been converted, but that her youngest son had died since, utterly unconverted, and with a tone of great anguish she added: "lost." I said, "You must never say such a word nor think such a thought again, it is treason to your God! He is saved, for he was in the covenant—you had put him there by your prayers, you trusted him to a covenant-keeping God." Her face lighted up, and with her eyes filling, she said, "Well, his last faint expiring words were 'my sins'—and then 'Saviour.'" "Oh, then," I said, "dear lady, you have not the chance of honouring God by walking by faith. He has let you walk *by hearing*, for 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"

The title of the biography is *The Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh*, by L. E. O'Rourke (Longmans; 10s. 6d. net).

The Jew as Patriot.

Dr. William Ewing has had an exceptional opportunity in the war, and he is exceptionally fitted to use it well. After some months' service as Chaplain to the Forces at home he was sent to Gallipoli, and went through that awful and wonderful time, till the evacuation was accomplished. Then he had to go (and went very willingly) to

Mesopotamia, and just missed the triumphal entry into Baghdad, for after carrying a charmed life he was hit at last by a shell splinter and had to fall to the rear. His book is called *From Gallipoli to Baghdad* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net).

The greater part is Gallipoli. It challenges comparison with John Masefield's book, and it does not suffer. Here also is the sense of great things doing and the skill to show them great. The book is full of thrilling narratives, yet each new exploit thrills us, so well is the heroic mingled with the human, humour with horror. Dr. Ewing had the great advantage of a long residence in Palestine. That residence taught him many things besides the Arabic tongue. And he is appreciative. This is what he says of the Jew as Patriot:

'Among our sick and wounded I often found pure-blooded Jews. The personnel of the Zion Mule Corps was entirely Jewish, recruited in Egypt, mainly among refugees from Palestine. Men who had known the benefit of British protection against the exactions and oppressions of the Turk in their Eastern homes felt, when the day of decision came, that they could not do other than identify themselves with their benefactors. Strange it was when one asked a man where he came from, to have him claim the Holy City as his native place; and with the Jerusalem lads Arabic was the easiest language for conversation. Very earnest these sons of Jacob were in support of the great enterprise; and excellent service they rendered. On the other hand, we had Scottish and English Jews, rankers and officers in various regiments, not less loyal and patriotic than men of pure British blood. I had a lad from Glasgow for some days. He fought a plucky battle for his life. He suffered gladly for the only home and fatherland he knew. He was of the stamp of the little Jewish boy in his own city who asserted that "*We thrashed the English at Bannockburn!*" He had served himself heir to the traditions of our people, and spoke no language but English. When the war is over, the devotion and self-sacrifice of these men will surely be remembered to them for righteousness, leading, perhaps, to more kindly interest and consideration.'

Verily.

The title *Letters on Faith* (Scott; 1s. net) is not attractive. We do not want our letters to be didactic treatises. We want them to be simple,

natural, gossipy. Who then will buy the Rev. A. Patrick McNeile's book? Those who are assured that it is a scholar's fresh, original mind that is thrown into every letter. Those who have the courage to crack the nut and reach the kernel. Those who read this paragraph and believe that it is characteristic.

'There is a word with which you are familiar, which is a Hebrew word implying solidity, the word "amen." We use it after prayers to state that, He having promised to hear us, we regard it as a solid fact that He does (that is how it is explained in the Catechism): and also to state that what we have prayed is really and truly what we want, that this is not just a bit of vapouring but a really solid prayer. The same word comes in the New Testament, translated "Verily," and is often used to draw attention to some especially important, or extra surprising, statement, as if to say, "this is a solid fact." Now this word comes twice in Is 7⁹, or rather two words are there which are both made out of this one. The sentence is: "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established," and these two words are shown in relation to the base word (amen) by translating it: "If ye will not treat God as solid, surely He will not make you solid." What the prophet was telling the king was that to become a man that can be trusted it is necessary to be yourself trusting God. To be faithful you must be full of faith.'

Demon Possession To-day.

Dr. A. Mildred Cable has left the lines of the conventional missionary book. Her short chapters and vivid realization of life make her book easy to read and good for stirring us up to an interest in Chinese missionary work. There is no sermonizing. The life is the sermon. And who can fail to feel the application of it? If there is any one still alive who dares, 'I don't believe in Foreign Missions,' send him or her to this graphic and appalling narrative.

The author is a level-headed, highly-trained modern Englishwoman. Her story of possession by evil spirits is not to be laughed at. This is the story:

'Our first woman patient in the Hwochow Opium Refuge became interested in the Gospel, and on her return home destroyed her idols, reserving, however, the beautifully carved idol

shrines which she placed in her son's room. Her daughter-in-law, who occupied this room, a comely young woman, desired to become a Christian and gave us a warm welcome whenever we could go to the house. About six months later we were fetched by special messenger from a village where we were staying, to see this girl, who was said to be demon possessed. We found crowds of men and women gathered to see and to hear. The girl was chanting the weird minor chant of the possessed, the voice, as in every case I have seen, clearly distinguishing it from madness. This can perhaps best be described as a voice distinct from the personality of the one under possession. It seems as though the demon used the organs of speech of the victim for the conveyance of its own voice. She refused to wear clothes or to take food, and by her violence terrorised the community. Immediately upon our entering the room with the Chinese woman evangelist she ceased her chanting, and slowly pointed the finger at us, remaining in this posture for some time. As we knelt upon the *kang* to pray, she trembled and said: "The room is full of *gwai*; as soon as one goes another comes." We endeavoured to calm her, and to make her join us in repeating the sentence, "Lord Jesus, save me."

'After considerable effort she succeeded in pronouncing these words, and when she had done so we commanded the demon to leave her, whereupon her body trembled and she sneezed some fifty or sixty times, then suddenly came to herself, asked for her clothes and some food, and, seemingly perfectly well, resumed her work. So persistently did she reiterate the statement that the demons were using the idol shrines for a refuge, that during the proceedings just mentioned her parents willingly handed over to the Christians present these valuable carvings, and joined with them in their destruction. From this time onwards she was perfectly well, a normal, healthy young woman.'

'The experiences recorded here may be unfamiliar to many readers, and some will doubtless think that madness, hysteria, or epilepsy may account for them. To such I would suggest the following points for consideration: Firstly, the striking, detailed resemblance between the cases seen now in heathen lands and those recorded in the Scriptures; secondly, the complete and lasting restoration resulting from prayer and from the command in the Name of the Lord Jesus that the demon

should depart; thirdly, the appalling sense of the reality of the conflict with the evil one at the moment of supreme test, as the missionary is called upon to prove his personal faith, and to give the command which shall decide whether God or demon remains conqueror on the field.'

The title is *The Fulfilment of a Dream* (Morgan & Scott; 5s. net).

The Definition of Faith.

To the Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges has been added the volume on *The Epistle to the Hebrews* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 4s. 6d. net). The editor is Professor A. Nairne, D.D., who has already made known his interest in and his mastery over this epistle by the volume recently published, *The Epistle of Priesthood*.

Dr. Nairne lengthens the Introduction and shortens the Notes. That is right. Very little can be said on the wording of the New Testament that has not been said already. But on the history and the theology everything that a modern scholar says is new, so great has been the accumulation of Biblical knowledge and so changed is our mental attitude to Biblical thought. Dr. Nairne gives fifty-one pages to the history of the Epistle to the Hebrews (its reception, criticism, and interpretation) and sixty-six pages to its theology.

He touches the translation in his arresting manner here and there, especially on He 11¹—the so-called definition of faith. He says: 'Translations into modern English, such as Weymouth's or *The Twentieth Century New Testament*, are less acceptable for Hebrews than for other parts of N.T. Moffatt's earlier translation in his *Historical New Testament* (T. & T. Clark) does preserve something of the peculiar flavour of this epistle. Yet how thin is his rendering of xi. 1: "Now faith is to be confident of what we hope for, to be convinced of what we do not see." Hardly indeed may A.V. be surpassed in that verse: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The half philosophical, half picturesque phraseology of the original is just caught there, and the marginal note on "substance"—"or, ground, or confidence"—goes as far as it ought to go in concession to the weaker brethren. The R.V., it must be confessed, attenuates the sense: "Now faith is the assurance

of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen," and in the margin for "the assurance" "Or, *the giving substance to*," for "proving" "Or, *test*." In the notes Dr. Nairne is rather less friendly to the A.V.: 'A.V. "evidence" is almost a confusion of the two senses. "Test" seems to suit the context here.'

The exposition of 'Faith' in this epistle is a good example of the thoroughness and instructiveness of the discussion of its theology.

A Morning Holiday.

Dr. Isabel Mitchell of Manchuria (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net)—that is the title of a volume of missionary letters. The letters have introduction and appendix (both good), but they themselves make the book. They are chosen out of twelve years' correspondence, and not one is without interest. Dr. Mitchell went to Fakumén in Manchuria for five years, then there was a furlough and illness of two years, then other five in Fakumén, and then the end, quite suddenly.

'She was Christian. That greatest of all titles of distinction covers many types. Let us see, if we can, something of what in her case the title "Christian" meant. Religion is the eternal quest, instinctive in every human soul, of Truth, Goodness and Beauty. These three are One. But most of us imperfect mortals miss either the beauty of holiness, or the holiness of beauty. Dr. Mitchell was not an angel. She was an Irish girl. But because of her, some of us, both from the East and from the West, believe more surely in the Lord who was made flesh. We beheld in her His Glory—the fascination of a life filled with both grace and truth. Her head dispenser, a young woman with a touch of spiritual genius, watched her at close quarters for years. And at the end, her testimony was: "I felt she was inspired. The Doctor is so good and holy, what must Jesus be like? Whatever she did, she inspired us all and made us love to be more like her."

And she could write. The last chapter is made up of her prose and poetry. This is the first of the prose. It is called 'A Morning Holiday':

'The Eighth Moon Feast has come. For days before, greasy apprentices had been seen in the streets, their blue aprons tucked up into their belts, carrying on their shoulders wide square trays piled high with moon-cakes, large and round and flat,

filled with black sticky sweetstuffs, and arranged in great pyramids, beginning with the largest round, and tapering off at the top of the pole with a gaudy sugar peach, which was to bring the "thousand thousand years" of happy life to the fortunate recipient. Beside the cakes were piles of golden pears, or rosy apples, or bunches of the first luscious purple grapes of the autumn. But now the present-giving was over, and the feast day had come. A pleasing odour of garlic and fat pork dumplings pervaded the streets, and through the open windows the worthy sons of the Celestial Empire might be seen cross-legged at their little tables, vigorously plying their chopsticks, while the Celestial daughters waited upon them in the good time-honoured fashion. And we had a morning's holiday. We were up and away before the sun was high, leaving the odours of the streets behind us, and climbing up and into the clean sweet air of the hills. A certain grassy knoll was our objective, where the breeze swept purely over, and the tall millet shaded us from the advancing sun. We had books, of course, a long quiet morning in the grass, with a favourite book, and the illimitable sky overhead—could one ask for anything better? And yet there was something even better in store for us. We lay luxuriously against Mother Earth with our cheek to the grass. But away to the West lay a long line of blue hills—and who could read even the most dearly loved friend of a book when God had painted those deep red-brown heads of millet against that background of misty blue? The eye was caught and held in perfect satisfaction and perfect rest. Beside us the millet rose high too, and here we could see every stalk, tall and straight and golden, with its wealth of red grain atop, and the long leaves like pennons in a breeze, now golden, where the sun fell level on them, and now scarlet, like a flame, when the wind lifted them, and the light shone through. And all the time such a murmuring of delight, as they swayed and nodded and tossed their heads: an army—yes, an army—gay and debonair, with songs on their lips and gorgeous pennons flying. Little they reckoned that the sickle was not far away. They were happy and full of life, and the time was autumn, and the day new-born. And we, we too, "could not but be gay in such a jocund company."

'The sun rose hotter and stronger, and soon we were fain to leave our knoll, and seek more shelter in the valley. We came down through the levels,

where the wide vegetable gardens cover the plain. What is this blue smoke at the corner of the melon patch? Oh, a coffin has been placed there, waiting its appointed number of days for its burial. To-day is the "third seventh day," and the entire family of the dead man is out to burn paper and incense for him. The smoke rises and curls in the still hot noonday air, and as we approach nearer, the sound of wailing reaches us. There they all are—the widow in white sackcloth, with her white cap and long streamers flying, weeping bitterly; the daughter-in-law; the little sons, who hardly know what they are doing, and are not too much engrossed to turn on their knees and gaze at us as we pass. The paper is not burning well. Poke it up again with the long stick. That is better. Now to your wailing again.

And as we pass on the mournful sound breaks out afresh.

'How is it that the sky seems darkened, even at this hour of glorious noon, and the air of the plain is all at once hot and stifling?

'Strange land, so full of charm and of contradictions and of brilliant elusive beauty! What is it in you that stirs our hearts, so that sometimes the very sight of the old square mosque standing up against the crimson western sky leaves us shaken in a tremulous gladness? Only one far far other land can move our hearts like this, a little land far away in the Western Sea, where the eternal ocean laps against its shores, the shores of home. But you—you are so beautiful, so old, and so very, very needy—China. We give you our hearts.'

The Cross as Viewed by Dr. Denney.

BY THE REV. W. L. WALKER, D.D.

MANY, no doubt, have been reading with interest Dr. Denney's eagerly awaited book¹ on the Doctrine of Reconciliation. His view of the central fact of the Cross was, of course, well known, and those who shared it with him would naturally hope to find in this latest work confirmation of their view. They will not be disappointed. Scarcely any better work in this respect could have been done. By those who can accept the doctrine this book may well be regarded as final.

Others who were unable to agree with Dr. Denney would read the book, hoping to find, perhaps, some modifications or elucidations which might enable them to come into closer accord with such an able exegete and reasoner. They will note a wider outlook and a more sympathetic treatment of other views—a readiness to acknowledge any elements of truth in them. But they will not find any modification of the central doctrine, rather a stronger and more uncompromising statement of it. It is here set forth as the only faith that can introduce a man to that Christian experience so beautifully described in the opening chapter. But if only the acceptance of the doctrine of the Cross here stated can admit to

that experience, it is a serious matter for many of us in this present time and will be so for many more in the time to come. We are, therefore, as we read, stirred to consider matters very seriously and, mayhap, to criticize.

One naturally shrinks from criticizing a writer of such eminence and so justly esteemed as was Dr. Denney. But, at this time especially, when 'Reconstruction,' 'Rededication,' and 'Revival' must mean, first of all, '*Reconsideration*,' the interests of the Truth must be held as supreme—as Dr. Denney himself would hold them to be.

There is much in the book that will call forth cordial agreement from all Christians, and no one can fail to be impressed by the solemn light in which the central subject is placed. We cannot read the Gospels without feeling that the Cross had a very solemn, even a tragic, significance for Christ, and one feels that in approaching this subject one is treading with half-reluctant feet the holiest ground in history. Nor can we doubt that the Cross of Christ had a Divine significance in relation to sin and the experience of salvation. It is the view of it here set forth that raises serious questions and emboldens one to criticize.

Dr. Denney himself does not accept much that was once included in what was deemed the ortho-

¹ *The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net).

dox statement of the Atonement. Admitting the measure of truth in the words of Bushnell and M^r Leod Campbell, he says (p. 263) that it excludes much 'which revolts both intelligence and conscience in much of what is called orthodox theology,' and farther on he remarks that the presentation of Christ's death, out of relation to His life, produced reactions that led to a view 'more intelligible, more human, and more ethically interesting.' When we see these mistaken conceptions of the past, it makes us the more cautious with respect to current conceptions, and raises the question whether we have yet got to a right understanding of the Cross, if indeed we can ever reach it as long as we allow our minds to be dominated by modes of statement proceeding from ways of thought which are foreign to us.

How does Dr. Denney think of the redemptive work of Christ in His sufferings and death? While acknowledging the heroic or martyr element, there is in the Gospels, he says (p. 272), 'the sense of something dreadful and mysterious, a soul trouble of Jesus, a sorrow under which He is dismayed and ready to die, an agony of prayer, a bitter cup from which His whole being shrinks, an uncomprehended necessity for drinking it, a dark experience of being forsaken by God.' He was to 'bear our sins'; He was to meet in death 'the last reaction of God against sin.' Not that His sufferings were *penal* in the sense of coming to Him through a bad conscience, or that God was angry with Him personally, as if He had been a guilty man; but, he asks, 'Can we say anything else than this: That while the agony and the Passion were not penal in the sense of coming upon Jesus through a bad conscience, or making Him the personal object of Divine wrath, they were penal in the sense that in that dark hour He had to realize to the full the Divine reaction against sin in the race in which He was incorporated, and that without doing so to the uttermost He could not have been the Redeemer of that race from sin, or the Reconciler of sinful men to God' (p. 273). It is emphatically affirmed again and again that the final reaction of God against sin is seen in *death*, and that therefore the Saviour must *die*. 'Sin and death are one.' Christ no doubt bore our sins 'on His heart,' but it was 'supremely in the very act and instant of bearing them in His body on the tree.' If He had not *died* for us He would have done nothing at all. 'The wages of sin is death' (pp. 274, 275). 'He

bore our sins.' 'In every sense and to every extent to which He could do so, He made them His own;' above all, 'He took that heaviest burden under which the race was sinking in despair and death.'

God's love is affirmed to have been the source of all that was done in Christ; but, at the same time, the *operation* of the Cross was not to be merely on man but on *God*. This is the very meaning of an objective atonement; it was to meet something in God's relation to sin in order that sin might be forgiven: 'to God the sacrifice is offered, and it is to God it makes a difference' (pp. 30, etc.).

Now, to begin with this last statement—is there not an irreconcilable contradiction in it? If it was all *from* God, how could there be any moving operation *on* God in it? If the whole had its origin in God's love for men, how could the 'atonement' be made *to* God? Any doctrine that is to be effective must be one which is not only credible but simple and easy to be believed. At any rate, it must not, in its very statement, raise questions that puzzle the intellect and that only trained theologians can appear to solve. This is all the more important if, as Dr. Denney says repeatedly, faith in this doctrine is the only way to Christian experience. It was, he says, to meet certain moral sanctions in God (and the universe) as opposed to sin. But this does not meet the difficulty, and it is strongly affirmed that there is no contradiction or strife between Justice and Mercy in God. There cannot be a division in God, nor can one set of attributes provide a satisfaction to another.

The other chief difficulties may be stated as follows:

1. While the Cross was a Divine necessity for Christ and was regarded by Him in the solemn and affecting manner represented in the Gospels, the conception of its necessity as an atonement for sin before God could forgive seems out of harmony with Christ's teaching concerning God's forgiving love and with His own forgiveness of sin apart from the Cross. His teaching concerning the Divine forgiveness was in line with that of the prophets before Him. How strongly *they* declared the readiness of God to forgive, quite apart from all Jewish ritual and any sacrifice yet to come. Take just one sentence from Micah as exemplary: 'Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity and passeth over the transgression of the

remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever because he delighteth in loving-kindness; . . . thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea;' or this from Isaiah: 'Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.'

'He pardons with o'erflowing love;
For, hear the voice Divine,
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.'

Was there no reality in such declarations? Was it not *really* forgiveness? With Jesus, God was the loving *Father* of men; if an earthly father would forgive his penitent child, 'how much more,' etc., as He illustrated it in the case of the returning prodigal. 'Father, *forgive* them,' He prayed on His Cross, not 'because I am atoning for their sin,' but 'because they know not what they do.' The purpose of His death, He said, was to *ransom* men—surely not from *God*, who loved them and sought them for His own, but from all that kept them from God and His salvation. There is no suggestion in anything that Jesus ever said that God could not forgive men unless He died for them.

But Jesus in His teaching of the Divine forgiveness went beyond the prophets and in fulfilment of them. His gospel was that of the drawing nigh of God in the kingdom, which was His coming in forgiving love to the salvation of a sinful people, whose sins He was forgiving. He proclaimed the dawn of 'the acceptable year of the Lord'—the year of Divine acceptance—so long looked for, and forgave sin in God's name in token of its reality. His blood, He said, sealed the new covenant of spiritual salvation which was founded on the Divine forgiveness. God was forgiving men, therefore let them turn to God, was His call.

Paul preached the same gospel of forgiveness. The reign of Law was ended and a new era of Grace had opened for men, in which God was reconciling them to Himself, 'not imputing their trespasses unto them.' It was a message of 'Reconciliation'; 'God is reconciled to you; be ye, in turn, reconciled to God.' It was not one here and there that God was reconciling to Himself, in Christ, but *the world*. A new epoch had opened; old things were done away and all things

new begun. Certainly he brought in *the Cross*, as he conceived it, in this connexion. It was the going forth *to the world*, through the Cross, of the forgiveness proclaimed by Jesus. But the above is not the view of the Reconciliation taken by Dr. Denney.

In view of the going forth to the world of such a gospel of forgiveness, we could understand that some sufficient manifestation of the evil of sin and of the holiness of God would be made, and how this, in the wisdom of God, may have made the Cross necessary for Christ. But not as requiring Him to atone for sin before God could forgive it. That God was forgiving sin was implied in the very mission of Christ: it was the presupposition of the Cross. Jesus did not change His view of God. But Dr. Denney says, 'God would not *be* to us what He is,' if Christ had not died (p. 239).

In his insistence on the reality of Law in God and on the need for its moral necessities and reaction against sin being met, Law seems to override Fatherhood. It is really quite a different and much less attractive conception of God than that of Jesus, who knew God best, that is presented to us—one more calculated to create fear than to win men to God in love, as the Cross was meant to do.

2. It is impossible to see how the sinless Christ could in any sense suffer in Himself the penalties of sin, or the final Divine reaction against it. Sin's penalties could only fall on the sinful soul, in the sense in which they are said to have been borne by Christ. They are not chiefly external, but internal—belonging primarily to the soul. A soul that had never sinned could not possibly experience them, however full His sympathy with sinners might be; the deepest depth, the real penalty endured by the sinful soul, could not be reached by one who was sinless. These penalties could not be in any arbitrary or external way laid on Christ, so that He should suffer them for us or in our stead. That would be too artificial—would it not also be unjust, and therefore impossible for God to do? Yet Dr. Denney represents Jesus as suffering the Divine dereliction, which must mean, as part of sin's penalties borne by the sinless, a deliberate hiding of the Father's face. Does not this create a sense of unreality in the whole transaction as it is stated?

In another way, however, we can see in the Cross Christ truly 'bearing our sins,' and the manifestation of the judgment of God on sin.

It was the supreme example of vicarious sacrifice. To see the Cross in the light of the representation of the suffering Servant of God in Isaiah is to see it in its true light and as it was viewed by Christ Himself. He identified Himself with the suffering Servant, and, as He said to His disciples, made His Cross the consummation of His *service*. It was the sins of others that lighted on Him in the orderly sequences of the Divine moral order, not as in any way laid on Him or inflicted by God, but as the culmination of men's sinfulness. He accepted it in view of the *results* of such suffering as these are represented in Is 53 and Ps 22; 'the purpose of the Lord' should then 'prosper in His hand'; 'all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord'; and, as He said, it should be 'for the ransom of many.' It was in this way only that the sins of the guilty could fall on an innocent person. It was *sin* that nailed Him to the Cross, and it was the consequences of sin, as these had culminated, that He endured.

Dr. Denney accepts Paul's doctrine in Rom. 1 that sin becomes its own punishment in moral degradation and increasing sinfulness. Carry this out and we will get a right conception of the Cross. Here we witness the culmination of sin in its crucifixion of Him who was the Truth of man and God, the only Saviour. Had not Christ been what He was, His death would have been the ruin of Humanity. The awful choice, 'Not this man but Barabbas' (the representative of unscrupulous force), would have proved the fatal, suicidal choice. Christ bore it all that men might be saved *from sin* and a new spiritual life quickened in Humanity. While it was the supreme manifestation of the evil of sin and, in this way, of God's judgment on sin, it was, at the same time, the supreme proof of the forgiving love of God, in giving up His Son so to suffer and die. As has been said elsewhere, 'It was the ever-increasing sinfulness of men (represented in those who had enjoyed the fullest light) that made such an act as His rejection and crucifixion possible.' And it was only in *this* way that God's righteous judgment on sin could be revealed. 'Not by speech from heaven, but by the *deed*, sinners were left to do in the natural sequence of the moral order. Therefore, although He saved others, Himself He could not save' (*The Gospel of Reconciliation or At-one-ment*, pp. 119, 121). It was not in the way of

atoning for sin before God could forgive the returning sinner; but such a manifestation of the evil of sin may have been necessary to the going forth of that Forgiveness and Grace to the sinful world which was implied in the drawing nigh of God in the kingdom and in the message of Reconciliation as proclaimed by St. Paul.

3. The prominence given to *Death* as the final penalty of sin seems quite unjustifiable. The place Dr. Denney gives to death and the view of it he insists on are remarkable. He speaks of its 'dreadful' character; 'it is the greatest thought of which we are capable, except the thought of God, and it is the extreme opposite of the thought of God' (p. 278). In it we have the final reaction of God against sin expressed. He admits that from the biological point of view death is natural, as much so as life: it is the natural end of life in the body. But it has also a solemn moral significance for a moral being. No doubt it has; but that does not make it the less natural and inevitable for men, constituted as we are. It was not endurance of death as it must come to all men that Paul had in view when he said, 'the wages of sin is death'; or, 'if ye live after the flesh ye shall *die*.' All must 'die' whether they live after the flesh or not. It was hopeless death—death without the prospect of resurrection. When we read, 'The end of these things is death,' it cannot be death as it comes to us all that is meant; for we may truly say the end of *all* things in this world is death. Dr. Denney says, 'We ought to *die* rather than do wrong.' Are we paying a penalty then in this? Young children who have not sinned die—are they paying the penalty of sin? To say so would carry us back to the old awful belief that we are all born under the curse of our Creator.

Soldiers on the battlefield and sailors on the main are dying to-day in their thousands, many of them in noble devotion to a righteous cause and for others' sake. In laying down their lives are they paying the supreme penalty of sin? How such a view of death would darken the world! Dr. Denney puts a dark and 'dreadful' meaning into death which does not belong to it, whether viewed physically or morally. He says truly that the natural, the moral, and the spiritual are all connected; but that does not make death a penalty, unless it be inflicted as a punishment. He says that in death for a good cause the victory over sin

is gained; but this is not always the case. It is *possible* to say that death was made the inevitable fate of men, because God foresaw that all would be sinners. But Dr. Denney cannot say this, because he holds that sin 'creates what for us can never be anything but an unanticipated situation.' As a matter of fact, death is simply the natural and necessary end of finite embodied life. When the Apostles spoke of Christ's *dying* for them, it was the same thing as His 'laying down His life' for their sakes. There was no darker meaning in it. But according to our author, death, as the final reaction of God against sin, is a fatal reaction; it means 'destruction' (pp. 212, etc.). Was *this* that Jesus suffered in the judgment of God when He died on the Cross? If He did not do so, 'the final reaction of God against sin' was not met by Him.

Supposing we grant all that is said, the question arises, How do the benefits of Christ's death come to us? Death is still here; it comes to every one; the penalties of sin are still falling on men; the Divine reaction against sin neither slumbers nor sleeps—although it is true that by reconciliation with God the worst consequence is removed and new saving reactions are set up. We come at length to the question, asked and answered by Dr. Denney, 'What, then, is it which we are spared or saved from by the death of Jesus? What is it that we do not experience because He died? The answer is that He saves us from dying in our sins' (p. 283). Taking this answer in what seems its natural meaning, we have in it the truth of the matter. But this implies that there is something *more* than death as it comes to men included in the penalties of sin, or the judgment of God on sin—something into the experience of which death may usher the sinful soul—something that Christ in His death could not experience. When it is added that, 'but for His death we should have died in our sins, we should have passed into the blackness of darkness, with the condemnation of God abiding on us,' it is possible that 'destruction' is meant. Did Christ in His death suffer *this* at the hand of His Father? In any case, the real evil to fear is not death, but 'dying in our sins,' and Christ suffered and died to save us from this, if we will but respond to His love.

4. Once more, and, perhaps, the most serious difficulty of all, the crucifixion of Christ is admitted to have been a monstrous *crime*. It was a

crime committed *against* God—how then does the suffering of Christ become an act of God in which the sin of the world was laid upon and borne by Him? It was doubtless permitted by God; its acceptance by Jesus was according to the will of God; it was to be overruled by God to the highest ends; but this does not support the idea that in bearing what was inflicted on Him by His enemies Christ was suffering in His person the judgment of God on sin in the way represented. As already said, there is another way in which the relation of Christ to the penalties of sin may be viewed, but in no way can we see Christ suffering as He is said to have done. How could God join in, as it were, with that criminal act so as to make those evil men, in some part at least, the executors of His judgment? Always when Jesus spoke of His Cross it was as what *men* should do to Him; they should 'kill' Him, set Him at naught, 'crucify' Him. Never did He suggest that He should suffer at the hand of God. He should be delivered up, He said, 'into the hands of *sinners*.'

Dr. Denney recognizes the difficulty here: 'that the death of Christ should be at the same time the consummation of human sin and the final revelation of the love of God, a cruel, unscrupulous murder, and a voluntary atoning sacrifice; . . . there is the one difficulty of the Christian religion, in which all others are summed up' (p. 129). But he does not attempt to meet it. 'The New Testament, curiously enough,' he says, 'is aware of the contrasts here stated, but does not seem perplexed by them;' 'faith rather gloried in the paradox than wrestled with it . . . it was the Lord's doing and wonderful in believers' eyes;' 'what God does in it completely overshadows the antecedent or historical causes by which it was produced.' But the difficulty is, how God could do *anything* in it, save for wise reasons and in His love for men permit it to be done. How could Christ in submitting to a death inflicted on Him by men acting against all Divine Law be at the same time doing homage to it, or enduring the penalty of death, in that darker sense which death is said to have for men, as an atonement to God for man's sin?

5. The purpose of the Cross as stated by Christ was, we have seen, to ransom men, to bring them to God, to bring in the kingdom in the fulness of its spiritual truth and power. It was the results of the suffering of the Servant of God that filled His mind and made Him certain that after His death

He should come again in the power and glory of the Father.

If, therefore, we view the Cross, primarily, simply as the crime it undoubtedly was, but, as being in Christ's voluntary acceptance of it for the sake of completing His work as the Lord and Saviour of men, the supreme manifestation of the evil of sin and of the love of God in Him toward us, ought it not, even so viewed, to do for us all that it did for the first Christians?

And if we see in His acceptance of that Cross, from which He naturally shrank for the moment in Gethsemane, that obedience to the will of God to the uttermost in which the human will, as represented in Him, was wholly *one* with the will of God, may we not recognize in this that complete at-one-ment (the original meaning of 'atonement') of God with man and of man with God which St. Paul saw in it? To Paul, Christ not only died '*for sin*' but also *to sin*, and rose into a new spiritual life beyond the possibility of sin. And, before God, all men died in Christ, representatively, to the old life of sin, and rose with Him into a new spiritual life. The 'old man was crucified with Christ.' 'If one died for all, all died,' said Paul. Before God the old world *died* and a new world arose. To men, as represented in Christ's death and resurrection, His forgiving love could go forth freely. He could even do what Dr. Chalmers felt to be so needful, 'justify the ungodly' who were united in faith with Christ. The days of man's minority were ended; he was no longer a servant under 'Law,' but a son under 'Grace.' And in the living Christ, in whose life and death we are thus reconciled to God, there is the power that can nourish, support, and perfect the new life thus quickened in us, conforming us even to Himself.

But now it will be said, and is said by Dr. Denney, that to fail to view the death of Christ as a death for sin, in the very same forms in which it was apprehended by the Apostles, is to place ourselves outside of the New Testament, and, indeed, beyond the possibility of the Christian experience of salvation. But may it not be that, while the *essence* of the Cross was apprehended by the Apostles so as to bring them to God, with a deep sense of the evil of sin, of the love of God in Christ, with confidence in the Divine forgiveness, and into union with the Christ who so loved them as to give Himself up to death for their sakes—the *forms* in

which they apprehended the Cross were those that were natural to them with their Jewish upbringing and familiarity with propitiations, sacrifices, and atonements. Indeed, was it not impossible that they could have apprehended it otherwise than in the actual forms of thought they possessed? The new wine may have been to some extent put into the old bottles.

Besides, Paul had a special object in view in much that he said concerning the Cross. We may even say that in almost all that he wrote he had in his mind, either expressly or implicitly, its relation to the Jewish Law and the necessity for maintaining the doctrine of Grace against Jewish legalism. Although he embraces Gentiles as well as Jews in his expositions of the Cross, it is still, primarily, as meeting the penalties of the Jewish Law that he sets forth the death of Christ. God in that Law had, he believed (or at least his opponents did), affixed certain penalties for its breach, especially that of *death*; but He had not exacted them; He had 'passed over sins in the past' (which, by the way, is another proof that *death* did not represent the supreme penalty, since all had *died*); but that now He had set forth 'Christ in His blood'—suffering death—to show forth His righteousness in appointing this penalty, seeing that He made His own Son suffer it in the name of man. It is in the same connexion that he says that Christ was 'made a curse for us, since it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."' Can we believe that Christ was really made 'a curse' by God, or that every one who hangs on a cross is thereby accursed? This is a fair, if extreme, illustration of the peril of letting the Jewish beliefs of the Apostles rule our interpretation of the Cross. It is the requirements of the Jewish Law, believed to have been directly instituted by God, and therefore having a claim on God's veracity, that Paul had in his mind. His object was to show how 'the Law' could be righteously done away with and succeeded by 'Grace.' But that Law, we know, was not directly instituted by God, nor was the penalty of death for its transgression. He says also, indeed, that the Gentile conscience, in view of certain notorious sins, judged those who committed them 'worthy of death.' But, besides that 'death' here is a general term denoting the heaviest doom, it cannot be said that such is the verdict of conscience generally with respect to sin.

Much more might be said on these subjects both for the fuller representation of Dr. Denney's views and in dispute of them. But one other point should be noted, for it seems in itself to refute the doctrine criticized. 'Sin,' says Dr. Denney, 'is only forgiven *as it is borne*.' This, he says, is 'the ultimate truth about forgiveness' (p. 162). Where, in such a case, does the *forgiveness* come in? If the penalties have been *borne*, is it not a strange thing to say to the sinner, 'now you are forgiven'? This is not salvation by Faith, but by works, or at least by suffering, 'of which a man may boast.'

The considerations mentioned above should at least give us pause before setting up a doctrine of the Cross based chiefly on some of the *forms* in

which it is interpreted in the New Testament, especially one which is affirmed to be the only doctrine, faith in which can make a man a partaker of the Christian experience in his relation to Christ and God.

There are other matters in Dr. Denney's book which might well be criticized, especially his identification of the Spirit with Faith, which, while it may be practically true in some relations, is far from being an adequate conception of the doctrine of the Spirit. A noteworthy omission in the book is that of any reference to Jesus as *Lord*, although St. Paul expressly says that it was *as Lord* he preached Him to men, and that it was in order that He might be the universal Lord He died.

Contributions and Comments.

The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

THE REV. G. C. WALKER, M.A., Lucknow, is easily satisfied if he thinks he has conclusively found the traditional view of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. If the author of the Gospel was a Judæan disciple, who had not accompanied Jesus during the whole of His ministry, not only would he lack the qualification, but the betrayal by Judas would probably among a company consisting mostly of Galileans excite a prejudice against the Judæan disciples. If the author of the Gospel desired to remain in obscurity, and did not openly attach himself to the Christian community, that would be an additional reason why he should not even be thought of in connexion with the election. All these considerations I have fully discussed in a volume on the Fourth Gospel I have now in preparation, and hope to publish when conditions are more favourable. ALFRED E. GARVIE.

London.

Psalm xli. 3.

In the latter half of this verse, the verb-form fixed for us by the Massoretes is so exceptionable as to

render the clause, in the estimation of an able and fair-minded Jewish critic, 'inexplicable,' despite expository devices. In its received form, the whole sentence, which describes the comfort administered by the Lord to a good man in sickness, may naturally be rendered thus: 'The Lord will sustain him on his couch;¹ all his bed² Thou hast turned in his illness.' When regard is had to the use elsewhere of other verb-forms than הִפְכָּהּ, from the same root, this is seen to signify 'reverse' (turn the other side, Jos 7⁸, Jg 20⁴¹, 1 S 25¹², 2 K 5²⁶, Est 9¹ Is 29^{16ff.}), 'overthrow' (Gn 19^{21, 25, 29}, 2 S 10³, Jer 20¹⁶, Am 4¹¹, Hag 2^{22ff.}), 'change' (or 'convert,' Am 5^{7, 8} 6¹² 8^{10ff.}): of these three shades of meaning, the last ('turn')—probably under the influence of the Septuagint ἐστρεψας—has been placed in the margin of our Authorized and Revised Versions, while the text, in the former, gives 'thou wilt make,' and in the latter 'thou

¹ The noun מִטָּה properly denotes a 'bedstead' (see Dt 3¹¹), or supporting frame.

² The term מַשְׁכָּב here and elsewhere (Lv 15^{4, 24, 28}, 2 S 4^{5, 7} 11^{2, 13ff.}) refers to the woollen rug or mattress on which the body directly rests.

makest.' Such a rendering may well be regarded as inexact, weak, and evasive.

We are thus thrown back on the Received Hebrew, to make the best of it. But obviously, merely to 'reverse' or turn the other side of the sufferer's bed would not go far in alleviating his pain and bringing comfort in his distress. One is thus constrained to think that הַפִּכְתָּ is a transcriptional error for a more appropriate form. Fortunately, the change of a single consonant, פ instead of ב, together with suitable vocalization, gives a more acceptable reading, viz. הִרְבֵּתְךָ (more fully, הִרְבוֹתְךָ, the Hiphil of רָבָה), which, when substituted, makes the whole clause run thus: 'Thou dost soften all his bed in his illness.'

JAMES KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

The Babylonian Paradise and its Rivers.

(See THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for January, pp. 181 ff.)

As the corrected proof of my article seems to have gone astray in the post, certain corrections were not inserted, the most important of them being in the list of river-gods on pp. 182-183. I therefore repeat here, in transcription or translation, the whole section as reproduced in *Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets*, part xxiv. pl. 29 (not 28):

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 105. A-(h)erum | } { The two protecting bulls |
| 106. (H)e-a-(h)erum | |
| 107. Ka-hengala | Igi-hengala. |
| 108. Ka-na-ab-ul | Igi-na-ab-ul. |
| 109. Ka-ba-ni-namtila | Ka-ba-ni-silima. |
| 110. Igi-bi-šu-namtila | Igi-bi-šu-silima. |
| 111. (These are) the 8 doorkeepers of Enkiga | |
| (i.e. the god Êa). | |

112. Halama - abzu } { The two men of Uru-

113. Še - ba } { duğa (Êri-du).

(In the above rendering, the character for 'ditto,' šu, which repeats some of the names as Semitic

¹ Spouse of the god Êa.

borrowings, has been omitted. For variant readings and gloss, see the duplicate on pl. 17, lines 58-67.)

In this short list, one would expect to find all the *ka*-names on the left and the *Igi*-names on the right, but for lines 109 and 110 this arrangement is not kept, probably to have *namtila* and *silima* on the same side of the division-line. The renderings of the names are probably as follows:

Line 105. 'The water of the plain.' 106. 'The house (reservoir) of the water of the plain.' 107. 'The mouth of abundance.' 'The eye (spring) of abundance.' 108. 'In its mouth (is) perfection.' 'In its spring (is) perfection.' 109. 'In its mouth (is) life.' 'In its mouth (is) well-being.' 110. 'For its spring (is) life.' 'For its spring (is) well-being.' 112. 'The abundance of the Deep.' 113. 'Provision of grain.'

In connexion with the element *silima* in lines 109 and 110, it may, perhaps, be worthy of note that there was a town or settlement on the Euphrates east of Êri-du called *Bâb-salimêti*, 'the Gate (Mouth) of the Bestowers of well-being,' from the same root. That there should have been, in the Babylonian pantheon, special deities connected with their streams, and a corresponding feeling of gratitude in the hearts of the people for the benefits which they bestowed, is no more than natural in the case of such a religious people as the Babylonians were, both Semitic and non-Semitic.

On p. 183, under the heading 'River-gods,' I have referred to the determinative prefix as *nâru*. This is the Semitic word, the Sumerian being (*H*)*id* (see p. 184), the first element of Hiddekel (the Tigris). The Sumerian form is (*H*)*idigna*, 'the river *Ign*a,' probably 'the sparkling'; Semitic Bab. *Idiglat* or *Hidiglat*.

THEOPHILUS G. PINCHES.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

'THE supreme test of a religion is its power of producing saints.'

That is the saying of so accurate a scholar, so circumspect a writer, so unhesitating a Protestant, as the late Professor James Hope MOULTON. It is found at the beginning of the chapter on Parsi Piety in his book entitled *The Treasure of the Magi* (Milford; 8s. 6d. net). Dr. MOULTON wrote this book in India. He went there to spend a year in studying some of the problems of Indian education and religion. He hoped to make friendships with Indians, and at the same time to do some lecturing and writing.

He remained some sixteen months in India and sailed from Karachi by the S.S. *City of Paris* for England. At Port Said he had the joy of meeting his friend Dr. Rendel Harris, who had left England several months before in order to join Dr. MOULTON in India, but, having been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, had stayed on in Egypt instead of proceeding to India. The two friends sailed together and had a time of delightful intercourse until the steamer was sunk by a torpedo in the Gulf of Lions. Passengers and crew got into the boats. But the weather was very stormy, and the boat in which the two scholars were was driven out of its course and did not reach the coast of Corsica until four days

later. Of the twenty-five souls in the boat twelve had by that time died of exposure, and amongst them Dr. MOULTON.

He had been invited to go to India largely that he might use his ripe Iranian scholarship in lecturing to the Parsis on Zoroastrianism, and he received from that community everywhere proofs of the warmest possible friendship and regard and of the keenest interest in his teaching. In Bombay they placed at his disposal a large theatre, and have since published his lectures in both English and Gujarati. Before leaving India he completed the manuscript of this book. The original autograph lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean. But he had sent a copy in type-script to his brother in England. It is the last but one of Dr. MOULTON's writings that we shall see. There is yet to come the second volume of his *Grammar of New Testament Greek*, which he had completed before he went to India.

This book is an exposition of the religion of the Parsis. We speak of the Parsi religion as Zoroastrianism (at least when we speak of its founding) and we call its founder Zoroaster. Dr. MOULTON uses Zoroastrianism, but prefers to give the founder his own name Zarathushtra. It is the exposition of a man who had mastered at least three departments of knowledge, and with

a completeness of mastery to which few of us attain in one. But this was his earliest attraction, and it kept its hold most surely to the end. When the writer of these Notes met James Hope MOULTON for the first time, some five-and-twenty years ago, he was already absorbed in the study of Zarathushtra. He wrote the article on Zoroastrianism for the *DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE*. And when the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* was undertaken he drew up the whole scheme for the Persian religion and contributed some of the most important articles in it. This book has all the finish of his most finished work, it has all the charm of his most charming writing.

The chapter on Parsi Piety is its most critical chapter. It is the criticism of one who was on the outlook always for the best to be found in man or in religion. It is the criticism of one to whom the religion of the Parsis in particular made almost irresistible appeal. Yet in respect of personal piety Zoroastrianism is found wanting. It has had no power of producing saints. And if a religion cannot produce saints, 'the most splendid array of poetry and philosophy will not redeem it from an inexorable doom.'

But what are saints? 'It would be a bold thing,' says Dr. MOULTON, 'to attempt a definition. Beauty, poetry, love—all the greatest things of life refuse to be defined. But the Book which has made more saints than all other books put together has a summary which goes far towards the portraiture we seek: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Mic 6⁸).'

Now it is not every man who would have quoted that text as the definition of a saint. The Roman Catholic would not have quoted it. The Evangelical would not have quoted it. There is too much of the flavour of 'good works' in it for the Evangelical. Dr. Moody Stuart used to tell the story of a Highland lady who waited till the

preacher from a neighbouring parish gave out his text, and when it proved to be these words from the prophet Micah, remarked that if there was an awkward text in the Bible that man was sure to find it.

If there is too much of the scent of good works in it for the Evangelical, there is too little of the demand for asceticism in it for the Roman Catholic. It is an awkward text for any one who has a narrower outlook, or let us rather say a dimmer insight, than Dr. MOULTON. He is satisfied with it as the definition of a saint because it is a definition of loyalty.

For loyalty is legality—with love in it. Matthew Arnold has told us that religion is morality touched by emotion. It depends upon the emotion. If the emotion is love, and if the love goes before the morality, finding its apology in 'I love because he first loved me,' then religion is morality—not touched by emotion, but brought into being by it. Dr. MOULTON finds that the saint is the loyal one, the man or the woman who loves and holds by the love through good report and through evil.

Now that is Evangelicalism. Good works? Certainly. But the outcome, not the origin. And that is Asceticism. Not the asceticism that suffers for the suffering's sake or for the sake of the merit thus built up, but the asceticism that suffers for Christ's sake, that His sufferings may be filled up and His Kingdom may come.

The Religion of the Parsis has no room for suffering in it. That is its one undeniable weakness. And that one weakness has condemned it to failure. For there is no doubt that Zoroastrianism has failed. To-day Gautama the Buddha claims thousands of followers for every follower that Zarathushtra has.

Why has Zoroastrianism no suffering in it? Because it has no love. Zarathushtra attained

to a doctrine of God that claimed and claims the awe, adoration, and obedience of men, but he was never able to say, 'God is love.' And because he never attained to the love of God, he could not inspire his followers with loyalty. 'No Elisha caught the great Prophet's mantle as he soared on the wings of fire to the House of Song; no gentle man of God remained to supplement the Elijah message of the One Deity, holy and righteous, with the gracious teaching that might win the hearts as well as the minds of men. Vishtaspa, Frashaoshtra, Jamaspa, and the rest were no doubt sincere and eager followers, but they did not supply the needed supplement to the message. The long roll of saints in the Farvardin Yasht, whose names are all we know of them—

the unknown good who rest
In God's still memory folded deep—

may well have included many a noble soul. But the possibility that there were mute, inglorious Zarathushtras *in posse* among them does not alter the fact that the religion bearing Zarathushtra's name has never received a fresh inspiration carrying it beyond the point at which the Founder left it.

There was no loyalty because there was no love. And because there was no loyalty there was no self-sacrifice. How different was the history of Israel. Amos came as another Zarathushtra, with 'a wonderful grip of the great principles of God's inflexible righteousness, His judgement against sin, and His promises to those who should turn and seek Him.' But implicit in the religion of Amos was the love of God. And so, when Hosea followed, there seemed to be nothing in God but infinite tenderness for humanity, and a love that was ready to forgive until seventy times seven. St. Paul entered into the inheritance. The love became loyalty and the loyalty sacrifice. St. Paul 'was no faqir, no pursuer of asceticism as a means of grace. But he did "one thing"; if anything else came in the way of it he threw it aside. Hence the passion so well expressed in his modern interpreter's words:

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

And the inspiration of that utter self-sacrifice has been an even greater power in Christianity than the living letters that teach us the doctrine Paul spent himself to proclaim.'

The Rev. J. Vernon BARTLET, D.D., Senior Tutor of Mansfield College, and the Rev. A. J. CARLYLE, D.Litt., Lecturer of University College, Oxford, have together written a History of the Development of Christianity. The title is *Christianity in History* (Macmillan; 12s. net).

Their purpose is—but we had better use their own words. 'Ours is in fact an attempt to set forth the genesis and growth of certain of the more typical forms and phases which Christianity—whether as conduct, piety, thought, or organized Church life—has assumed under the conditioning influences first of the Roman Empire and then of the Western civilization that was its successor and heir. Thus, of books known to us, Professor Percy Gardner's *Growth of Christianity* is most akin to ours. Yet, apart from its larger scale, ours differs from his a good deal in scope and execution.'

It differs also, they might have added, in attitude. But of that in a moment. The history of the Church is divided into five periods—the Beginnings, Ancient Christianity, the Middle Ages, the Great Transition, and the Modern Period. The proportion of space allowed to each period is strikingly different. The period entitled Ancient Christianity occupies nearly half the volume. How do the authors account for that? We should have suspected that one man had run away with his neighbour's share of space. But it is not so.

'Doubtless,' they say, 'we have failed, time and again, to settle these questions of periods, proportionate fulness of treatment, inclusion and

omission of topics, in a fully satisfactory way. But we have been aware of them all along; and the actual shaping of the work is the result of a good deal of weighing of alternatives. The governing consideration has been the fact that we were looking at the whole development largely from the practical standpoint of the interests and problems present in men's minds to-day; and we gave the preference to what seemed of most value as data for forming a just judgment upon the general trend of things, as well as upon certain questions bearing on the true nature and genius of Christianity.'

Now it was the Catholicism which grew up under the conditions of the Roman Empire that determined the future. 'Its forms and their influence have persisted, without fundamental change, as the main intellectual factor in the general apprehension of Christianity down to the present day.' So they say, and we agree with them. It is true that the features of Early Christianity are more familiar to us than those of Mediæval or even Modern Christianity. But here also the child is father of the man. When we know the character—what we now call the genius—of Christianity, we can trace its growth throughout the ages simply by observing the unexpected and finding out the cause of its unexpectedness.

Two things are essential to success in so difficult an undertaking—good scholarship and a right attitude. These men are scholars. It means more than knowledge—judgment also, breadth of outlook, and the understanding heart. Have they the right attitude? Do they look at Christianity from without or from within? We shall see.

We shall see if we take the title 'Son of Man,' which Jesus used of Himself, and discover what they understand by it. Simple as it seems it is central. There is no test of a man's attitude to Christ or the religion of Christ that is half so searching as just this test—What does he think Jesus meant when He called Himself the Son of Man?

It was a Messianic title when Jesus came. That is to say, it had been read in the Book of Daniel, brooded over, and assigned to the promised Deliverer, the indefinite '*a son of man*' of the prophet being easily altered into the definite and sharply distinguishing '*the Son of Man*' of the apocalypses. Jesus did not take it in the sense of the Book of Daniel. His use was definite always. Did He take it in the current apocalyptic sense? He did not.

A single passage is sufficient to make that clear. He put a question to the disciples at Cæsarea Philippi: 'Who do men say that the Son of man is?' (Mt 16¹³). He clearly referred to Himself, and so did the disciples understand Him. But when Peter answered, 'Thou art the Messiah,' He was much moved, and said, 'Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.' Now if He had used the title in the current sense there would have been no surprise at Peter's inspiration. The two words were in the common speech synonymous. The one stood for the other. And Peter would have done no more than simply identify Jesus as the Jewish Messiah. Such an identification would have been made not by inspiration but exactly by flesh and blood.

What then did Jesus mean when He called Himself the Son of Man? He meant that He was the Head of the Messianic kingdom divinely designated at His baptism, when the words were heard, 'This is my beloved Son.' He meant that He was there first of all as the representative of Israel, God's collective 'son' by election, and next as the representative of humanity. He meant that He stood in that perfectly filial relation to God which was the destiny of man as originally created 'in the image of God,' though it had been lost by Adam and never recovered until in His own experience and person. He meant that in His humanity He had a unique and archetypal relation to humanity at large.

Was Jesus justified in using the title 'Son of Man' in a sense which even His disciples could hardly understand? The answer is by another question. Was He justified in using parable at all? He had no desire to use it. We may be sure that if it had been possible He would have given everybody the opportunity of knowing the mysteries of the Kingdom. But then as always a man hears if he has ears to hear.

He was moved when at Cæsarea Philippi Peter discovered so much of the meaning of it. He was moved again, these scholars think, and yet more moved, when He Himself discovered what it was to lead Him to. How did He make the discovery? If He came to identify Himself with the Son of Man by reading the Book of Daniel, He may have come to see that the Son of Man must suffer many things by reading the Book of Isaiah. For before the hostility of the nation or of its rulers made itself manifest He was aware that the way He had to go in order to 'justify many' would lead Him through suffering and death, until at last He should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

The new volume of *The East and the West* (S.P.G.), the volume for 1917, contains many good articles. One article, of interest now and of importance always, is 'A Lesson in the Progress of Ethics.' Its author is Miss Constance L. MAYNARD.

It is an article on Election—though Miss MAYNARD may be surprised to hear that. She herself would call it an article on Emancipation. And so it is. But the Election comes before the Emancipation, and remains after it. To look at it as Emancipation is to learn the lesson in the progress of Ethics which Miss MAYNARD teaches, and the lesson is right well worth learning. To look at it as Election is to stand beside the greatest teachers of the world and learn one of the greatest lessons that they have to teach us.

We ought to begin with the Election. It will be more convenient to begin with the Emancipation.

'Society,' says Miss MAYNARD, 'society in the ancient world was ruled by three great assertions or principles that were so closely interwoven with the fabric of human existence that not even the wisest men detected them as errors. Neither Plato nor Marcus Aurelius could lift himself above them and see their fundamental futility, and, though Buddha went nearer to the mark, he could not quite free himself from their entanglements. They were a part of the constitution of the world in which every one moved, and were to be accepted as such, just as we accept the facts of day and night, summer and winter.'

'The three principles were these: First, that one nation is more favoured than another, and is put forward, educated and honoured by Divine power, while other nations remain outside as barbarians and outcasts. Secondly, that one kind of man is inherently superior to another, and so may enslave his fellow-man and refuse him all rights. And thirdly, that the obvious and impassable distinction of sex, that chasm that divides the whole human race into two sorts, proclaims aloud that the woman is inferior to the man, and created for his convenience.'

Miss MAYNARD admits that in each of these assertions there is sufficient truth, not only to keep it alive century after century, but even, in the earlier stages, to help forward the progress of the world.

First, the favoured nation. 'It is far better that by some means a few men should be raised, than that all should live at one brutal dead level. The socialist may believe that by knocking the tops off the mountains he will elevate the vast dreary plain below; but the plan of the Divine Educator of the world has not run on these lines. Better one child taken out from a savage rabble, clothed and civilized, than none at all; better one

man called out of idolatry and separated from his fatherland, one little nation delivered from tyranny, educated with unswerving severity, yet shown glimpses of a glorious future to be gained by obedience; better for the whole world looking on that there should be this selective process, than that there should be no care taken to kindle and preserve the light of the knowledge of God, and show the powerful and noble effect such knowledge has on the human character.'

Next, the favoured man. 'We from our ethical heights condemn slavery as a system unmitigatedly bad, but there is a stage in development when it is better than nothing. The mass of the race have always been children, more ready to obey than to reason, and what plan shall we invent to raise them? Abraham's "three hundred and eighteen trained servants born in his own house" had a far superior education to that of the wild tribes who lived outside, and even the training given by the American plantation under its ordinary conditions was, though very rough, better than the stagnating masses of hopeless ignorance and brutality that are at the present day thrust out of sight here and there in the Southern States.'

Last of all, the favoured sex. 'Each question becomes more complex than the last, and we have to take care how we handle these matters. By the authority of Creation, one-half of the human race is told off to deal with the coming generation rather than the present one. The chief province of the woman is Immaturity. Birth, infancy, childhood, health, education, the initial sense of right and wrong, all are in her hands, and these are the constituents of the weal or woe of the immediate future. Passive and quiet occupations fall to her lot, making a strain on patience rather than on adventure, and in view of her obvious muscular inferiority it was no wonder that in rough old days the estimate formed was not a true one. The work of destruction is a sudden thing, whether in war, hunting, or felling trees, and makes demand on courage and inventiveness, but

the work of creation is slow and scarcely to be seen. So the woman became a possession of the man, doubtless his most precious possession, but still a thing rather than a person. The position was unavoidable so long as the eye of the world was not opened to a nobler standard, a region where muscular force goes for nothing, and even mental ability must take the second place.'

Well, the day came when the truth that each of these principles contained proved insufficient for its acceptance. It was discovered to be a lie, a downright lie, says Miss MAYNARD, a thing incredible and impossible. What was that day? It was the Day of Pentecost. When the Day of Pentecost was fully come, and a clear-seeing, plain-speaking man like St. Paul was ready to declare the results of it, he said, 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Miss MAYNARD calls that St. Paul's sledge-hammer with its three crushing blows, one for each lie.

Did the three lies come to an end? Yes, they came to an end, but not all at once and not all together.

The separation of Jew from Gentile was broken down first. For St. Paul set himself to break it down, gave all his strength to it, and succeeded. 'The beatings, the stonings, the shipwrecks, the prisons, the contemptuous rejection of the learned few and the howling mob of the ignorant many, all are inwoven for ever into the history of the early Church. St. Paul dashed himself against the stone wall of prejudice, and was broken to pieces; but for all that he succeeded, succeeded through death, even as his Master had succeeded in a task infinitely harder. "There is neither Jew nor Gentile" is a principle established in Christendom; and never since in history (until we come to the Teuton of to-day) has a nation set itself up as the sole favourite of Heaven. It was a great deal to accomplish in the lifetime of one man.'

Slavery came to an end next. But not for a long time after St. Paul had finished his course. He did not give himself to the ending of Slavery. He accepted it as he found it. 'The incident of Philemon and Onesimus seems to be given us purposely in order to show his attitude towards this great question. There is the wealthy slave-owner, and St. Paul proposes to come and stay with him. The position and return of the runaway slave is explained with great courtesy, and a generous welcome is entreated for him, but there is not one word of indignation or suggestion that the whole system is wrong and unworthy, and that, as a member of the Christian Church, Philemon would do well to set his slaves free. For the bond-servant himself there was no difficulty, for he was in spirit "the Lord's free man," and that was quite enough (1 Co 7^{21, 22}). "Art thou called being a slave? care not for it," the position is not comfortable, but it will do as well as any other for this short life, and yet perhaps there is a cropping-up of the just instincts implanted in human nature in the words added at once, "but if thou mayst be made free, use it rather."'

But St. Paul had the spirit which brought Slavery to an end. He counted on Philemon having it. He sent Onesimus back with it. Every man upon whom the tongue as of fire descended through all the centuries had it. And at last, as the direct result of the Day of Pentecost—who will deny it?—On August 1, 1833, Britain washed her hands of the curse of slavery, and thirty years later America (whose temptation to uphold it was far greater) did the same. No one could return now on that barren and deteriorating system. The seed had been truly sown, and it had a life within it which, however long the pause, must finally appear in leafage, blossom, and fruit.'

The third of the three great lies (we use Miss MAYNARD'S word) came to an end last. Its end, or at least the event that shows the end at hand,

is no doubt the prophetic occasion of Miss MAYNARD'S article. It is so recent an event as the passing of the Reform Act of 1918, with the political emancipation of women.

Did the emancipation of women take place on the Day of Pentecost? If St. Paul is the interpreter of the Day of Pentecost, it does not seem so. 'Neither male nor female,' he says; but what of the demands for silence and subjection, for keeping at home and not going from house to house? What of the details about having long hair and wearing veils, and all the restrictions that prevent women from sharing in the government of the Church?

Miss MAYNARD finds excuse for St. Paul. First she reads of 'the heights of the spiritual world as described in the Epistle to the Ephesians, a world where the writer's own soul soars at ease, and is happy as a lark invisible in the vault of cloudless blue.' She finds no distinction of sex there. And then she turns to the missionary world of to-day and sees that it would have been impossible for St. Paul to carry out his principle into action in every detail. For in the missionary world of to-day we have the 'same position, the same impact of the Gospel of Christ on the established customs of heathenism. Dare we infringe the rights of the Indian purdah, and declare the restriction to be harmful nonsense? Dare we tell the Chinese girl to leave her timidity and self-depreciation behind, and take her place with us? Dare we even tell the Kafir wife that it is a foolish rule that she may not enter the wide gate of the kraal enclosure, but must have a little side door of her own? The rules of modesty may be most fantastic, yet to begin with we must obey them, or we shall find that modesty itself is swept away, and that we have plunged ourselves into a sea of troubles.'

The emancipation had taken place, but, says Miss MAYNARD, 'we have to wait patiently on tradition and custom, while we set the right spirit

to work, and allow it gradually to discover its own forms of expression. Looking back, I imagine the women of Corinth were fully as difficult as any we have to do with. Luxurious, vain, idle, tale-bearing, a flimsy mass of rouge and paint and other falsities without, and an empty-headed chatter of prejudices and wanton desires within, such a woman was a heavy task to manage as a convert. Unaccustomed to go out in the street alone, she was now sent round on errands of mercy, and, with what doubtless appeared to her to be new and dazzling liberty in front, there was all the more need to emphasize the restraining customs of the past. I only wonder that, in the judgment of a man brought up among such customs, the new regulations are not more strict. The Greek was a talker if he was nothing else, and what the silly gossip of the women must have been when they got together passes thought. It is noticeable that while the Apostle's unsparing lash falls again and again on the varied sins of men, he hardly ever mentions women without in some way referring to sins of the tongue.'

Now when Miss MAYNARD has ended her exposition of that great passage of St. Paul—'there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus'—she sees that there is a wider reference in it than she has taken account of, and the doctrine of Election, with its unquestionable truthfulness almost breaks upon her sight. She does see that the principles, which when they cease to be necessary she calls lies, are simply examples of God's method of working in the Earth. What she does not seem to see, or at least does not say, is that this is the one method of God's working of which we are absolutely certain, and that the name it is known by is Election.

We miss the meaning of Election by making it applicable only to individuals. It *is* applicable to individuals. Every society is made up of individuals. But in Scripture it is rarely applied

to the individual standing alone. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' Yes, but Jacob and Esau are the nations, not the men. Even when Jacob and Esau strove together in their mother's womb two nations were then at strife.

But if the doctrine of Election is misunderstood by applying it mainly to men, it is much more misunderstood by making it mainly a matter of privilege. Here indeed lies the heart of the horror which some men profess, and some men actually feel, regarding it. One man is taken and another left—for what end? For no end at all, we are told—simply taken and left. But we are never so told in the Bible. If any man or nation is taken for the enjoyment of some great honour—such honour as only God can take him for, such honour as is properly called Election, the choice of God from the foundation of the world—it is always because on that nation or that man is to fall responsibility. The responsibility is as great as the privilege. It is a responsibility which will cost all that the privilege confers. And the condemnation for failure to fulfil the responsibility will be severe according as the privilege is glorious.

The Election has a purpose to serve. Is it the Election of a nation? It is in order that through it other nations may be blessed. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated'—we do not now misunderstand the Eastern form of speech. We know that its meaning is, Jacob have I chosen that Esau may be blessed in him. It is God's way of working. 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord'—could He not have said at the same time, 'Hear, O Edom'? We do not know what He could or can. We know that that is not His way.

Is it the election of one stratum of society? When all were slaves He chose one part of the nation to rule the other part. Was that for mere privilege and pride? Woe to the freemen who think so. They will suffer more than the slave. Is it the election of the male sex? Always the

situation is open to possibilities of utter misapprehension and unutterable mischief. But the evil is not in the election.

It is God's way. And we are not done with it yet. It is true that when the time has come, and the nations of the earth are able to receive the blessing, Israel sins grievously by attempting to withhold it. So the time came when there should be neither Jew nor Greek. The time came when there should be neither bond nor free. The time has come when there shall be neither male nor female. But that is not the end. It is God's way still.

There is an election to privilege and responsibility in the Kingdom of the Christ. It is the privilege of Saintship. It is the responsibility of finding other saints. Do not shrink from the election. And do not shrink from the responsibility of the election. The saint who does not accept the responsibility of finding other saints is not fulfilling the purpose of his high calling. And terrible is his condemnation. We read that story in St. Matthew's Gospel of the sheep and the goats—Mr. Emmet says it is the only portion of Scripture which he cannot make fit into his scheme of a universal return to God—for its words are: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels,' and again, 'These shall go away into eternal punishment.'

But who are 'these'? They are not the sinners we sometimes think they are. They are the righteous. They are not the prodigals. They are the elder sons. Their fault, and their only fault, is that they did not go after the prodigals to bring them home. They may have kept the commandments amazingly well, but 'inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

When will this election cease? Surely when all the saints of God have been gathered in. The responsibility cannot cease till then. And if that is not to be here, then it will have to be there. But we walk by faith.

And when this election comes to an end, when all the saints of the earth have been found and gathered to the feet of God, will God's method of election be brought to an end also? Our Lord seems to say so. 'Then cometh the end,' He says. But it may be that the end He speaks of is this particular end—the end of this particular purpose of God for men. After that may there not be a new election, the election of all men on behalf of those who are not men?

Is it a pure speculation? Well, it is a Pauline speculation. St. Paul saw that the whole creation was waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. He did not mean that when the manifestation he looked for was accomplished the rest of the creation of God would mechanically share in the redemption. *That* is not God's way of working, and St. Paul never fancied that it was. It is not a pure speculation, and it need not be a profitless speculation if we believe that the race of man, its own emancipation over, is elected to a new responsibility—God saying to *Adam* now, not to Abraham, 'In thee and in thy seed shall all the families *in heaven* be blessed.'

All tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far:
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God. Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendour ever on before
In that eternal circle run by life.

Christianity and International Politics.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. J. DICK FLEMING, D.D., MANITOBA COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

WHILE the issues of the present world-conflict are still undecided, and all men are anxiously scanning the details of battle and diplomacy, it may be well worth our while to emphasize the real principle at stake and to gauge the future in the light of the vast moral gains already achieved. I propose here to show that the allied nations are fighting, not merely for national right and liberty, nor even for democratic institutions, but, above all, for the establishment of a true Internationalism—that long-neglected ideal of Christianity; and further, that this war, appalling as it is, has already forced this ideal into a prominence it has never hitherto attained.

In the religious history of the world there have been three well-marked stages—savage or Tribal Religion, civilized National Religion, and finally Universal or International Religion. And to these correspond the three stages of morals—Tribal morality, National morality, and International morality.

First, in primitive tribal religion, the gods are merely local spirits of capricious character, and morality is little more than tribal custom. The ideal of the tribesman is to serve his chief or his tribe; and since he sees nothing but hostile forces in the world outside, his rule of conduct is, Destroy or be destroyed. Do all the good you can to your tribesmen, and all the harm you can to others. Be loyal to your chief and your clan, and for their sakes hate, crush, kill, or enslave the men, women, and children of other clans. While there is a genuine morality in such principles, it is exceedingly limited in scope: the same ideal which calls for loyalty, love, and faithful service within the tribe authorizes equally the exhibition of the opposite qualities—disloyalty, malice, and treachery—to all outside the tribe.

Then came the nations with their national religions, and their national ideals of morality. Take, for example, the ancient Persian, the Greek, the Brahmanic, the Jewish, or the Mohammedan religion. In all of these national religion and political nationhood grew up together. Thus it was in the enthusiasm of their Brahmanic faith that the Punjaub tribes united for the conquest of India, and, spreading themselves over the lands of the Ganges, grew into a mighty nation. It was in the name of national religion that Saul and David

united the tribes of Israel, and made Jerusalem the political and religious centre of their people. So it was in the name of Islam brotherhood and of Allah, the one god, that the tribes of Arabia were brought together under Mahomet's sceptre, and developed a power that astonished the world. This development from tribal separateness to the larger unity of the nation carried necessarily with it the widening of the circle of moral obligation: the duties of brotherhood, faithfulness, and justice were now exercised on a much wider scale; and tribal morality gave place to national morality, tribal loyalty to national patriotism. A striking illustration of this development, and the new moral principle involved, is found in the teaching of the Greek philosopher Plato, when in his *Republic* he gives voice to the growing national sentiment of his country.¹ He pleads that the Greek states bear in mind that they have a common mother, the land of Greece, and observe the same religious rites; and that it is scandalous to treat any neighbouring Greek state after the manner of barbarians. When Greeks go to war with any barbarian people they may act without restraint, may devastate their land, burn their houses, and make them slaves. But when Greeks go to war with Greeks—that is not war properly speaking, but only civil discord, a conflict between natural friends. And in such conflict there must be neither wanton devastation of land nor destruction of houses, nor enslavement of captives; but as far as possible the single aim should be the punishment of the wrongdoers who originated the war. This protest of Plato illustrates the notable advance from local to the wider national morality, and it shows at the same time the inevitable limitations of a sentiment that is merely national. The virtues of local loyalty have now been widened into the larger patriotism. But beyond this wider circle of loyalties lies the still wider circle of relations to the rest of the world—to barbarians who have no rights and against whom all methods of war are justifiable. National morality retains, while reinterpreting, the old principle, Thou

¹ Cf. bk. v. chap. xvi. While possessing a national religion, Greece remained split up into little states, and never quite attained to political nationhood. Plato represents the wider ideal of the national consciousness.

shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. Love your fellow-Greeks, but hate the barbarians; love your fellow-Jew, but hate all Gentiles; love your brother-Moslem, but hate the infidels who reject the faith of Mahomet. We know how the principle was duly carried into practice. The Jew exterminated the Canaanite without pity; the Greek Alexander the Great made his tour of conquest in Asia; Rome sought her place in the sun, and enlarged successfully her national empire; while Islam later made almost world-wide conquest. Beyond the national borders no right or binding law was yet recognized; and thus the same people who could deal justly and generously with their fellow-countrymen could also without scruple deceive, rob, and murder those of other nationalities, and even feel that they were serving their gods in so doing.

Then came the third stage of religious history, in what is commonly called Universal or International religion. Of the religions that claim to be universal, one may safely say that Christianity is the only one that counts among the progressive peoples of to-day; for Christianity alone is positive and universal—positive, because it reaffirms the value of all home and tribal and patriotic loyalties, and yet universal, because its ideal is wide as humanity. Christianity was never a merely national religion; indeed, it was rejected from the first by the very nation from which it sprang. It distinctly set aside the old principle of national religion, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy'; it demanded from all men and on behalf of all men the exercise of justice, respect, faithful and helpful dealing. In Christianity the former limitation in the area of moral requirement has been absolutely removed; in Christ there is no distinction of Jew or Greek, barbarian, Scythian, slave, or freeman, for all human relations whatever are to be pervaded by His Spirit.

One cannot but ask why Christianity as an international ideal has done so little to realize its universal aim. Indeed, there are many who fail to see any progress at all, and who pessimistically conclude from the present aspect of the world that Christianity has failed—failed as an effective power in the life of nations. A little patient survey of past history will, I think, lead us to an opposite—and much more hopeful—conclusion.

Look back for a moment to the rise of the modern nations of Europe. With the dissolution

of the Roman Empire under the crushing invasions of the northern barbarians, the old civilization gradually crumbled to pieces. For centuries chaos and anarchy prevailed; learning and science disappeared. The world had practically to begin the civilizing process over again. From this welter of ignorance and anarchy sprang first the feudal system, based on a network of personal loyalties. These loyalties were so weakly co-ordinated that petty wars everywhere prevailed. From this again grew up, with a developing national sentiment, the system of the modern nations, which were able to maintain peace and enforce justice within their several borders. And all this time Christianity was like the leaven, working slowly but surely through the centuries, enlarging the individual's outlook, and widening the circle of his loyalties, until now the patriotic sentiment has practically absorbed all minor and local considerations. In other words, Christianity has been lifting men up from barbarism to the stage of conduct already described as an ideal by national religion, which demands within the nation the recognition of mutual rights and obligations, and the relegation of all differences between individuals to courts of justice. But now the further ideal is being forcibly presented to us by Christianity as an international religion, and the special task laid on Christendom to-day is to bring its international relations into harmony with the laws that govern *inner-national* relations. The issue before us is clear. The old principle that right is might within the state, and that might is right elsewhere, is challenged by Christianity, which calls us to respect the rights of man universally, and to serve our country within the limits of our service to humanity.

I wish now to show that the international ideal has made wonderful progress in modern times; and further that this terrible world-war opens up the prospect of realizing Christianity to a degree that was never before possible in the history of the world.

In the first place, there has been gradually developing in the last century and a half a new international conscience. In theory at least the modern world has set aside the old nationalist principle that law and morality hold good only in civil relations, and that beyond the bounds of the nation might is right. We know that might is not right; that rights and obligations are universal, and that every one is summoned to respect the rights of humanity whether within or without the circle of

his own nationality. What else was meant by the declaration of the American States that 'all men are born free and equal'? What else meant the strong assertion of the French Republic that the end of all national associations is to preserve 'the natural and imprescriptible rights of man'? For these were declared to be the rights, not of Americans or of Frenchmen merely, but of man universally! And while Great Britain has never passed through such a crisis that it needed to re-state its principles, there is scarcely a man among the people of that great Empire who does not cordially respond to the same sentiments. Even Germany before the war was advancing to the recognition of the same universal principles. Its greatest poet, Goethe, had so little sympathy with a narrow nationalism that he regarded it as a mere remnant of barbarism, and declared that 'national hate is strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture.' And its greatest philosopher, Kant, has emphasized the rights of humanity and the duty of man to man. He even characterizes as a 'monster' the state which seeks to aggrandize itself at the expense of its neighbours, and in his essay on Peace presents the ideal of a free States-Union, a great republic of free united nations where all despotism will be overthrown, and a new era of justice and international peace will become possible.

Not only has Christianity found new expression for its ideal of international morality, but practical evidence is not lacking that the ideal was beginning to permeate the actual relations of the modern states. For one thing, the necessities of commerce and the enlarging opportunities of commerce were bringing the nations nearer; for commerce demands mutual trust. The Church has also achieved much by its active missionary efforts, by international religious conferences, and by generous aid given to the weaker communities of other lands. The alliance of the forces of Labour has also done much to bring the nations together, and to remove some of the false barriers of nationalism. And international diplomacy has gradually followed suit. The imminent danger of war has been averted once and again by international arbitration; and the Hague conferences have made a modest contribution to the same end by evolving a definite code of international law. All these signs gave good ground for the belief that the international morality demanded by an

international religion was making slow but comfortable progress.

Then—like a bolt from the blue—came this incredible war—devastating and withering the life of humanity. And as we follow with straining mind and quivering heart the outward stages of the awful conflict, it almost seems at times as though the age of barbarism had returned and the tide of human progress were set back for centuries. But several considerations lead to a more comforting conclusion, namely, that this wanton war which weighs as a nightmare on the heart of the world has forced the ideal of international morality to the front, and is thus accomplishing what might have taken centuries to accomplish by the slow processes of normal development.

In the first place, the Christian ideal has advanced immeasurably since the war began, and has triumphed to a degree that four years ago would not have been thought possible.

As General Smuts said in his London address, 'The battle-front is not merely in France and Flanders, not merely on sea and land: the true battle-front of this war is in the soul of the nations.' We live in two worlds—the world of ideas and the world of conduct; and we are fighting a double war—a war of ideals and a war of guns. Looking at the inner side of the war, we find two theories in conflict. One is the theory I have presented as that of Christianity, namely, that international morality and good faith are the only foundations of progress and peace. The other—call it Prussianism, Pan-Germanism, militarism, jingoism, or what you will—is the theory that in international relations there is no moral law but the law of the strongest, so that might is right, and treachery and fraud and frightfulness are necessary and justifiable. Now can we doubt as to which of these ideals has prevailed in the soul of the nations? Looked at from this point of view, Prussianism is already doomed: the war of ideals has been fought and won! Place these opposing ideals before the bar of the world's opinion to-day—the national ideal with its obverse counterpart of barbarism, cruelty, and frightfulness, and the international ideal which calls for justice and equity between state and state. Can we doubt that the emphatic judgment of mankind is to-day in favour of the universal ideal? One may fairly question whether even Germany is an exception. The rank scum of literature which to-day professes

to represent the German mind cannot be rightly so regarded; nor can any one who knows Germany and the Germans believe that the dominating sentiments of the militarist and imperial party have permanently obliterated the more Christian sentiments of the nation. These better elements have been meanwhile forced to silence—the press is gagged—the universities all but closed; but no one can believe that the better soul of the people is dead. It may burst its fetters soon: I can imagine that there will yet be an explosion in that country that will sweep away the Pan-German ideal, and the accursed rulers that have tried to impose it on the people. But without building any argument on such a desirable consummation, one may safely assert that the world as a whole was never so much in earnest as it is to-day in regard to international ideals. Previous to this war the world was only playing with practical international problems; and the Hague conferences were not sufficiently backed by public opinion and authority to accomplish more than pious resolutions. These resolutions were doubtless of value; for the nations engaged themselves, once they happened to be at war, to conduct the war like gentlemen and not like beasts. But they did not yield any means of dealing with a state which wantonly broke the international peace; and there was no established united authority to reduce such a lawless state to submission. Public opinion is now demanding, as never before, that some international federation or league be established, whereby lawless states may be brought to judgment, and not only pilloried at the bar of opinion, but punished by international power.

But there is another fact revealed in the present situation, and obvious to those who can read the signs of the times. Not only has the international ideal acquired new force in public opinion; not only is there such a demand for international federation, that even the German authorities are constrained to pay it a professed homage; but the ideal is already being *realized in practice*.

How do we expect international federation to come into being? Surely not at a stroke of the pen by some magnanimous and unanimous agreement of all nations! There must be at least one preliminary stage, in which some of the more powerful states ally themselves with a view to establishing a world-wide federation, and band themselves meanwhile to propagate the ideal among

other nations and to defend it if necessary by force of arms. It must come partially into existence before it can hope to be completely realized.

Can any one fail to see that this first stage has been reached, and that this war, instigated by nationalist aspirations, has really brought internationalism into being? It has brought into existence what no Hague conference was able to achieve—the first powerful federation of nations, for the vindication of justice between state and state, the first serious alliance for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of all states and the punishment of aggressors. Not only has the great majority of states joined this federation, but even those which have failed to join it remain neutral because of their political situation rather than because of indifference or hostility. And further, when we consider how the allied nations have pooled their resources in this conflict, as well as their aims and ideals, and with what marvellous unanimity they have sunk their separate interests for the sake of world-wide justice, we can no longer doubt that internationalism has taken one mighty step forward to its goal. It is only because our minds are intent on the backward and forward turn of events in this terrible war that we fail to see so clearly as we might that *international federation is actually in process of formation*.

This war, then, marks the beginning of a new era in the world's history. Its issues are no longer doubtful, though the measure of the success of the allied nations must still depend on the thoroughness of their preparations and the determination they put into the conflict.

As President Wilson says, 'We are at the beginning of an age when it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among Nations that are observed among Individual citizens.' This war is going to make an end of false and self-interested nationalism: it has done something already to transform the dreams of our seers and poets into reality—the dreams of international federation, international justice and peace.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Literature.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE preacher had better not be a philosopher. But he had better know what philosophy is. How is he to know? A simple, safe, and sufficient way is by reading Professor J. S. Mackenzie's new book entitled *Elements of Constructive Philosophy* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net).

It is simple. Professor Mackenzie has no love for the abstract or the abstruse, his love is all for clearness of thought and concreteness of language. If he does not deliberately discard metaphysical phraseology, it must be because he is not in the habit of using it. No doubt he is not quite so simple as he seems to be. For he knows that philosophy can never become a popular pastime. He even knows that he himself knows very little about the problems that it deals with. The simplicity of the superficial is none of his. He is simple because he lets us look straight into the blue, and does not fill the air with unconsumed smoke of his own.

The book is safe. What is that? That means scholarship. It is knowledge of what is unknown (as has already been said) as well as what is known. In particular it is accurate up-to-date knowledge of what is known. Professor Mackenzie is a thinker; he is also a reader. And if he has not fitted out his pages with imposing footnotes, he has verified his references all right. The book has cost him much that does not appear on the surface of it. Like Matthew Arnold, his grey hair is within.

The book is sufficient. In its less than five hundred pages is all that the educated man who is not a special student of philosophy—the preacher, say—needs to know or is likely to care to know. The arrangement is methodical; the style is crisp and conclusive.

And now, as example, take this on 'The Significance of the Individual Life.'—'The individual who recognizes himself as a member of such a spiritual unity has to be thought of in a somewhat different way from the individual who is simply conscious of himself as a member of a group or as a self-assertive personality. Plato's *Republic*, inspiring as in many respects it is, has the fatal defect that the individual citizens are regarded in it as little more than means to the life of the whole. Each

citizen is to have a special function in the life of the State, and is to be trained simply for the fulfilment of that function. When he is, for any considerable time, incapacitated for this, he is to be ruthlessly cast aside. He is a wheel in a great mechanism, and has no value, apart from that. This view is adopted by Plato in opposition to what he conceives as the democratic view, the view of Liberty and Equality—*i.e.* the view of individual self-assertion, limited only by the self-assertion of others. Against this assertion of individual rights, Plato urges that the only real right of the individual is his right to the position for which he is fitted in the life of the whole. What is *due* to him is simply his *duty*. He is entitled to secure the place in which he can exercise his special function to the best advantage, and to the education and instruments that are required for the proper discharge of that function. Similar views have been taken by more recent opponents of democracy, such as Carlyle and Ruskin; and perhaps the organization of modern Germany may be taken as the nearest approximation to the subordination of the individual to the life of the whole. Now, it may be conceded that the only right of the individual is to be allowed to perform his duty; but what Plato and others seem not to have sufficiently recognized is, that, in order to do his duty properly, he must be free to choose it and able to see that it is his duty. He must learn to realize, at least in some degree, that the life of the whole to which he belongs is his own life. In the case of the rulers Plato recognizes this; but not for the citizens in general. No doubt, even in our modern democracies, it is difficult to realize such an ideal, even in an approximate way. Perhaps it cannot be adequately realized without considerable modification in many of our institutions and modes of government. But it is at least more and more recognized that it is only by some tolerable realization of it that a properly human life can be secured.'

THE PEACE.

Mr. William Harbutt Dawson discusses *Problems of the Peace* with knowledge and courage (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). Take the problem of Alsace-

Lorraine. He does not see how the whole double province can be restored to France, both because Germany would suffer economically so seriously, and also because the Alsace of to-day is so different from the Alsace of 1871. His conclusion is: 'Given her adversary's defeat, it will be for France to say the decisive word. Whether, in the event of that word implying the rejection of compromise on any terms, France will expect the armed guarantee of her present Allies in supporting it, how far such a guarantee could be given, and what would be the extent of the liabilities thereby involved—these are questions which it may well be premature to discuss, though it is not even now too soon to think about them.'

Again, on the question of the German colonies, he says: 'To withhold colonies from Germany, great as our resentment against her may be, would be a petty act of retaliation which might be pregnant with large and disastrous results. It would be to tell her that henceforth she cannot be allowed to colonize except by permission of Great Britain. That would be a declaration of war against the German nation and its national aspirations. Are we prepared to face the consequences, and is the gain to be derived from such an attitude worth the risk? On the other hand, a policy of moderation and conciliation upon this question would justify itself abundantly: the history of the relationships of the British race to other nations has proved this a hundred times in the past, and will prove it a hundred times in the future.'

There is much more in the book which will be quite unacceptable to the average Englishman and quite offensive to the militarist in our midst. But nothing is set down hastily or of partiality. And it is assuredly our bounden duty to look all round every one of the Problems of the Peace.

THE WORLD AS IMAGINATION.

The question is (not *Who*, because we must not postulate a God yet, but), What is it that has made the world? We may use the word 'made,' but we must not use it in the sense of created. What is at the back of it? as the American would say. Perhaps we had better speak as yet of the 'Ground' of the world.

'Now the Ground cannot, of course, be regarded as Will. Will is altogether too thin an abstraction, even were there not other and insuperable objec-

tions to this line of thinking. And there are those who may urge that it is idle to liken the Ground to any aspect of the processes of our psychical life. But if we are inclined to trace a resemblance between the Ground and human mentality, we shall do well, perhaps, to conceive the former as Imagination. For note that from Imagination it seems practicable to derive all appearances, while if you try to "deduce" anything (e.g. Krug's famous pen) effectively from Reason or Will, or from a unity of a Logical Idea and Will, and the like, you fail utterly. Thus when Schelling discussed Nature as unconscious "immature intelligence"—there being supposed a giant cosmic reason which lies petrified in objective being—he was on a wrong tack. For the processes, which are named, and too often hypostasised as "intelligence," imply a highly selective attention and are far removed from that concreteness which Nature presents. But if Nature be viewed as a phase of the ever-changing cosmic imagination—why, then, you have all its living detail, storm, and stir fully provided for! Real Nature is not the ridiculous phantom of "extensions," "resistances," and "energies" so dear to scientific fiction. It is not simple but indefinitely complex, and it is aglow with the so-called "secondary" qualities. We need to seek patiently for the secrets of the inmost shrine, but we are sure that Cosmic Imagination can house all possible detail however complex.'

So the existence of the world—its first start and all its steps of evolutionary progress until now—is due to the (or should we say *a*?) Cosmic Imagination. Mr. Edward Douglas Fawcett says so. His book is *The World as Imagination* (Macmillan; 15s. net), and an extremely clear, clever, and convincing book it is. Yes, convincing. For there is nothing to hinder you from calling the God you believe in 'Cosmic Imagination.' The title is as good as 'Omnipresent Will,' 'Omniscient Intellect,' or any similar phraseology. Mr. Fawcett himself is half inclined to call it God. 'Many men,' he says, 'would not regard the Cosmic Imagination as satisfying the heart's desire. And their point of view cannot be ignored by us. The C.I. is indispensable for *metaphysics*—agreed. It is the all-sufficient infinite ground of appearance and of all that therein is. But what these men want, for the purposes of religion, is not the all-inclusive infinite ground, *but a limited Power supreme in their particular World-System*; a Power very wise, very

beneficent, and very active that can be looked upon as their "Father in heaven." He is quite willing to give them that. And they may be content. As for himself, Mr. Fawcett wants a greater God, a God not of this world only but of the Universe. Let Him go find such a God. We are content with the God and Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, a God who has attributes we can appeal to. Perhaps when we pass out of 'this world-system' we shall discover that He is the God of the whole Universe. We believe that we shall.

Meantime it is satisfactory to see that Mr. Fawcett's ground is not indifferent to good and evil. There is a struggle and we must keep it up. 'The story of creation is not that of a magical production of perfection out of the void. *It is one of the slow overcoming of the "fundamental evil" of the Metaphysical Fall; an evil which is to be altered, and altered as far on the way to perfection as conditions allow.* On these lines we can understand why Nature may be at once unsatisfactory and yet the best possible Nature of its sort. Given the "fundamental evil," nothing better, perhaps, could have been accomplished than what actually has been done. Do you ask why the "fundamental evil" itself occurred? Our reply has been given in advance; but may be put in a new way. The very "evil," implied by the genesis of a plurality of sentients, will become a "good" in the Divine Event consummating the world-process. There is no way, save through initial conflicts, to perfection. If this be so, it remains for the creative process to turn *the conflicts themselves* to the best possible account. And this, so far as my poor judgment avails, is what comes to pass.'

CROCE.

The Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce is clearly a force to be reckoned with. He is a personality. His activity is tremendous. Philosophy is only a part of it. 'Literary criticism and general historical research seem to have drawn him to this field. The amount of editorial work he finds time to do is extraordinary, and bears witness to a mind overflowing with activity. He is editor of *La Critica*, a "Review of Literature, History, and Philosophy," published every two months, every number of which contains consider-

able contributions from his own pen. He has edited a series of translations into Italian of the classical authors of modern philosophy, and he has himself translated Hegel's *Encyclopaedia* for the series. He has also searched out and published and reanimated valuable works of authors and philosophers which had become buried in museums and public libraries. Notably he has revived the study of two great but neglected Italian philosophers, Giovanni Battista Vico (1668-1744) and the Neapolitan patriot and literary critic, Francesco de Sanctis (1817-83).'

He is a force to be reckoned with in this country. His works are being steadily translated into English, chiefly by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, and must be finding readers not a few. And now we have a competent account of *The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce*, by Dr. H. Wildon Carr (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). Croce's appeal is to a wider circle than the philosopher can generally reach, for it is his theory of art that has brought him most of his fame. 'More than any other of his doctrines it marks out an original direction. The theory has now taken a permanent place among rival theories of art, and is named in the text-books "The Expressionist Theory." Its characteristic doctrine is that beauty is expression.'

And he is especially a force to be reckoned with by the Church. For he does not believe in the Church. More than that he does not believe in theology. More than that he does not believe in religion. Why does he not believe in religion? Because religion as he understands it is a philosophy of history, and that is a 'false idea, involving a false concept of history and a false concept of philosophy. The fundamental idea which underlies it is that the course of secular events is not an intrinsic and objective development, but a development overruled by final causes, which are not immanent in the history but the manifestation of a mind transcending history. Philosophy of history is found in ancient as well as in modern philosophy, but in Christianity it became a perfected body of doctrine. Its purest philosophical form we find in St. Augustine, in the concept of the *Civitas Dei* struggling against *Civitas terrena* or *Civitas Diaboli*. The whole content of Christianity is a philosophy of history. The birth of Jesus Christ is for Christianity the central historical fact towards which all previous events from the creation of man are seen to converge, and from which all subsequent

events derive their only true meaning. And this Christian conception has dominated philosophy and identified itself with philosophy throughout the long period which divides the modern from the ancient thought.'

Dr. Carr thinks that the only answer is to be found in Christian mysticism—but he doubts if even that answer will stand.

So Croce has to be reckoned with.

KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. James Gibson, Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the University College of North Wales, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has published a study of *Locke's Theory of Knowledge and its Historical Relations* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 10s. 6d. net). He is engaged, he tells us, on a new edition of the Essay, and this was meant to be its introduction. But its length and importance have induced him to issue the study of the Theory of Knowledge separately. Thus we may have the introduction without the edition. But this study will assure the acceptance of the edition.

It is a study of Locke's Theory of Knowledge; it is also a study of historical relations. That is to say, we study with the author the theory itself, and then we study the sources of the theory and its circumstances. The first part (the theory) is the more useful for the man who has to 'get up' Locke's Essay for examination. The second part (the historical connexion) is the most original and interesting. Very clearly does Professor Gibson summarize the theory, as a whole and in its parts; a single paragraph will prove it. But for the lover of Locke and of philosophy there is fine pasturing in the chapters which discover the relation of Locke to scholasticism, to Descartes, to contemporary English Philosophy, to Leibnitz, and to Kant.

This is the promised paragraph: 'We must turn, then, to the consideration of infinity in the only sense in which it can be exhibited as the content of a definite idea. Starting with the idea of a numerical unit, or with the idea of any finite distance in space, or period of duration, we can, as we have seen, "repeat" the idea, and produce the idea of a larger whole of the kind in question by "adding" these repetitions together. Now, not only is this process never brought to an end by

the intrinsic nature of that with which it deals, but however far it has been carried, one finds, "he has no more reason to stop, nor is one jot nearer the end of such addition than he was at first setting out." Further, we are not only unable to find, but we are unable to conceive such an end. We are thus led to form ideas of the number series, of space, and of duration, as endless or infinite. In the same way, if, instead of "repeating" and "adding" our units, we regard our initial quantities as divisible into parts, we are led to recognise that the process of mentally dividing a given extension or duration is also one to which there can be no limit. We thus form an idea of the infinite divisibility of space and duration.'

THE MIDDLE AGES.

How many gifts and graces must the man possess who writes a book on *Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages* (Scott; 21s. net)? The Rev. F. W. Bussell, D.D., Fellow and sometime Vice-Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, has them all. And the book which he has written—an octavo of 880 pages—is a product of learning, discernment, perseverance, and faith, of which he may justly be proud. It would have been easy enough to write even as large a work as this, if it had been reckoned enough to collect books and copy them. Dr. Bussell has read widely, of course—for his survey takes in Hindustan and the Religions of Further Asia, Islam, Greek Thought and Chaldeism, the Nearer East and Christianity—but he seems to have incorporated nothing into his book of all his reading without making it his own, giving it the stamp of his own mind and his own felicity of expression.

The book is much occupied with heresy. Let those who have studied the sects and heresies of even one of the great religions answer: Did you ever find any study more trying to the temper? Dr. Bussell works his way unruffled through the sects of every one of the great religions, and that, too, in the Middle Ages, when they were so many.

Moreover, there are perpetually recurring problems of philosophy to deal with. There also Dr. Bussell is at home. Let us see what he says, for example, about the great nominalism *versus* realism controversy. 'This subject,' he says, 'demands the closest attention not because of its verbal dialectic but for its underlying meaning.

The *realist* is the extreme authoritarian who can only conceive the *whole* as prior to the *part*, *State* to *citizen*, and *Church* to *believer*. The *nominalist* is anxious to justify and account for the severally existing instances of a type. Pushed by the needs of controversy and inexorable logic he will insist that the *part* is of course prior to the *whole*, which comes only gradually into being (like the "heap" in *sorites*), built up slowly by the aggregation of atoms one by one: at what exact point it becomes a mystical unity rather than a mere "group-name" it is not easy to decide. It is again the assent of the concourse of citizens that gives State and officials their corporate capacity. There is no "divine right" to start with, in an *individual* or a *collective* centre; but the members of a community "pool" their fragments of natural right or actual power and so create an artificial and resolvable State by "social contract." Once again (say the nominalists) it is the holiness of believers that makes a church holy; it is holy only by the actual sum of their collective holiness: it is not the church that makes the members holy.¹ What is the aim of the Christian message? to establish a church or a visible kingdom of God because of the intrinsic value and beauty of such a type or species? or to meet the needs of individuals and bring redemption and salvation within their reach? In the end we shall see that the "Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." It was the *nominalist* principle that at last won the day; and it is not without suggestiveness that Alliacus and Gerson, the mystics, hold this doctrine and prefer the *part* to the *whole*.²

There is a footnote: ¹ "On this distinction perhaps the whole of Church History will be found to turn: St. Paul (Eph. iv. 16) has a very peculiar sentence which might well form the *nominalist* text: "The whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which *every joint* supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase." But even this passage, and many others in St. Paul, bears no less witness to the *realist* argument."

It is a remarkable book. The days of the great treatises are not over. It will live.

WESSEL GANSFORT.

Ullmann gives the first place in his history of the Reformers who went before the Reformation

to Wessel Gansfort. And Ullmann's *Reformers before the Reformation* was translated into English. There are also articles in English in the Schaff-Herzog and Catholic Encyclopædias. After that you must come to two handsome volumes, just published, which contain a well-written biography and a translation of the three most important of Wessel's extant writings. The title is *Wessel Gansfort: Life and Writings* by Edward Waite Miller, D.D. Principal Works translated by Jared Waterbury Scudder, M.A. (Putnam's; 16s. net).

Wessel Gansfort came from Groningen, in the Netherlands. He was educated at Zwolle, Cologne, Louvain, and Paris. He taught at Paris and Heidelberg. He returned to Groningen to write the books which have survived and to die.

His mind was moulded by the Brethren of the Common Life, and by Thomas à Kempis. 'Thomas had himself been brought up in a school of the Brethren at Deventer; he had deeply imbibed their principles of devotion, and had become skilled in the transcription of the Bible and other books of religion. Later he had entered the Augustinian monastery at Mount Saint Agnes, where he took priestly orders, and was made canon. He had come to distinction as a writer and as a man of unusual wisdom and piety, and his counsel was much sought by young men outside his order. It was not strange that a serious youth such as Wessel should have sought the acquaintance and instruction of Thomas, especially as his monastery was less than two miles from Zwolle, and that something like friendship should have grown up between this saint of sixty years and this eager student of twenty. And Wessel had some influence on Thomas.' As a consequence of Wessel's expressed dissent from certain statements in *The Imitation of Christ*, which to his more practical and critical mind seemed objectionable, Thomas so revised them that the book when published showed 'fewer traces of human superstition.'

When Wessel went to Paris—the greatest theological school in the world—the controversy was at its keenest between the Realists and the Nominalists. 'It was more than an academic contention, it had important practical bearing in the realm of dogmatics; just as the evolutionary hypothesis, which relates primarily to biology, has profoundly affected the theological thinking

of our generation. The doctrines most involved in the scholastic controversy were those relating to Anthropology and to the Nature of God. If the Realists were right, and the thing that we call "Man" has distinct existence apart from men, then we can reason about the effect of Man's Fall in Eden, and frame a doctrine of original sin, and the conditions of its remedy. But if the term refers only to a mental concept and not to an objective reality, then the doctrine of original sin hinted by Paul and elaborated by Augustine loses its philosophical support. And so with the doctrine of the Trinity. The Realists affirmed that the basal, the generic idea was that of Deity, in which the three persons participate as concrete expressions, individualizations of Deity. The Nominalists declared that this destroyed the distinct personality of Father and Son and Spirit, and was no better than Sabellianism. But the Realists replied that if there was no reality corresponding to the term, Deity, then the divine persons had no adequate ground of unity, and the result was practical Tritheism. A like antinomy arose in the doctrine of the Divine Attributes. When, for example, the Realist affirmed the objective existence of divine justice, the Nominalist replied that that was to separate God from His own attributes. But to the Nominalist contention that one should speak, not of the justice of God, but only of a just God, and a wise God, and so forth, the Realist objected that that was to imply as many Gods as there were divine qualities, which was nothing less than Polytheism. Wessel went to Paris a Realist, he left it a convinced Nominalist.

He left Paris in the suite of Pope Sixtus IV. And when Sixtus asked what favour could be conferred upon him, 'I beg you,' said Wessel, 'to give me a Greek and a Hebrew Bible from the Vatican library.' 'These shall be given to you,' said Sixtus. 'But, you foolish man, why do you not ask for a bishopric or something similar!' Wessel answered: 'Because I do not need it.'

He died on October 4, 1489.

All the writings of Wessel that survive were apparently the product of his last years. One volume of 921 pages, published at Groningen in 1614, contains them all. It has seven divisions, as follows: 1. Concerning Prayer, with an Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. 2. Scala Meditationis, or the Training of Thought and Meditation. 3. Examples of the above dedicated to the monks

of Mount Saint Agnes. 4. The Causes of the Incarnation, and the Magnitude of the Sufferings of our Lord. 5. The Sacrament of the Eucharist. 6. The Farrago, which has six sections or chapters. 7. The Letters. In this work we have an English translation of the Letters, the Treatise on the Eucharist, and the Farrago.

It is the Farrago that is likely to keep the name of Wessel Gansfort longest alive. It is a miscellany in which the author discusses Providence, the Incarnation and Passion, the Church, the Sacrament of Penance, the Communion of Saints, and Purgatory. As a specimen of his writing and the translation let us quote this passage from the section on the Providence of God. Its title is 'How Works of Art may be invested with Life.'

'In order that any artistic production may truly live, *i.e.* may properly represent vivifying art, it must be made the subject of reflection. For unless one discovers what the artist purposes to portray, the work of art is inert and dead. If an ape should happen to enter the workshop of a woodcarver, the axe, the pick, the plane, the saw, the hammer, the joint, the rule, the compasses would all be fruitless, barren, empty, and therefore dead things to him. And they would be equally so to a man of inert mind. In order to understand and enjoy what the workman purposed, one must give his work due reflection. Now the whole creation from its highest point to its lowest is the work of divine art. This is evident from the systematic and complete order that prevails in it, causing philosophers to observe that all things have been arranged in related forms (*species*) just as is the case with numbers. And a man is dull in so far as he does not perceive the purpose of the Supreme Artist in the world about him. Hence to a wise man the whole creation is an expression of the Divine Artist, demanding reflection, just as to an intelligent observer works of art are the expression of artists, requiring reflection. If, therefore, the inspection of a work of art does not reveal its purpose, it will not present a complete and inner image of itself, or reveal itself perfectly; hence it will not fully express its meaning.'

This work is published as the first and second Special Volumes in the Papers of the American Society of Church History. We congratulate the Society of Church History.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION.

Miss Dorothy Scarborough, Ph.D., Instructor in English in Extension, Columbia University, has made an extensive study of *The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction*; and under that title she has issued a large volume containing her conclusions (Putnams; \$2.00). The number of novels which Dr. Scarborough has read is astounding. Has she read them for the fun of the thing or solely for this serious study? We do hope she found pleasure in her pursuit, for the profit of it is small. No doubt it had to be done; everything has to be done in the search for truth; and when a thing is ripe for the doing, it ought to be done thoroughly. But the writers of modern fiction have no sufficient sense of what the supernatural is to make a study of their work on it really profitable. For the most part they have only the humorous tolerance for it of the average ante-war, well-fed English citizen. The ghost story is its representative. At the best they use its crudities (and then the more crude the better) for the purpose of a sensation when the ordinary story-telling has become stale on their hands. A few have the horror-provoking gift, but even they, and the cleverest of them, seem to be harmless practitioners beside their great example, Edgar Allan Poe.

So it has not been a profitable pursuit. We are no wiser at the end. We have no more belief in the supernatural and we have no less. We simply learn the titles of a great multitude of modern novels, and marvel exceedingly that out of so many not one novel has risen above the commonplace, not one novelist has had a vision of the eternal and the true.

What is it that hinders the novelist from handling religion—supernatural religion—with power? The poet can do it. The greatest poetry of all is supernatural poetry—Dante, Milton, Shakespeare. And even so very modern a poet as Browning makes his most vivid and lasting impression by those poems or passages in which he has the vision of the unseen. Nay, we can say with some confidence that the best poetry of our day is supernatural—Francis Thompson, Katharine Tynan, John Masefield. But the fiction? Well, this service at least Dr. Dorothy Scarborough has done us: she has warned us that if we give much time to the reading of Modern English Fiction, we

are labouring in vain and spending our intellectual strength for nought.

The Dawn of Mind is the title of a book by Margaret Drummond, M.A., Lecturer on Psychology in the Edinburgh Provincial Training College (Arnold; 3s. 6d. net). Who could write a dull book on the subject? Not Margaret Drummond. She has written a delightful book. Its examples are fresh and as funny as ever. And her ideas are as fresh, though not so funny, as her examples. She handles wisely that difficult and absurdly neglected subject the child's imagination. She concludes, also wisely, that its value in education depends on the food it is fed on. Of a little new-comer to one of the Edinburgh Free Kindergartens, the Kindergartner writes, "She is underfed and underclothed. Her favourite occupation is to play being 'junt' (drunk); which she does with horrible realism."

Mr. Henry Maudsley, M.D., who was born in 1835, is still writing books. And his latest deals with Religion! Who is left now untouched by the war to this fine issue? There are many things in the book about morality. There are essays on Truth, Vanity, Virtue, and even English Style. But there is religion also. The title is no misnomer: *Religion and Realities* (Bale; 3s. 6d. net). It is true that Dr. Maudsley is not sure of much in religion yet. He is not sure if the prophets, for example, prophesied what they knew or only what they surmised, as they prophesied of the time when the lion should lie down with the lamb. But in some measure even Dr. Maudsley has at last 'got religion.'

To the 'Peeps at Many Lands' Series, the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S., has added a volume on *Ancient Rome* (A. & C. Black; 2s. 6d. net). Its first attraction is the numerous illustrations it possesses, coloured and uncoloured, all well chosen and authentic. The reading follows at once, for Mr. Baikie can write for young people.

The Oxford Edition of *The Table Talk and Omnia of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (Milford; 2s. 6d. net) is distinguished from other editions by the combination of correctness, convenience,

and cheapness, as well as by a prefatory note on Coleridge as a talker, by Coventry Patmore.

The Rev. H. T. Knight, M.A., has resolved that he at least will do what in him lies to make ready for demobilization. He edits a series of books with the title of 'The Church's Message for the Coming Time.' One of the series, written by the Rev. N. E. Egerton Swann, B.A., deals with *The Hebrew Prophets and the Church* (Milford; 2s. net; paper covers, 1s. 3d. net). Our chief aim must be adaptation; this book shows us the way. The new time is not going to cast away the Old Testament; but it is going to read the Old Testament with new eyes. And when 'adapted,' as Mr. Swann adapts it, how pertinent is the message of the prophets to the social problems of our day, how searching even for the heart and conscience of employers and employed.

The Herbert Spencer Lecturer for last year was Dr. Emile Boutroux. He delivered his lecture at Oxford in October. It is now published with the title *The Relation between Thought and Action from the German and from the Classical Point of View* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 2s. net). It will be quoted by the future commentator on Hamlet—perhaps some day even by the laborious German commentator—and this paragraph will not be missed: 'Neither Thought, nor Action, nor Feeling can be held self-sufficient or absolutely pre-eminent within the human soul. As the development of Thought and Action implies the intervention of Feeling, so Feeling itself develops, grows higher, nobler, more definite, rich and spiritual, under the influence of Action and Thought. In an ideal life, Thought, Action, and Feeling would be at the same time first principles all three, yet each of them yielding to the penetration of the others. So that their relation would be one of reciprocity and harmony, not of lineal derivation one from the other.'

The critical attitude to the Book of Daniel is taken and admirably defended by the Rev. Edwyn B. Hooper, M.A., in a book entitled *Daniel and the Maccabees* (C. W. Daniel; 2s. net). There is no better brief introduction in English.

A pretty little book of *Prayers* is issued by Messrs. Gowans & Gray. The initials on the

title page are J. R. C. Will Dr. J. Robertson Cameron pardon us for writing the name in full? For the Prayers are worthy—war prayers with the sorrow very near, but always a sorrow that is already turned into joy. This is the doing of true faith in God, and it is wondrous in our eyes.

A selection has been made from John Wilhelm Rowntree's 'Essays and Addresses,' and has been published under the title of *Man's Relation to God* (Headley; 1s. 6d. net). Dr. Rufus M. Jones has written an Introduction to the book, and S. Elizabeth Robson has added a biography by recasting and combining the two short biographies already issued. It is more than another book. It is the offering of the hand of a most helpful, original, and loyal friend.

How it strikes a stranger may be seen by reading Enrique Gomez Carrillo's book *In the Heart of the Tragedy* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). He awakes every morning to some new surprise at the British soldier. And not only does he tell good stories about him, he also draws an amusing character sketch of him.

He says: 'As with individuals, so with peoples—virtues are ineradicable. The English of to-day, as far as fair play is concerned, are the equals of the English of yesterday. It matters little that the enemy shows himself unworthy of such courtly treatment. An officer to whom I was speaking about the German atrocities, a little while ago, answered me: "What would you have us do? If the niggers in Central Africa were to eat a soldier whom they had captured, we should not therefore eat niggers who fall into our power!"'

Again he says: 'A French peasant who offered us a drink of cyder in a village of Picardy gave us perhaps the most graphic illustration of the change worked in Franco-British relations by the war: "Those men who seemed far-off to us once," he said, "seem now to be our sons." And he added that the stern enthusiasm with which those same men defended French villages and rivalled French "poilus" in ardour brought tears to his eyes. . . .'

Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, M.A., has written a *Brief History of the United States* (Lippincott; 4s. 6d. net) for the use of schools. And a fine example it is of the school book now written to

make everything interesting for the pupil, with its picturesque style, its telling incidents, its magnificence of map and illustration. Give them the chance and the children will read it in the play-hour. Is it not come at a good time? We must see to it now that our schools teach the history of the United States before that of some European countries that we know.

Here is a book on *Church Advertising, its Why and How* (Lippincott; 4s. 6d. net). It is edited by Mr. W. B. Ashley, who is described as 'Executive Secretary, Church Advertising and Publicity Departmental.' It is contributed to by twenty men, most if not all of them ministers. Its sole purpose is to encourage you to advertise your church and to tell you how to do it. If you do not understand the writing or are not sufficiently impressed by it, there are drawings—arresting enough and unmistakable. The time seems to be coming when churches will have their advertising agent as the periodicals have, and the best agent will produce the best-filled church and receive the best salary.

A committee appointed by the Diocesan Council of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope invited men who knew to write down what were the chief issues, national and social, of this time. Their replies have been edited by the Rev. E. A. Wesley and the Rev. J. R. Darbyshire—thoroughly, even drastically edited, no overlapping or looseness being left—and the result is a sane, searching, yet hopeful book, easily read, and well worth reading, entitled *Social Problems and Christian Ideals* (Longmans; 3s. net).

The Rev. R. Martin Pope, M.A., has written *An Introduction to Early Church History* (Macmillan; 4s. net). There is no man we know (now that Gwatkin has left us) better fitted for the duty. Mr. Pope has the scholarship, the personality, the style, the love of Christ and of the Body of Christ—all the necessary gifts for the historian of the Church. Gwatkin's two-volume book is unsurpassable. After Gwatkin this short history of the first three centuries for us.

Paul's Joy in Christ (Revell; \$1.25 net) is the title which Professor A. T. Robertson of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary has given

to an exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians. It is emphatically an exposition, not exegesis merely and not homiletic, and it is based on a minute (grammarian's) examination of the text. Notice, for example, the steady reference to the papyri in the footnotes. Thus on Ph 1⁵ we are told that the word for fellowship or partnership is used in the papyri of the marriage contract as well as of commercial partnership—a life partnership. Notice also the unfailing reference to other expositors, the briefest possible reference, but always clear and to the point. Here are Kennedy, Vincent, Lightfoot, Lipsius, and Deissmann on one page. But Dr. Robertson has no difficulty in carrying all this learning.

In the Incarnation Jessie Douglas Montgomery finds the solution of the perplexities of life and the encouragement to its right living. Her title is *The Incarnation: Its Message for Daily Life* (Scott; 1s. net).

Simple in language, clear in thought, and steadfast to the theology of the New Testament are the Sermons for the Church's Year which have been published by the Rev. William Henry Ranken, M.A., under the title of *Faith and Duty* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

An account of the York Diocesan Itinerant Mission of the year 1916 is given by the Rev. C. C. Bell, M.A., under the title of *By Two and Two* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net).

Somebody whose initials are A. H. heard 'Father Christopher' preach, and long after wrote down the addresses from memory. The result is a book with the title *The Sins of Religious People* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). What a list it is! And what a pertinent, even penetrating, word Father Christopher has upon every one of them. No doubt we know already that these things we ought not to do, but we forget. Let us be reminded by the reading of this book.

The Rev. Clement F. Rogers, M.A., is a Hyde Park speaker on behalf of the Christian Evidence Society. Having spoken, he invites questions, and answers them 'as shortly and as well as I can.'

He has now published a bookful of the questions

and his answers, and the range of the one is not less than the effectiveness of the other. Take this—

‘Did you, before you became a theologian, study humanity, and come to the conclusion that Christianity was the only suitable explanation of it?’

‘A rather personal question, but I don’t know that that matters. I began as a child, as we all do, by believing what I was taught. Then when I got older I began to think for myself, and everything went into the melting-pot. Not all at once, of course, but bit by bit, and it came out again not quite the same, but much more real. I felt sufficiently sure of my position to think I ought to work for ordination, and began to study theology for my degree, and at once realised how much stronger the Christian position was than I had in the least realised. And I think my experience was much the same as that of the majority of men who become parsons.’

The title is *Question Time in Hyde Park* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net).

The readers of Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick’s little book on Prayer will all be readers, as soon as they hear of it, of his new book on *The Challenge of the Present Crisis* (Student Christian Movement; 1s. 6d.). And then they will look for another. For this book also is the close walk with God interpreted and addressed to a world at war.

Mr. Ernest A. Boyd has written a very entertaining volume of Irish essays on Irish men. Its title is *Appreciations and Depreciations* (Dublin: Talbot Press; 3s. 6d. net). It is a courageous title, for it is characteristic. The book is actually partly appreciative and partly depreciative; and the amusing thing is that the appreciations are of the authors who are Roman Catholic, the depreciations of the authors who are not. Mr. Boyd is sorry for the Episcopalian Edward Dowden; he is very nearly contemptuous of the Presbyterian Bernard Shaw; his ideal of author and Irishman is George W. Russell (Æ). But the good time is coming, when a Dowden, even a Shaw, will be recognized as a true Irishman. It is within sight. Mr. Boyd himself hails it. ‘In fine, Dowden’s was that false position to which so many Irishmen are condemned, owing to the peculiar constitution of Irish society. The

process of denationalisation has failed, but there has long been a minority clinging tenaciously to the illusion of anglicisation. Nowadays nationalism has taken on an easier manner, and there is an increasing tendency to dissociate a sense of Irish nationality from those horrors with which Dowden, as a Protestant Unionist, identified it. This mellowing influence, which allows many to admire what older generations despised and misunderstood, is due, in some measure, to the work of the Literary Revival. Since the birth of an Anglo-Irish literature national in spirit, the conception of Irish nationality has widened. The aggressive, anti-English note disappeared when W. B. Yeats and his friends succeeded in overthrowing the supremacy of the *Spirit of the Nation* school of poetry, and in substituting artistic and cultural for political values. They raised the literary level to a plane upon which even the hypercritical could breathe, while the revelation of Celtic legend and the reaffirmation of tradition defied the accusation of provincialism.’

A remarkable outcome of the war is the interest of everybody in religion. It is not in Christianity yet, but it will come to that. The surprise is that while the enemy cries out ‘Where is now thy God?’ the hitherto outsider and even easy unbeliever has discovered Him. ‘Rita’ (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys) has been moved to write a book about religion—a movement of price. She is no orthodox theologian; she is not even unmistakably a follower of Christ; she has scarcely gone further yet than ‘God and Man’; with the ‘problems.’ She even calls her book *The Wrong End of Religion* (Westall; 2s. 6d. net). But the fact that she should set aside other fascinations for this, the deepest fascination now of all, is both surprising and promising. We could find fault with the book—how easily! We accept it thankfully.

Read this characteristic paragraph on the Gospels: ‘They have existed from the first Christian era down to the present day. They are rooted and grounded in men’s minds as the basis of Christian faith. They have served as the chief corner-stone of that great structure the Church, and the fact that they can be misunderstood and misapplied, juggled with or accepted literally, only makes them the greater wonder. For they depend upon words, the meaning and interpretation of

words, the right translation of words, and they have given to certain forms of words a peculiar importance which places the Christian believer in a more imposing position than the Christian doubter. They have proved and continue to prove that perfectly irreconcilable facts may

become accepted tenets of Faith. They have at once provoked and defied criticism. They can mean anything that the Salvation Army or the Vatican chooses them to mean; and they are at once condemnation or consolation to the generality of mankind!

Irenaeus and the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. H. A. A. KENNEDY, D.D., D.Sc., PROFESSOR OF EXEGETICAL THEOLOGY,
NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

IV.

WHY, then, is the testimony of Irenæus so vehemently challenged by a large number of modern scholars? The question as to its relation to the *internal* evidence of the Fourth Gospel is one which I do not propose to deal with in the present discussion. In the region of external evidence, with which alone we are concerned, the crux of the difficulty is found by these scholars in certain statements of Papias.

I. There is, first, the famous passage examined above, in which he is supposed to distinguish between John, the member of the Twelve, and another John called 'the elder' and 'the disciple of the Lord.' We have already noted the extreme obscurity of the statement so far as the two mentions of 'John' are concerned. But upon its basis the assumption is made that Irenæus must have confused John the apostle with John the presbyter. This, of course, also involves a complete misunderstanding of what he had heard from Polycarp, to whom he specially refers his information regarding John. The argument is backed up by an attempt to show that Irenæus was a credulous, unreliable man, of singularly inaccurate memory. The proofs of this seem extraordinarily inadequate. Great stress is laid upon the position he takes against Ptolemæus, mainly based on Jn 8⁵⁷ and some testimonies of elders, that Jesus was more than forty years old at the time of His crucifixion. It may be frankly admitted that here he has forced facts to fit a theory which helps his argument. But in a question so obscure as the chronology of Jesus' career, his own unwarranted inference or that of the elders to whom he refers is in no sense an error so grave as to cast suspicion

on the historical statements he ordinarily makes. Nor is it fair to single out one or two eschatological fancies as evidence for the worthlessness of Irenæus' sources and his own uncritical temper. As we have seen, these seem to have been derived from Papias' *Expositions*, and the very scholars who emphasize their absurdity are found, in other connexions, to stake everything on Papias' authority. As a matter of fact, the impression left on the reader by a perusal of Irenæus' great work is anything but that of a facile or second-rate understanding. His arguments against the Valentinian Gnostics are alert and penetrating (*e.g.* his examination of the doctrine of *Æons*). Like his contemporaries, he often employs the allegorical method, but he is, on the whole, alive to the historical sense of Scripture, as contrasted with his Gnostic opponents. And his well-known conception of the 'recapitulation' of the race in Christ is one of the most impressive doctrinal formulations in early Patristic theology. Moreover, it is of great importance to observe that Irenæus, in speaking of his intimate relations with Polycarp, his chief authority for traditions regarding John, deliberately emphasizes the clearness with which the statements of Polycarp concerning the famous 'disciple of the Lord' stand out in his memory.

But, further, abundant evidence has been adduced to show that Papias was not the sole standard for early apostolic tradition. Polycarp and Polycrates we have dealt with at length. And many unnamed and unknown Christians must have linked the close of the first century to the middle of the second. It is easy to cast doubt on the accuracy of Irenæus' or any other man's

memory in points of detail. But when it is a question of the actual relation of a famous Church-leader to the Founder of Christianity in a society which treasured up the traditions of the past, we must be unusually sure of our ground before we bring dogmatic charges of inaccuracy against those who stood in the main current of the life of the Church.

II. The second decisive reason for distrusting the evidence of Irenæus is found in a further alleged statement of Papias, which does not appear in any early writer, but in one MS. of the Chronicle of the monk, Georgios Hamartolos, belonging to the ninth century A.D.¹ The whole paragraph must be quoted, which is very seldom done in discussions of the subject. 'After Domitian, Nerva ruled for one year, and he summoned back John from the island [Patmos] and sent him away to dwell at Ephesus. There he alone surviving of the twelve disciples and having composed his gospel was deemed worthy of martyrdom. For Papias the bishop of Hierapolis, who was an eye-witness of John, says in the second book of the Oracles of the Lord that he was killed by the Jews (ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀνηρέθη), plainly, along with his brother, fulfilling Christ's prediction concerning them. . . . For the Lord had said to them: "Can you drink the cup which I drink?" And they eagerly assented and agreed. "My cup," he says, "ye shall drink, and be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized." And naturally this was so, for it is impossible for God to lie. So also the learned Origen in his interpretation of Matthew has asserted that John was a martyr (μεμάρτυρην), indicating that he had learnt this from the successors of the apostles. Moreover, the erudite Eusebius in his Church History (iii. 1) says: "Thomas had Parthia as his sphere, but John Asia, where he dwelt, and died at Ephesus."

When we examine the reference to 'the learned Origen,' we find the following (*In Matth.* iii. p. 719 ff. ed. Delarue): 'The sons of Zebedee have drunk the cup and were baptized with the baptism, for Herod killed James the brother of John with the sword, while the Roman emperor, as the tradition shows, condemned John to the isle of Patmos, bearing testimony (μαρτυροῦντα) on account of the word of truth.' The statement of Georgios shows much confusion, and precisely the kind of confusion which appears in many of the later

ecclesiastical writers. On the one hand, he agrees with the universal tradition of the early Church that John the son of Zebedee outlived his fellow-apostles and died in Ephesus at the close of the first century, and that he was the author of the Fourth Gospel. He refers, moreover, to the authority of Eusebius for John's death at Ephesus. On the other hand, he reports a statement of Papias in his second book that James and John were killed by the Jews, their martyrdom being the necessary fulfilment of Jesus' words to them as found in the Synoptics. This statement he intends to corroborate by an appeal to Origen; but he entirely mistook Origen's meaning by giving an erroneous interpretation to the participle μαρτυροῦντα, which, in this passage, has no reference to martyrdom in the literal sense but means 'bearing testimony' to Christ and suffering for it, according to the use of μαρτυρεῖν and μαρτυρία so common in the Apocalypse (e.g. 1².⁹ 12¹⁷ 20⁴ etc.). The very same mistake seems to occur in a chronicler of the sixth or seventh century, John Malalas, who, in the face of all earlier tradition, makes the martyrdom of Ignatius occur at Antioch, taking μαρτυρεῖν, which he had probably found in some earlier authority, in the sense of literal martyrdom (see Lightfoot, *op. cit.* pp. 79-81). We may connect with this more flexible use of μαρτυρεῖν, μαρτυρία and μάρτυς in the early days (cf. Ac 23¹¹, He 12, etc.), Polycrates' description of John, already noted, as μάρτυς καὶ διδάσκαλος. For, as Zahn instructively shows, if he had meant to use μάρτυς in John's case literally, as he does in the case of Polycarp, Thrasea, and Sagaris in the same paragraph, he would, as in their case, have placed the term last in his description (*Einleitung*, ii. p. 465).

If we assign any value to this report of Georgios (which Zahn regards as an interpolation in this particular MS., Cod. Coislinianus 305), his meaning can only be that the Apostle John in extreme old age was put to death either directly or indirectly by Jews at Ephesus. In that case, his martyrdom, has no bearing on John's relation to the Gospel, for Georgios assumes his authorship.

The same statement occurs in a late collection of extracts (seventh or eighth century) based on the History of Philip of Sidê, a sixth-century writer. 'Papias,' he observes, 'in his second book says that John the Divine (ὁ θεολόγος) and James his brother were killed by the Jews' (ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀνηρέθησαν). It seems more than probable, even

¹ The other MSS. have: ἐν εἰρήνῃ ἀπεπαύσατο.

apart from the noteworthy fact that the very same Greek phrase occurs in both places (*ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀναιρεθῆναι*),—a most unlikely coincidence—that the one writer copied the other. From all we hear of Philip, in historians like Socrates and Photius, Neander's estimate of another fragment of his History, pronounced long before De Boor discovered our passage, seems completely justified: 'The known untrustworthiness of this author; the discrepancy between his statements and other more authentic reports: and the suspicious conditions in which the fragment has come down to us, render his details unworthy of confidence.' Thus, in the brief sentence quoted above, he makes Papias call John *ὁ θεολόγος*, a title not ascribed to the apostle before the fourth century.

But even if this statement were found in any writer in whose veracity we could believe, a supreme difficulty confronts it. Both Irenæus and Eusebius were intimately acquainted with the work of Papias. 'But,' as Dr. Denney has admirably summed up the facts, 'both Eusebius and Irenæus believe in the apostolic authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and in the residence of the Apostle, in his old age, in Asia Minor; and it is simply incredible that in a book with which they were both familiar, and which one of them at least regarded as of high value, there was an explicit statement that the Apostle had been killed by the Jews at a date which precluded his residence in Asia and his authorship of the Gospel—and that they took no notice of it' (*British Weekly*, May 18, 1911). Hence the writer ultimately responsible for the assertion must have mistaken the meaning of some passage in Papias, who, as we have seen, can be anything but clear in his writing, and if that

writer, as there is strong reason for believing, was Philip of Sidê, such an error would be thoroughly in keeping with his character as a historian.

I do not dwell on the use of Mk 10^{35ff.} as an argument in favour of the early martyrdom of John. To interpret Jesus' words in that passage in a baldly literal sense is to misunderstand (as has so often happened) the character of His language in moments of deep emotion. His reply to the ardent aspirations of the sons of Zebedee simply expresses His conviction that as loyal followers of His they shall indeed share with Him the lot of suffering. But it is easy to see how His impassioned utterances might be made by prosaic minds of a much later age the basis of assertions concerning the martyrdom of John, especially in view of the fact that his brother James had actually died a martyr's death.

I hope that enough has been said to give us pause as regards the dogma of the worthlessness of Irenæus' testimony to John of Asia and the Fourth Gospel, and to show the risk of making the question virtually turn on the interpretation of a single obscure passage in Papias, backed up by a confused statement put in circulation by an untrustworthy writer of the fifth century. But, as was suggested at the beginning of the present discussion, the evidence of Irenæus constitutes only one factor in the solution of the complex problem created by the Fourth Gospel. It must be estimated at its rightful value, as attesting the fact that this Gospel was ascribed to John the apostle at a very early date. But various delicate and difficult inquiries must be carried out before we are in a position to determine the precise relation of John to the Gospel which bears his name.

In the Study.

Reboboam.

'A foolish son is the calamity of his father.'—Pr 19¹³.

In the rise and fall of dynasties, the civil and foreign wars, the political and religious convulsions that occurred in Israel, we can see at work the very principles which underlie similar movements in our own history. The tribes of Israel resembled the inhabitants of Britain before the Saxon

invasion. They were separated into various clans under their own chieftains, and by their endless contentions among themselves became an easy prey to the foreign foe. In the course of time this spirit of rivalry was concentrated in two only—Judah and Ephraim—Benjamin in the south taking sides with the former, while the northern tribes combined with the latter.

The pre-eminence of Ephraim among the

northern tribes is curiously evidenced by the way in which it twice resented (Jg 8¹ 12¹) campaigns undertaken without its sanction and co-operation. It and its sister tribe of Manasseh had furnished, down to the time of David, the leaders and commanders of the people—Joshua, Deborah, Gideon, Abimelech, and Samuel—and when the kingdom was established it was from the allied tribe of Benjamin that the first monarch was selected. It was natural that, with such an inheritance of glory, Ephraim should chafe under any rival supremacy. It was natural, too, that for seven years it should refuse allegiance to a prince of the rival house of Judah. Even when, at the end of that time, the elders of Israel recognized David as 'king over Israel,' the fires of jealousy, as the revolt of Sheba and the curses of Shimei alike show, were not wholly extinguished. And the transference of the sanctuary, as well as the sceptre, to Judah—for Jerusalem, whilst mainly in the territory of Benjamin, was also on the border of Judah—would occasion fresh heart-burnings.

There were several different sections of Israel concerned in the movement for the election of a king of their own, and the choice of an Ephraimite shows that the sentiment of brotherhood was stronger than local interest or passion. Moreover, they were quite contented with the principle of hereditary succession. This was the only kind of kingship known, or even possible, to them, and that they would have been content with a congenial representative of the family of David is shown by their adhesion to the banner of Absalom. Their most pressing grievance was that they had no chance of impartial consideration from the house of David.

They felt that while the energies and resources of the people of the north were being employed to build up Judah and Jerusalem, and to strengthen and develop a central aristocracy in the south, their own local interests and institutions were neglected. The king was represented not so much by civil governors and magistrates as by tax-gatherers and garrisons. In short, the most of Israel remained domestically and internally pretty much as it was in the time of the Judges, while its experience of the monarchy had served mainly to harass and distract it beyond endurance. This was the crisis of the great schism. The unsettlement, the strife, the misery, of the succeeding

forty years were but the working out of the effort to consolidate on the basis of the monarchy. They were the throes of the birth-time of a new order.

I.

DISAFFECTION.

1. There had been in Solomon's government an unsound element which might easily lead to a rupture, but there was no actual necessity that this should occur just yet. However, if the man who was fitted to bring it about, and who was resolved that it should come about, did appear on the scene, everything was ready for it.

David had won the northern tribes by his vivid personality. Solomon had dazzled them by his royal magnificence. But it did not follow that they were blindly to accept Solomon's son Rehoboam as king, whose mother was an Ammonitess who worshipped Chemosh. Furthermore, it was absolutely necessary that Solomon's successor should be a strong man—a man of firmness, wisdom, and foresight—if the kingdom was to be kept together.

It is not too much to say that a more incompetent person than Rehoboam could not have been found. Well might his father have used the pessimistic language of the Book of Ecclesiastes which is ascribed to him: 'Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?' (Ec 2¹⁸).

Carlyle said that men were mostly fools. Christianity, with a surer and more reverent realism, says that they are all fools. This doctrine is sometimes called the doctrine of original sin. It may also be described as the doctrine of the equality of men.¹

2. The work required from the king was the exoneration of the tribes of Israel from the forced labour and burdens of every kind entailed by the expenses of the court and the great building work at Jerusalem. The North, much less weaned from the nomad life, had a great aversion for these towns and palaces of which the South was so proud. On the news of Solomon's death, Jeroboam hurried back from Egypt and renewed his intrigues among the Josephite tribes. Rehoboam proceeded to Shechem to receive the investiture of the tribes. It was there that the smouldering discontent burst

¹ G. K. Chesterton, *Heretics*.

into flame. The people recognized the advantages of royalty and desired its continuance, but they did not care to bear the burden of it.

An assembly was summoned at their ancient city of Shechem, on the site of the modern Nablûs, between Mount Ebal and Gerizim. In this fortress-sanctuary they determined, as 'men of Israel,' to bring their grievances under the notice of the new sovereign before they formally ratified his succession: According to one view they summoned Jeroboam, who had already returned to Zeredah, to be their spokesman. When the assembly met they told the king that they would accept him if he would lighten the grievous service which his father had put upon them. Rehoboam, taken by surprise, said that they should receive his answer in 'three days.'

I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes
not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.¹

3: The recall of Jeroboam, and his selection as spokesman was a suspicious sign; for he had been in rebellion against Solomon (1 Kings 11²⁶), and therefore an exile. Probably he had even now been the instigator of the discontent of which he became the mouthpiece; and, in any case, his appearance as the leader was all but a declaration of war. His former occupation as superintendent of the forced labour exacted from his own tribe taught him where the shoe pinched, and the weight of the yoke would not be lessened in his representations.

The reason why John Bright's appeal on behalf of the tenants was so long unheeded by the Government was quite clear to him, and he stated it in the House of Commons with his habitual frankness: 'The question,' he said in a Tenants' Right debate in February 1852, 'the question is—Can the cats wisely and judiciously legislate for the mice?'²

4. Rehoboam had two sets of advisers. He sought advice, in the first instance, from the old

men who had been counsellors of his father, and whose ripe experience qualified them to speak. Their answer was astute in its insight into human nature. 'Give the people a civil answer,' they said: 'tell them that *you* are *their* servant. Content with this they will be scattered to their homes, and you will bind them to your yoke for ever.' In an answer so deceptive, but so immoral, the corrupting influence of the Solomonian autocracy is as conspicuous as in that of the malapert youths who made their appeal to the king's conceit.

Rehoboam then turned to the young men who had grown up with him, and who stood before him—the *jeunesse dorée* of a luxurious and hypocritical epoch, the aristocratic idlers in whom the insolent self-indulgence of an enervated society had expelled the old spirit of simple faithfulness. Their answer was the sort of answer which Buckingham and Sedley might have suggested to Charles II. in face of the demands of the Puritans; and it was founded on notions of inherent prerogative, and 'the right Divine of kings to govern wrong,' such as the Bishops might have instilled into James I. at the Hampton Court Conference, or Archbishop Laud into Charles I. in the days of 'Thorough.'

'Threaten this insolent canaille,' they said, 'with your royal severity. Tell them that you do not intend to give up your sacred right to enforced labour, such as your brother of Egypt has always enjoyed. Tell them that your little finger shall be thicker than your father's loins, and that instead of his whips you will chastise them with leaded thongs. That is the way to show yourself every inch a king.'

In the days of his power Napoleon relied mainly on external control, and in the last resort on force. If he could not convince the Germans of the excellence of his rule, he would coerce them. Hence such abominable acts as the summary execution of Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, for the crime of selling a patriotic pamphlet. This episode does not stand alone. Writing at Warsaw early in 1807 respecting a rising near Cassel, he orders that the village where it started should be burned, and thirty ringleaders shot, 200 or 300 others being sent as prisoners to France. A little later he orders the execution of sixty men. Again and again one finds similar mathematical calculations as to the numbers who must be shot, in order to repress local riots. On 3rd July 1809 he commands the execution of six men at Nuremberg; and on 28th January 1813 of the same number at a place near Elberfeld.¹

¹ Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII.*, Act I. sc. ii.

² G. M. Trevelyan, *The Life of John Bright*, 166.

¹ J. Holland Rose, *The Personality of Napoleon*, 240.

II.

SEPARATION.

1. The Revised Version reads, 'My little finger is thicker,' etc., and so makes the sentence not a threat, but the foundation of the following threat in an arrogant and empty assertion of greater power. The fool always thinks himself wiser than the wise dead; the 'living dog' fancies that his yelp is louder than the roar of 'the dead lion.' What can be done with a Rehoboam who brags that he is better than Solomon?

The threat which follows is inconceivably foolish; and all the more so because it probably did not represent any definite intention, and certainly was backed by no force adequate to carry it out. Passion and offended dignity are the worst guides for conduct. Threats are always mistakes. A sieve of oats, not a whip, attracts a horse to the halter. If Rehoboam had wished to split the kingdom, he could have found no better wedge than this blustering promise of tyranny.

Every morning, all the last wet summer, my children and I read an hour in the best story-book in the world. And having Rehoboam in my mind, we came upon this about Coriolanus: 'But on the other side, for lack of education, he was choleric, and so impatient, that he would yield to no living creature: which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. They could not be acquainted with him as one citizen careth to be with another in the city. His behaviour was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because it was too lordly, was disliked. And, to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth men unto is this: that it teacheth them that be rude and rough of nature, by compass and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous, and to like better the mean state than the higher. But Martius was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, and lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason. He remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of all the world which the governor of a state should shun. For a man that wishes to live in this world must needs have patience, which lusty bloods [like Rehoboam's young counsellors] make but a mock at.'¹

2. The effect was instantaneous; but not what Rehoboam had foolishly expected. The long-suffering people, smarting under a sense of wrong, would not be cowed by an empty boaster; the embers of revolt that had smouldered so long, burst into a flame; the cry, 'To your tents, O

Israel,' which rent the air, at the same time rent the kingdom, and rang the knell of Israel's greatness. Jeroboam was elected king by the ten tribes according to the prediction of Ahijah, while Rehoboam's dominion was confined to Judah and Benjamin.

Federalism and the partiality for the patriarchal life regained the mastery. The Israelites departed from Shechem, resolved never again to submit to forced labour. And King Rehoboam had great difficulty in getting up to his chariot and fleeing to Jerusalem.

There is a national honour charged with the future happiness of man; loyalty is due from those living to those that will come after; civilization can only wax and flourish in a world where faith is kept; for nations, as for individuals, there are laws of duty, whose violation harms the whole human race; in sum, stars of conduct shine for peoples, as for private men.²

3. It is no small proof of the insight and courageous faithfulness of the historian that he accepts without question the verdict of ancient prophecy, that the disruption was God's doing; for everything which happened in the four subsequent centuries, alike in Judah and in Israel, seemed to belie this pious conviction. It was of the Lord, he says. We, in the light of later history, are now able to see that the disseverance of Israel's unity worked out results of eternal advantage to mankind; but in the sixth century before Christ no event could have seemed to be so absolutely disastrous.

A dozen rash words brought about those four hundred years of strife, weakness, and final destruction. And neither the foolish speaker nor any man in that crowd dreamed of the unnumbered evils to flow from that hour. Since issues are so far beyond our sight, how careful it becomes us to be of motives! Angry counsels are always blunders. No nation can prosper when moderate complaints are met by threats, and 'spirited conduct,' asserting dignity, is a sign of weakness, not of strength. Both for nations and for individuals that is true.

While a stormy scene of passion, without thought of God, rages below, above sits the Lord, working His great purpose by men's sin. That Divine control does not in the least affect the freedom or the guilt of the actors. Rehoboam's disregard of the people's terms was 'a thing brought about of the Lord,' but it was Rehoboam's sin none the less.

¹ A. Whyte, *Bible Characters: Ahithophel to Nehemiah*, 76.

² John Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 170.

That which, looked at from the mere human side, is the sinful result of the free play of wrong motives, is, when regarded from the Divine side, the determinate counsel of God. The greatest crime in the world's history was at the same time the accomplishment of God's most merciful purpose. Calvary is the highest example of the truth, which embraces all lesser instances of the wrath of man, which He makes to praise Him and effect His deep designs.

It may be that, long after we have slept our last sleep, the men who come after us, looking back upon the troubles which are at this moment such distress to the heart, will be constrained to confess that this thing too was 'of the Lord.'

The world is not a mere necessary sequence of material phenomena, but a spiritual stream, that, swift or sluggish be its course, flows irresistibly to God. The existing fact is not the law; choice between good and evil, heroism, sacrifice are not illusions; conscience, the intuition of the ideal, the power of will, and moral force are ultimate and mastering spiritual facts. The divine design controls it all, and man has liberty to help God's plan. And he who knows this, knows that 'a supreme power guards the road, by which believers journey towards their goal,' and he will be 'bold with God through God.' The crusaders' cry, 'God wills it,' is for him, and his are the courage and consistency and power of sacrifice, that come to those who know they battle on the side of God.¹

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

April.

THE KEY OF THE SUMMER.

'The flowers appear on the earth.'—Ca 2¹².

If, on this April morning, I were to ask the girls among you the name of their favourite flower, I believe they would nearly all answer 'the primrose.'

Not only girls love primroses; a bunch of fresh country ones might send an old woman's thoughts back to the days when she went primrose gathering long, long ago. She remembers those days as full of very delightful happiness.

1. Flowers indeed make the best of companions: they do us good and no evil, and the little yellow primrose seems to possess nearly every good quality that one looks for in a flower.

Ruskin, who studied flowers and many things like them, speaks of the primrose as a flower of gracious breeding. That means that in her own domain among flowers, the primrose possesses the qualities of a real lady. I wonder if the girls will recognize Ruskin's little lady when they see her. He says that the primrose grows naturally, being content to remain a child, until the time comes when it can blossom out and make the woods beautiful for us. At first, when the primrose is very young, it is confined within five pinching green leaves whose points close over it. That is the nursery of the primrose. Then the green leaves unclosetheir points—the little yellow ones peep out like ducklings. They find the light delicious and open wide to it, and grow, and grow, and throw themselves wider at last into their perfect rose. But they never quite leave their old nursery for all that; it and they live on together, and the nursery seems a part of the flower. That just means that a real lady, even if she be very clever, is simple and childlike all the time.

2. I wonder if any of you boys or girls—I say

¹ Bolton King, *Mazzini*, 240.

boys too this time—ever felt that a message came to you from a little flower like the primrose. Wordsworth wrote quite a long poem about a very stupid man. Most people think that he said too much about him, but there are two verses of it often quoted, and, strange to say, by people who never read the whole poem. They are these :

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell ;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before ;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.¹

None of you want to be like Peter Bell, I feel sure. Most of you have at least felt that you loved the primrose, and if you wanted to live a beautiful life after having been in the woods with it, the primrose had been speaking to you.

3. It is the modesty and quiet beauty of the primrose that charm every one :

Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

The little flower does not always have good weather, and yet it sets a brave face to the blast and never fails to bloom for us. You are not very old, and have not had many real trials, but at school you must, I feel sure, have had one or two 'set-backs.' They are a good thing sometimes. They make you the better able to bear the trials that will come to you when you are men and women.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.²

4. Primroses and Easter generally come together. Spring is the Easter of the earth when all the trees and the flowers that have seemed dead through the winter begin to rise again. It brings the thought to the minds of many a man and woman

that there is really no death. In the German language the primrose has a name that means the 'key' flower. Probably the name was taken from the fable which tells that it has some magic power of discovering hidden treasure. We don't believe in magic, but we all believe the primrose to be the key of the summer. And because Jesus died and rose again He has been called the key of the grave. Just now people cannot help speaking about what comes after death. Many of our old Sunday scholars have passed over—Willie, George, Alec. Boys and girls look around this April morning : resurrection is on every hand. Remember the primrose, the 'key' of summer, and better still remember Him who is the 'Key of the Grave.'

II.

The Song of the Heart.

'Singing and making melody with your heart.'—Eph 5¹⁹.

That seems a queer thing to say, doesn't it?—'Singing and making melody with your heart.' Perhaps you think St. Paul made a mistake and that he meant to say—'Singing and making melody with your voice.'

But St. Paul is right. The best song of all is the song of the heart. It is a song we should all sing, only we have forgotten the secret, and we find it again only when God touches our heart.

Now this seems rather difficult to understand, so I want to tell you a story that will make it easy for you.

In the little town of Freiburg there is an old cathedral which contains a wonderful organ. One day, a stranger came to the cathedral and asked permission to play on the organ. But the old man who looked after the place refused to let him play. He told him that no stranger was allowed to touch the organ.

However, the visitor pleaded so long and so earnestly that at last the caretaker gave his consent. The stranger seated himself at the organ and soon the cathedral was filled with the most wonderful music. Never had the great organ produced such marvellous melody. Tears ran down the old man's cheeks and at last he laid his hand on the musician's shoulder. 'What is your name?' he asked. And when the other replied, 'Mendelssohn,' the old caretaker could only exclaim, 'And to think I refused to let you play on my organ !'

¹ Wordsworth, *Poems* ('Peter Bell'), 239.

² H. Kirke White.

Now, boys and girls, our hearts are just like that organ. They are splendid instruments meant to produce beautiful music, but they await the touch of the Great Musician. Only when He touches them can they 'make melody.' Without that touch they are dumb or they make only discord.

Perhaps some of the older boys and girls know the name of Caedmon. Caedmon was a monk who lived in the seventh century and he was our earliest Anglo-Saxon poet. Now there is a story told of how Caedmon came by his gift of poetry which you may like to hear.

In his youth Caedmon was the cowherd of the Abbey of Whitby, and it is said that he could neither sing nor make verses. In those days it was the custom to pass a harp round the company after the day's work was over so that each might contribute his share to the evening's entertainment. But whenever the harp appeared Caedmon used to slip away because he could neither sing nor play.

One evening when the harp had been brought out as usual, the cowherd took refuge in the stable, and as he was tired with his day's work he presently fell asleep. In his sleep a Stranger appeared to him and commanded him to sing. The monk replied that he could not sing and that that was the reason why he had left the entertainment. But the Stranger still commanded him to sing. 'Sing,' said He—'sing the beginning of created things.' And presently Caedmon found himself singing verses in the praise of God, verses which he had never heard. From that day onward he became the poet of the monastery, and men said that the gift of God's grace in his heart had brought with it the gift of song.

Now, boys and girls, that all happened so long ago that it may be a bit of a legend. But still there is a great deal of truth in it. Our hearts cannot sing the song God meant them to sing until we let Him touch them with His grace. He can make the most of us. He can make the best of our gifts and abilities. He can bring melody into our lives.

Remember the story of the old caretaker and how he almost missed hearing some of the most wonderful music in the world. We, too, may refuse the Great Musician, and the world will be a sad and tuneless place for us. But let us give Him permission to use our hearts as He would, then not only they but all our lives will be 'one grand, sweet song.'

III.

Perfume.

'Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart.'—Pr 27⁹.

Do you remember the very first bottle of perfume you ever had? How proud you were of it! Up till then you had had only an occasional sprinkle from the crystal bottle on mother's dressing-table, but now you had a whole bottleful of deliciousness all for your very own. Do you remember how you tried to make it last; and how you put it on your handkerchief only on special days such as Sundays; and how, when you pulled your handkerchief out of your pocket you gave it an extra flourish, and hoped that everybody was noticing that it was perfumed?

Do you remember, too, how eager you were to give a sprinkle as a treat to the people you loved best? You wanted them to enjoy its sweetness. And oh! how sad you were when the last drop had been squeezed out of the bottle! You took out the stopper, and filled the empty bottle with water, and shook it up well, and tried to pretend that there was still a perfume of the perfume left. You really-loved that perfume—didn't you?

There are very few who don't love perfume of some kind. The people we read of in the Bible loved it and used it greatly. But the perfumes they used in Bible days were rather different from those we use now. They were pungent rather than sweet. They were made chiefly in the form of ointments which were employed in anointing the body—a very necessary thing in climates so hot as that of Palestine. Their names, even, sound curious to our ears. Here are a few of them—camphire, cassia, frankincense, myrrh, spikenard, tragacanth. They were made chiefly from gum or resin, and the bark or the leaves of trees.

Now the best perfumes we have are made from real flowers. In the South of France, between Cannes and Nice, there lies a sunny belt of land where most of the flowers which make our perfumes grow. There you will see acres upon acres of the roses, jasmine, violets, heliotrope, and carnations whose essence we buy bottled in the chemist's shop. The petals of these millions of blooms are gathered by the peasants and carried by them to the perfume factories. There they are treated by steam-heat or laid on layers of fat

until they give up their sweetness. Some of the flowers, such as the rose, yield their perfume readily, but others, like the violet and the jasmine, need special coaxing before they will part with their essence. Some one has called this essence or perfume 'the soul of the flower.' That is a fine idea. It is beautiful to think that, when the flowers are withered and gone, their soul still lives in their perfume.

There are three things I should like you to remember about perfume.

1. The first is that *no two perfumes are alike*. You can pick out essence of roses from essence of violets anywhere. People are just the same; no two in all the world are quite alike. Some have one kind of sweetness, some another, and we must not expect everybody to be sweet in the same way. That would be most uninteresting. What we have got to do is to find out each person's particular sweetness, and admire that.

In some people, I am sorry to say, the sweetness is very faint, so faint that you can hardly perceive it. Such people are like flowers on a gloomy day—they are not yielding their perfume. What they require is a good blaze of sunshine to draw out their sweetness—a blaze of happiness, in other words. Try to give them a little happiness; be kind to them. You will be astonished to see how their sweetness will develop.

2. The next thing I want you to remember is that *the perfume is the most precious part of the flower*. It is the part we should miss most were it taken away. We should not miss a petal or two from the many on the rose, but we should be sad indeed if it lost its sweetness; and if a sweet-pea were only a 'pea' without the 'sweet' we should not love it half so much. It is the perfume that makes some flowers precious.

Again it is the same with people. It is their sweetness that makes us love them. They may be young or old, short or tall, dark or fair, plain or beautiful—we never notice these details. What really matters is that they are sweet, and so we love them. If you want to be loved, boys and girls, don't forget to grow a perfume.

3. The third thing is that *a perfume imparts itself to others*. If you have a scent sachet in your drawer, you know how all your clothes smell of it. They have caught and kept its sweetness.

There is a Persian fable which tells of a man who picked up a lump of clay and carried it home

with him. He soon discovered that it had a smell so exquisite that it perfumed all the room. He took it up and looked at it, but he could discover nothing extraordinary about it, so he asked, 'O lump of clay, what art thou? Art thou some wonderful gem, or some rich perfume in disguise?' 'Nay,' was the reply, 'I am but a lump of clay.' 'Then whence this sweetness?' 'Ah! friend,' answered the clay, 'shall I tell you the secret? I have been dwelling with the rose.'

Boys and girls, we may all resemble that lump of clay. We may all be perfume-bearers. We may dwell with Christ, our Rose, and, having caught some of His fragrance, may help to shed it abroad through the world.

Point and Illustration.

The Soul of a Scottish Church.

We congratulate the Rev. David Woodside, B.D., on his first important book, and at the same time we congratulate the Publications Department of the United Free Church of Scotland on its first important publication. It is a history of the United Presbyterian Church; not, however, in the old way of writing history. The title is *The Soul of a Scottish Church* (6s. net), and the author describes it as giving 'the contribution of the United Presbyterian Church to Scottish Life and Religion.'

Well, it is a readable book—most interesting to read in every chapter of it. For Mr. Woodside has laid himself out for that, and he is fit for it. That first. Then it is a loyal book. The United Presbyterian Church is seen by everybody to be worthy. And yet there is not a foolish word of flattery within the covers. Lastly, it is a book that will make for righteousness and the coming of the Kingdom. What has attached the Scotsman to his Church? This book will tell you. Did you think it was an inveterate love of disputation and a delight in the splitting of theological hairs? It is this, that the sense of God, the living God, awful perhaps but actual, has been felt when the threshold of the House of God was crossed. Here is a quotation.

'Of the giants in literature there were two who had a closer connection with the Secession Church than is generally acknowledged. Carlyle was one. He was born in the Secession Church, and speaks with great reverence of the minister and those associated with him in Ecclefechan. Carlyle him-

self was intended for the Church, and went through the Arts course in Edinburgh University with that aim. When, however, he came to the end of his preliminary training, he hesitated. Certain doubts were already arising in his mind, and if he had proceeded further in the direction of the ministry, it would probably not have been to that of the Secession Church. We can scarcely imagine Carlyle's genius cribbed, cabined, and confined within the limits of a creed-locked Church. But his Secession training left upon him and his writings its mark to his dying day. He never forgot the impressions made; and he showed their influence in such a sentence as this uttered in his Rectorial address, when, as an old man, he gave to the young students the cream of his life's experience: "I believe you will find in all histories that religion has been at the head and foundation of them all, and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, all-wise, and all-virtuous Being superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any men either, who forgot that." That sentence, and what in his writings possessed the same spirit, sprang from his Secession teaching.

Christmas Morning.

The readers of *The Scotsman* have for some time been pleased with essays which have appeared at intervals touching things of home and country, of books and authors, of rocks and rivers and open roads, all signed by Arthur Grant. They have been sufficiently pleased to wish to see the essays issued as a book. Well, here it is with the title *On the Wings of the Morning* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net). What is the secret of the success? Nothing mysterious; just the topic that touches the universal human heart and the straightforward way of handling it.

'Christmas Day by the riverside! 'Tis a beautiful morning with a touch of frost in the air, and it mellows into a day of gentle sunshine, of subdued lights and shadows. The ragwort is still in bloom, but there are now only two leaves on the thorn. Alone of trees, the Scots fir yonder stands out against the sky with the same stately dignity as in summer. It and the river are least influenced by the season of the year. Still the river flows, and I may step on to this tiny promontory

and look into the clear, deep pool with its rocky and gravelly bed. All is still on this the anniversary of the first Christmas morning, the morning on which that "vision splendid" in "trailing clouds of glory" proclaimed on earth peace. Indeed, the peace of a calm winter's day has a character all its own. There is no stir of animal life, and Nature herself breathes the very spirit of peace. Here, amid the green pastures and beside the still waters, one remembers how to Isaiah a river was the very emblem of peace. The chastened joy of rivers, indeed, wells up through the whole sacred volume. Sometimes that very emblem of joy is turned into mourning, as in the Lament of the exiled Hebrews, surely the finest poem of its kind that ever was written, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." The rivers of the distant homeland seemed to flow through their hearts as, by the willow-bordered stream, the bitter cry rose from their lips: "How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land?" So it has always been, dear rivers of home, no matter where. After all, is not the particular river that we love but a question of sentiment, of association, nay, even of geographical environment? The Syrian captain did but give expression to his patriotism when he asked: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" Thus even my nameless burn can point a moral at Christmastide. It is pleasing to associate days of exceptional beauty with the red-letter days of the Kalendar. Who does not rejoice, for example, on a beautiful Easter morn? But amid the bustle of modern life, whether the days be festival or ferial, those riverside reveries inspire a restfulness that we cannot afford to despise. "And now look about you," says Izaak Walton, "and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too," "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed," as the old patriarch expressed it. And then good Master Izaak goes on to repeat what "holy Mr. Herbert" says of such days—days that recall my pilgrimage to Bemerton:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

That is the way of it, and it is enough.

Dixon Scott.

'One of the many books of Dixon Scott's that were to be written when he came back after the war was a book of essays. "I've been systematizing it lately and finishing some of the sketches for it," he wrote in the spring of 1913. In the same letter he says, "There are nature things in it such as 'The Winds,' there are one or two motor things, and there is 'The Cloud' (which here appears as 'The Shadow')."

'Dixon Scott never came back from the war—he died of dysentery on a hospital ship at Gallipoli on October 23rd, 1915—and this book of his essays is not his book as he would have made it. But his friends are all of one mind, that it is well worth getting together the few essays that are left in a pocket volume such as he himself always carried in his knapsack when he went out in search of adventure by the Mysterious Road or lost himself on the lonely heights of the Lake District.'

It is Mr. Bertram Smith who signs the Preface and says these things. And when we have read the book, even when we have read a single sample essay, we desire to be reckoned among the friends who are all of one mind. The title given it is *A Number of Things* (Foulis; 5s. net), appropriately culled from Stevenson's 'Child's Garden':

'The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'

But how is the quality of the essay to be made known? By the quotation of one. Let it be a short one. Let it be

SILVER AND GOLD.

Every really honourable suburban garden is brisk and heartsome just now with splashes, and loops, and circlets of fine gold—the gold of that king-cup-coloured flower which the wise Ruskin so solemnly rebuked Wendell Holmes for calling 'the spendthrift crocus.' 'The crocus is not a spendthrift,' pointed out the great man, 'it is a hardy plant.' Hardihood and prodigality then—are they so incompatible? One fancies not; the argument, one imagines, would not be over-difficult to confute; certain spendthrifts of the human sort, at any rate—but there! Why hound a quarry of so obvious a tameness? Ill-judged or well, Pathetic Fallacy or no Pathetic Fallacy, the

adjective remains—proving its pertinence by its pertinacity. And, in spite of Ruskin, it is always with a fine air of thriftlessness that these sunny, saffron-coated prodigals come strutting through the close-fisted shrubberies of March. They swing up the niggard borders, they surround the frugal lawns, they march about the miserly, reluctant beds—always with the same consistent recklessness. And with it all, of course (it is their irresistible quality), they never stoop to impudence. Despite their bold defiance of the conventions, they are something better than your mere Bohemian. Their improprieties are done decorously; their prodigalities are never dissolute. They outspace Spring, they fling their largesse in Winter's very face; but their audacity is always douce and kenspeckle, they are never too hot-footed to be trim. Neatly aligned, well-groomed, and orderly, they are, of all prodigals, surely the most circumspect and sober.

So much the quainter, of course, appears, on that account, their alliance with that shrinking epitome of wild wood-gracefulness, the snowdrop. The crocus is respectably audacious—bold, but bourgeois; and he mates—a frightened nymph! And yet it is a very proper marriage, as complementary as their colours—gold and silver; or as their symbols—the sun and the moon. Between them they make up the perfect round, the full, fair sequence of garden qualities. For the perfect garden should have room for all the crocus elements—the qualities of symmetry and bright composure and a general massing of rich and heartsome colours; but it must not be wholly content with these. It must include as well the frailer snowdrop qualities—the qualities of wild grace and moon-dawn frailty. 'I wish it were to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness,' said the good Bacon. 'Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order.' In that corner, too, would grow the snowdrops; and for that corner, for the inclusion of that space of desirable disorder, in all our gardens, the snowdrop's appearance just now may be regarded as a kind of delicate appeal. And since, as Bacon says, 'God Almighty first planted a garden; and,

indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man ; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks '—since all this still remains admirably true, let the silver and gold scattered so lavishly about our gardens at the moment symbolize one

other thing as well. Let them be symbols of the lavish assiduity with which we townsfolk, through the coming year, will polish each his link in the long gold and silver chain of gardens, which unites us, here in the smoke-drift, with the clean world of Nature lying outside the walls.

The Family and Religion of L. Sergius Paullus, Proconsul of Cyprus.

BY SIR W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L., LL.D., LITT.D., D.D., EDINBURGH.

THE province Galatia has been fruitful in discoveries bearing on the history of the family of Sergius Paullus, who came into friendly relations with Paul and Barnabas at Paphos about A.D. 47 (Ac 13¹⁰⁻¹²), and who was perhaps converted to the Christian faith. The words of Acts certainly suggest this, but they do not constitute a complete proof that conversion in the fullest sense took place. This is pointed out in my book on the *Bearing of Recent Research on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament*, p. 164, where the twelfth chapter discusses the religion and subsequent history of his family. It is there argued from one inscription found in Pisidian Antioch that the son of this Sergius Paullus was governor of the province Galatia about A.D. 70-74, and from another that his sister Sergia Paulla was married to the noblest citizen of Antioch, doubtless during the time that her brother was governing the province. It is a somewhat unusual fact in Roman social history that a lady belonging to a patrician senatorial family should marry a citizen of a remote provincial city, even though that city was a Roman colony and had played an extremely important part in Roman history during the first century of Imperial history. In this way the generation of the Sergii immediately following the proconsul of Cyprus came into close relations with the province of Galatia generally and the military capital Pisidian Antioch in particular.

A discovery which was made by Professor Calder of Manchester and myself renders it possible to pursue the subject further, and to trace the history of the family for nearly a century and a half after the incident in Paphos. There is of

course a certain amount of hypothesis needed in the reconstruction of family history. The strength of hypothesis like this depends on familiarity with the conditions and facts of society in the Imperial time, and can be properly estimated only by reference to the whole circumstances and history of Roman society and administration. So far as the part of the reconstruction already published in my book is concerned, I had the advantage of confirmation from Professor Dessau, to whose special department in Roman work this class of investigation belongs ; but the conditions which have prevailed in Europe since August 1914 have interrupted co-operation and friendly association between scholars of the opposing belligerent countries. The most hypothetical part of the whole hypothesis is the presumed continuity of the Sergian patrician family, and this continuity was accepted as self-evident and certain¹ by the author of the *Prosopographia of the Roman Empire*.

Some vague idea of the remarkable nature of this inscription (which Professor Calder had found some years previously, and which we recopied in company in 1913) occurred to us at the moment ; but, in the actual work of travelling over the plateau, visiting often several sites in a single day, there was no further time to think over the bearing of the document, and I forgot about it until 1916 when I chanced to be revising the whole series of inscriptions in Professor Calder's

¹ Lightfoot also regarded the later Sergii Paulli as lineal descendants of the proconsul of Cyprus. The fact is too simple to be susceptible of proof, but scholars in historical research recognize it forthwith.

notebook (my own notebook having unfortunately been lost).¹ It is very fortunate that the testimony of my friend to the discovery can be invoked to corroborate my own eyes, because the nature of the inscription is so remarkable, and historically so suggestive and wide-reaching, that I might perhaps have hesitated before venturing to publish it, if I had been the only authority for it, lest I should be exposed to the charge of finding always what suited my own purposes and corroborated my own prepossessions. Had it not been for the closer study of the Sergian history required in the attempt to illuminate the episode in the Acts, the importance of the monument here published would have probably escaped notice, because in itself it belongs to a common class of memorial.

In one of the most lonely and deserted parts of northern Lycaonia, in a region which we have taken to consist entirely of one vast Imperial estate or group of estates (*tractus*), stands the following inscription:

MEMORIAE
CN. CORNELI L[IB] . . . ANI
DECURIAL[IS] VIATORIS
SERGIA L. [F.] PAULLINA
CORNELI SEVERI

TO THE MEMORY OF
GNAEUS CORNELIUS, FREEDMAN [COGNOMEN LOST]
VIATOR OF THE DECURIAE
SERGIA PAULLINA [DAUGHTER] OF LUCIUS
(WIFE) OF CORNELIUS SEVERUS.

This epitaph rouses astonishment. How shall we explain the appearance of Sergia Paullina and Cornelius Severus, bearing two of the noblest Roman patrician names, in a solitary part of Lycaonia like this? Neither Paullina² nor her husband can possibly be supposed to have travelled in this region, or to have been present at the performance of such an act as the making of the tomb of one of their freedmen who was a *Viator*³ in their service (the term *Viator* might be roughly translated Summoner: perhaps the slaves on the estate were classified in *decuriae*).⁴

The only possible explanation is that the lady was the owner of an estate here. The estate belonged to her personally, and not to her

¹ The inscription should have been published (with the inferences here stated) in my book, had it not been for this forgetfulness.

² Both Paullina and Paulla were used as the feminine counterparts of Paullus.

³ A *viator* occurs also at Laodiceia of Lycaonia, close to the great Imperial estates of Zizima.

⁴ The republican *viatores dec.* cannot be taken as furnishing any evidence about *viator* on a Lycaonian estate.

husband, because she is said to make the tomb, and the act originates from her as the landlord and owner of the estate, although she was not present and probably knew nothing about this Summoner or his death. Gnaeus Cornelius was a freedman of her husband, and belonged therefore to his household; yet the *Viator* is acting on her behalf as her representative on her property; and this incidentally is a proof that the family life and interests of Sergia and Cornelius continued united (which was not always the case in Roman patrician families).⁵

Both husband and wife belong to well-known families in Roman history during the first and second century. Sergia Paullina is especially well known, because inscriptions mentioning incidents or persons on her estates are rather numerous, and it would appear from the evidence already known, when compared with the present inscription, that she was the heiress in whose hands was concentrated the property of the

Roman patrician family which bore the name Sergius Paullus. Borghesi, a very high authority, considered that she was the daughter of Lucius Sergius Paullus, who was consul II. in A.D. 168; but Dessau, the more recent authority, suggests as more probable that she was the sister or the aunt of that consul; and the lettering in the Lycaonian inscription decides in favour of Dessau's last suggestion. She belongs to a generation earlier than the consul of 168, and she is the same person whose estates are mentioned in the inscription on a tile dated A.D. 134.

The fact that Sergia Paullina was the heiress of the Sergian properties implies that the stock in the direct line nearly died out, and there was no male heir in her generation. This furnishes the explanation of the striking fact that there is a gap in the annals of the Sergian family, so that the consul of 168 shows the reappearance of the name after

⁵ It is possible that Paullina gave her husband's name to her own freedman. Examples occur, where two friends are concerned: so Dionysius united the names of Cicero and Atticus, but was freedman only of Atticus.

a long interval, during which it makes no show in Roman administrative history. Before the time when Dessau was publishing his monumental *Prosopographia*, this gap seemed to extend unbroken between the proconsul of Cyprus about A.D. 47 and the consul of 168; Dessau moved Sergia Paullina into the intermediate period, suggesting that she might belong to the generation earlier than the consul; but still the gap remained very long, and the relationship between the later Sergii and the old Sergius, who is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, was therefore by no means certain.¹ In itself, however, the relationship was highly probable, and had been accepted, e.g., by Lightfoot. That fortunate discovery at Pisidian Antioch revealed a Roman official of senatorial rank, L. Sergius L. f. Paullus, 'the son,' who belonged to the latter half of the first century; and, although the inscription which mentions him is incomplete, there can hardly be any other possible reason why an official of this rank should be in the province Galatia, except that he was its governor and that the inscription in his honour was erected when he visited Pisidian Antioch, probably somewhere about A.D. 72. This name helps to fill up the gap in the Sergian family, and there remains now no difficulty in regarding all these Sergii Paulli as representatives of the family in successive generations. The proconsul of Cyprus and the legatus of Galatia had not yet attained the consulship when they held these offices, and they were therefore probably not over forty years of age at the time. It would appear therefore quite feasible that Sergia Paullina might be the daughter of the governor of Galatia, and the aunt, as Dessau suggests (or the mother, as we shall see), of the consul II. of 168. We notice also that the names Sergius with the derivative Sergianus, and Paullus, Paulla and Paullina are exceptionally common in the southern part of the province. When the name Paullus occurs in Christian inscriptions of Lycaonia, as it frequently does, the use of it is in all probability due to the memory of the Apostle Paul; but even setting this consideration aside with all the names which it affected, there remains sufficient evidence (inde-

pendently of any epigraphic mention of L. Sergius Paullus the son) to suggest the hypothesis that there must have been a governor of the province bearing the name Sergius Paullus at some time not later than the second century. Sergia Paulla, probably the sister of the governor of Galatia, married a Roman knight belonging to the most prominent family of Antioch, named Caristanus, and her husband was elevated to senatorial rank in 74,² and thereafter filled a number of high offices in the Roman Imperial service, governing Lycia and Pamphylia, and afterwards being proconsul of Asia (which implies that in the interval he had been honoured with the consulship). Reasons are stated in my book for thinking that her sons were Christian.

As Bishop Lightfoot long ago pointed out, there apparently existed among the Sergii a certain family character and hereditary tradition which led them to take interest in philosophy and in scientific study. The consul of 168 is mentioned by Galen as being devoted to philosophical research, and as having been present at medical demonstrations given by the great physician in Rome. This interest in philosophy is evident in the account which Luke gives of the proconsul of Cyprus; and the marriage of Sergia Paulla to a provincial knight suggests that the family did not stand aloof from the social conditions of the province, but were interested and friendly in the intellectual life and society of the East. The Roman character is far from suggesting that there would be any inconsistency between philosophic interest and the acquisition of landed estates in the province. It may therefore be justifiably supposed that this Sergian estate in northern Lycaonia came into the possession of the family during the time when the head of that family was governing Galatia, about A.D. 72. Now there can be little or no doubt that this property was part of the great Imperial estates which had been inherited by Augustus from Amyntas, the last king of Galatia. It is entirely in accordance with the custom of the early Roman Empire that portions of those vast Lycaonian properties were from time to time granted by the Emperor to distinguished

¹ In the *Prosopographia* the relationship is not even suggested; but Dessau regarded it as quite probable, though that work was restricted to definite facts. He now considers the relationship proved by the discovery of the Galatian official, the missing link.

² The inscription mentioning Sergia Paulla and Caristanus was published, and this inference as to the date of his elevation drawn, by G. L. Cheesman in *J.R.S.*, 1913, p. 253 (whose death at the Dardanelles was a great loss to the study of Asia Minor).

Romans and particularly to members of the Imperial family. This is well known to have been the case on a very large scale in Egypt (where the whole country except the city-State Alexandria was Imperial property); and a list has been compiled by the distinguished Russian scholar Rostowzew of the large number of estates which were bestowed upon distinguished Romans in the early Imperial period. The custom seems to have passed almost entirely out of vogue in Egypt before the end of the first century, but a striking example of it on a very large scale is known in the Pisidian region of the province Galatia during the latter part of the second and the beginning of the third century, and the history of a series of owners of that property has been written from the inscriptions of south-western Galatia.¹ At any rate, the presumed government of Galatia by Sergius Paullus the younger falls within the time when even in Egypt estates were still being carved out of the vast Imperial properties and given to private individuals. It is not probable that such an estate would be granted to a Roman family in remote Lycaonia, unless a member of that family were in some connexion with the province of Galatia at the time. This, however, must not be regarded as in itself conclusive; the occurrence of the names Annæus and Seneca in this same region of northern Lycaonia suggests that an estate here may perhaps have been given by Nero to Seneca, or (should we say?) taken by Seneca during his period of power in the first few years of Nero's reign. Seneca obtained also an estate in Egypt;² moreover, some of the great freedmen of Claudius, such as the millionaire Pallas (whose brother Felix acted so meanly to Paul at Cæsarea), also got hold of estates in Egypt. The power of acquisition possessed by great financiers like Pallas, or great Spanish Phœnicians like Seneca, was extraordinary and can hardly be supposed to have existed in the patrician family of the Sergii.³

In the inscription of Sergius Paullus the younger the repetition of the word *filio* written in full (as distinguished from its expression by the initial

letter only in the first case) seems to be evidently intended to distinguish this Sergius from a well-known father. It is not in accordance with Roman usage to repeat the word in this way in full, and the repetition is a clear example of the influence of Greek usage, where this distinction was commonly made by adding the word young or younger (*νέος* or *νεώτερος*). The Antiochian composers of the inscription were already beginning to be affected by Greek usage in the composition of Roman inscriptions. I have long entertained the idea as a hypothesis, still unproved and far from easy to prove, that this addition of the term young or younger in Greek inscriptions implies that the father was still living at the time. This seems in itself quite probable, but the addition might be quite fairly well explained by the supposition that the son is distinguished from a father who happened to be well known, even though he might have died before the inscription was composed.

The husband of Sergia Paullina bears the well-known name Gnæus Cornelius Severus.⁴ This person is not known as an individual, nor has there been preserved any other record of the marriage of Sergia Paullina. Children of that marriage would naturally bear the name Cornelius and Cornelia, but it is a justifiable supposition that one of the sons of such a marriage took the mother's name, and became the heir of the Sergian estates.⁵ This son would be L. Sergius Paullus, consul II. A.D. 168. This remains a hypothesis, but it is quite a common fact of the period that a son united the entire names of both his father's and mother's houses, so that the son of Cornelius Severus and Sergia Paullina would naturally be called Cn. Cornelius Severus L. Sergius Paullus, and a person bearing this name might probably prefer to be called L. Sergius Paullus in ordinary society, if he inherited the great Sergian property.

There was a Roman consul A.D. 152 called Manius Acilius Glabrio Cn. Cornelius Severus. We may say with practical certainty that he was the son of Manius Acilius Glabrio and of Cornelia Severa, who is very likely to have been either the daughter or the sister of Cn. Cornelius Severus, the husband of Sergia Paullina. This connects the Sergii with another of the noblest of the Roman families in the first century A.D. The reference

¹ C. B. Phr. I. ch. 9 and *Prosopographia*.

² Seneca's brother Gallio, governor of Achaia, made a voyage to Egypt for his health, being attacked by fever.

³ While the date when Sergius Paullus held office in Galatia was probably about the period A.D. 71-74, the possibility that he may have already been in office there before 68 under the reign of Nero cannot be for the present set aside as impossible.

⁴ His prænomen follows from that of his *libertus*.

⁵ According to general custom in the Imperial period, the second son took the mother's name as a cognomen at least.

which Juvenal makes in his fourth Satire to the eighty-year-old Manius Acilius of his time is well known, and there exists considerable evidence that his son, the consul of 91, was more or less tainted with Christianity. This question has occupied the attention of scholars ever since De Rossi drew attention to it; and some account of the facts and of the connexion between the consul of 91 and Flavius Clemens, the nephew of Domitian, who also is suspected of having been a Christian, may be found in Lightfoot's edition of Clement of Rome. Lightfoot discredits the theory that M. Acilius was a Christian.

Starting then from the evidence recorded by St. Paul of the first of these Sergii, one finds oneself here and there throughout the later history of the family confronted with associations and indications and suspicions of Christian character. I began this investigation some years ago with the feeling and the argument that the words of Luke do not necessarily imply that he regarded the proconsul of Cyprus as being more than sympathetic to and interested in the Christian religion, and yet there appears one case after another suggesting that the fabric of the family history had been tinged (at least here and there) with the dye of Christianity. It would of course not be safe or even justifiable to think that Sergius Paullus, consul H. A.D. 168, could by any possibility have been a Christian; the reasons are stated in my book, pp. 151, 159. The origin of this whole family history is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and the narrative leads us on into that circle of the Roman nobility whose Christianity is known or suspected. The question may now be asked whether this was not the reason why, in a history which is so brief and which omits so much, Luke devoted attention to the episode of the proconsul Sergius Paullus in Paphos.

Of course it was not the time nor the place in writing that history to use an expression which was too definite and specific and precise with regard to the conversion of the proconsul. Throughout that whole early period, wherever matters which might come before public notice are mentioned in documents, a veil of more or less vagueness and obscurity is usually drawn over the account. The family of Sergius Paullus is connected with the group of nobles in Rome who were affected by a species of Christianity. Whether they were all Christian converts in the fullest and most complete sense is doubtful and even improbable. Some of them, we may confidently say, were in a position similar to that of the 'God-fearing' Gentiles in reference to the synagogue. They were favourably disposed to this teaching. They thought it high, noble, satisfying in a sense alike to the intellect and to the emotions, but they were not disposed to subject themselves to the entire law of the Jews. The expression which is used by the Roman poet Juvenal about such persons is susceptible of a double sense, and in both senses it has an element of truth. 'Metuens Sabbata' may quite well imply both 'he respected the Jewish ritual' and 'he was afraid of the Jewish ritual,' finding it too exacting for ordinary life. These Roman nobles in whose society we find ourselves were similarly distinctly sympathetic to Christian teaching and their life was coloured thereby, but they still found themselves able to join in the ordinary pagan life to a certain degree (rather unwillingly as a rule and under compulsion of the Imperial orders). They respected the teaching, but they were afraid of it. This colour died out, and Paullus the consul of 168 was evidently pagan. It was not in a privileged class that Christianity could maintain itself, but only in the educated middle class.

Contributions and Comments.

The Release of a Prisoner at the Passover.

THE Gospel narrative of the condemnation of Jesus by Pilate contains a reference to an otherwise unknown custom of releasing a prisoner at the Passover. According to the record of Jn 18³⁹,

the custom is defined as national and a concession of the ruler to the demands of the people. The narrative in Mk 15⁸ states that the ruler was in habit of releasing a prisoner at that time, with which intention Mt 27¹⁵ agrees. However we assume that some ancient religious ritual of cultural significance survives here in which the significance

of the act of the ruler applies to the entire people, and in some way formed part of the national ritual of atonement.

In writing this brief note I do not make an original contribution to the elucidation of the custom, but simply convey to English readers the remarkable discovery made by a young scholar just before the war. Dr. Landsberger of Leipzig, in making a new study of the Assyrian tablets of our British Museum which contain the ritual directions and rubrics of each day of the year, discovered on the hemærology or calendar for Marchesvan (8th month, November of our calendar) that the kings of Assyria on certain days also released a prisoner, precisely as did Pilate with Barabbas. To render this discovery more intelligible to laymen I make a preliminary statement.

The known fragments of the Babylonian Assyrian calendar belong to the edition prepared for the kings of Assyria, and are sufficient to warrant the inference that for each month, ordinary and intercalary, a large tablet existed defining each day up to 30 as to its religious and secular significance. The Babylonians entitled this series, *enbu*¹ *bél arhim*, 'The Moon-god lord of the month,' probably because the first tablet began with these words. This calendar was consulted by the priests and astrologers when they wished to decide concerning the propriety of doing things on certain days. For example, in the time of Asarhaddon, two of his religious advisers, writing to urge him to perform purificatory rites on the 16th day of the month, since the 17th was not a propitious day, quote their authority from the calendar. 'Inasmuch as the clerks have said that it is written in "The fruit, lord of the month," so now we retain the omens in our possession.'²

¹ Literally 'the fruit,' an epithet frequently applied to Sin, the Moon-god. Thus in a hymn to this god we have *enbu ša ina ramāni-šu ibbanū*, 'Fruit which is created of itself' (Rawlinson, iv. 9a, 23). In a recently published inscription, which records the dedication of the daughter of Nabonidus, king of Babylon, occurs the following passage: *ilu inbi innadīr-ma ina na'iduri-šu irbi ilu Sin entu iriṣ kiām ittašu u purussu-šu*, 'The divine fruit was darkened and disappeared in his obscurity; Sin chose a priestess in this manner by his omen and decision' (Clay, *Miscellaneous Inscriptions*, 45. 9-10). The epithet 'fruit' always refers to the Moon-god in his astral character, the increasing and waning form of the moon being likened to growing and perishing fruit. See also Pines, *P.S.B.A.*, 1904, 163.

² R. F. Harper, *Assyrian and Babylonian Letters*, vol. iv. No. 362, Rev. 5-10.

The calendar for two months, intercalary Elul (6th month) and Marchesvan, is nearly complete.³ Fragments of the calendar for intercalary Nisan (1st month), Sivan (3rd month), Tebet (10th month), Šebat (11th month), and Weadar (12th month) are also known.⁴ For each day the calendar usually first mentions the deity, or deities, to whom the day was consecrated. It differs from the Christian custom of assigning to each saint only one day of the year, in that the same day in each month is always ruled by the same deity or deities. Thus the first day of every month was under the régime of Anu and Enlil, gods of heaven and earth. The seventh of every month was ruled by Marduk and his consort Zerbant. Each month entire stood under the régime of a deity.⁵ There is a general similarity about all the identical days of any month. For instance, the 3rd, 7th, and 16th days are rest days (*nubattu*) throughout the year. These brief details will clarify the contents of the calendar sufficiently to introduce here the rubrics for the 6th, 16th, and 26th days of the 8th month, Marchesvan. In each of these the rubric orders the king to recite a penitential psalm (*šigū*),⁶ to open the prison and free a prisoner.⁷ Thus the rubric for the 6th day reads (in part): 'Before he enters for the penitential psalm let him open prison cell and lock.' For the 16th the rubric has: 'Before he enters for the penitential psalm let him emancipate a slave, then let him chant a psalm . . . and free a prisoner.' The rubric of the 26th day has 'the king shall chant a psalm and free a prisoner.' One very remarkable fact about these three days of Marchesvan is that the rubrics for all corresponding days in the other months (so far known) do not mention the release

³ Rawlinson, iv. 32-33 (Elul); 33* (Marchesvan). A transcription and translation of the former text will be found in P. Jensen, *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek*, vi. pt. 2, 8-23. The more interesting of these two calendars, that for Marchesvan, has not been translated in a complete edition.

⁴ Partly from Virolleaud's publication in *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie*, vol. xix. 377-383, and partly from references in Landsberger, *Der kultische Kalender der Babylonier und Assyrier*, pp. 100-145.

⁵ Cf. Rogers, *Cuneiform Parallels*, 194; *Astrolab Berlin*, in Ernest Weidner's *Handbuch der Babylonischen Astronomie*, p. 85.

⁶ The *šiggajôn* of Hebrew musical terminology. In Babylonia penitential prayers of this kind are recited in Sumerian, and are always liturgical in character.

⁷ The collated texts of these rubrics will be found in Landsberger's book, p. 115.

of a prisoner. On these days of Sivan and Šebat the king must sing penitential psalms, but no mention is made of slave or prisoner. On the 6th, 16th, and 26th of Nisan, Elul, and Weadar, the rubric forbids even the singing of the *šigā*.

We infer, therefore, that this interesting custom obtained only one month in the year, and thrice in that month. Each day contains the figure 6, hence the practice has some mathematical mystery about it, or some occult principle of figures was applied to an ancient ritual. At any rate the release of a prisoner occurred in but one period of the year, as did the Jewish custom, but at different seasons, the Jewish being in the spring, the Assyrian in the late autumn. That a connexion exists between these rubrics of the Assyrian calendar and the release of Barabbas in the Gospels will not be doubted. What the custom might signify, what might be the ultimate magic or ethico-religious causes of the institution, I must leave for others to investigate. Many of the royal penitential psalms have survived, but none mention the custom of releasing a prisoner. At any rate the bound were freed in the rituals of atonement, and the act has surely a purificatory import.

That the custom has a national purificatory significance based upon symbolic magic is fairly certain. The Babylonians literally regarded a sinner as a prisoner whom they bound with cords in their rituals; these were broken in sign that the bands of the devils were broken. A Babylonian prayer to Marduk has the line, 'Him that is bound in the prison house thou causeth to behold the light,' referring to the sinner as a prisoner of the powers of evil.¹ In these magic rituals the priests actually made little houses of meal, which are called prisons, probably to imitate the prison house of sin in which mankind is bound.² My idea of this Babylonian and Aramaic ceremony is that the king, acting for the nation, released a prisoner as a form of symbolic magic to indicate that the gods were merciful to men and released them from sin. According to an Assyrian astrologer, if the constellation Scorpio stood in the moon's circle on

the 15th of the month, Ajar the king must pray to the god Ea and release a prisoner.³

S. LANGDON.

Oxford.

Circumcision of the Heart.

WHEN Chrysostom interprets Col 11¹¹ (*Hom. Col. vi. 2*), though in the beginning he seizes the spiritual nature of the matter, as when he writes: 'No longer is circumcision with the knife, but in Christ Himself, for no hand graves this circumcision . . . but the Spirit,' yet he closes on an institutional view by saying that such circumcision is done in baptism. So early a writer as Justin Martyr (*Trypho*, xliii. 2) seems to have held this view of the Colossian passage. It is not unlikely that by his time baptismal ideas and ritual were growing in prominence. But that Paul should be credited with second-century views is a different matter. An allusion to baptism follows his reference to circumcision, but the twelfth verse must not be read back into the eleventh. Its interpretation depends upon a re-interpretation of the first-century desire for deliverance from the congregation of the dead. For the independence of the two subjects in Paul can be shown from an uncanonical writer of the Apostolic Age, who also will lead us to see that there was a view of circumcision older than Justin's, and that it was spiritual and not institutional.

Three chapters of the *Epistle of Barnabas* (9-11) are occupied respectively with these subjects: chs. 9, the circumcision of ears and heart; 10, the powers of understanding in circumcised ears and heart; 11, the Cross and baptism. The subject of 9 has no relation with that of 11, since in the latter there is no reference back to the first, and a subject alien to it has been interpolated in another chapter. What, then, is the treatment of circumcision in 9? From Old Testament testimonia this is deduced by Barnabas: That *anti-Judaic* circumcision is the grace of the work of Jesus on the Cross in the heart, and by it belief comes to the ears. This grace and this power of hearing is circumcision, as Barnabas knows it, for heart and ears. Whatever

¹ *Beiträge zur Assyriologie*, v. 350. 44.

² *Bit ši-bit-te ša ķēmi* (Ebeling, *Keilschrifttexte aus Assur*. No. 90, Obv. 19). The ritual of *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie*, xvi. 156. 22, directs the priests to prepare (an image of) the demon Labartu in the garb of a prisoner, an act of symbolic magic.

³ Thompson, *Reports of the Magicians and Astrologers*, No. 215, Rev. 3-4, *šumma ina kabal arāḫ Ajar amu 15 -kam ana E-a [lu-uš] ķēn ša šibitt limašši-ir*.

the second and fourth centuries have to say on this matter from the standpoint of ritual developments, it is plain that the first century has its own voice, and that it must be allowed to speak in Paul, whether we are concerned with the exact connotation of circumcision or of its independence of baptism. Paul and Barnabas are not Chrysostom and Severus of Antioch.

The significance of this position and idea is seen again if another first-century writing is looked at in its light. That writing is the *Odes of Solomon*. The opening verses of the eleventh Ode are Pauline in sentiment: 'My heart was circumcised and the flower appeared.' Dr. Bernard, in his edition of the book, informs them with baptismal meanings. He thus informs the whole of the Odes, but that raises a question not to be dealt with in this note. The Odists claim that 'the Most High circumcised me by His Holy Spirit' should not be taken outside the Barnabas view. The elaborate figure with which the Ode closes, of trees filled with fruit that grow because of this spiritual circumcision, might conceivably be wrapped in the Barnabas phrase:

τὴν ἐμφυτον δωρεὰν τῆς διαθήκης αὐτοῦ (9⁹),

as a bud holds leaves or flowers. With this should be compared Justin, *Trypho*, xxviii. 3, where, between two testimonia used by Barnabas (Jer 4³, 4 9^{25, 26}), he has the sentence:

γινώτε τὸν Χριστόν, καὶ νεὸς καλὴ, καλὴ καὶ πῶν ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις ὑμῶν.

This delightful land in the heart comes by the circumcision of the heart. Again Justin speaks (xxviii. 4) of the knowledge of Christ which is to be circumcised with τὴν καλὴν καὶ ὠφέλιμον περιτομήν, and to be loved of God. And in the immediately succeeding chapter (xxix. 1) he brings these matters to a close by asking what need had any one of external baptismal forms if he had been baptized by the Holy Spirit? It is significant that Old Testament testimonia common to Barnabas and Justin should lead not only to the idea of spiritual circumcision, but also to the depiction of a land which is of the same nature as that in the verses of Ode 21, and they follow those that hymn the circumcision of the heart. From this stratum of Christian thought, too spiritual to be later than the first Christian message and too naively liberate to have any relations with

later institutionalism, Paul also took his ideas as we have them in the Letter to the Colossians. A true test for views more developed than that stratum would permit, whether in Paul or in Justin Martyr, is their harmony with the first source of definition in Christian thought, namely, the *Testimonia adversus Judæos*.

VACHER BURCH.

Woodbrooke Settlement.

The Scope of Mark's Work.

THE Second Gospel is incomplete, and we generally take it for granted that it has lost only a small portion, as if one closing leaf had been worn away. Is it possible that nearly one-third of the original has perished?

Take all the historical books, Genesis to 2 Chronicles, excluding Ruth, with Matthew, Luke, Acts, John. Add the number of pages in an English version, divide by the number of books, and it appears, that there is an average size represented well by 1 Samuel, 1 Kings, Matthew, Luke, Acts. Mark is far smaller, in the ratio 14 to 23, and there is no other historical book approaching this small size.

Consider, therefore, the question of the conventional size of books among Greek-speaking Jews. Kenyon tells us that the longest papyrus roll contains two books of the *Iliad*, and another contains three short orations of Hyperides. It may be uncertain whether in Jewish circles the transition to codex was already taking place; but there is one obvious case independent of this.

The Septuagint was a standard translation of standard documents. The thirteen historical books fill 924 pages in Swete's edition, averaging 71 each; 1 Samuel takes 66, 1 Kings 72. The Law occupies 419, and therefore could have been divided into six such sections. But this would have been a far worse division than we actually have; the sections would have begun with unimportant points such as the Generations of Esau, the Visit of Jethro, the Death of Nadab, the Consecration of the Levites, and would transfer the opening part of the first speech in Deuteronomy to the fifth section. Such a division would be too artificial to be tolerated; and if Deuteronomy was already half severed from the rest when the Alexandrians put their translation

into handy form instead of cumbersome leathern rolls, they could hardly fail to see that the death of Joseph ended a great period. That left no option but to divide the rest of the Law into three parts, rather than four. Samuel, Kings, Chronicles naturally fell into two volumes each. Thus the conventional length of a Jewish book of history, written in Greek, would have certain precedents.

If we compare the practice of Josephus, we find that the length of his autobiography is just the average of the seven books of his *Wars* and the twenty of his *Antiquities*, 25,000 English words.

Here then we have a series of standard translations, and some nearly contemporary original Jewish work, indicating a certain general conventional length. This proves to be almost exactly the length of Luke, Acts, Matthew.

Supposing that the Second Gospel was at first approximately of this length, what could it go on to include, and what would be its climax?

Luke based his Gospel on Mark; how if he

based the earlier part of his second volume on the same? He expanded 42 pages (WH. pocket edition) into 70; that is in the ratio 3:5. Therefore if the original were about 70 of those pages, the lost 28 pages would be expanded by Luke to about 45. This brings us to about chapter 17. Now the last mention of John Mark in the Acts is at chapter 15.

It is conceivable that John Mark wrote, not merely a biography of Jesus, but an account of the early mission days, covering the work in Judea, Samaria, Phœnicia, Cyprus, and coming to a head with the formal acknowledgment at Jerusalem that Gentiles were not liable to the Jewish Law. It is possible that the opportunity for such work arose on his return to Jerusalem after his first visit to Cyprus; and that the occasion was a demand from such Churches as Cæsarea, Paphos, Antioch, for a summary of facts to date, by someone in a position to write with authority.

W. T. WHITLEY.

Droitwich.

Entre Nous.

PROSE.

James Hope Moulton.

There have been reprinted from 'The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library' three papers which together form a memorial, fitting though not full, of Dr. J. H. Moulton. One paper is a Biographical Sketch by his brother, the Rev. W. Fiddian Moulton, M.A.; one is a Record of his Work, with an estimate of its significance, by Professor A. S. Peake, D.D.; and one is a Letter to Mr. W. Fiddian Moulton from Dr. Rendel Harris.

Now a piece of most agreeable news. The second volume of Dr. Moulton's *Grammar of New Testament Greek* will be issued speedily. He had completed it before sailing for India.

H. M. Gwatkin.

The Cambridge Press informs us that the third volume of the *Cambridge Medieval History* is well on the way. Dr. Gwatkin's death threw it back somewhat. But we may look for it in the near future. No finer work than the *Medieval History* has ever issued even from the Cambridge Press.

The author of a small book of children's sermons entitled *Not only Men* assures us that the story in 'A New Year's Chat,' said not to be new, *is* new, and his own invention.

POETRY.

Richard Rowley.

Yet another Irish poet! Unmistakably Irish Mr. Rowley is, and unmistakably a poet. *The City of Refuge* (Maunsell; 3s. 6d. net)—a beautiful volume—has not an unpoetical line in it, not an unpoetical image or epithet. And sometimes the simplicity is a great charm. Let us quote

BEAUTY.

No need to search afar,
To wander wide,
Seeking some ultimate star;
Close at your side
E'en where the many are,
She doth abide.

And in the busy street,
 Lo! she is there,
 On swift invisible feet,
 Tho' men be unaware.
 A spring-breath flitting by
 Murmurs her name;
 A sudden gleam in the sky
 Writes it in flame.
 Or, in the crowd, a face
 Goes smiling-bright,
 Hers is its luminous grace,
 Its inner light.
 Seek not some faery land,
 Or dreamed-of star;
 She dwells not far,
 But very close at hand.
 Daily you breathe her breath,
 Her feet your ways have trod,
 Yea! near as Life and Death,
 As near as God!

Charles Murray.

The lovers of Charles Murray's *Hamewith* will rejoice to hear of an illustrated edition, an edition cleverly, worthily illustrated by A. S. Boyd (Constable; 6s. net). If there are those who do not know, let it be said to them that Charles Murray, although for so long a South African, is a most irreproachable writer of the Scots tongue as well as a poet. The poetry is sometimes sentimental and sometimes humorous. We may quote

'MY LORD.'

Nakit tho' we're born an' equal,
 Lucky anes are made Police;
 An' if civil life's the sequel,
 Honours but wi' age increase,
 Till a Bailie, syne selected
 Ruler ower the Council Board,
 An' tho' never re-elected,
 'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."

Credit's got by advertisin'
 Ye hae siller still to lend;
 Get the word o' early risin',
 Ye can sleep a week on end.
 Gie a man a name for fightin'—
 Never need he wear a sword;
 Men will flee afore his flytin'—
 'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."

But for mischief name a body,
 He can never win aboon't;
 Folk wad swear he chate the wuddy
 In the lint-pot gin he droon't:
 For unless ye start wi' thrivin',
 A' your virtues are ignored,
 Vain a' future toil an' strivin'—
 'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."

A. E. Manning Foster.

Mr. A. E. Manning Foster has gathered together the best, and especially the most encouraging, things that have been written on Death, and so he has produced an anthology and called it *Blessed are the Dead* (Cope & Fenwick; 3s. net). There is no theology in the book, or any determination of the future state. The compiler's one desire has been to take the terror from the grave. We shall quote an anonymous poem on

DYING.

Passing out of the shadow
 Into a purer light;
 Stepping behind the curtain,
 Getting a clearer sight;

Laying aside a burden,
 This weary mortal coil;
 Done with the world's vexations,
 Done with its tears and toil;

Tired of all earth's playthings,
 Heartsick and ready to sleep,
 Ready to bid our friends farewell,
 Wondering why they weep;

Passing out of the shadow
 Into eternal day.
 Why do we call it dying,
 This sweet going away?

Willoughby Weaving.

The promise of Mr. Weaving's first volume, *The Star Fields*, is fulfilled in *The Bubble* (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). Most of all is it fulfilled in metre. The ear is become even more sensitive to 'the melody of sweet sounds.' There is also a stronger grasp of life. Its demands are recognized as severer and more purposeful, yet with no thought (or only to be dismissed) of surrender.

Love is the beginning as before, and the end is Love. But now it is not Love as matter for song; it is Love as a dominant, even a domineering, influence in life. There is little of Nature in the pagan worshipful way. Once, however, the cruelty and the pain in Nature are felt, and the problem is left unresolved. We shall quote that poem. It is called

WOODCRAFT.

The fear of the forest, the terror of beautiful wild places,

The unslumbering horror, the readiness, the alert

Strange quiet—the fierce use of Nature baffleth Love's reason

And leaveth Love's hope desperately hurt.

All this beauty that is and tenderness that seemeth

Still warmeth my heart above, but wasting below

With chilliest touch is the hunted wariness of the creatures

For the suddenness of the swift and the cold cunning of the slow.

What meaneth all this pitiless preying and agony of living?

This exquisitely contrived cruel tyranny of the strong

And cunning?—this ingenuity of pain and prodigality of torment?

What part had Love in the ordering, O my song?

In the crippled and cramped among men, the sorrow and the tribulation,

Not Love's mistake, but man's marring I well perceive;

But there, amid the wild creatures, of Love's ultimate veiled purpose

Such merciless cold means how can I believe?

Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916.

The three volumes of *Oxford Poetry*, 1914-1916, are now gathered into one cloth-bound volume (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net). The volumes for 1915 and 1916 have already been reviewed. The volume for 1914 deserves to be noticed now, though it is certainly the least attractive of the

three. That is to say, there is a distinct advance from year to year, and the advance is in responsibility. The war has deepened thought if it has deadened feeling. And yet this poem by Mr. Godfrey Elton of Balliol is from the 1914 volume.

THE NEW PROPHET.

Why should I write until the west grows dim
Soft verses running silkily like this?
I will be harsh and quick, remembering him
Who cried his warnings in the wilderness.

Hope is not caught upon a silver chord,
Nor love imprisoned in a rose's scent,
And shall I be the herald of the Lord
In low, monotonous threnodies of Lent?

The old days are ending. May their ending be
Some dreamlike vespers heavy with regret,
And I will shake them from me, and hold in fee
The stranger lands whereto my feet are set.

Oxford Poetry, 1917.

We have just said that the poetry written by Oxford men and women is steadily strengthening. The last in the volume of *Oxford Poetry*, 1917 (Blackwell; 1s.), is by Mr. Leo Ward of Christ Church. It is called

THE LAST COMMUNION.

There is a time wherein eternity
Takes rest upon the world: King Charity
Bow'd to our fallen state: the God of Grace
Made visible upon a human face:—
When the deep harmony, the eternal Word,
The unfallen Wisdom (only love has heard!)
Touches the troubled body, bruised and hard
With the long fight, yet now set heavenward:—
When the deep argument of souls must cease,
Dying—to meet the victory of peace!

Earlier there is a poem, boldly called 'Humility,' which gives voice to the new demands made on the Church for a Christianity that will take in the happy warrior. The author is Mr. Gerald H. Crow of Hertford College.

HUMILITY.

Take counsel, O my friend, of your heart's pride,
And choose the proud thing alway. Never heed
The 'wretched, rash, intruding fools' of the
world,

Nor take the half-truths that life brings old men
 For wisdom: nor the naked indecencies
 That purity-mongers have shamed children with
 For goodness: nor the silly hypocrisies
 Of mean men for humility. But say,
 'God is my Father. Christ was young, and died
 To comfort me. The towering archangels
 With all their blue and gold and steely mail
 Are my strong helpers, and mine elder brothers.
 The sweet white virgins gone to martyrdom
 Calm-eyed and singing are my sisters.' Yea,
 Because of all these things keep your heart
 proud.

Be proud enough to serve the poor, too proud
 To attend the rich: enough to love, not hate,
 And give, not sell. Remember gentleness
 Is the heart's pride of understanding, truth
 Her greatness that will not be afraid for wrath
 Nor flatter favour. This remember also,
 The pure in heart shall walk like fierce white
 flames

Questing across the world in goodlier hope
 And knightlier courtesy than they of the Graal,
 For these are they in the end that shall see God.

G. O. Warren.

Here the war is never out of hearing and
 rarely free from horror. The poems in *Track-
 less Regions* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) are strong
 and sometimes terrible; but they are poems.
 Of the poet's power there is never a doubt.
 What shall we quote? We shall quote the last
 poem of all—

SACRIFICE.

How long, O God, wilt Thou Thy secret keep
 From us who, groping up the cruel steep
 Of darkened bitter years,
 Still cry to Thee for light before we sleep?

Is it a war Thou wagest with some foe
 Beyond the power of mortal mind to know,
 And in Thy lonelier night
 Art Thou too toiling, as we toil below?

I dream that in Thy hidden battle-world
 Hang solemn bannered gleams of Hope unfurled—

And, slaying Death and Sin,
 Men's souls like quivering piteous spears are
 hurled.

If dreams be true, then may Thy Will be done
 In me, who, of that endless army one,
 Now give one life the more;
 Use it, O Lord, before my course be run.

Take up my loving will, yea, lift this blade
 Of trembling steel which in Thy forge was made,
 Fling it on Sin and Death:—
 Though broken, lost, I shall not be afraid.

Marion Pryce.

For once the war is not within hearing. The
 poems in the book, entitled *Linnets in the Slums*
 (Blackwell; 2s. net), are simple, natural, homelike.
 There is a clever description of a street in autumn,
 with

the rattle and spurt and boom
 Of traffic, and the merry dance of the leaves,
 The delicate whirling dance of the withered
 leaves,
 The dance of the withered leaves in the open
 spaces,
 Wind impelled, around, around, around.

There is the song of the heaven above, where

I too would go;
 The long cool aisles to singing soft and slow,
 And in the shadows hide;

and the heaven below,

Of lawn and leaves and golden sun that pours
 Her light on these.

And there is this:

MY FRIEND.

My friend,
 What mystery
 Divides yourself from me?
 For I have found it true
 That if I laughing send
 A pointed dart at you,
 Surely it is myself
 It wounds, and unto me
 The cruel javelin flies,
 And it is *my* joy dies.
 And even while your hand
 Draws forth the poisoned wand,
 Your hurtful tenderness
 Upon the place does press,

And to your troubled eyes,
Where all the questions grow,
My wounded heart replies
That *you* have hurt me so.

M. C. Strachey.

The Hon. Mrs. M. C. Strachey's book entitled *Sketches in Verse* (Blackwell; 3s. net) attracts attention at once by the beauty of its binding and the excellence of its illustrations. For the most part the poems in it are descriptive; for, as Mr. Frederic Harrison informs us, the author has been a traveller and observant. Seeing much, she has taken time to see well. And she has creative imagination enough to make us see what she sees herself. It is not one of the descriptive poems, however, that we are about to quote. It is a translation of the Emperor Hadrian's Address to his Soul. Says Mr. Harrison: 'The translation of Hadrian's address to his soul is, I suppose, out of the 157 translations extant, one of the very few which strictly adheres to the *ipsissima verba* of the imperial Gallio.'

'Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.'

Sweet wayward soul, playful and gay,
Comrade and guest of this poor clay,
Ah! where will now be thine abode?
All pallid, naked, cold, alone;
Thy wonted, happy jestings gone.

Henry L. Webb.

Mr. Webb has taken the story of Gilgamesh, as it is told in the Chaldæan 'Epic of the Twelve Tablets,' and he has made of it a poem, a poem of man's restless wanderings and unfulfilled longings. He calls the book *The Everlasting Quest* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). He is, of course, unhindered by scientific considerations. Boldly, but of right, he identifies Gilgamesh with Nimrod and Nimrod with Orion. And thus he binds the whole wide world with chains about the feet of God.

The interest of the poem is centred in the love of the goddess Ishtar for Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh

will have none of it. For the love of the gods was cold to the passion of the human heart. Listen to Gilgamesh singing:

Lovely and cold is night:
Cold, lovely, and might
Of the Builders who spanned from the moun-
tains a cavern of sky:
Who then is the warm, the true,
The soul of the earth, ever new?
The Gods gave cunning, indeed, of the ear and
the eye,
The Gods made lust, and fashioned it blind:
But man and his mate made Love and the
flower of Mind.

Fair the Immortals, but cold!
Mortality knows how cold
Are the ways that they follow—aye, even the
lamps of their home.
Intolerably serene
They move, but are never seen:
Only some echo, falling from their dome,
Warns us to seek each other's breast,
Love true, live hard: soon comes eternal rest.

Yet sometimes they will try
With phantoms of the sky
And calling waters to deceive the heart,
Mocking our ecstasies,
Our little loves, our sighs,
To promise a wilder sweet, a keener smart—
Hells, builded of breath on a glass,
And rainbow heavens—but they like bubbles
pass.

We strive, but strive alone;
And when our sun is gone,
No plummet falls to our untroubled deep:
Yet blindly, ere the end,
We cherish and defend
The round-eyed Morrow in its cradle-sleep;
From dawn to dawn its beauty grows:
Love true; live hard: there are no laws but
those.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WHAT is the cause of the failure of Christianity?

Now it is no use arresting one here and saying that Christianity has not failed. No doubt it may be said that it is the Church and not Christianity that has failed. But that distinction is imperceptible. The ordinary individual says that Christianity has failed. And it would do no good either to him or to Christianity to say that it is not Christianity but the Church.

No doubt, again, 'failure' is a word open to definition. There may be absolute failure or there may be comparative failure. Nobody who is worth considering says that Christianity has failed utterly. Ever so many persons say that it has failed partially. And by partially they mean very seriously. Nor can any one easily deny that. The evidence is this world war.

What is the cause of the failure? There are three answers. They are all given by the Rev. Richard Henry MALDEN, M.A., in a book which he wrote on shipboard (for he is Acting-Chaplain to H.M.S. *Valiant*) and which he has now published with the title of *Watchman, What of the Night?* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

The first answer is that Christianity is *not good*
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enough. Christianity is civilization. And Christian civilization is selfish and tyrannical. It is greedy of gain and merciless in competing for it. Its most boasted products have been weapons of war. 'It is not long since I read in a popular magazine an article which professed to describe the 15-inch gun carried by some ships in our Navy. After dwelling at some length upon its destructive powers the author asserted triumphantly that it is "the supreme product of modern civilization." No doubt his admiration was perfectly genuine and was shared by the majority of his readers.' Thus Christianity is a failure. It has only made its real character known as it went down to perdition in this awful avalanche.

What does Mr. MALDEN say to that? He says, of course, that Christianity and civilization, like wisdom and knowledge, 'far from being one, have oftentimes no connexion.' The civilization which makes a 15-inch gun its supreme product is not Christian civilization. It is a civilization (if that word can be applied to it at all) which ignores Christianity. Give Christianity the chance and it will produce a civilization which will send guns of every calibre into antiquarian museums. Only give it the chance.

Another reason for the failure of Christianity is

that it is *too good*. It is a religion of ideals, and the ideals are impracticable.

Now it is certain that you cannot have it both ways. If Christianity is the origin of the civilization which boasts of a 15-inch gun as its supreme product, it cannot also be so impracticable as to have no influence on civilization. But although both reasons are impossible at once, one answer applies to both. How does any one know that the Christian ideals are impracticable? The only way is to put them to practice. Those who have done that believe that they are practicable. They have tried them and they have found them work. It is only those who have never given them a chance who say that they are impracticable.

Christianity has failed because it has not had a chance. It has never been tried. It has never been tried as it is, or on a large enough scale, or long enough. Why has it not been tried? No doubt because of the sinfulness of the human heart. But that is not an answer. Why has it not overcome the sinfulness of the human heart?

What answer is to be given to that? It is a serious question. It is even a momentous question. It goes right to the root of the matter. The Church of Christ ought to have brought the world by this time so completely under the dominion of Christ that a world's war would have been impossible—would have been even unthinkable. Why has it not done so?

Mr. MALDEN knows why. He is a scholar. He has had experience—'three years in an industrial parish in Lancashire, three as a College Lecturer at Cambridge, five as Principal of the Leeds Clergy School and Lecturer of Leeds Parish Church, and finally eighteen months afloat have obliged me to consider many questions from more than one angle.' What answer does a naval chaplain with all that experience and thought behind him give to the question? His answer is, 'Our neglect of the Holy Spirit.'

Is it a surprise? It is quite as surprising when one comes upon it in the book.

Who could have thought, when the war began, that one of the issues of it would be a new conception of the character of God? Yet it is so. We see it already. Some men are seeing it so clearly that they write about it with an audacity which takes other men's breath away. From the East Coast of Africa and from the Philippine Islands two books have reached us this month, the very inspiration of which is the new conception of God. And there is no hesitation in the expression of it.

Are they the work of irresponsible young theologians? The Right Rev. Frank WESTON, D.D., Bishop of Zanzibar, is the author of one of the books; the Right Rev. Charles H. BRENT, D.D., Bishop of the Philippines, is the author of the other. And they feel their responsibility. The Bishop of Zanzibar sends his manuscript hot haste home to England with a note, 'Foreword by the Bishop of London.' There was no letter (or it went down on the way); there was simply the manuscript and the demand. But the Bishop of London wrote the Foreword. He must have seen the revolution that the book would lend itself to. He must have felt the old idea of God shattering within him as he read. But he wrote the Foreword.

And he said: 'I am glad the Bishop has written it. So many people think of him as a hard controversialist, whereas we who know him, know him for a man of singular kindness of heart, and absolutely devoted in his fervent ministry to others. This book will be a revelation to many with regard to the Bishop himself, and far more than that, it will help them to believe in the Love of God in spite of the war and its iniquities and its sufferings.' That is a good deal to say, but it is the least that the Bishop of London could have said. The title of the book is *Conquering and to Conquer* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net).

A greater book is *The Mount of Vision* (Long-

mans; 3s. net), by the Bishop of the Philippine Islands. It is not more original. Dr. BRENT has made the discovery of a book on Mysticism (Mrs. E. Herman's *The Meaning and Value of Mysticism*—some of us at home have probably not discovered it yet), from which he has drawn inspiration, and acknowledges it. It is not more original. But it is deeper in its thinking, surer (we may allow) in its reasoning; it is in sight of a wider intellectual horizon, and has in its offer a richer gospel of reconciliation. But both books have made the grand discovery, and both make everything of it.

It is the discovery that the Almighty God is the victim of the German Emperor. We put it at once in its baldest, boldest form. The form is nearly ludicrous. For it is the nearness of the ludicrous that makes the amazement of the discovery. What is it? It is—not that God has the Kaiser in the hollow of His hand, but that the Kaiser has God there. It is that the Kaiser is holding down God, tormenting Him, torturing Him, causing Him unutterable sorrow and unutterable suffering. And it is that, until the Kaiser is ready to repent, God must remain in his hand, suffering and sorrowing, and a victim.

Is it not a revolution? Is there any heresy that to our fathers seemed more horrible than Patripassianism—a suffering God? Now we have the authority of these Bishops, not only that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, but that God was in Christ suffering on the Cross. And not only so. We have it on the same authority that God has been on the Cross from all eternity. We have it that God is on the Cross to-day.

How did our fathers teach us to think about God? As a God of might, as a God of holiness unapproachable, as a God of great severity of judgment. When our Lord hung upon the Cross it was in weakness. He had divested Himself of the attributes of Godhead. And so far was He from hanging there as God that it was to satisfy Divine

justice that He was crucified. They taught us, or we understood them to teach, that the gentle and loving Jesus was made a sacrifice on the Cross to the righteous wrath of God—a sacrifice 'to satisfy Divine justice.'

And now? Let the Bishop of Zanzibar teach us now. 'Our Lord Jesus Christ knew the bitterness of tears over a loved friend's grave. He wept over the coming fate of sinful Jerusalem. He went through terrible temptations to sin, even the temptation not to trust His Father. When He died He had to leave His much-loved mother homeless, but for the care of her nephew. He knew the heavy grief of being deserted and betrayed. And the pains of His sufferings before and in His death on the Cross pass our imagination—He even knew for a few moments the meaning of shrinking from this battle with sin. Why did He bear all this? Because of His real sympathy with us. Because He made our sorrows His very own. Now if we ask who He is, and where He came from, what shall we answer? We can only reply as did the once doubtful apostle, St. Thomas: "My Lord and my God."'

And then? It is still the Bishop of Zanzibar: 'Why, we have reached the most startling and most wonderful fact that man can ever be told. It is God who wept, God who suffered, God who sympathized, and God who shared our sorrows. What I mean is this. If Jesus Christ be God, then all His love, sympathy, and sorrow for us was not a new thing in Him when He came to us on earth. It was *always* in Him. It is part of His nature to feel sympathy and sorrow. Eternal Love is perfect love. And perfect love is so rich in self-sacrifice that it can always feel for others and sorrow with them fully, sharing their griefs and carrying their burdens.'

God has *always* sorrowed and suffered so. Turn to the Bishop of the Philippine Islands: 'Some one [this is Mrs. Herman] has finely, and, as it would seem, truly intimated that the groundwork

of God's character is the Cross. Thinking, as is our custom, in terms of time, we may have reached the conclusion that it eventually became so, rather than that it was always so. A moment's reflexion shows us that this could not be. We human beings are, or ought to be, becoming that which we as yet are not. God is only what He ever was. Revelation is never the taking on by God of some fresh attribute. It is the unveiling to our eyes of that which He always was, but which hitherto we have been unable to see. God lives in the present tense, so that it is always fitting to declare of Him that which is to be in the language of now. His completeness is not fluid. When once He has declared Himself there is no mistake to be corrected, no false expression to be recalled.'

Well, what then? The life of God 'is in the form of the Cross. "The Cross [this again is Mrs. Herman] is not an afterthought of God—a heroic remedy for a desperate emergency—but the cornerstone of creation." Consequently when the Word speaks in language intelligible to the human race He speaks according to this unvarying pattern. The Cross is the chief eternal symbol in time. Like the Chinese ideograph it always presents the one idea under whatever terminology the human tongue may give it voice. God is, in the deepest foundations of His being, a servant. Whenever and however He speaks the accents of service are in His voice. Even in the fragmentary utterances caught by the dimmest religions, there is a faint murmur at least of His inmost self. Nothing that history has produced casts doubt on what St. Paul said: The invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity. And what the same Apostle said to the men of Athens could be said to any untutored and unevangelized people with some measure of appropriateness. If men live and move and have their being in Him, He is their perpetual servant.'

Now 'suffering is always and everywhere

necessary to service.' It may not be always the suffering that is hard to bear. 'In that self-giving which is the chief law of God's being, suffering may be His supreme bliss. Though suffering has its roots and origin in God, it may be only as a process of love, so that—

Love's very pain is sweet.

The Cross as the groundwork of God's character is no doubt painless, so far as it is the expression of His inmost desire and purpose. It has doubtless no more pain in it than the surrender of a bride to the encompassing love of her betrothed, than the outpouring of a mother's love upon a reciprocating child. But there is suffering with God that may be felt as pain. It is suffering imported into God's self-giving by the sin and sorrow of man. Self-will, that is, the power of our free choice exercised away from self-giving or service, is erected as a barrier to the fulfilment of God's purpose for and in and with us, and the floodgates of suffering and tragedy are thereby opened on God and the race. It is our rejection and repudiation of Him that makes the Cross a torturing thing.'

'We can now sum up'—this is the Bishop of Zanzibar again—'we can now sum up all we have been saying in one most startling sentence. So untrue is it that we men are the objects of God's punishments; so false is it that He heaps sorrows on us, and keeps His distance from us while we bear them; that in strict fact God is the victim of the world.'

What does he mean? 'It is no more,' he says, 'than plain truth that God is in everyone who in any way is the victim of man's sin, greed, wrath, lust, injustice, and the like. He has, therefore, to endure the sin of the whole world as it is daily carried out in His very presence; in spite of all He has done to save us from it and make us hate it. He cannot get rid of it unless He first endure it. Patiently He bears it, all the while working with His whole divine power to undo the harm done, to modify the consequences, and finally to

turn our wills from sin to Him. The world's victim, then, He really is. The world could not make Him its victim if it were not for His love. So deep is His love that He still leaves us our freedom of choice. And He Himself accepts, and bears, all the results of our bad choices, until the day that bad choice will stop for ever.

Now one of the worst of all our bad choices is the choice of this war. Why does God not stop it? You may as ignorantly ask, Why did He begin it? The German Emperor began it, and the German Emperor will carry it on until we co-operate with God so zealously and unitedly that he is beaten. Until then God is in the German Emperor's hands. He is the Kaiser's victim. 'Yes,' says Dr. WESTON. 'Just as Christ was Pilate's victim long ago on earth, so to-day the Kaiser, in the name of all that is sinful in our civilization, has fixed on no one less than divine Love as the victim of his German hopes and aims.'

But is the victim really God? Yes. 'It is no one else but He. In the girls German lust has robbed, first of honour, then of life, God really was. In Him they endured what they endured; and their cries rose, not up into His ears, but within His heart. He sorrowed with their sorrow. In the multitude of Europeans and Africans, heathen and Christian, whom Germans have done to death out of mere frightful cruelty, God really was. In Him, although many hardly knew Him, they bravely bore the torture and died inhuman deaths: and their groans reach Him, not as from outside, but as within Him. He sorrowed with their sorrows. In the broken and wounded, lying painfully on fields of battle, in Europe and Africa, God really is. In Him they suffer. Their weary longing for relief is within Him, not apart from Him. And He sorrows with them, and when they will let Him, comforts them.'

Yes, comforts them. Ah, there is the good of the new idea of God. He is the victim of a human being's lust of empire—that is awful and alarming.

He is a present help in every time of need—that is rest and peace. But it is because He is the victim that He is the Comforter. For the reason of both is Love. 'In Christ Jesus,' says the Bishop of Zanzibar, 'He actually tasted the whole round of man's sorrow, pain, and suffering; in Christ Jesus He was bereaved, in Christ Jesus He gave up His mother's earthly love that He might fight the battle against sin. And He is God: God able to be inside our heart.' So He becomes the victim of our sin.

And so He becomes our Comforter. For 'there, deep down within us, He makes our sorrows His own; carries them with us; helps us to take our share of the load; comforts us; fills us with hope that all will come right; and in His Love joins us with all whom we love, even though they are gone from our sight.'

And so also, and most of all, He makes us comforters of others. It is a matter of co-operation. Do we ask God to help us in every time of need? Every time we ask 'we really ask that Christ will do in us what we cannot do by ourselves. And because we are Christ's, and Christ is in us, it is as if we asked Him to *be* in us the virtue we are praying for: "*Be* purity in me"; "*Be* gentleness in me"; "*Be* love in me"; "*Be* comfort in me." And He becomes so, side by side with our weakness. We co-operate with Him. Little by little, with many a slip on our side, He makes us what He is.'

And the end? The end is certain victory. Victory over the Kaiser? Yes, certain victory. Take the end from Bishop BRENT. 'We have neither reason nor right to allow ourselves to suppose that God's plans can suffer ultimate defeat. It is a species of doubt to which the Incarnation, the greatest fact in history, gives flat and emphatic denial. Delay is nothing but a salutary discipline for us men of the moment. Reverses stimulate courage and give occasion to furbish ideals and simplify motives. Bondage, the

defeat of a generation, treachery within, do not mean victory for the enemy where God's cause is concerned. God's plans are indestructible, and His purpose cannot be deflected, for He is Almighty, and is the Master of all force. He is well experienced in wars, and knows how to distil the red flood of tragedy into a perpetual dew of benediction.'

'At a grave crisis in the slow working out of personal freedom in America for herself and for the world, James Russell Lowell wrote in terms peculiarly suited to the crisis of to-day—

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's
pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old
systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on
the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind
the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above His own.'

Is this suffering God the helpless, negligible God of Mr. H. G. Wells? God forbid! It is the Lord God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, the God who will by no means clear the guilty, the living God into whose hands it is a fearful thing to fall.

They who think that the God whom the German Emperor has made the victim of his ambitious cruelty is not now judging the German Emperor wholly mistake the meaning of all that has been said. 'God's austerities,' says Bishop BRENT, 'are as inflexible and immutable as His patience and meekness and forbearance. If the Old Testament is presented too frequently as portraying a cruel God, the New Testament is too often presented as portraying an effeminized God whose gentleness is mere amiability and whose meekness is nothing but weakness. The Fatherhood of God during the past half-century has tended toward becoming a

reflection in theology of the self-indulgent, easy-going temper of our age. The effect of this on morals has been and still is disastrous. We must have a God who hates as passionately as the God of the Old Testament hates—who hates evil with consuming force wherever it is and in whomsoever. Such a God we have.'

Now this is not another God than the God of the Cross. Let that heresy be forsaken for ever. God is not divided. You do not have Him in heaven while Jesus is hanging on the Tree, and you do not have Him sorrowing and suffering on earth while Jesus is in the City of God manifesting the Wrath of the Lamb. I and my Father are one—one always and one everywhere.

It is a noticeable circumstance that each of the writers whose books have been considered has a chapter on the Wrath of the Lamb. Are they afraid that their suffering God will be despised and rejected of men? Hardly. They know that He has been and is despised and rejected of men, and never, no never, more than now. They have a chapter on the Wrath of the Lamb because the Wrath of the Lamb is essential to the completeness of the character of God.

And they both assert that the Wrath of the Lamb is anger. It is not *human* anger. Dr. WESTON especially is urgent to tell us that. 'The wrath of God is not man's wrath. St. James, who lived many years with Jesus Christ, and wrote down much that he heard Jesus say, tells us: "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Truly, human wrath is chiefly remarkable for its external signs of emotion, of a man's nature stirred to its depths and tending to get out of his control. Not so is this wrath of Christ and God. It is based upon a calm, steady hatred of sin, and an almost gentle sternness in the presence of sinners.'

An almost gentle sternness—why almost gentle? Because it is the anger of love, and love is always

gentle. It is the anger of a God who is Love eternal. And being the anger of love it is a recovering anger. 'I dimly conceive of it'—this is the Bishop of the Philippines—'as being a fury of forbearance, to use a paradox as legitimate as the one which it aims to elucidate. The emphasis is thrown on the last rather than the first member of the phrase. After all, it is the fixed character of the agent which determines the quality of his temper, and not vice versa. Was it not the wrath of the Lamb that looked upon Peter so that he went out and wept bitterly? Was it not the same wrath that later said, Feed My lambs: tend My sheep, so that the rebuke of his sin struck into the quick of the penitent disciple's soul as it would never have done had austerity been substituted for understanding gentleness?'

We will not then—it is the Bishop of Zanzibar now—we will not worry, he says, 'over our loved

ones who have gone. We leave them in the keeping of Love. He will make the best possible of them all. He desires richly to compensate them for all that self-sacrifice has lost them here. Nearer to eternal Love, the nearer are they to their perfect stature, to the fullness of their life in Christ. If they could like Jesus when they saw Him, all will yet be well. And let no one say: "But my boy, or my husband, never went to church, and he would not listen to the priest or minister, or to any good teachers." I am a bishop. And I say, with all the seriousness I hope I attach to my great office, that it is very possible your man, or your son, did not catch the real likeness of Jesus in any of those who preached or spoke to him, or in the services he used to attend. For we are all human, and we misrepresent Jesus very often. But in the hour of his death your loved one met Jesus Himself, Who loves him more even than you do.'

The Mystical Interpretation of the Psalms.

A MODERN ADAPTATION.

BY THE REV. G. C. BINYON, M.A., OXFORD.

I.

THE Psalter may be considered to be the authentic hymn-book of the Christian Church. For a time, indeed, it was also the only written Prayer Book. Although the Church was not slow to produce a Liturgy, the earliest Christian hymns are later, and hymn-books still later; and none of these latter has been elevated to anything like the same position as the Psalms. Among the inspired canonical books of the New Testament there is no collection of Christian songs and hymns to replace those of the Old Covenant. The Psalter remains unsurpassed.

This is the more remarkable when we remember how large a part of the Psalms is occupied with the Messianic Hope, with the longing and praying for that Messianic Age which the prophets of Israel looked to, and which the Christian Church recognized as having been inaugurated by the

Incarnation of Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit. Yet the Psalter continues to be recited. What this bears witness to is the fact that the Christian Church has taken over, in its main outlines, that hope of a coming kingdom which we find in the Old Testament. This fact has often been lost sight of; Christianity has, in the minds of some, been individualized, so that its social and moral content has been reduced simply to the day-by-day behaviour of individuals in their immediate circumstances; or the Church has been identified with the Kingdom of heaven, the world outside being thought of as a region from which souls are rescued rather than as the scene of Christ's extending dominion. In one way or another it has often been forgotten that while we are inheritors of the kingdom of heaven we are also heirs, and that Christ's Kingdom is not only inward and spiritual, but is also destined to have an outward and visible manifestation; the Holy

Spirit is given to us, not only to bring us out of darkness and the bondage of law, but also to be the power to accomplish righteousness.

'There are religious minds,' says the Bishop of South Tokyo, in the June number of the *Constructive Quarterly*, 'tempted to leave the world, outside the practising Church, alone to its own developments, to create for itself its own recurring cycles of hell, and roll again uphill its stone of God-neglecting civilization. . . . "Let us be content," they will say, "with the apostolic outlook, and abandon this vain talk of 'Christianizing Europe' and 'leavening the world' for the more scriptural hope of adding to the Church such as shall be saved.'"

Whatever may be said in favour of such a view, there is one thing that cannot be said, and that is that it is scriptural. To this, witness is borne by the continued recitation of the Psalter, which, with its ardent hope, now impatient, now resigned, now serene and confident, with its wide outlook, claiming for the Lord all the nations of the earth, is a perpetual reminder of that within the Christian Religion which corresponds to the Messianic Hope in the religion of Israel.

II.

But some modification is evidently necessary; in the Psalms we find reference to the sorrows and hopes and experiences of 'Israel' and 'Jerusalem'; what meaning are we to put on these phrases? Whom are we to understand by the 'heathen nations'? how should we use the Psalms about wars, victories, and defeats? is it not, too, we might ask, an inadequacy in the Psalter as the authentic Christian hymn-book that there is no undoubted reference to a future life?

That some re-interpretation, some changing from the original meaning, is required in the Christian usage of the Psalms is, of course, a very old idea. A regular system of types and allegorical interpretation was worked out in the early centuries of the Christian era; it may be found in the writings of the Fathers, and its adoption is recommended in the excursus on the subject in Neale and Littledale's Commentary.

There are, according to this system, four ways in which a Psalm may be understood. In addition to the *literal* meaning, there are also the *allegorical*, the *tropological*, and the *anagogical* meanings. Thus the word 'Jerusalem' will mean, in the

allegory, 'the Church militant'; in the trope, 'the just soul'; and in the anagoge, 'the Church triumphant.'

This system of interpreting the Psalms, as expounded by those who adopt it, is, however, open to certain objections which render it of very doubtful value.

It is, for one thing, very much mixed up with the idea of prophecy or prediction; it seems to be assumed, that is, that many Psalms have no literal or original meaning, but were, from their origin, intended to describe later events. On this ground alone, the mystical interpretation is apt to create a feeling of impatience in the minds of present-day students accustomed to the historical study of the Old Testament and to reading the words of prophet or psalmist in the light of the circumstances in which they were written. There are other minor objections of the same kind; for example, the impossible attempt to understand Zion as the Church on earth or the actual Church, and Jerusalem as the ideal Church; or the multiplicity of types, as, for example, when both Moses and Joseph are considered as typical of our Lord. The method, in fact, seems to exercise a sort of fascination over certain minds, and to lead to great confusion and complication.

No doubt this system of interpretation might be disentangled from these particular difficulties under which it labours. But there is a more serious objection. The distinction between allegory and anagoge obscures the Church's mission to the world, while tropology introduces an unnecessary individualism.

Finally, it is to be noticed that this system was worked out when a united Christendom, which was also the civilized world, was faced by the Heathen Nations; thus the double meaning of *Goyim* as 'heathen' and also 'nations' was simply taken over. But this identity does not hold good to-day; the modern world is very different.

III.

Let us, then, endeavour to find some principles for interpreting the Psalms that will be suitable for the present day.

'In the Psalter,' it has been said, 'the national and religious spirit is one and indivisible, so that the hymn-writer is one and the same with the politician and nationalist.'

This important fact, plainly obvious yet con-

stantly ignored, gives to the Psalter its unique importance, and at the same time makes it absolutely imperative to be clear as to the sense in which it may be used by Christians. For it is fatal to take no notice of the national element in the Psalms, and adopt only the religious element; if this be done, the social idealism of the prophetic ethic becomes completely lost: but it is no less fatal if the national meaning be understood with reference to the particular nation in the world of to-day to which the individual reciting the Psalms belongs; in this case, religion is degraded into the handmaid of the patriotisms of the world, and God is made a tribal deity.

In the Psalms, in the original sense, the speaker is one who is conscious of his incorporation in Israel, and, in many cases, speaks far less as an individual than as a member of the nation; he speaks, that is, in these instances, as representative of Israel. Sometimes it is the whole nation in whose name he speaks; sometimes, and more often, it is 'the poor' whose complaint he voices; sometimes the cry of the Psalmist is narrowed down to that of a single sufferer.

The question about the 'I' of the Psalms is the same as that about 'the Servant of the Lord' in Second Isaiah. While the Servant of the Lord is always Israel, the failure of the chosen people to live up to their destiny causes the phrase to contract its range of actual application; the Servant becomes Israel according to the spirit, those who realize the ideal Israel; finally there is a further contraction into a single figure, the Suffering Servant described in Is 53—still the ideal for Israel, but unrealized, at least in its fullness, until the coming of Christ.

With the Incarnation the bonds of Jewish nationalism were burst asunder; and this necessitates, in the Christian use of the Psalms, a fresh meaning and interpretation of these ideas.

The solidarity which we find in the Psalms, the sense that we are not our own, but belong to God and our neighbour, when pushed to its furthest extreme, is fulfilled in the utter isolation and uniqueness, the bold independence, the perfect individuality, the glorious liberty of Jesus.

The completely perfect Psalmist, we may say, is Christ Himself, who makes the words His own, yet speaks in the name or on behalf of all humanity, not only those who believe on Him, but

also those who because they do not believe need Him as their Intercessor.

In the antitypal or Christian usage, then, the 'I' of the Psalms is, properly, Christ Himself.

In the Psalms, the speaker thinks of himself as a citizen of Zion or Jerusalem, as a member of Israel: Christ speaks for all mankind, and through the voice of the Son of God are expressed and articulated the longings and even the unconscious aspirations of all the children of God that are scattered abroad. The words Zion, Jerusalem, Israel will thus mean, *in intention*, the whole of humanity; owing to man's failure to realize his destiny, their range of actual application becomes narrowed down so that, *properly*, they apply only to Christ, but, *by extension*, to all who are instruments of His mind and will, and thus, *ideally* or *prophetically*, to the New Humanity, recreated in Christ, the universal world-wide kingdom of God.

The nationalist element in the Psalms thus completely disappears.

Yet Israel was not only a Church but a nation, and what in the original sense refers to this latter side of Israel's life and experiences refers in the antitypal and Christian meaning to public and secular affairs, to civilization, to the world of industrial and social organization.

Here, then, it is to be observed, while the Psalms lose their national meaning in the sense that they now apply to Christ and through Him in continuous expansion to all humanity, they retain their national meaning in the sense that they refer, not only to the inward and spiritual life, but also to its outward and visible expression in all human affairs. Witness is thus borne, as was remarked at the outset, to the Christian Messianic Hope of Christ's increasing dominion in all departments of man's life and civilization.

Attention to this point is essential if we would avoid perverting religion in the way that the Jews did. They had been given a Law, which was appointed to be a defence for the poor, an instrument of social justice; and they were called, not only to keep this Law and manifest righteousness among themselves, but also to be a light to lighten the Gentiles; but they perverted the Law, and made it at once a barrier between Jew and Gentile and a burden to the poor. The Law having lost its moral content, the vacuum thus created became filled with the ethic of the world;

the Messianic Hope, which should have meant the coming of social justice and the bringing-in of the heathen nations, was distorted and degraded into a nationalism which ignored the complaint of the poor and excluded and hated the Gentiles.

The same principles hold good, now as then.

If religion is not to be distorted and degraded into an influence which, if it does not actually tend to perpetuate, does nothing towards abolishing the contrasts of riches and poverty and international jealousies and conflicts, it is, very obviously, necessary to keep constantly in mind and never for a moment to lose sight of these principles.

The Psalter, with its national element expanded in the Christian interpretation so as to mean all organized social life in the world, must be recited in the consciousness of incorporation, in Christ, in all humanity. Otherwise what meaning shall we give to the phrases about the poor and needy whose longing for justice the Psalms persistently express? Shall we say, following one line of patristic interpretation, that they refer to Christ Himself in His Passion? Or shall we say that they refer to the Church wherever and whenever it has met with persecution? Or shall we say that they are to be applied to every soul that is destitute of grace, spiritually needy? All these interpretations avoid the plain and obvious meaning; in the original sense there is a complaint to God and a cry for justice uttered by or on behalf of the victims of man's injustice; in the Christian sense there is a similar complaint and cry for justice, sent up to the ears of the Most High through the unending intercession of Christ, uttered on earth by or on behalf of all who, in any continent and nation, of any creed or colour, suffer because of man's inhumanity to man.

IV.

Although the horizon of the Psalmist was not bounded by the limits of his nation, yet it was of Israel, whom alone the Lord knew of all the nations of the earth, that he felt himself a member; the other nations, the heathen, though not beyond his range of vision, were external to his consciousness of solidarity. Many Psalms speak of Israel as standing in various relations towards the nations, now in conflict with them, now oppressed by them, now victorious over them, now the instrument of their conversion to the Lord. In those

Psalms, as well as in others, mention is often made of the King or the Anointed One.

The antitype of the king is, of course, the Messiah, Jesus Himself, the King of the Jews. If, in His character as the Anointed or Messiah, He is Prophet because He is taught of God, and Priest because the perfect sacrifice, He is King because He is Minister and Servant. In the Christian usage of the Psalms, the conception of the king, fulfilled in the Suffering Servant, thus comes very close to that of the poor and needy, but with the added thought of persecution voluntarily endured in the cause of righteousness and truth; the expression means, then, Christ Himself and, in Him, all who bear witness for His Kingdom in the world.

Since the kingdom of Christ is universal in its scope, claiming all humanity, the words Israel, Zion, Jerusalem come to be so far and universally extensive in their range of application that no room at all is left for the conception, in its original meaning, of the heathen nations.

The double meaning of *Goyim*, as heathen and nations, is particularly to be noticed. If we think only of the one sense, and find, in our interpretation, a reference only to the Foreign Missions of the Church among people of other religions, we shall miss half the meaning; we shall lose sight of the idea of secular and temporal life, public affairs and organization, as embodying and manifesting the spirit-life. The unity, in the Psalms, of the conception of nation (outside Israel) with that of heathen thus calls attention to the unity of the Church's duty to 'Christianize the Social Order' with that of the 'Evangelization of the World'; the Propagation of the Gospel and devotion to the Social Problem are not, as they sometimes appear, rival claimants for our attention, but together form, in the spheres respectively of faith and practice, the one mission of the Church to the world. We are thus reminded that the presence of social disorder within Christendom springs from unbelief in the gospel, from the worship of the false gods of Power and Gain, which hold almost undisputed sway in the realms of diplomacy and commerce.

Over against Israel were the heathen nations; over against Christ's Church is the world—'human society as it organizes itself without reference to God.'

The Church, like Israel, is the appointed instrument of God's extending dominion.

The way in which Israel was to perform this function is variously conceived of in the Psalter. Sometimes there is the thought of the intrinsic attractiveness of the Religion of Israel; the worshippers of the Lord, the possessors of the humane legislation given through Moses, cannot fail to give convincing evidence that the God of Israel, and none other, is the true God. But side by side with this conception is another, that of conflict in war; it is the fate of the heathen nations to become subject to Israel's king and Israel's God. Here, then, are two thoughts on the subject of the destined influence of the chosen people upon the other peoples of the world. It might seem natural to connect these two thoughts with the two parts of the Church's mission—the Propagation of the Gospel and the Christianizing of the Social Order; but a moment's reflexion shows us that what is required in the antitypal use is, not two parts or sides of the Church's mission, but two methods of accomplishing it. Following this out, we might connect the former thought, that of the Gentiles being brought to the knowledge of God through the attractiveness of Israel's religion, with the conversion of individuals to the faith and practice of the gospel, in fact, with what is known in the mission field as the intensive method and in the Church at home as personal work. The alternative thought, that of the victory in battle of Israel over the heathen nations, might be connected, in the sphere of faith or ideas, with that missionary method which, in distinction from the intensive, is known as diffused; it might, in fact, represent all those modern methods which seek to influence, not so much definite individuals, as public opinion and the general ideas which govern people's minds and action; such as, for example, the diffusion of ideas by tracts, magazines, and so on, or the awakening influence of public meetings. It need not seem forced and artificial to interpret the battle-Psalms in this way; for these are the methods by which the Church of to-day may eradicate superstitions, and overthrow the tyranny of the false yet mighty gods of Power and Gain. Still less will there appear an incongruity in thus using these Psalms if we give them an application which goes beyond the sphere of faith, thought, and ideas, and interpret them also as applying, in the sphere of practice, to the transformation of institutions into conformity with Divine righteousness; here they will refer to the capture of

political power in the cause of social justice, to the dethronement of Mammon and the overthrow of profit-making as the basis of the industrial system, to the substitution of co-operation in place of competition both in international and in industrial affairs; in a word, to the embodiment of righteousness in those relations between persons which are created by the structure of society.

V.

In all this there may seem to be a great element of unreality; the use of the word 'the Church,' for example, reminds us that now there is no united Christendom; the cause of Christ in the world is represented by a number of bodies of Christians, divided from one another; is any one of these exclusively and alone the Church? or is it some group of these bodies? or all of them taken together? or shall we think only of an invisible Church? And then, beyond these questions, there is that as to the influence of 'the world' in the Church; how far can it be said that the Church really possesses the mind of Christ? how far, in particular, can the Church be said to be the mouthpiece of the demand for social justice and to voice the needs of the poor and oppressed?

Such questionings as these may produce in our minds a feeling of bewilderment and helplessness.

This consciousness is expressed in those Psalms of which the subject is the defeat of Israel in battle with the enemy or the subjection of Israel to a foreign yoke. The longing for a secure possession of the Promised Land, or for restoration of the Jews from the dispersion to their own land, becomes, in the antitype, the longing for a closer inherence and abiding in Christ, for the reunion of Christendom, the deepening and revival of spiritual life, the recovery of a fuller, truer, and more effective sense of the Church's mission to the world.

In some Psalms the consciousness of entanglement and implication in the guilt of corporate sin is pushed to such an extreme that it becomes, rather, the experience of that revealed loving-kindness of the Lord which has created this consciousness. Hence, we find, in these cases, what is sometimes supposed to be the self-righteousness of the Psalmist, but what is, in reality, a breaking-away from this entanglement and the beginning of justification by faith. That experience of the loving-kindness of the Lord which creates the con-

sciousness of the sinfulness of Israel is fulfilled in the Messianic consciousness of our Lord who is at the same time the Sinless One and the Bearer of the sin of the world. What is in us the condition of being justified by faith was in Christ the possession of an indissoluble life.

Here the thought of Christ as the perfect Psalmist will help us in several ways.

All is now said out of the Messianic consciousness which belongs properly to Jesus alone, but is extended to us in so far as we realize our inheritance in the kingdom of heaven.

Thus we shall be saved from any troublesome questionings about the exact extent of the antitype of Israel as a Church; we shall be concerned rather with the Divine Head and the life and energy which flow from Him; we shall think less of drawing boundaries and setting limits than of the Vine and the branches spreading out and ramifying.

In this way, the remembrance of the divisions and failures of the Church brings not so much an unreality as a stimulus to reunion, reform, and revival.

Finally, we are brought to see that the absence from the Psalter of any undoubted reference to a future life does not really make it inadequate as the Christian hymn-book.

The life that was in Jesus was indissoluble and could not possibly be holden of death; the Resurrection was assured and, so to speak, anticipated in the glory which He received from the Father; and what the Rising Again on the third day has revealed to us is not only immortality but the power of spirit.

In the Old Testament, and in the Gospel and Epistles of St. John, and, though less clearly, in the rest of the New Testament, the real contrast that is felt is, not between life on this earth and life after death, but between a life that is without or apart from God, and one of communion with and knowledge of God—eternal life, given from above. A return to this idea is of the utmost value if we would avoid, on the one hand, a next-worldly pre-occupation with life after death and, on the other hand, a zeal for progress and temporal concerns which has become secular because it has

first become unspiritual. To this idea, to the sense of this contrast between a life that is eternal and inherently immortal and one that is no life because without God, we may be recalled by the very absence from the Psalms of any clear reference to a future existence beyond the death of the body. The Psalter, recited by us as being already 'risen with Christ,' points us forward to the ever-extending dominion of Christ and His ever-increasing power over human affairs, to the resurrection of the world from unbelief to Faith, from sin to Righteousness, from being a scene of confusion and ungodliness to being the scene of Divine Love and Peace and Joy.

The following table gives a selection of Psalms, arranged for use according to the above principles:—

Recollection of the Revelation of God in Nature, 8, 19, 104.

Recollection of the Revelation of God in the Law and the Prophets, and renewal of confidence in the supremacy of God's Righteousness over Nature and human nature, 105, 147; 73, 75.

Recollection of the Incarnation; Jesus Christ, the King of the Jews, 110; His Nativity, 45; Epiphany, 72; Triumphal Entry, 20; Passion, 61, 63; Resurrection, 2, 18; Ascension, 21, 24.

Recollection of the Gift of the Holy Spirit, 68; of Christ in us, the Hope of Glory, 89, 132; of the Church as the home of Grace and Truth, 46, 76.

Union with Christ's sorrow because of the Sin of the World, 6, 38, 51, 102, 130.

Union with those who suffer because of sin, and with the Mind of Christ in the Victory of His Passion, 40, 69, 35, 41, 22, 31, 34.

Prayer for the conversion of individuals to the Faith and Practice of the Christian Religion, 12, 13, 18, 22, 56, 57, 67, 71, 74, 86, 87, 96, 98, 99, 100, 102, 117.

Prayer for the Diffusion of Christian ideas; for the extirpation of false doctrine; for the overthrow of social injustice; for the Christianizing of the Social Order, 7, 9, 12, 17, 54, 55, 58, 59, 64, 69, 71, 74, 79, 82, 83, 94, 108, 109, 140.

Prayer for the Reunion of Christendom; for Church Reform and Revival, 44, 60, 80, 89, 106, 137.

Literature.

LISTER.

THE *Life of Lord Lister*, by Sir Rickman John Godlee, Bt. (Macmillan; 18s. net), has been written, if not for surgeons, at least for those who are interested in the progress of surgery. Nevertheless the writer of this review, who is neither a surgeon nor specially interested in surgery, has read its six hundred and sixty pages. For Lord Lister's life, as here set forth, is the life of one with whom to live, even for the hours that the reading of his biography occupies, is both a discipline and a delight. It encourages one to seek always and at whatever cost the highest attainable things; and it charms one to know that a fellow-sufferer and sinner could quietly pursue that purpose and in manifest measure attain his end. Simpler character, more transparent life, could scarcely be. Joseph Lister was born a Quaker, lived a Quaker, and testified to the power Quakerism possesses of producing saints. His biographer is in utmost sympathy, and we thank him, as a member of the medical profession, for the religious atmosphere in which his great 'Chief' is ever seen to do his work. It is true that the direct references to religion are few—adaptation to the audience he writes for accounting perhaps for that. But the fact that Lord Lister was a religious man, even a deeply pious and firmly believing man, is unmistakable, and it is a fact of great price.

At the very end of the book there occurs one outspoken word. Four names have been mentioned together—Sir William Roberts (vivacious Welshman), Dr. Matthews Duncan (dour Aberdonian), Sir William Turner (of a stern countenance), and Lister. 'These four friends,' says the biographer, 'had many points in common. They were all possessed of great intellectual power and accuracy of thought and expression. Slovenliness was to them a sin. They were pure-minded, and transparently honest. To each of them quackery in all its forms was anathema. And there was one other bond not often spoken of, but well recognized, a simple, it might be said a childlike faith in the Christian religion.'

'Many of those who were very closely associated with Lister discovered this in his case, though, except to a few, he seldom spoke or wrote on such

matters. In his youth and early manhood indeed, as was more the custom in those days, he freely discussed what are called spiritual subjects with his relations and even his more intimate students. In later life the curtain of reserve was only on rare occasions drawn aside. An old house-surgeon writes:

"I hope that in your account of our great Master you may be able to tell the world something of his mind on the really great things: the Eternal truths. For my own part I cannot but feel that his life was, what is termed in theological language, a life of faith, even if he had never spoken a word to indicate his views. That he believed in the Divine Father of all, that he regarded the problems of life and death with simple faith and reverence, that he had firm faith in a personal immortality, I have no doubt, and I treasure as my greatest possessions letters in which he has given expression to such faith and hope."

'This,' continues the biographer, 'is unquestionably an accurate estimate of Lord Lister's position. About 1895, it was the fashion to ask distinguished scientific men to give public expression to their views on religious matters, with the object of showing that those who had probed the secrets of nature most deeply could still be devout Christians. Lister was at the time President of the Royal Society. He answered the question when it was put to him in these words, but he did not consent to their publication till 1909: "I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion there is no antagonism between the Religion of Jesus Christ and any fact scientifically established."'

But the biography of Lord Lister has another interest. It tells the story of a struggle for the recognition of a great and beneficent invention—the use of antiseptics in surgery. It is a struggle which shows that no mistake could be greater than to suppose or say that theologians are peculiarly slow in recognizing new truth. A finer champion no discovery could have, for Lord Lister missed no opportunity of advocating his cause, and misused none. It was a discovery, moreover, of the utmost necessity and the utmost value. Yet it took his whole long life and all the influence of his ability and character to win a victory. Men—even eminent surgeons in plenty—simply refused

to look at it, or, if they tried it, tried it so perfunctorily that good results were impossible. Two things Lord Lister's life impresses on all the world, two great lasting lessons, and that with intense insistence—one is the value of the open mind, the other the value of attention to details.

As to details: 'I am sometimes accused,' he says, 'of taking a deal of unnecessary pains with my cases, and it is also said that any good results which I may get are due to my own personal care. If such were the case, Gentlemen, if I obtained better results than other surgeons by the more careful use of the same means, that would indeed be something to be proud of.'

And as to prejudice: 'In investigating nature you will do well to bear ever in mind that in every question there is the truth, whatever our notions may be. This seems, perhaps, a very simple consideration, yet it is strange how often it seems to be disregarded. I remember at an early period of my own life showing to a man of high reputation as a teacher some matters which I happened to have observed. And I was very much struck and grieved to find that, while all the facts lay equally clear before him, those only which squared with his previous theories seemed to affect his organs of vision. Now this, Gentlemen, is a most pernicious, though too prevalent, frame of mind. When I was a little boy I used to imagine that prejudice was a thing peculiar to some individuals. But, alas! I have since learned that we are all under its influence, and that it is only a question of degree. But let us ever contend against it; and remembering that the glorious truth is always present, let us strive patiently and humbly to discover it.'

To conclude. W. E. Henley was once a patient under Lister's care in the Edinburgh Infirmary. His sonnet on 'The Chief' is not to be forgotten:

His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil—
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply.
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell.
We hold him for another Herakles,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

IMMORTALITY.

If any one desires to know what is of faith concerning the life to come, let him read *Christianity and Immortality*, by Canon Vernon F. Storr, M.A. (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net). There is no subject in which eccentricity is easier or more reprehensible. Canon Storr deliberately declines to let loose his fancy and offer speculation for truth. No doubt he has to draw conclusions, and they are not always unmistakable. But then he says so. If he has no authority in Scripture or the character of God he is very careful of his steps. Thus it is a reliable book. And a reliable book is our present need.

There was a writer once who said that he understood the fate of the sheep and he understood the fate of the goats; what he did not understand was the fate of the alpacas. Canon Storr is concerned about the alpacas. The men who are dying that we may live 'cannot fairly be called wicked, but belong to the large class of the neutral or undecided. I would emphasize this word "undecided," for it contains the kernel of the problem. Thousands die who have never had the opportunity to make the decision whether they will give their allegiance to Christ or not. Christ offers life to all men, but we must be in a position to understand what the offer really means before we can be said to accept or reject it. I am not speaking of the heathen who die in complete ignorance of Christ, but of those who, though they have often heard of Christ, and have some general understanding of His claim, have for various reasons never been confronted with the real gravity of the issue. It has never come home to them personally. The depths of their souls have never been stirred. Their wills have never been moved to a real decision reached after deliberation. "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear." So long as Job was in that condition he had not understood God or come into vital relation with Him. "But now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (xlii. 5, 6). When he had come face to face with God the whole current of his life was changed. He knew both himself and God. He had penetrated to the profound region where the Divine and the human meet, and a new spiritual illumination came to him. Our native sense of justice tells us that it is unreasonable, and indeed immoral, to mete out

the same treatment to a soul spiritually undeveloped, which has never faced Christ's offer of life with full personal understanding of it, and to one which like Milton's Satan has deliberately said, "evil be thou my good." We may surely believe that for the spiritually immature and those who die with characters unformed some further opportunity for probation will be provided.'

It is a striking fact that Canon Storr does not accept the progressive theory, so greatly in favour at present with some writers. He does not believe that we pass through death and find ourselves just as we were and then begin a course of purgative progress towards perfection. For that means the presence of Sin. His words are excellent and unanswerable. 'Most of the misery of the world is caused by sin, and to a man like St. Paul the two profoundest realities in his life were his own sinfulness and Christ's redeeming grace. To be free from sin was the deepest desire of his soul. His wish to be with Christ hereafter was the expression of that desire, as it has been the expression of a similar desire on the part of thousands all through Christian history. It is true that we are unable to conceive how the transition from sinfulness to sinlessness can be effected; but even those who look for a continuance hereafter of the moral struggle postulate an eventual freedom from sin as the issue of the whole development. Must not such freedom necessitate at some point in our growth a sudden change? Have we really lessened the difficulty for thought by carrying over sinfulness into the other life? Eliminate sin, and you make possible the growth of that unhindered fellowship with God which is the crown and meaning of personality. The soul's latent capacities then have full opportunity for expansion, and the wealth of the Divine life lies open for its appropriation.'

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL.

'A Book for Men'—a book which will tell men just what Christianity is—such a book is certainly to be desired. And the Rev. A. E. J. Rawlinson has written it. Everything is omitted from each short chapter that would not help to make clear the subject of it. The remainder is the pure gold of Christian evidence. And the whole ground is covered. The title is *Religious Reality* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net).

What is Christianity? What is the Christian ideal? 'It is the ideal of consecration to service. It means discipleship in Christ's school of unselfishness, both individual and corporate: for there is a selfishness of the family, of the class, or of the nation, which bears as bitter fruit in the world as does the selfishness of the individual. Christianity, in a word, means the carrying out into daily practice of the ideal of the *Imitatio Christi*, the imitation of Jesus Christ, in the spirit if not in the letter. It means that as He was, so are we to be in the world. It means that all things, whatsoever we do, are to be done in His Spirit and to His glory: that our every thought is to be led captive under the obedience of Christ. It means that we are to love God because God first loved us, and to love men because they are our brothers in the family of God: because love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. It means that we are to consecrate all comradeship and loyalty and friendship, all sorrow and all joy, by looking upon them as friendship and loyalty and comradeship in Christ, as sorrow and joy in Him. It means that we are to live glad, strong, free, clean lives as sons of God in our Father's House.

'It means also struggle and hardship. It means truceless war against the spirit of selfishness, against everything that tends to drag us down, against the law of sin in our own members. It means a truceless war against low ideals and tolerated evils in the world about us. It means soldiery in the eternal crusade of Christ against whatsoever things are false and dishonest and unjust and foul and ugly and of evil report.

'It is an ideal which, considered in isolation from the Christian Gospel of redemption and the power of the Holy Spirit, could only terrify and daunt a man who had a spark of honesty in his composition: and for this reason the mass of men refuses to take it seriously. It is an ideal which, in the case of all who do take it seriously, convinces them of sin.

'Nevertheless to lower the ideal, to abate one jot of its severity, to compromise, on the score of human weakness, though it were but in a single particular, the flawless perfection of its standard, were to prove false to all that is highest within us, and traitor to the cause of Christ.

"Never, O Christ—so stay me from relenting—
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul."

THE EVOLUTION OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

It is somewhat to be feared that the war will unfit us for the writing of great books. Only in philosophy has the serious and sustained writing of books been pursued throughout the war. We are cut off from the inflow of German literature. Where is the great lasting literature of the future to come from? The only answer we can see at the moment is America.

There are not a few American books this month. Some of them are really good. One at least is really great. It is a study of *The Evolution of Early Christianity*—‘a genetic Study of First-Century Christianity in relation to its Religious Environment,’ the author calls it (Cambridge: Univ. Press; \$2.25 net). The author is Shirley Jackson Case, Professor of Early Church History and New Testament Interpretation in the University of Chicago.

Professor Case is a scholar. He is one of the few to whom the word applies without reserve. When he gives you a list of the best literature on a topic—and here he gives such a list for every topic he touches—he makes no mistakes, not even a misspelling. When he describes an incident he sees it with all the antecedents and consequents that affect the truthfulness of his description. When he traces a movement of thought he knows where to begin, what steps to take, how far it is necessary to go.

It is the *evolution* of Christianity, remember. All is on that level, along that path so confidently trod now by every American scholar. There are no surprises of intervention, no cataclysms. Eschatology is reduced to the smallest size, because the eschatology of the New Testament seems still to be quite unintelligible to us apart from convolution. The method has its dangers. Professor Case does not disregard them. It does not seem to hinder him from calling the Jesus of his book a Redeemer and the very Son of God.

INTELLIGENCE AND GODLINESS.

‘President Wilson says we must make the world safe for democracy. The safety of democracy demands *intelligence* and *godliness*. The present world war will have been waged in vain if it hands

democracy over to an ignorant and godless people. A democratic people must be able to think clearly and act righteously. *The world will never be safe for democracy until intelligence and godliness are the common possessions of the whole human race.* Democracies must learn how to make secular and religious education efficient and universal.’

To serve that great end, Mr. Walter Scott Athearn, Professor of Religious Education in Boston University, has written a book on *Religious Education and American Democracy* (Boston: Pilgrim Press; \$1.50 net). His great idea is that education must be a co-operation. Every man and every woman who understands what is meant by education—that it involves both the intellect and the spirit—must enter into a combination which shall by co-operation double the strength of the individuals. Something has been done already. ‘The citizens of Malden, Mass., have started out to develop a city system of religious education that will parallel its system of public schools and be equally efficient. The direction of this movement in the city is in the hands of one hundred representative citizens who are organized into a Council of Religious Education. This Council, knowing that its work involved the solution of technical educational problems, has secured the services of the faculty of the Department of Religious Education of Boston University, as general directors of the movement. By a unanimous vote the Council has adopted the following program of work: (1) The development of a community system of religious education. (2) The unification of all child welfare agencies of the city in the interests of the largest efficiency. (3) The supervision of a complete religious census of the city with special references to the religious needs of children and young people. (4) The direction of educational, industrial and social surveys for the purpose of securing the facts upon which a constructive community program can be based. (5) The study of the recreational and social conditions of the city, the training of local leaders, and the building of a scientific, well-balanced program of work, study and play for the children of the city. (6) The creation of a community consciousness on matters of moral and religious education.’

The volume is full of activity and brotherhood and of new suggestion.

RICHARD CROSS.

There are men even in our day of whom the world is not worthy. One of them is *E. Richard Cross*, whose biography has been written by Marion Wilkinson (Dent; 5s. net). A Quaker by choice (do we not say now conversion?) not by birth, 'he was a Quaker to the backbone, in temperament, in ideal, and in spiritual experience. . . . He came to the Society of Friends as to a spiritual fold . . . because he desired to share with us a fellowship and kinship of spirit which he himself had known, a well of water of which he himself had drunk'—so says the editor of *The Friend*. He hated war, as all Quakers do, but he saw that with this war Britain could do no other. For he never insisted on theory overriding fact. One of his characteristics, perhaps the most characteristic of them, was this, that 'he never would sacrifice the practicable to the unattainable.' But he was not in the same hemisphere with the time-server. 'While he always had a shrewd idea of the practicable, he never for an instant lost sight of the goal to be ultimately attained.'

He had the literary man's gifts without his temperament. Vanity was removed far from him. He was Chairman of the Directors of *The Nation*. And he could criticise with rare sureness of touch as well as with rare consideration for feeling. This volume contains a number of papers, literary and religious, every one of them worth publishing; for as rare as anything else about him was his conscience. When he undertook to prepare a paper for a literary society he put all he had and was into it. The literary papers are on Tennyson, Wordsworth, Lowell, Morley, Francis Thompson; the religious papers on certain aspects of the character and message of the Minor Prophets.

Mr. Cross was one of the select band whom Lord Bryce chose to prepare the world for the consideration of a League of Peace; and he was chosen by Mr. Lloyd George as a member of the Liquor Control Board. Of every enterprise he was heart and soul and cement. For his humour was unfailing, his tact unerring, his charm irresistible. Laughter was one of the gifts God sent him into the world with, and he used it to God's glory.

So you see this is a book worth reading. It gives you a friend worth having. It helps to make the whole round world your friend. Richard Cross

himself despaired of no man (see the R.V. on that text), and after him you go and do likewise.

IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIA.

It is always agreeable to an author to recall the events of bygone days, especially when he can proudly say, 'quorum magna pars fui'—and it is sometimes agreeable to his readers. Mr. Thomas F. Plowman has written down 'Some Memories of Men and Things,' and has called his book *In the Days of Victoria* (John Lane; 10s. 6d. net).

The pleasure of the reader depends partly upon the writer's literary gift. Without that no memory can be made memorable. It depends also on the memories he has—not the memory; that is a small matter, and may hinder more than it helps. But most of all it depends upon the man he is. For it is the author's own personality that makes a book. And the first thing is his modesty. Certainly we must see him. The 'I' must be in evidence. But the 'I, I, I' is detestable. Well, Mr. Plowman is here, but he never thrusts himself forward. He has no wonderful tales to tell; he has no secrets to reveal whether of the little or the great whom he has known; but he has lived a social, friendly, appreciative life, and finds genuine enjoyment in recalling it.

One story has never been told so fully before. It is the story of Thackeray's attempt to enter Parliament. Mr. Plowman was an active agent in that contest, and the impressions it made upon him he has retained with astonishing vigour throughout his life. The deepest impression is of Thackeray's magnanimity. He was, unexpectedly, defeated. When it was over he said: 'Let me tell you a little story and a true one. Some years ago, when boxing was the fashion, two of the greatest champions fought a great fight on Moulsey Hurst; their names were Gully and Gregson, and they fought the most tremendous battle that had been known for many a long year, and, as must happen to one, Gregson had the worst of it. While lying on his bed blind, for both his eyes were closed, he asked for some drink. A friend gave him some, and he asked whose hand it was—it was Jack Gully's, who was the first to shake him by the hand to show that he had no animosity against him. So should be the conduct of all loyal and true-hearted Englishmen, who should fight a good fight to the utmost, and when it is over shake

hands and hold no animosity. With these feelings I go away from Oxford. I will shake Mr. Cardwell by the hand, and congratulate him on being the chosen representative of this great city. It is a victory for him to be proud of, and a victory for us to be proud of that we have fought. I part with my opponents as I part with my friends.'

It is a profitable as well as a pleasant book. We learn that in some ways we are nearer God than our fathers were.

SAINTS.

Where are we to go to find them? The very word has become touched with unbelief. One thing is certain—that we are not confined to the Roman Church. Let us go to the very extreme. Let us try the Quakers. Ah! there you have saints, and they are finer far than the Roman saints. They have manifestly more of the mind of Christ, and they have at least as much of the love of man.

L. V. Hodgkin has written *A Book of Quaker Saints* (Foulis; 6s. net). She has written it, she says, for children—'for children of various ages.' Well, let us be numbered among them. For we have enjoyed the book as heartily as any child of any other age. It is true history. But the writer of it has given the history flesh and blood. The dry bones live and stand upon their feet. The author has some gift of imagination. She lays herself alongside those men and women—George Fox and his followers—of whom the world was not worthy; she makes herself humble that she may learn of them; and so she enters into their life, right into their homes and hearts; and she makes out of it all the most delightful series of true stories that any child of any age is likely to light upon in these days of distress.

The book is illustrated too—illustrated in the same spirit, with the same beauty and peace.

The new volume of the 'Peeps at Many Lands' series is on *Poland* (A. & C. Black; 2s. 6d. net). The author is Monica M. Gardner. It contains twelve full-page illustrations—four of them in colour—including two by Artur Grottger. And if that is not attraction enough, it contains the wonderful wofeful story of Poland, told so that the children will really enjoy the reading of it—all but the youngest.

The Rev. H. Maynard Smith, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Malvern, has written and published a small book on *Prayer*, with that one word for the title of it (Blackwell; 1s. net). It is brief, as he says, and yet it covers much of the ground, all that is most urgent indeed. With one statement we do not agree. Mr. Maynard Smith says: 'The Lord's Prayer contains the words *hallowed*, *trespass*, and *temptation*, which are not in current use at the street corner, but no one pretends that they are not understood.' We do not need to pretend, we know, that they are not understood. It is a matter, that of the *language* of our worship, which will have to be taken in hand seriously. The clergy have simply no notion of the importance of it.

The editor of *The Christian World Pulpit* (James Clarke & Co.; 5s. net) is now casting his net wider than ever. In the latest half-yearly volume (July to December 1917) he has no preacher oftener in his pages than four times, and only one so often, the Rev. Dr. Horton. Two men appear thrice, Dr. Orchard and Dr. Warschauer. But does that signify a general levelling up of preaching power in our day? Who are the great preachers? There are a few surprises—always welcome. Thus there is a fine strong sermon by the Headmaster of Westminster School on the Miracles of the Gospels. And there is a recognition, more than once, of the reality of Angels, good and bad. Is the recovery of the 'Principalities and Powers' to be one of the effects of the war?

Give your body a chance. Learn about it. Understand it. Respect it. The book for all this is *The Romance of the Human Body*, written by Ronald Campbell Macfie, M.A., M.B., C.M., LL.D. (Wells Gardner; 5s. net).

The whole story is in it, and it is a well-told story. Every part of the body is described, untechnically yet scientifically. And there is that pleasurable sense throughout the reading which accurate and imaginative writing gives. For Dr. Macfie is a literary man as well as a physician.

It is said that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. That is not true. It is never folly to be wise. And ignorance is never bliss. And here least of all. No, ignorance is certain misery, sooner or later. So read Dr. Macfie's book, and be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

There is no man living who knows Jerusalem better than Mr. E. W. G. Masterman, M.D. He has written much on it already. Now his great opportunity has come, and he has sent out without delay an admirably illustrated, tellingly described narrative of *The Deliverance of Jerusalem* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). In truth there is much more than the Deliverance in the book. There is a description of the city and the country round it, as if Mr. Masterman had followed General Allenby mile after mile of his victorious progress.

The German Press is said to be well censored now, but surely it was not so at the beginning. For Mr. Michael A. Morrison has gathered an astounding picture of the German mind out of the German journals. Perhaps the censoring helped him. For it is the official mind that is the greatest wonder. A strange picture of our own character could be made out of our own daily press, but surely—no, certainly—none in the least like to this. Mr. Morrison calls his book *Sidelights on Germany* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net).

How has India met the temptations of a world war in which this country is involved? An answer is given by Mr. DeWitt Mackenzie, an American newspaper man (the word is his own), who went to India for the express purpose of finding it out, and spent his time well, using his alert inquisitiveness in interviews with all sorts and conditions of men. He then wrote down the result, in the very words of the men he interviewed (at any rate within inverted commas), and issued a book with the title of *The Awakening of India* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net).

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has no past. From the first day of the war he saw what it signified, and in the responsible position of United States Minister to Holland threw all his influence on the side of the Allies. Nor was his influence small. He is a speaker; he is a writer; he is a personality. Now he has published the articles which he contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* in the end of 1917 (adding two short chapters on the cause of the war and the kind of peace America is fighting for) under the title of *Fighting for Peace* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net).

One of the ways in which the war is going to bless us is with the gift of biographies. Already

some score have come. They are biographies of young men. They are biographies of young men who behaved handsomely, even heroically. And the secret of their good conduct was faith in Christ. That is the argument for Christianity that tells. It will have cumulative power.

The latest to our hand is the biography of *George Elton Sedding* by his brother (Letchworth: Garden City Press; 5s. net). Its sincerity and its simplicity are its charm. Indeed, it was not written for publication. Sedding lived a full life. By trade and inheritance an artist in metal, he was by choice and the calling of God a fisher, traveller, climber, Bible-class teacher, scout leader, and Christian. When the war came he heard Christ's voice in it.

After waiting for a while, with some of his fellow-scoutmasters, to see what was the most helpful course to follow, at the end of August George determined to enlist in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. Finding this recruiting office closed, he went to the nearest one then open, which proved to be that of the Norfolk Regiment. 'This is an anniversary,' he wrote to his sister from France on August 29th of the following year: 'I was in the recruiting office this time last year. What a lot has happened since!'

He made himself at home among the Norfolks, but their dialect sometimes puzzled him. This is a letter from the front: 'It is wonderful what a small space we can squeeze into now with practice. When we return, we shall be giving little tea-parties in a cupboard, and eating off one saucer! We are in a fairly advanced trench now, and the bullets are always thudding away, as I write, on the sand-bags. We are well below ground, though. The machine-gun gets excited now and then, too. It is rather curious the way some of the Norfolk fellows express things. One said, "It is quite a long time since I saw you respectable." I said, "Oh, is it? I'm just going to have a wash!" He said, "I don't mean that. I mean, seen you to have a talk to!"'

The end came quite unexpectedly, but he was ready for it.

For the Liverpool Board of Diocesan Publications Canon A. Nairne, D.D., has prepared a teacher's introduction to Sirach, Wisdom, Philo, and the Epistle to the Hebrews. The title is *The Alexandrine Gospel* (Longmans; 1s. 6d. net).

If it had been possible to exhaust the meaning of Scripture anywhere we should have got to the end of the Seven Words by this time. But here comes a new volume of sermons on the Seven Words on the Cross, and it is thoroughly fresh and invigorating. The title is *Visio Crucis* (Longmans; 2s. net). The author is the Rev. Max S. Wontner, Diocesan Inspector in the Chelmsford Diocese.

On 'It is finished' (Jn 19³⁰) the idea is expressed that by us the words are utterable every day. But we must understand that the work finished is the burden borne. So in the higher sense we can never utter it. For the finish of all work is in the glorified presence of God.

The Rev. Jesse Brett, L.Th., Chaplain of All Saints' Hospital, Eastbourne, has published a volume of studies in the Sacred Passion of our Lord under the title of *The Cross* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). The note is intense devotion of heart to the Redeemer on the Cross. Not every one will enter into the secret of it—perhaps those who do not are those who require the book. Certainly it is not sentiment alone. There is the demand for obedience and self-control—that we should, after surveying the cross, live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

The Rev. N. P. Williams is just the man to state *Our Case as against Rome* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). For he bows before authority with unquestioning reverence—before the authority of the Church and Tradition. We know how competent he is. Some notes of one of his addresses were given in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES after its delivery. We know how uncompromising he is. We know how clearly he sees and how keenly he feels the importance of the things that separate.

Is Mr. Williams quite fair when he says that in the 'development of the historical and critical study of the Word of God, the Roman Catholic Church has had singularly little share'? He refers especially to archæological research. Have not the Roman Catholic scholars of France taken a leading part in that department of study? It is worth looking into.

Five lectures by the Rev. William Temple on the last five clauses of the Apostles' Creed have been published under the title of *Issues of Faith* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d. net). They are for the multi-

tude, but Mr. Temple has the gift whereby whatever he touches becomes more luminous, and even the learned will find suggestiveness.

The philosophical productiveness of America at the present time is astonishing. Many of the most acute thinkers, and some of the most artistic writers, are occupying themselves with the exposition of the problems of philosophy. And they feel that they have a message. The study of philosophy does not end with itself. If its problems are sometimes insoluble, they are sometimes so soluble as to be of the utmost worth in the work of the world. So they believe. And they give themselves to the duty of making the study of philosophy a popular study, and its results of practical utility in public and in private life.

To that end Mr. R. W. Sellars, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan, writes and issues *The Essentials of Philosophy* (Macmillan; 6s. 6d. net). He has no hope (has he any desire?) of making the study of philosophy easy. He uses language which has to be learned. But no man ever went out with a clearer sense of a call, or with a prouder sense of a mission. His book demands time, but he himself wastes none. And the essentials of philosophy are in it.

To obtain a right conception of '*Figgis of Brighton*'—the biography of the Rev. J. B. Figgis, by Mr. J. Westbury-Jones, M.A., has been published under that title (Marshall Brothers; 6s. net)—it is necessary to read this book to the end. For it is written in sections, and each section gives you but a part of the man. First the life itself—so short that you have a surprise to find yourself at the end of it; next his wider interests (Foreign Missions, the Evangelical Alliance, etc.); then his Churchmanship; after that his Literary Work, his Attendance at Conventions, his Travels, his Home Life and his Friends. Every part begins and ends, and so the man is unknown unless the book is read throughout.

Perhaps he is best known as a Keswick leader. 'What Keswick became for Figgis can be best described in his own words. "So much time was given to the movement for the deepening of the spiritual life; so deeply was my ministry coloured by it, and even in outward ways my life affected by it, that I dare say some people think that it, more than anything, represents what I was and am.

How could I keep away when I knew that Keswick was a very 'Pool of Bethesda,' and that there willing hands were stretched forth to help the weak and teach the ignorant? The truth of God bade me come; the love of the brethren bade me stay: and so, in spite of deficiencies of which I am sorely conscious, I did what little I could to uphold the banner, and to rally others round it, the banner on which is inscribed 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

The first volume of 'The Modern Churchman's Library' has been written by the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook, D.D., Canon of Ely. Under the title of *The Faith of a Modern Churchman* (Murray; 2s. 6d. net, paper 1s. 6d. net), it is sent out as a general introduction to the series. All the great doctrines of the Faith have some attention given them and some of the practical things of life. And in every case we learn how a Modern Churchman receives and teaches them. What is a Modern Churchman? Here, and in all this series, he is a member of the Church of England who seeks to keep himself in touch with science and philosophy. His chief duty is adaptation. He goes to Scripture, as we all do, for his facts; then he interprets Scripture to the acceptance of a mind of modern thoughtfulness. The danger is, of course, evaporation. But the worst that can be said of Canon Glazebrook's chapters is that now and then there is scarcely sharpness of outline enough for quite secure comprehension.

From the Pilgrim Press of Boston there comes a new edition of a book familiar to teachers in the United States. It is *The Seven Laws of Teaching*, by John Milton Gregory, First Regent of the University of Illinois (75 cents net). The book has been revised by William C. Bagley and Warren K. Leyton of the School of Education, University of Illinois—a pious as well as a profitable labour.

Has *The Use of Motives in Teaching Morals and Religion* been sufficiently studied? We do not mean the book published under that title (Boston: Pilgrim Press; \$1.25 net) and written by Thomas Walton Galloway, Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of Zoology in Beloit College. We mean the subject itself. At last one man has given himself to it, and so thoroughly, so learnedly, so practically, that henceforth the might of motive

ought to be felt by every teacher and every preacher.

What is the manner of Professor Galloway's writing? Take this: 'It is *more important to motivate expression than impression*. In proportion as the expressive side of life is important in the development of life is it necessary to find adequate and right motives to determine expression. Because action is a better measure of character than learning is, and is at the same time more educative of character, it becomes very important that the motives called on to secure conduct shall be sound. A person may be taught a lie and not become a liar; one cannot choose and practise a lie without becoming untrue. Appeal to false and artificial motives for learning may be merely futile and unfortunate; using false motives in securing conduct is to vitiate the very machinery of choice. There is more self-activity in expression than in impression. In just the same degree is right motivation more profitable and essential in respect to conduct. The motives must be one's own in order that choice shall have any value.'

In that clear, comprehensive way every part of the subject is expounded in this book. And it has many parts. We commend the book above all to Sunday-school teachers.

Mr. David Keppel has read the Apocalypse with some care and much enjoyment. His joy is especially in the discovery that he can understand it. So now he hastens to tell others what it means, and does so with surprising success (for his book is quite small and compact) in a volume which he calls *The Book of Revelation not a Mystery* (Methodist Book Concern; 50 cents net). Mr. Keppel is not a scholar, or he has read his proofs badly, for the Hebrew and Greek he quotes is all astray; but he has common sense and insight into the things that make for righteousness.

The Rev. H. A. Wilson, M.A., has written a Book for Lenten Meditation. Its title is *The Time of Refreshing* (Scott; 2s. net). Its originality is a wonder. Of word? No. Nor of thought. It is the originality of personal experience—together with the skill to declare it to others, the imaginative skill to make others enter into it.

The second volume of Dr. A. Lukyn Williams' Commentaries on the Minor Prophets is *Joel and*

Amos (S.P.C.K. ; 1s. 6d. net). The method is the same—the veriest minimum of explanation, in order that the Prophet himself may be read. Every note is a triumph of condensed clearness.

The petition in the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy kingdom come,' has suggested to the Rev. Walter J. Carey, M.A., R.N., the thought of Christ's Kingdom as *The Kingdom that must be Built*, and he has written a book with that title (S.P.C.K. ; 2s. 6d. net). The first thing is to find the King. And

just that first thing is where so many fail. Why do they fail? Mr. Carey gives three reasons—they are not yet quite escaped from the animal, their evil deeds have blinded their eyes, and they have never had the gospel properly presented to them. What is his cure? Three things again—make them think, remove from their minds false views of religion, and pray for them. All that sounds ordinary ; it is truth, it is truth for to-day, and it is well sent home to heart and conscience in this book.

The Eugenics of Faith.

BY THE REV. A. T. CADOUX, B.A., D.D., EAST BOLDON.

THE diagnosis of the Church's ailments has recently been so abundant as to be in itself a grave symptom. For this abundance lies in the great variety of particulars each of which is given by its exponent as the true cause of our troubles ; but, if so many particulars are wrong, the true cause will surely be more deeply seated than any of them ; and the capacity for challenging the particular and passing by the essential is itself a symptom at least as serious in religion as elsewhere.

Any grave deficiency in the Church must be the result of lack in one or both of two things—a sincere acceptance of the ethical demands of her religion or a living faith in its truth. Given these two, nothing can hold her from leading the world, and nothing but lack of these is enough to account for her lack of power.

These two desiderata are in experience inseparable. The former depends upon, while it affords expression to, the latter. No careful student of the words of Jesus can refuse to agree that His ethic is inseparable from His doctrine of God. His most characteristic moral teaching finds its deepest root in the saying, 'Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect' (or in Luke's version, 'Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful'). To a man to whom a merciful and perfect heavenly Father is the greatest and most indubitable of all realities the commands of the Sermon on the Mount are not only possible but natural. To one who has not this belief or anything like it some at least of these commands would seem dangerous, intolerably hard, unreal, or

wrong. And, conversely, throughout the New Testament Christian action is regarded as the natural outcome and best evidence of Christian faith. In so far then as the present condition of the Church is due to an inadequate following of the ethical teaching of Jesus, we must seek the cause of this in a lack of faith which has undermined her obedience.

The observable facts are, in the first place, that though the Church during the past few decades has not lacked ethical seriousness of a sort, she has shown little serious acceptance of the ethics of Jesus. She has rather been concerned about the enforcement of the ethical standard generally accepted by the world, or perhaps, one should say, of certain of the higher and more respectable of the many ethical standards current in the various circles of society. But these standards, though they imply an underlying belief in the moral rectitude of the universe, do not necessarily involve any explicit religious faith, and are certainly not, like the ethics of Jesus, based upon a triumphant assurance of God's love.

And the second observable fact is that, apart from what is betrayed in their ethics, there is a general lack of robust faith in the Christians of to-day. We have had a belief of a kind, but it has mostly been a belief that a man holds, not one that holds him. Instead of faith we have had an apologetic theistic philosophy. God, who must be to us the most real of all beings, is a Perhaps, an Hypothesis, a Balance of Probabilities. If this obtained only in academic regions the hurt would

not be great, but it does not: it is largely true of the men and women of the Church: they are not *sure* of God, certainly not of a God who is their heavenly Father: He is not to them the most real of all beings.

Here, then, is the lack which explains the weakness of the Church: she has lost her sureness of God. And there is no help for her or the world except through that which can meet this need.

We need to-day something more than a Saviour from sin: we need a Saviour from the unfaith that makes any sense of sin impossible. If Jesus Christ cannot save His Church in this, He is no Saviour for to-day. And her error has been that she has not sought as Saviour here Him whom she has proclaimed as Saviour from all straits. In this, the foundation stone of all, she has preferred to have a philosophy rather than a religion, and has lost heaven by her pride.

In the common religious training of the day the ground of belief in God has not been sought in Jesus Christ. He has been regarded as the finisher but not as the author of its faith. The accepted notion has been that we get our assurance of the reality of God as a personal being elsewhere, and that Jesus completes the revelation of His ethical nature and brings us into right relationships with Him. This has been the more easily accepted as the right procedure because it was no doubt largely true of the Jews who first embraced Christianity. Paul is typical here: long before he knew Christ, God was to him the most insistent of all realities: it was just this that gave point to the misery of knowing that he was out of harmony with God. And he found in Jesus one who brought him into peace with God by revolutionizing the nature and place of a faith which was already strong within him. But we need to remember that Christianity retained no permanent hold upon the race that was already sure of God: its greatest and most lasting conquest was in the Gentile world that had lost its faith. Amongst the competing religions of the Roman Empire, Christianity proved unique in its faith, creating power, and we cannot disconnect this from its unique possession in Jesus Christ.

Our own experience confirms His power to this end. The suggestion that there is a God comes to us by social tradition, and we support it by argument. We are prepared to meet any objection that may be brought against the proposition. But all the time we are not really sure: the very eager-

ness of our defence betrays our uncertainty. Our belief is not 'a strong tower,' it is not the 'rock' on which we stand; it is rather a tray full of exquisite porcelain which we carry fearfully along the thoroughfares of the world, hoping that the good order and good taste of the crowd will respect our treasure. It is little more than this until we think of Jesus Christ, and then we find a substance filling the shadow of our belief: we find that, when we turn our minds to contemplate all that He was, we do at length discover that we cannot help believing in God. That which is a great Perhaps while the mind is looking elsewhere becomes, when it looks upon Christ, a certainty to which our whole being yields, and cannot help yielding, spontaneous assent.

It may be well to state here roughly of what, in this experience, the thought about Jesus consists. It is in the first place the thought of Him as man, and of the manner of man He was. When sober criticism has said its say as to the Synoptic record, there is ample left (and what is left is the better available) for our purpose. Then there is the impression He made upon men, resulting in the foundation of the Church. There is His creative relationship to the religious consciousness of these men and their successors until to-day, apparent in the existence and nature of the beliefs and cult of Christianity. And finally there is His unique relationship to the mind and conscience that seriously contemplates Him.

Our experience, then, is that when the mind sets before itself these things as facts, its painfully retained theistic beliefs become solid and unshakable ground. The constancy with which this occurs, added to the above-noted nature of the progress of Christianity in the Gentile world, suggests that the connexion between these things and our faith in God is not accidental, and that the way back to an indubitable thought of Him lies through a simple appreciation as fact of all that Jesus was and is. It remains, therefore, first to elucidate and then to justify this experience, that Jesus Christ makes us 'feel the God we think.'

There are two aspects, an outward and an inward, of the great question which religious faith answers. The first (and to deal with one is to include a great part of the other) may be put in this way: Is there any meaning or purpose in the universe, in life,—and, if so, what? And we must here premise that meaning and purpose, in the sense in which we ask

for them, are such as we can, at least in part, enter into and understand, and such as imply so much personality in the Possessor as to make it possible for us to worship Him and commune with Him; and that our quest will not be achieved by any merely logical consistency that does not take with it the consent of our whole being; any process of argument, for instance, that begins by telling us that we cannot *prove* the existence of an external world may be unanswerable, but it does not help religious faith.

Now, when we look from our surest standpoint and with our widest view at the universe and the life it has produced, we see an all-inclusive process of development, the most elaborate of whose products, so far as we know them, is man. It is not necessary to trace how we come to the conviction, but it is no exaggeration to say that we have no doubt whatever that, of all the offspring of evolution within our ken, man is the highest, and that to say so means something. And this term 'highest' will be found to mean not mere excellence in some particular quality or in complexity and number of functions. It is the tacit assertion that evolution has its culmination in man: it asserts that he stands in unique relation to the whole process of evolution and the evolving universe.

And this assurance as to man's place in the universe propounds a question. Contemplating that mental, moral, and spiritual nature of man which makes us place him so high, we cannot help seeing, when these things have passed a certain stage of development, that either they receive their warrant from a moral and spiritual Power which is the fundamental reality of the universe, or that man at his highest, *i.e.* when he is most thoroughly ethical and spiritual, is most remote from reality. It opens before us the 'either—or' which Eucken was fond of propounding. The ethical and spiritual in man are either his surest way to knowing and building upon the ultimate reality, or all that we have admired and loved in humanity is a pathetic aberration from the controlling and abiding nature of the universe.

And what can resolve this alternative? Let us see clearly what is the point at issue. We are assuming what our theologies teach (on the above or other lines) and what is written clearly in the spiritual history of the race, that unless the fundamental reality of the universe is a Spiritual Being, man's highest spiritual achievements lose their

rational and apprehended base. And the question is, whether we can find any spiritual achievement so solid as to make us sure that it has this otherwise only hypothetical base. Or to narrow the question, Can we find anywhere a moral consciousness good enough, that is, in its own province real enough, to make us *feel* the reality of the God implied in it? History is not assuring here. We see everything in the unreflective, half-instinctive virtues of the earlier stages replaced, as civilization and thought advance, by a self-regarding scheme of life, or by a centreless submission to the bewildering complexity of influences, or by the consciously adopted morality of self-righteousness, or at best by a self-questioning quest for something that is not yet. And any man who honestly looks into his own heart will know that to be sincere is to be victor in so great and long a struggle that the very beginning of real honesty with him must be to renounce the claim to be honest. And yet in all this we see humanity so near such measureless possibilities of moral value that, far from a despairing surrender of the higher alternative, the question faces us again with added weight and urgency.

But when we turn from the world and ourselves to contemplate Jesus Christ, we find in Him a goodness the reality of which we cannot doubt. In Him is the spontaneity of the impulsive and the continuity of the disciplined. He has an inward wholeness which was not attained by excision, for His interests and experience are of the widest range and He is open-eyed to all facts. His ethical life has no unassimilated shards of custom: it is all intensely and fully his own, and yet entirely free from self-bias; clear as the sunlight, yet without that diffidence which the light imposes upon us. In Him we see the common ore fused into homogeneity, purity, incandescence. In Him we see human goodness of such sanity and sincerity that we cannot doubt its reality in the ethical sense, and therefore it makes us feel the reality of that spiritual truth which the ethical implies. Looking upon ourselves and others we may see clearly that, if there is not a good God, all we have counted highest is most unreal; but we have ourselves been so faithless in our loyalty to the highest that we cannot do more than painfully and unsurely balance ourselves upon this undetermined alternative. But when we contemplate Jesus Christ, finding it impossible to doubt the quality of His goodness, we also find it impossible to think that

He is not nearer to the ultimate Reality than we are. The God about whom our fragmentary and tentative strivings question announces Himself indubitably in the achieved wholeness of Jesus' manhood. We *feel* that it was no blind power that lit the light in the face of Christ Jesus.

And this same spiritual wholeness of His, which converts into affirmations the 'obstinate questionings' of our being, finds illustration also in our vision of history. For just as we have indubitable assurance that mankind is the highest product of evolution, so we have an indubitable assurance that Jesus stands at the head of humanity. The fact of this assurance hardly needs substantiation. The converse of it is seen in the difficulty of finding any category less than that of man under which to place the things that make Him supreme. 'Prophet, Priest, and King,' connote office rather than character, and name the effect rather than the nature of what He was. 'Saint' and 'Genius' we eschew: why, would be an interesting but overlong inquiry. No name but 'Man' suffices, and in Him the name finds at length its full content: we recognize that the difference between Him and us is that He is the true man, and we partial and faulty approximates.

Thus we see the process of evolution culminating in man, and man culminating in Jesus Christ. From which it is, on the face of it, likely that, if there is in the universe any meaning or purpose knowable and shareable by us, it will be discoverable particularly in Him. And in harmony with this probability we have already seen that the contemplation of what He was not only makes us sure that the universe has meaning and purpose and that its fundamental reality is Spirit, but also suggests very strongly what that meaning and purpose are and what the nature of that Spirit.

And this conclusion gives fit setting to the deepest characteristic of the life of Him who brings us to it, for these things not only become visible to those who contemplate Him from without, but in Him they become articulate. The central fact of the Man who thus makes us sure of God is that He was Himself sure of God. The wholeness of His character is inseparable from its religious base: the heat that fused it into so integral and beautiful a whole was a passion for God. His moral sureness was not a sureness of Himself apart from God: it was a constantly operative and creative sureness of

God's goodness—'There is none good but one—God.' The meaning and purpose of the whole process of evolution, the underlying reality of the universe, which from an external view proclaims itself as discovered in Him in whom its culminating species culminates, becomes vocal in His life as an absolute assurance of a heavenly Father's presence, whose love and purpose are the unifying principle and power of His life.

It may be said that what a man is sure of is not necessarily true; which depends partly on the man and partly on the matter. Generally, when a man is entirely convinced of the truth of some ethical or spiritual proposition, we shall find it to contain some substance of truth however badly expressed. And apart from inhibitions due to criticism nothing is so productive of faith as is another's faith: the faith of a saner, honester, larger mind than ours has a suggestive power commensurate with its recognized superiority in these qualities. And that it should be so follows from the very nature of faith.

For the social interests of faith have always been admitted to be large. In all things our belief always begins and, apart from special influences to the contrary, continues in what is believed by those around us: to be alone in a matter of faith is to live under a great strain: all believers congregate: every strong-religious belief seeks to propagate itself. And all this is necessarily so, for man is moved to a religious faith by the deepest need of his personal life, the need to possess a life truly personal, and therefore to seek an ultimate reality that shall guarantee him in that possession, a spiritual reality upon which his spirit can build. And the form of his faith depends upon the interpretation of personal experience under stress of this need. But if my account of the greatest of all realities is essentially different from yours, one of us is wrong, or both; and our own peace and our loyalty to truth demand that this difference shall be felt as long as it exists. And from these considerations we not only can understand the power of social tradition and custom in matters of belief, but can see that a still stronger force will be found in the faith of any one who, we are persuaded, has a completer, truer personality, a greater spiritual experience and a clearer insight than any other. And it is precisely His supreme eminence in these things that gives Jesus His place in history.

It may be said, 'He lived in an age of faith,' as though that fact lessened for us the suggestive value of His assurance of God. But though Jesus lived in an age of faith, the faith of the age in which He lived was not His faith. All that His age and race could give was so completely assimilated by His spiritual consciousness as to be carried to issues which they were not prepared to recognize. Had He owed His truth to His age in any sense that would lessen the faith-provoking power of all that He was and held, we should not have found Him, as we do, going counter to the received religious ideas of His age on the most important points. Had His faith been the product of His age, His age would not have crucified Him. And here we have to recognize that an assurance which maintains itself in the midst of a differing faith, needs to be very much stronger even than one that maintains itself in a faithless age. Remembering this, the loneliness of His death is a sublime witness of His assurance of the things for which He died. If what is true to one man ever has or ought to have any authority with another, it is difficult in the matter of religious faith to conceive how the conditions could be more compellingly fulfilled.

Another consideration here springs from the social nature of faith. As we saw, all strong religious faith seeks to impart itself; the intensity and sureness of the individual's belief is proportionate to his confidence that all may have like faith, and that it is his business to get it imparted to them. And we find that Jesus' sureness of God sends Him out to impart this assured knowledge to others in the full conviction that it is for them. In His death He bade His disciples remember Him by symbols that spoke of the impartation to them of what was vital to Himself and of the knitting of a bond between them and God of the sort that had been the very life-blood of His being.

And the result was that this impartation to His followers of what was central in His own life did take place. A new and extraordinarily energetic faith appeared amongst them. It is true that they already believed in God, but in a way for which the history of religion has no parallel, what they had from Christ did, without destroying their old faith, revolutionize its content. They had believed in God, but what they now saw in Christ so transformed and intensified their faith and so shaped it to practical issues, that it made life a new thing for them, and made them the formative power of their

age. And this faith which the life and death of Jesus produced in His followers is thus another aspect of His being which, when we contemplate, makes us feel that we cannot doubt the authenticity of what was so creative.

And here we come to a consideration which may be helpful in face of much that is urged by the extremer exponents of historical criticism. It may be put thus, 'If I take the gospel story as a reliable portrayal of Jesus, it makes a new thing of my faith in God. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that for those who actually knew Him, their knowledge of His life and death made a new and vivid thing of their faith. Therefore, whatever details may be doubtful, I conclude myself justified in regarding the record as historic for the contents that produce in me the effect which their subject produced in His contemporaries.'

We now turn from the consideration of the historic place of Jesus to His relationship to the most inward personal life, which has, however, been so far included already as to make it unnecessary to deal with more than one point. There are few assertions which we do not find it possible to doubt if we try, but many people at least will assent to this, that when once they have a knowledge of the manner of man Jesus was, then they are without any possibility of doubt sure that unless their lives move in the direction of His they are being false to their own true selves. The life that He realized reveals to them a yet unrealized self, but one so grounded in reality as to be more real than the self which they have up till now achieved. What is this but to say that just in the inmost of us, where alone we touch life and being at first-hand, and where, therefore, if at all, we must find our criterion of reality, Jesus reveals to us, and assures us of, the most ultimate reality we know?

The above are some of the lines of thought that elucidate the experience that the contemplation of what Jesus was and is to His followers affords the best means to a recovery of the faith that once overcame the world. It remains to justify what this assertion seems to imply, that it is only through Him that we get this assurance.

It will readily be granted that there is and ought to be an intimate relationship between the content of our faith and the degree of its assurance. The strength of our faith depends upon the number and importance of the points at which it touches our experience, our emotions, our activity. And if,

therefore, the object of our belief is real, but the content inadequate, it will follow not only that our faith will not touch life in so many points as it might and will consequently be weak, but that the points at which it might touch life, and does not, will challenge and confuse it. In the nature of things, therefore, a belief in God which is inadequate in content will be weak in intensity. The apparent contradictions of this will be found on examination to be only apparent: the principle is undeniable. And if, as all Christians allow, the content of their belief in God comes in its fullness only through Christ, it must also be that apart from Him there is no full assurance that God is.

Or we may put it another way: One of the tragic experiences in life is that no truth which does not find expression in our activity can maintain itself alive in our belief. Refuse to act on a truth and it will grow unreal to you. There has, no doubt, been a whisper of God in our hearts; but we have shrunk from the acts in which it demands to be expressed, and so God has become unreal to us. And when this has happened the only way back is through One who gave His thought of God at all costs the expression which it demanded.

‘For how many soever be the promises of God, in him (Jesus) is the yea: wherefore through him also is the Amen, unto the glory of God through us.’

In the Study.

Job's Wife.

By the REV. W. J. FARROW, B.A., B.D., SHREWSBURY.

‘Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? Renounce God and die.’—Job 2⁹.

THERE is one person in the Book of Job to whom the writer has not done justice—Job's wife. Her grief must have been just as keen and deep as her husband's, yet it is passed over altogether. She is credited with one remark, which is harshly rebuked by Job; then she is mentioned no more, and from that point the book is wholly concerned with the theological problem of Job and his age. It is a great book: one of the greatest in the Old Testament; one of the greatest in the world's literature, yet surely not the last word from the woman's point of view.

The book is evidently poetry and not history. No five men in all the world's story ever kept up such a discussion—a discussion so full of lofty, sustained eloquence, illuminated by such apt illustrations and similes, and moving upon such a high emotional level. It is obviously the work of some poet who was putting his own thoughts upon the lips of others, debating the problem of his own soul, his own age, of all ages, by the method of drama. He may have been a poet who had passed through sorrows as vast as those attributed to Job, or a poet who was just putting the general case. Personally I incline to the former view. A man who could write so passionately must have suffered

deeply; it was his own soul's problem he was hammering out as well as the general problem of the world's ever-recurring pain.

The book is one of the later books of the Old Testament. Probably the story of Job, which occupies the first two chapters and is written in prose, was a very old one, and in the writer's day was accepted as the classic instance of great and undeserved suffering on the part of a good man. The writer is unknown, but he took the story of Job and used it as an introduction to the discussion which follows on the meaning of pain and God's purpose in it. In dealing with the story he does justice to Job and his direful experiences, but he certainly fails to do justice to the wife: in the main he ignores her and her part in the sorrow.

I.

SORROW'S HOUR.

Job was a wealthy, a happy, and a good man, but by a series of misfortunes, partly political and partly natural, he was suddenly robbed of all his substance and left poor. On the top of these calamities there befell a greater—the death of all his children at one dread stroke—and we are left with this pitiful contrast: one hour, a man possessing everything he could wish; the next, stripped bare, penniless and childless.

The scene that followed is dramatic enough, surprising to some extent, yet ever moving; it has

never been better described than in the words of the original writer, 'Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell upon the ground, and worshipped; and he said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' That was the first word, in the hour of his direst calamity—always an illuminating word, revealing the very soul of a man. Could anything be greater? 'He fell down and worshipped.'

One writer quotes a beautiful modern parallel from 'The Personal Memoirs of Dr. John Brown's Father': 'We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. . . . We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned to a little sofa in the room; there lay our mother, dead.' 'He fell down and worshipped.' Yes, but in Job the mother was alive; it was her children who were dead, and yet her grief is passed over unmentioned. It shows plainly enough—if it needed showing—that the book was written by a man, who made all the interest centre in Job and his problem.

After this series of calamities one other befell. Job was shattered in health; and broken in fortune and in body he went out beyond the borders of the village to sit among the heaps of ashes and mourn. It is then that his wife appears. 'Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? renounce God and die.' But he said unto her, 'Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' And thus rebuked and silenced, the woman passed from the scene. Inadequately dealt with, we all feel. Her part in the sorrow unexpressed and unrecognized; her problem brushed aside. Yet surely she had her problem, too.

II.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

Job's problem was intellectual, hers emotional; his was of the head, hers a problem of the heart. As one woman said when her son flung at her a

retort which he thought rather smart, though a little involved, 'I don't know what your words mean, but I know you are hurting me.' Job's wife had her problem, as well as Job; different in a measure because she was a woman, yet surely equally real.

Now an edition of the Book of Job has been issued with illustrations, and the illustrations are by a woman; and one is a picture of Job's wife. It is referred to in the February number of *THE EXPOSITORY TIMES*. The picture represents her utterly overwhelmed with grief. 'She has thrown herself across Job's knees, as he sits on the ground—his brow shaded with sackcloth, his mouth half hidden with his hand, his eyes bewildered and heavy, as with sleeplessness. She lies across his knees, her left arm clasping her head, which is hidden. . . . The right arm hangs long and helpless, till the forefinger unconsciously touches the ashes.' 'Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? renounce God and die.' Not the cynical jeer, surely, of one who had never known belief, but the last gasp of a passionate heart broken in its desolation. 'Can you still keep your faith?' Mine has gone—I care for nothing more; renounce God and die.' A terrible light is flashed upon this ancient grief by what a woman said recently, 'I prayed every day for six months, that my son might be spared, and now he is gone: I have no more use for God.'

'Can you still keep your faith? Mine is gone,' said Job's wife to her husband. 'Renounce God and die. I have no more use for God.' The sorrow of Job's wife has never been dealt with—perhaps never will be: certainly never by a man. And a woman would probably—wisely, let it alone, or at least not deal with it by words: by a picture perhaps, or by clasping the stricken mother in her arms and weeping out her grief with her.

III.

KEEPING THE FAITH.

How Job tried to keep his faith the rest of the book tells. And what a heroic struggle it was! He battered the gates of heaven for a reason; stormed up to the very throne of God, demanding the meaning of the world's pain and woe, but even when in the end he failed to find a full explanation, he still kept his faith—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' because the only alternative was everlasting darkness and endless death. He

recognized that there are some problems which must wait, but that the life which loses faith loses itself. There are some things about which we must be content to know that there is a solution, without knowing what the solution is. Job found a man's way out at last. Did his wife ever find a way out, or had she no use for God ever afterwards?

I fancy we may find something of an answer in a poem like Kipling's 'Mother o' Mine':

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

A woman who could never lose faith in her son could scarcely let God go, for that were endless loss for both.

That beautiful story from the life of Buddha, with which you are all familiar, hints at another answer. The little Indian mother brought her child to Buddha, not realizing that it was dead, or refusing to recognize the hard and final fact. 'Can you heal it?' was her plea. 'Yes,' said he, 'but first go, beg a mustard-seed from some house—but let it be a house in which none ever died, no father, no mother, no child or slave.' Far and wide her eager search went, ever in vain, and she came again empty-handed, but open-eyed—at last in some small measure understanding; lonelier in life, but not utterly broken:

I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
Here in the jungle and towards the town—
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola—black'; and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'

'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me.

'My sister! thou hast found,' the master said,
'Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou knowest the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.'

Man finds one road; woman often another; but one way or the other the salt of life is to keep faith even in the midst of darkest sorrow. 'Renounce God and die'—words upon the lips of some woman centuries before Christ; 'I have no more use for God'—words of some poor broken-hearted mother in the midst of the awful calamity of the twentieth century: identical in their meaning and their agony, but both spelling—if unrelieved—death to the soul, death to man, death to the world.

It is easy enough to keep faith when all is bright as a summer's day, but the life of the world depends upon your keeping your faith when all is dark as a winter's night. If, when all is gone, when death and desolation have done their utmost, and the soul reels stunned from the mightiest blow that fate can deal, you can still say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' then faith is saved, and the world is saved, and day will dawn.

In Gethsemane and on the Cross the real work was done. 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' We are not surprised that the words were wrung even from the lips of Christ when events were so hard to understand. But they were not His last. Had they been, they would have been fatal as well as final. Others came later, breathing a quiet which told of faith kept and a world saved: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

Something more than the salvation of your own souls is committed to you men and women to-day upon whom the nation's agony has thrust the possibility of overwhelming woe—the very salvation of the world's faith; and if you can keep true

and sweet, brave and strong, in the midst of what is happening—and what may any day happen—then the worth of life will abide and the day of freedom come to the earth.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

MAY.

One-Roomed Houses.

'Where the birds make their nests.'—Ps 104¹⁷.

I have no doubt some of you boys and girls can look back to a month of May when your father and mother moved to a new house.

Probably you gave the matter little thought; but you loved the change. Everything about you was new, and seemed so different from the things in the house you had just left. You went on making discoveries every day. Why, even boys and girls in the neighbourhood were strangers to you; you had to find new friends among them.

Mother was very, very busy then, and for months afterwards. Don't you remember? She kept working and planning things; all the time she was really wondering how she could get every one, from father down to the baby, comfortably settled. That, in a house of two or three rooms, is always the mother's great problem. But, in spite of a good deal that is very trying to the temper in those little homes, the mother is generally a very happy person indeed.

i. How would you like to live in a house of one room? When you think of it, doesn't your mind wander away to the fireside of some very poor person, and you say to yourself, 'I should not like it at all.' But there have been happy, though poor, homes in houses of one room. That was when people in them loved each other; remember that loving each other does not depend on having money.

I wish I could take you to see the wonderful one-roomed houses that are in my mind. May is the very best time in which to take a peep into them; they are perfect then—at least I think so. Like Peter Pan's cottage, some of them are away up in the tree-tops, but others you can see simply by standing on tiptoe, or it may be by kneeling down; they are in all sorts of out-of-the-way places.

I have a new neighbour just over the way,
Who took up her residence early in May.
And all of the furniture ever I saw
Was nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;
But when I made her a call just now
I found she had furnished her house somehow,
All trim and tidy and nice and neat,
The prettiest cottage in all the street.
Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,
A thousand times better and softer than mine;
Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,
Were woven of blossoms pink and white;
And the dainty roof of her tiny home
Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.
'Tis the cosiest nook that you ever did see,
Mrs. Yellowbird's house in the apple-tree.

I had the good fortune to have a nest shown to me when it was empty. Its real place was the forked branch of a tree; I cannot tell you, however, how it came to be taken down. How wonderful that little home was! It was built of—what do you think? stalks of clematis blossom. The twigs were lightly interwoven leaving the branched heads outside, and it had been lined, oh so softly, with feathers and grass. A dear little mother bullfinch had built it, and just a little while before her four or five wee babies had opened their eyes and looked over the wall of it, down upon the wonderful world below.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

* In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.¹

¹ R. L. Stevenson, 'A Child's Garden of Verses' (*Works*, xiv. 45).

2. There are different varieties among these one-roomed homes. Mother chaffinch builds one that is deliciously soft and mossy. Sometimes she chooses to place it in a hawthorn hedge, or she may find a very suitable place amongst laurel or other similar bushes. I should not wonder if you chanced to find one if you look for it; but don't be too forward, or you will frighten the gentle little mother bird. She is of course very much taken up with the care of her little ones.

Of course you know the mavis, or the song-thrush, to give it its proper name. She builds a wonderful little house. It is well plastered; for, like, your mother, she prepares for the rough winds that are sure to come, and the baby-mavises are born naked, blind, and helpless. It is a sight worth seeing, the mother feeding the gaping nestful as soon as they are born, while the father, perched on a neighbouring tree, sings a wonderful song to his household. But although a young mavis is about as helpless a living creature as one could find, it soon learns to take care of itself.

A very wonderful bird called the moor-hen builds its nest with twigs and sticks in the middle of thick rushes by the edge of a loch or slow stream. Her brood are cleverer than the young mavises. Before they are a month out of the shell they can wash and dress themselves, frolic about with their mother, and even make their own living; think of that.

3. I knew a family of boys and girls whose house was surrounded with trees and bushes. Of course the little one-roomed houses were something they expected to see every spring (only from the outside, however). The one who first came upon a nest claimed it as his or her special property, and as far as possible, protected it from the common dangers—you know them—cats and cruel boys. Many a peep they took, sometimes it was on tiptoe, and how they loved to see the heads of the dear little baby-birds when they did appear.

How do these wonderful creatures learn to build their little houses? It is God who teaches them. We say they do it by instinct. God put the instinct there. We have to learn everything we do, but unlike them we need never stop learning as long as we live.

Birds give us a great deal of happiness. They are happy themselves, and that in a very simple and beautiful way. Have you ever watched them picking up crumbs? How gracefully and how

deftly they do it. Then they fly away up into the trees and sing for the sheer joy of life. If we only remember that the dainty little one-roomed houses of the hedges and the tree-tops are built after the plan of the Great Teacher, and that Jesus cared even for the baby sparrows, I feel sure that no nest would ever be treated with anything but love and respect. The thought of God's love and care would often be in our minds. We should want to thank Him for the builders of the houses in the tree-tops and hedges.

II.

Counting One by One.

'Counting one by one.'—Ec 7²⁷ (A.V.).

That is one of the first things we learn to do, isn't it? While we are little more than babies, before we know our alphabet or can read tiny words, we begin to count one by one. 'One, two, three, four, five,' we say, and feel very proud when we can count up to ten or twenty. And then, when we go to school, one of the first things we learn to do is to count one by one. We have to count coloured balls or beads, or little round coloured chalk marks on the blackboard, and we have to learn the difference between two and three and between four and five. We can't get a bit further on, we can't do addition or subtraction or multiplication, until we first learn to count one by one.

Now I expect you are all fond of counting one by one. You are making a collection of postcards or postage stamps, and every now and again you take out your album and count over the contents one by one. Or you are saving up your pennies to buy something special, and you take them out frequently and count them over one by one, and calculate how many more you will require to reach the desired sum. Or holiday-time is approaching, and over your bed you have an almanac, and every night you tick off one day—one day less to the holidays! You are still counting one by one.

And do you know that mother counts one by one too? What, do you suppose she counts? Not her pleasures, not her treasures—just her boys and girls. If one of you were missing she would be very, very sad, and not all the others put together, would make up for the loss of that one.

I was reading a story lately about a census that was taken over in New York. You know what a

census is, don't you? It is a numbering of the people. Well, one man had to take the census in a crowded district on the east side of the city. He came to a tenement where there were a great, great many children, and he found a woman there bending over a wash-tub. 'Madam,' said he, 'I am the census-taker. How many children have you?' 'Well, lemme see,' said the washerwoman. 'There's Mary and Ella and Delia and Susie and Emma and Tommy and Albert and Eddie and Charlie and Frank and——' By this time the man was getting a little impatient, so he interrupted, 'If you could just give me the number,' said he. 'Number!' exclaimed the woman. 'I want you to understand that we ain't got to *numbering* 'em yet! We ain't run out o' *names*!'

Do you see it? It would be an insult to call you by a number. Mother and father have given you a name, and your name means you and all that stands for you. They count you one by one, and *you* won't do instead of Mary or George, and Mary or George won't do instead of *you*. You each stand for yourself. You are each precious in their eyes. You count for something very wonderful and valuable.

And God counts us one by one too. Out of all the hundreds of millions of people on the earth He knows you and loves you and cares for you as if you were the only one. In a sense you *are* the only one.

Away in Africa there is a strange tribe of natives, and it is said that they never count. They have no arithmetic. A gentleman once asked one of the tribe how many oxen he had, and the man replied that he didn't know. 'Then,' said the gentleman, 'how do you know if one is missing?' What do you think the man replied? 'Not because the number would be less,' he said, 'but because of a face I should miss.'

Will your face be missing at the end of the day when the grand roll of God's children is read? It will matter infinitely to God if it is.

III.

Absolutely It.

'Let it be done exactly.'—Ezk 7²³.

The other day I watched a girl sewing. Round her neck she had hung an inch-tape, and every now and then she stopped sewing, took her inch-tape and measured a fold in her cloth. Then she ran

her needle and thread along the fold. She was making tucks, you see, and to make tucks that will look nice when they are finished you have to be frightfully particular. If you haven't got exactly the same distance between each tuck, or if you haven't got exactly the same depth of tuck, the consequences will be rather peculiar. The tucks will look like the waves of the sea. One will be dipping down to meet another, and a third will be rising up to touch its neighbour. The set of tucks and the whole garment will be spoiled if the measurements are not exact.

Inch-tapes are only for girls, the boys will say. But, boys, what about a foot-rule? That's just a masculine inch-tape. You use it, and you know that it would be almost impossible for you without the aid of a foot-rule to do any carpentry or handy jobs that require measurement. If you haven't one of your own, you know how you envy the workman who comes to the house and whips out a foot-rule from that capacious back-pocket of his. It positively makes your fingers itch to see him open out that rule and snap it together again in a sort of professional style.

Inch-tapes and foot-rules, plumb-lines and spirit-levels—they are all invaluable, for they help us to turn out correct and exact work. Guess-work may be clever, but it is risky and dishonest.

Now the world may be divided into those who use inch-tapes and foot-rules and those who don't. The first will have only what is 'absolutely it' and the second are content with a 'near enough.' You hear some people say such and such is 'near enough,' or 'What's half an inch here or there?' or 'A penny more or less doesn't matter.' But that's where they are wrong. 'Near enough' is not near enough. It might as well be miles away.

There are two reasons such people usually give why 'near enough' will do, and I want to show you that both are false.

1. The first reason they give is that '*near enough*' is easier than '*absolutely it*.' It may seem easier at the moment not to measure your tuck, but it saves you unpicking it and sewing it over again. It may seem easier not to add up your column of pence twice, but it will be less easy to recount the whole sum—pounds, shillings, and pence. It may be easier to go on building a wall and adding brick to brick without constantly stopping to use your plumb-line to see that it is straight up and down, but it is much more troublesome to have to

pull down the wall and rebuild it because it is leaning over by the time you reach the top. Exactness is a saving, not a waste, of time, and the 'absolutely its' are always first in the end.

2. The second reason which the 'near enoughts' give is that *it really doesn't matter*. Doesn't it? Carelessness always matters. It is dangerous for yourself, and it is dangerous for other people.

A workman who was making a saddle put in a piece of inferior work, but he thought it would pass and did not trouble to make it right. That saddle was ridden in the Zulu War by the Prince Imperial. During a battle the prince was surrounded by the wild tribesmen and had to fight for dear life. He had a good horse under him, his friends were coming to his rescue, and it was merely a case of holding on till they arrived, but suddenly his saddle gave way and he was thrown to the ground. In a moment the Zulus were upon him, and he was wounded to death. The heir to the throne of France lost his life because a careless saddler thought 'near enough' would do in making a saddle.

Here is another story. Some years ago the United States of America were passing a Bill about the articles that should be admitted into the country free of duty. Amongst the goods named were foreign fruit-plants, with a hyphen between 'fruit' and 'plants.' That meant that any growing fruit-plants for transplanting might come in without paying duty. The clerk who was copying the Bill missed out the hyphen and stuck in a comma instead, making the words read 'fruit, plants,' etc. What do you think happened? For a whole year, until Congress could remedy the blunder, all oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits came in duty free, and the American Government lost about half a million pounds sterling. That was a pretty costly comma—wasn't it?

Boys and girls, don't believe the 'near enoughts.' They are wrong every time. Make up your mind to-day that you will be an 'absolutely it'—for your own sake, because it is the only honest way; for other people's sake, because it is the only safe way; most of all for Christ's sake, because it is His way.

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A., PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY,
DIDSBURY COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

VIII.

Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici.'

I HAVE remarked before in these chapters on the strange remoteness from the din and confusion which filled all the highways of seventeenth-century life of some of those on-whose names to-day we love most to dwell. George Herbert, Nicholas Ferrar, Izaak Walton—what have they to do with the fierce heats of the council-hall, or the fiercer frays of the battlefield? And now to these is to be added the name of Sir Thomas Browne, the good physician of Norwich. He was born in the year of the Gunpowder Plot, and he lived to within a few years of the Revolution (1605-1682); he himself was loyalist in his sympathies, and Norfolk, which was his home for nearly half a century, was ardently Puritan; and yet, as Dr. Alexander Whyte says, you might read every

word of Sir Thomas Browne's writings and never discover that a sword had been unsheathed or a shot fired in England, all the time he was living and writing there. Yet, after all, perhaps, the silence is not so strange. In the seventeenth century East Anglia lay in a siding of English life. The very supremacy of Puritanism would tend to an easy toleration of unpopular views in a famous citizen. And as for Browne himself, there were a hundred things—his patients, his books, his curios—which interested him vastly more than the noisy wrangling of Cavalier and Roundhead.

I.

The story of a life so secluded and uneventful is quickly told. Indeed, there is so little to tell

that a bare chronological record is perhaps the most convenient form that a biographical summary can take:

1605	born in London.
1616	entered Winchester School.
1623	matriculated at Oxford.
1630-33	studied on the Continent at Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden.
1635	wrote <i>Religio Medici</i> .
1637	settled at Norwich.
1641	married Dorothy Mileham.
1643	first authorized edition of <i>Religio Medici</i> .
1646	<i>Pseudodoxia Epidemica</i> (or <i>Vulgar Errors</i>).
1658	<i>Hydriotaphia</i> (or <i>Urn-Burial</i>) and <i>The Garden of Cyrus</i> .
1671	knighted by Charles II.
1682	died at Norwich.
Posthumous Works—	
<i>A Letter to a Friend.</i>	
<i>Christian Morals.</i>	

To this bald summary may be added two notes of a personal character. The first is from the pen of the Rev. John Whitefoot, a Norfolk rector, Browne's close and lifelong friend: 'His complexion and his hair were answerable to his name, his stature was moderate, and his habit of body neither fat nor lean, but εὐράκος. In his habit of clothing he had an aversion to all finery, and affected plainness. He ever wore a cloke or boots when few others did. He kept himself always very warm, and thought it most safe so to do. . . . His memory was capacious and tenacious, insomuch that he remembered all that was remarkable in any book he ever read. . . . His aspect and conversation were grave and sober; there was never to be seen in him anything trite or vulgar. Parsimonious in nothing but his time, whereof he made as much improvement, with as little loss as any man in it, when he had anything to spare from his drudging practice, he was scarce patient of any diversion from his study: so impatient of sloth and idleness that he would say he could not do nothing.'¹ The second note is from Browne's own pen, and, though it is rather long for a quotation, it will serve not only to show what manner of man Sir Thomas was, but to give the

¹ See Dr. Alexander Whyte's *Appreciation*, p. 20.

reader who has yet to make his acquaintance a taste of his quality as a writer: 'I have no antipathy, or rather Idio-syncrasie in dyet, humour, air, any thing. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of Frogs, Snails and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers; but being amongst them make them my common Viands, and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander: at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common Antipathies that I can discover in others: those National repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but when I find their actions in balance with my Country-men's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth Climate but seem for to be framed and constellated into all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey; I am in England everywhere, and under any Meridian. I have been shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the Sea or Winds; I can study play or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil; or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition.'²

II.

From this bit of vivid self-portraiture I pass to the book from which it is taken, and with which, in this chapter, we are chiefly concerned.

The *Religio Medici* was written at Shipden Hall, near Halifax, about 1635, and before its author had reached his thirtieth year. It was composed, Browne tells us, without 'the assistance of any good book whereby to promote my invention or relieve my memory,' and also without any intention to publish. The book is, as Mr. Gosse says, 'a sort of private diary of the soul,' 'a personal record of the adventures of a questioning spirit.'³

² I quote here, as throughout, from Dr. W. A. Greenhill's delightful edition of the *Religio Medici* in the 'Golden Treasury' series.

³ *Sir Thomas Browne* in 'English Men of Letters' series, p. 20.

or, to quote again our author's own words, 'a private exercise directed to myself, rather a memorial unto *me* than an example or rule unto any other.' Its private character notwithstanding, the manuscript passed through several hands, and during the next few years several copies of it were made. Then, in 1642, a discerning, if not over-scrupulous London publisher, with no one's permission asked or given, launched the frail thing on the world's high seas. One of the copies of this pirated edition came into the hands of Sir Kenelm Digby, and from that day Browne's secret was a secret no more. How Sir Kenelm, hearing of the little book, sent out his servant post haste, just as the shops were shutting, to purchase a copy; how, when the messenger returned with it, he lay most of the night surveying the rich treasures it had brought him, and how, next morning, 'in a blaze of enthusiasm and excitement,' and almost at a single sitting, he told in a volume of a hundred and thirty-four pages, the story of his discovery and appreciation—all this may be read in Mr. Gosse's delightful book. This unlooked-for turn of events forced the Norwich doctor's hands, and the following year Browne himself issued, though still anonymously, the first authorized edition of his book. What he had written was now some seven years old, and in giving it to the world he is careful to point out that it sets forth 'the sense of my conceptions at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgment at all times'; and therefore, he adds, 'there might be many things therein, plausible unto my past apprehension, which are not agreeable unto my present self.'

The little book achieved an immense and immediate popularity, both in England and on the Continent. Eight editions were published during the author's life. As early as 1644, there were two Latin versions, one published in Leyden, the other in Paris, and before Browne's death, his book had been translated into French, German, Dutch, and Italian.¹ What is the secret of a spell so early and so widely felt, and so long enduring?

III.

To begin with, Browne's place in English literature is another illustration of the old saying that in the world of books style is the great antiseptic.

¹ See the full list of editions given by Dr. Greenhill.

Lord Morley once declared that the success of a political speech depends on three things: who says it, how he says it, and what he says, and that of the three the last matters the least. Be this as it may, it is certainly the 'how' not less than the 'what' that attracts us to Sir Thomas Browne. Mr. Gosse goes still further, and puts him down as a pre-eminent example of the class of writer with whom it is form, not substance, that is of the first importance. We do not, for example, go to the *Urn-Burial* for correct antiquarian information, 'but as we should to the rhapsody of some great poet, to be borne along on the wind of his imaginative afflatus.' 'It is the art, the style, the human charm of Browne that matter, and not his boasted learning.' The glamour of twilight on his pen transfigures the commonest objects, and sometimes even the most patent absurdities. We may smile at his science, and yawn over his philosophy, yet still we read on. His rich imagination suffuses all it touches with its own glowing colours. In his hands the 'rough yarn' of fact is turned into 'heavy cloth of gold.' Indeed, sometimes we feel the ornament is in excess. We should be better pleased if the ingenuity were a little less wanton, the 'beautiful obliquities,' as Lamb calls them, a little less oblique, if the writer would lay aside his coronation robes, and be content to say plain things in a plain way. Yet, after all, what is this but another way of saying that we belong to the twentieth century, while Browne belonged to the seventeenth—the century of John Milton and Jeremy Taylor? Our changed standards may suit our changed temperament, but it is sheer provincialism that can find nothing admirable outside its own preferences. And if, as Johnson urged, Browne's style is the faithful reflexion of Browne's self, what more is there to be said? It is not conformity to the standards of your age that makes bad art, but insincerity in the artist.

It may not be out of place to add that the faults most frequently urged against Browne's style—its whimsicalities, its over-elaboration, its love of unfamiliar words, and so on—are least visible in the *Religio Medici*. Even so, the reader who is making his first acquaintance with Browne will probably do well not to attempt too much at a single sitting. The ear should have time to grow accustomed to the unfamiliar music without being wearied by it.

IV.

But Sir Thomas Browne has more than 'the glory of words' to commend him to us. The *Religio Medici* is a frank self-disclosure that can never lose its interest as long as men care to think about themselves, their fellows, or their God. As the title of the book indicates, it is concerned with religion. This is how a wise and good physician, deeply versed in the knowledge of his time, did, in the seventeenth century, construe his relation to God and the unseen world. And when all is said, religion still remains our chief human interest.

The reading of such a book to-day must inevitably awake very mingled feelings. Some things in it will leave us wholly cold; at others we shall smile and pass on; others again will sharply repel us. On one page we shall find ourselves wondering at the writer's catholicity of spirit and breadth of vision; on another we shall marvel still more how such breadth and narrowness could co-exist in the same mind. That Browne should interpret the Scriptures after the manner of the prevailing literalism does not surprise us; but we are more than surprised, we are shocked, when we come on a passage like this: 'For my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are Witches: they that doubt of these, do not onely deny *them*, but Spirits; and are obliquely and upon consequence a sort not of Infidels, but Atheists.' Unfortunately, as Dr. Greenhill says, Browne's belief on this subject was not so harmless in practice as some of his other credulous fancies, since it was his evidence in a court of justice that turned the scale against two poor women charged with witchcraft, and led to their execution.¹

On the other hand, the *Religio Medici* is a useful reminder that seventeenth-century extremists, whether of the Puritan or Papist type, did not divide the land between them, as we sometimes thoughtlessly suppose. Browne himself was a convinced Church of England man: 'There is no Church,' he said, 'whose every part so squares unto my Conscience; whose Articles, Constitutions, and Customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular Devotion, as this whereof I hold my Belief, the Church of England.'

¹ The mournful story may be read in Mr. Gosse's volume, pp. 147-150.

Yet he would be no party to the 'popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs' with which it was then the fashion to assail 'the Bishop of Rome': 'I confess,' he said, 'there is cause of passion between us: by his sentence I stand excommunicated; *Heretick* is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness I ever returned him the name of *Antichrist*, *Man of Sin*, or *Whore of Babylon*. It is the method of Charity to suffer without reaction: those usual Satyrs and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to Rhetorick than Logick; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser Believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patron'd by passion, but can sustain it self upon a temperate dispute.' So again, though he was 'of that Reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name,' yet he adds, 'I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of Pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of Fryars; for, though misplaced in Circumstances, there is something in it of Devotion. I could never hear the Ave-Mary Bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their Devotions to *Her*, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their Prayers by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn Procession I have wept abundantly, while my Consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter.'

There has been a good deal of discussion among Browne's admirers as to his own personal relation to the Christian faith, and the words 'sceptic' and 'scepticism' have been freely bandied to and fro. Such words in such a context seem to me wholly misleading. Even Mr. Gosse, notwithstanding the sympathy and insight with which he writes, hardly does justice to the depth and the strength of Browne's religious faith and life. The opening words of the *Religio* are as explicit as they could well be: 'For my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might perswade the World I have none at all, yet, in despatch hereof, I dare without usurpation assume the honourable Stile of a Christian. . . . Having in my riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, I find my self obliged by the Principles of Grace, and the Law of mine own Reason, to embrace no

other Name but this.' He had indeed found 'as in philosophy so in divinity sturdy doubts and boisterous objections,' but he had conquered them, he tells us, on his knees. His friend Whitefoot, from whom I have already quoted, says, 'He attended the public service very constantly, when he was not withheld by his practice. Never missed the sacrament in his parish, if he were in town. Read the best English sermons he could hear of with liberal applause: and delighted not in controversies. His patience was founded upon the Christian philosophy, and sound faith of God's providence, and a meek and humble submission thereto. I visited him near his end, when he had not strength to hear or speak much: and the last words I heard from him were, besides some expressions of dearness, that he did freely submit to the will of God: being without fear. He had oft triumphed over the king of terrors in others, and given him many repulses in the defence of patients; but when his own time came, he submitted with a meek, rational, religious courage.'¹ His correspondence with his sons is full of the same manly piety.² Most striking of all is his language about prayer: 'I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness, wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never hear the Toll of a passing Bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit; I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul; I cannot see one say his prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknown devotions.' And then there are those golden extracts from Browne's *Commonplace Books*, which his editor prints by way of illustration of the passage just quoted. I have only space for two of them:

'To pray and magnify God in the night, and my dark bed, when I could not sleep: to have short ejaculations whenever I awaked; and when the

four o'clock bell awoke me, or my first discovery of the light, to say the collect of our liturgy, *Eternal God, Who hast safely brought me to the beginning of this day, etc.*'

'To pray in all places where privacy inviteth; in any house, highway or street; and to know no street or passage in this city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it: and that no parish or town, where I have been, may not say the like.'

Surely Dr. Whyte speaks with pardonable warmth when he says that to call a man who could write like this a sceptic, or an English Montaigne, is utterly misleading and essentially untrue.

V.

Some, I suppose, will read these words who will not be persuaded to go further and take up Browne for themselves. Let them at least have the profit of the fine evening hymn with which Browne adorns one of the closing pages of his *Religio*:

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light;
Keep still in my Horizon; for to me
The Sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, Whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples Centry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my Soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsie days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

Browne's hymn suggests at once Bishop Ken's more familiar lines, 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,' published towards the close of the same

¹ Dr. Whyte's *Appreciation*, p. 21. Mr. Gosse laments the meagreness of Whitefoot's recollections, but makes no reference to this passage.

² See the delightful letter printed by Dr. Whyte, p. 31.

century. The parallelisms are very obvious, and point to a greater indebtedness on Ken's part than Dean Plumptre, his biographer, is willing to admit.¹ Other writers have suggested a common Latin

¹ *Thomas Ken*, vol. ii. p. 224.

origin.² I leave those who are interested to determine the matter for themselves, thankful only to have had the opportunity of calling attention to this devout soul's 'colloquy with God.'

² See Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 621. ●

Contributions and Comments.

Recent Publications of Apocrypha Pseudepigrapha.¹

WHEN the great Corpus of Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha appeared a few years ago under the able editorship of Canon Charles, it was almost inaccessible to the scholar who could not afford the costly and bulky Oxford edition, and it was a happy thought which prompted Dr. Oesterley and Canon Box to issue a series of handy volumes, clearly and beautifully printed and moderate in price. No less important is the fact that whilst reproducing the older publication the new editors have reserved for themselves full freedom of action and independence of judgment. They have not been satisfied with merely repeating the results arrived at by former editors, notably those by Canon Charles, to whose industry and learning the study of the apocryphal literature owes so much. This independence of judgment cannot be overestimated. It would have been quite natural for younger scholars to bow before the authority of Canon Charles; this would have led to a school of teaching and a line of investigation from which to deviate would have become almost a heresy. It must therefore be recognized that we have in these publications an advance upon the last results and not a stereotyped reproduction of older views. This in spite of the fact that the texts here are reprinted

¹ *Translations of Early Documents*, edited by the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley and the Rev. Canon G. H. Box. *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, by the Rev. Canon B. H. Charles. Introduction by the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley. S.P.C.K., London, 1917.

The Assumption of Moses, translated by W. J. Ferrar. *The Book of Jubilees*, by R. H. Charles, with an Introduction by G. H. Box. London and New York, 1917. *The Biblical Antiquities of Philo*, now first translated from the old Latin version by M. R. James. London and New York, 1917. *The Apocalypse of Abraham*, edited with a translation from the Slavonic by G. H. Box and J. T. Landsman. London and New York, 1918.

from the great publication, with scarcely any alteration.

The notes accompanying the texts have been considerably reduced, and the student is constantly referred to the Oxford publication. It may be mentioned here that in the books previously published by Canon Charles and then reprinted in the Corpus the footnotes are not so ample as in the previous original publications. The result is that the student must also consult the first mentioned if he wishes to utilize the entire philological and critical apparatus.

Canon Charles has created a scheme which the new editors adopted, though they re-examined the arguments, notably so Canon Box in his introduction to the edition of *The Book of Jubilees*. Any one acquainted with the apocryphal and pseud-epigraphic literature is aware of the wide divergence between scholars as to date and original language. New divergencies have arisen as to the religious sect to which the authors belonged, their theological views and eschatological conceptions.

It is not here the place to discuss these problems at length. The present writer holds views fundamentally differing from these scholars. The discovery of so many Jewish sects as is made by the modern students rests upon nothing else than hypothetical speculation. The small number of Jews in Jerusalem must, according to them, have split up into a large number of sects. As far as is known Jerusalem was the only likely centre for writings emanating from that place to claim authority.

A peculiar method of investigation, not free from preconceived ideas, has now led to that multiplication of unknown sects—among those also I mention the Sadducees—of whom little is known. Two diametrically opposed views hold the field (*vide* the article of Canon Box in *The Expositor*, January 1918).

Still more complicated is the problem of the date. This is often deduced from obscure allu-

sions to circumstances of which very little is known. The new editors have in the main followed their predecessors, yet not without a critical re-examination of the data. They have now presented their case with caution and moderation, which will prove helpful to the student who often gets bewildered by conflicting arguments and extravagant views advanced by one school or another.

There is one common defect which runs through all these modern investigations. It is assumed that these writings, now extant, have been preserved, mainly if not entirely, in their primitive form, though not always in the original language.

The fact that they are only translations should be sufficient to vitiate that assumption of perfect preservation. These translations were anything but literal. Nowhere have scribes and interested religious sectarians taken greater liberties with writings than those who copied these popular books. They curtailed and amplified them to suit their own purposes. As 'heretical' books they were put on the *index expurgatorius* in very ancient times. One must also not forget that—unless I am greatly mistaken—there is not a MSS. of the pseudepigraphic writings in existence which is older than the ninth century, and the differences between the various MSS. and translations are numerous and deep.

Of no less importance in this connexion is the fact that whenever fragments of such writings (Enoch, Testament of XII Patriarchs, Jubilees, Philo, etc.) are found in Hebrew, the difference between the Hebrew and the other versions is very profound. If the latter have been worked over, changed and altered to suit other conditions, though they may have retained some older materials, how can they now be used to prove dogmatic views, theological and eschatological aspirations of more ancient times?

Herein, I submit, lies the vital defect of all the speculations connected with the pseudepigraphic literature. But this question of principle does not affect the value of these new editions.

Among the books not included in the Corpus and now appearing for the first time, I note with special satisfaction Dr. James' English rendering of *The Biblical Antiquities of Philo*. In a way Dr. James has done here pioneer's work. Until quite recently this book was almost unknown. Dr. Cohn was the first to investigate the date and original language. He came to the conclusion that the

Latin text—very corrupt—was a translation from a Greek version, made from a Hebrew original. The present writer was the first to discover important fragments in the Hebrew Chronicles of Yerahmeel. Unfortunately Dr. James' conclusions as to date and authorship of the book in question remain vague and unsatisfactory owing to his ignorance of Hebrew. In the otherwise valuable introduction much parallel material has been adduced, especially from Baruch and Esdras. Dr. James, in addition to the translation, has collated some MSS. and has thus paved the way for a critical edition. It is a most meritorious piece of work and enlarges the circle of the known Pseudepigrapha. Another book which we welcome is the English translation of the Slavonic Apocalypse of Abraham. Canon Box has done the work with his usual thoroughness. Here again we are dealing unquestionably with texts which have passed through many hands, until they have assumed their present shape, and though a valuable contribution they must be used with caution.

The editors have deserved well of all who are interested in this fascinating literature.

Admirable Indexes still more enhance the value of these publications. M. GASTER.

Why Materialism is so strong To-day.

THE working classes of to-day are materialistic, but to-day's world of thought has not leaped out fully armed from the brain of Hephæstus; it is the final result of a long process in many minds, passed on from generation to generation. We have travelled far from the 'Ages of Faith' as they are called, those times of a smaller and simpler world when there was less to be known and done, so that industrial and social interests were not, and could not be, dissociated from those religious and ecclesiastical.

The way to change was opened up by the Reformation with its social upheaval and its disintegration of thought, and by the advancement of learning which made specialization in study seem so much more natural. The first great step forward was made in the purely abstract science of mathematics. The interest, confined in the seventeenth century almost entirely to the science itself, spread out into life as a whole in the eighteenth, the 'Age

of Reason,' when fundamental theological and philosophical problems were being thought out, and so prepared the way for the idea-ridden French Revolution and the German Aufklärung, the two parent streams of modern English Rationalism.

But already in the eighteenth century the world was seeing the practical application of mathematical science in the development of machinery. This reacted on thought and instinctively predisposed men to a mechanical and Deistic view of the universe. Side by side with this came a great increase in the number of mechanics, and this increase was in the social strata to the members of which philosophical religion appealed but little, while from political and social causes they had largely lost touch with any living and organized religious practice. The Evangelical and Wesleyan movement came too late to prevent the masses of the people from being predominantly irreligious.

The nineteenth century reaped the result of industrial mechanism in an enormous increase of production and in the consequent wealth. At first the possession of the masters, it was soon shared by the middle classes, and presently the masses had their part in the growth of comfort and in the rise in the standard of living. Invention followed invention and process succeeded process. Material things loomed large, especially among the still growing middle classes. Recruited as they were from the most vigorous and practical of the irreligious masses, the appeal of practical materialism was to them almost irresistible. Moreover, it was backed up by the whole movement for political freedom, which, as it happened, was largely associated with Positivism as a theory of life and Utilitarianism as a ground of morals.

Meanwhile intellectual activity had been concentrated on the Physical Sciences, and not unnaturally, considering the enormous advance and bewildering discoveries made in all directions. So much was this the case that they usurped the name of Science in popular speech, and men still normally speak of 'science' when they mean 'natural science.' This has taken away, even from many of the more educated, any real sense of the need of the higher sciences of Sociology, Psychology, Philosophy, and Theology. It has made widespread a general depreciation of dogma, that is of the results of theological science, and of the use of reason in the higher spheres of human knowledge, while it has created unbounded con-

fidence in the powers of the intellect, trained in material and practical schools, to decide all questions unaided by any other human faculty.

For one hundred and fifty years these forces have been operating on the great masses of our people who have surrendered themselves, for the most part, to the influence of externals. In Germany we have seen the result with awful clearness in the great final appeal to force which has utilized all the science, skill, and wealth that has been the inheritance of the last century and a half. It has commandeered philosophy and art with its theory of Kultur. It has bent education to its will. Where it could it has exploited Christianity, and where it has found that impossible it has openly repudiated its sanctions, declaring that necessity knows no law and that might is right.

Peace will hardly touch the intellectual and social forces that have been working so long. Victory over one form of their manifestation will not put an end to their influence. The question before us still will be whether our future civilization is to be Christian, whether, as Dr. Creighton asked, the fruits of Christianity, which have so far survived, can be preserved without Christianity itself. This is the great problem of the future. The Christian factor is the one that counts in the reconstruction to which we shall have to set our hands, and the work will not be the work of a day in face of our people's long training in materialism.

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

King's College, London.

One-Tense Semitic.

No satisfactory theory has yet been put forth to explain the 'vav conversive' in the Semitic dialects. From a study of the oldest available sources I am of opinion that the idiom was common in some of the Canaanitish dialects, not due to Phœnician influence, but ultimately traceable to a one-tense Assyrian language. It is doubtful whether *vav* conversive with the imperfect was ever a Phœnician idiom. It is found in Moabite (Moab. Stone, l. 5), but this may only show how closely this dialect was related to Hebrew. The form וַיִּסְמְנוּ, 'and we attached them' (*C.I.S.* i. 3. 19), a Sidonian inscription *circa* 275 B.C., is apparently the imperfect with *nun* demonstrative, a common construction in Arabic (cf. Wright, *Compar. Gram.*

194; König, *Lehrgeb.* ii. 444), but much less frequent in Hebrew. If in this form we have a real instance of *vav* conversive with the imperfect (as Stade, *Morgenländische Forschungen*, 310), it is ἀπαξ λεγ. in Phœnician. The construction *vav* conversive with the perfect is found in a few Phœnician inscriptions (*C.I.S.* i. 165. 4, 6, 8, 10; *ib.* 170), and is used much as in Hebrew to indicate the place and force of the predicate (cf. Driver, *Heb. Tenses*, §§ 122, 123). In Phœnician the usual tense for historical narrative is the perfect with *vav* unconvulsive, e.g. חָדַשׁ וּפָעַל, 'renovated and made' (*C.I.S.* i. 175. 1). The idiom of *vav* conversive is not known in Aramaic, but in the *Talmud Babli* the imperfect with *vav* continuing an imperfect with modal force is found (*vide* Margolis, *Lang. Babyl. Tal.* 78). Apart from the Hebrew Scriptures the data are scarce, meagre in bulk, and doubtful in character. Even in late Biblical Hebrew the use of *vav* consecutive was less pronounced, and soon after its conversive character was entirely lost (cf. Olshausen, *Heb. Gram.*; Böttcher, *Lehrb. Heb. Sprache*).

The origin of *vav* conversive is by no means clear. In Hebrew alone did it come into prominent use. It is doubtful whether this construction was originally as frequent or consistent as the Massoretic Text would suggest. The pointed text stereotyped a pronunciation and accentuation which obtained in the latest stages of the language. It is hardly to be supposed that the Old Testament writers had in mind all the nice distinctions and constructional mechanisms that modern scholars often attribute to them. The original use of *vav* consecutive was probably much simpler than generally imagined. It first appears among the Canaanite tribes, Moabites, Hebrews, and no doubt others. It is clearly associated primarily with the imperfect. The intention of the speaker by this device was to indicate that the further statement was not only connected with, but was the sequence of, the previous statement, e.g. הִנָּקְבָה הַמִּיִּם וַיִּלְכוּ הַחֲצֵבִים, 'boring through the miners struck . . . and the waters flowed' (Siloam Insc. ll. 4, 5). In this method of expression was involved the *desire* of the speaker and the *tendency* of his thought or of the action. Hence grammarians distinguish the two modifications of the imperfect—the jussive and the cohortative. Originally these shades of meaning were expressed by intonation or the place of the accent. When

speech was reduced to syllabic writing it was not unnatural to express the *direction* of the speaker's *feeling*, and the connexion between the second verb and the first by the use of the copulative or consecutive particle *vav* joined to the second thought or action. The idiom really looks like a primitive attempt to vary the nuance of a single tense. If this suggestion could be supported it would throw new light on the origin of this peculiar construction. It is pretty certain that the Assyrian chronicles reveal but one tense, corresponding to the Hebrew imperfect (cf. Hommel *Geschichte Bab. u. Assyr.*, 1885–89; Delitzsch, *Assyr. Gram.*, 1889; Bezold, *Kurzgef. Überblick über die Bab.-Assyr. Literatur*, 1896). The Assyrian language was based on the Babylonian, and in the Babylonian dialect the vassal princes of Palestine wrote the letters found among the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets. It is probable, therefore, that the Palestinian tribes adopted the imperfect as the annalistic or historic tense, and developed from it, by the *vav* consecutive, the method of expressing continuation and consequence. The perfect with *vav* consecutive is simply the counterpart of the idiom in Hebrew. As the retracting of the tone (intonation) in the imperfect indicated association with what went before, so the projecting of the tone in the perfect indicated association with what was to follow. This construction is later than *vav* with the imperfect. It is not found in Moabite, and the cases in Phœnician are not free from suspicion and are restricted to a small class of connected inscriptions (*C.I.S.* i. 165, 167, 170).

J. COURTENAY JAMES.

Harrogate.

The Title 'Son of Man.'

It is right to assume that our Lord, when He began His ministry, had quite clear ideas as to the character and methods of His work, and that these ideas had been formed through prolonged study and meditation in the Scriptures. Having in very early years felt the divine call, He responded to it with passionate eagerness to do God's will, and boundless trust in the sufficiency of the Father's grace and power. He therefore set Himself to gather from prophets and psalmists what manner of man God purposed to use for the accomplishment of His work, and what the scope, spirit, and methods of that work must be. As a result, He

formed a definite ideal and plan; and when He speaks of Himself as 'Son of Man,' He refers to this ideal Man, not simply using a vague term of reference to Himself as an individual, but to Himself as aiming at and progressively embodying in His life and work this divinely-given conception. The titles, 'Messiah,' 'Son of David,' were too narrow for Him, especially considering their associations in Jewish thought. They were more national than universal, more political than religious. It was not till they had been raised to a higher value that He could safely appropriate them. His work was for man *as* man, not merely for the Jew. His reign was to be over a heavenly, not over an earthly, kingdom. By His perfect trust and obedience towards God, and His utter self-devotion to His brethren, He set out to achieve, as Man and for mankind, the divine ideals declared in the Scriptures. In this connexion the two central passages are Ps 8 and Dn 7; and around these no doubt many others were grouped in His thoughts, giving tone and colour and completeness to the whole.

This Ideal Man must of necessity be the Ideal Servant and the Ideal King; and as Priesthood is (in its integrity) the highest function of Brotherhood, His self-chosen title 'Son of Man' gathers up all the offices and duties of the Saviour of Men.

It may be helpful now to touch upon the fact that He *did* claim to be Messiah, and was, after His resurrection, spoken of by that term, and not at all as 'Son of Man.'

Since the title 'Messiah,' as designating the coming Saviour, carried for the Jews by far the most significance and importance, it was necessary for Jesus to lay claim to it, and it was equally necessary that He should free the term from its evil accretions. Therefore, when at an early stage His disciples had believed in Him as Messiah, He commanded them not to make this known; and began to educate them as to the full nature and scope of His mission. My impression is also that in His public use of the title 'Son of Man,' He avoided connecting it with specially Messianic O.T. ideas. Not till the end did He publicly claim the title, when He might reasonably expect that the spiritual character of His work was generally understood. We note that the striking symbolic act by which He made this claim was one that helped to show its nature. His entry into Jerusalem

riding upon an ass was, in its form, a disclaimer of political aims.

It can now be understood why His disciples, after His ascension, never used the title 'Son of Man,' in speaking of Him. For them, at least, the familiar 'Messiah,' 'The Christ,' was now a term transfigured with new glory. He who had perfectly fulfilled the divine will and achieved the divine ideal in and for humanity was now exalted at the right hand of God, who had made Jesus, who was crucified, both Lord and Christ. Hence, in the full title 'the Lord Jesus Christ' all the ideas were gathered together which Jesus, in the days of His flesh, had put into the phrase 'Son of Man.' We may rejoice to believe that where He is in glory, His own chosen name is still 'Son of Man.'

The present note is an attempt to give a somewhat more concrete form to very familiar ideas upon this well-worn theme.

T. STEPHENSON.

Epworth, Aberystwyth.

'The Gates of Hell' (Matt. xvi. 18).

IN your interesting notes on the 'Rock' and the 'Gates' in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for January, I was surprised to find that scholars and theologians have some difficulty in satisfactorily interpreting the latter expression. I hardly think that it presents any problem to the unlearned Bible student of average intelligence, and for the following reasons.

The term 'gate,' 'gates,' seems to be used consistently in Scripture as a symbol of two things: viz. power and counsel; and it is worthy of note that the Turkish Government has perpetuated this to our own day by designating the seat of its combined might and law the Sublime Porte, or the 'lofty Gate.' The idea of a gate being a power or stronghold is very evident in Gn 22¹⁷, 'Thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies'; as a council or legislature it is equally clear in Dt 21¹⁹, 'Bring him' (the disobedient son) 'out unto the elders of his city . . . unto the gate.' Sadler has a brief note to the effect that the term stands for power and counsel, and Allen ('Inter. Crit. Com.') appears to agree as to the first figurative meaning.

We have Our Lord's definite promise, therefore,

that neither by open assault nor by confederate plotting should His Church be overcome.

C. J. TOTTENHAM.

Wallasey.

'And who is their Father?' (1 Sam. x. 12).

THE origin of the proverbial saying: 'Is Saul among the prophets?' is, as is well known, reported twice in the First Book of Samuel (10^{11, 12} 19^{23, 24}), in two different circumstances. We shall deal here only with the first of those narratives.

It is told that Saul, after having been anointed by Samuel, met, on his return to his native village of Gibeah, a band of 'nabis,' that the Spirit of God came mightily upon him, and that he 'prophesied' among them. When the people saw this, they said one to another: What is this that is come unto the son of Kish? Is Saul also among the 'nabis'? And one of the same place answered and said: 'And who is their father?' Therefore it became a proverb: 'Is Saul also among the "nabis"?'

In this paragraph the most difficult and most discussed sentence is the question of the man of Gibeah: 'And who is their father?' It has been always a subject of controversy among commentators, and various interpretations have been suggested. Recently, in *The Expositor* (1915, vol. x. pp. 456-459), Professor van Hoonacker has resumed the consideration of this problem and put forward a double conclusion: (1) instead of reading with the Hebrew text 'their father,' he prefers to read with the LXX. and the *Peshitta* 'his father'; (2) he contends that the word 'father' does not signify here the natural father, but the chief, master, or spiritual parent of the disciple; in the particular case it would mean: How has Saul been trained to become a 'nabi'? has anybody prepared or introduced him to the corporation of the 'nabis'?

First of all, it would be necessary to ascertain why the people of Gibeah were so much surprised when they saw Saul among his new associates, taking his part in their proceedings. On this point, two opposite opinions are in conflict. Some interpreters start from the idea that the 'nabis' enjoyed, on account of their piety, a high esteem, whereas, according to public opinion, Saul and his family were not regarded, from the religious point of view, as deserving to mix with those holy men;

the surprising fact would be the presence, among such a chosen society, of a man known, if not as hostile or unworthy, at least as quite indifferent. Others hold, on the contrary, that the 'nabis,' on account of their very particular and rather singular manners, were not highly appreciated; the inhabitants of Gibeah would, in consequence, wonder at the unexpected appearance of the son of a well-to-do family, hitherto a stranger to the somewhat exaggerated manifestations of the 'nabis,' joining their company and sharing in their practices.

Of course, according as the preference is given to the former of these opinions or to the latter, there will be a great difference in the explanations given of the feelings of the witnesses of the event, and especially of the speakers mentioned in the narrative. Do these men admire and approve what they see? or do they look at it with some scorn and disdain?

It is most difficult to choose between these two contrasting conceptions, and even after having given preference to one of them, one feels strongly that the other might after all be right. From a modern point of view the second explanation seems more likely; but if we are to adapt ourselves to the customs of old times and to the Oriental mind, there are good reasons for taking the first view. It is certain that, on this very important part of the problem, it is scarcely possible to give a distinct answer.

There is a second point where the opinions of the commentators do not agree. At the end of v.¹² we read the words: 'Therefore it became a proverb. . . . 'Therefore'? Why? That conjunction implies that a conclusion is drawn; where does it connect itself? Is it, as some suppose, to the last sentence quoted, that is, to the question put by the man of Gibeah? or is it, as seems more likely, to the narrative as a whole, that is, to the principal fact which is the centre of it, the presence of Saul in the circle of the 'nabis'?

And, thirdly, in the same question of the man of Gibeah, which lesson is to be preferred? that of the Hebrew Text or that of the Old Versions? Shall we read 'their father' or 'his father'? Of course, according to the rule prescribed in such circumstances, one has to ascertain whether it is more likely to admit that a correction has been made in one direction or in the other. But here again we find that some interpreters think and try to demonstrate that it is more natural to under-

stand the change from the singular to the plural, whereas others take an opposite position and declare that it is easier to conceive a copyist making the opposite change. And, on both sides, people contrive to set up a plausible argumentation.

For those reasons—and others might yet be suggested—it seems hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that this passage, like many others, is not capable of receiving an interpretation clearly superior to the others and commanding general assent.

If I were obliged to conclude these remarks in this merely negative manner and to leave the question in suspense, I should not feel at liberty to submit them to the reader. It happens, however, that I can point out a new fact, proceeding from a traveller's experience, which seems to suggest an explanation of this difficult text.

One of my Swiss countrymen, Dr. George Montandon, made in the years 1909-1911 a journey of exploration in Abyssinia, especially in the western part of that kingdom, little known before his investigations. He has given the results of his travels in a very interesting and highly valuable scientific volume, entitled *Au Pays Ghimirra* (Neufchâtel, 1913). On p. 286 he says:

'The Amharic language is very poor in oaths and invectives . . . but the Abyssinians have at least one abusive expression which might be called classical: *Men abatu?* that is, "Who is thy father?" They say it constantly to the animals and even to

inanimate objects. Towards human beings, however, they must be very careful, for that insult, thrown at a man, is liable to a heavy fine. Some years ago, an event took place which had political consequences. The Dejaz Ubieh, governor of the Arussi and son-in-law of the Emperor Menelik, held a high position and enjoyed an influence proportionate to his rank. One evening—an evening of storm and wrath—he forgot himself and used the wicked form of speech towards his own wife. The princess complained to her imperial father . . . and the Dejaz lost his province and his wife.'

It is easy to see how interesting these lines are and what a bearing they have on the passage of the Book of Samuel. Indeed, it cannot be proved that an expression, used in old times by the Hebrews had then the same meaning which the modern Abyssinians give it, twenty-five or thirty centuries later. Nevertheless, let us suppose this to be the case. Then the words spoken by the man of Gibeah, at the time of Saul, would have no other purpose than to show either his displeasure or his sceptical unconcern. Looking at the scene displayed before his eyes and seeing the astonishment of these people, he shrugs his shoulders and dismisses, so to say, on an equal footing, all the performers; his conclusion, translated into modern language, would be something like this: May they all go to . . . Jericho!

LUCIEN GAUTIER.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

Herbert Tremaine.

Mr. Herbert Tremaine can write both prose and poetry. His 'Domestic War Novel,' called *The Feet of the Young Men*, has been rewarded with sincere praise and popularity. His new book of poetry, *The Wide Garden* (Daniel; 3s. net), should become as popular. Mr. Tremaine is an Irishman, and the call of that distressful country is ever in his ears. Yet he hears a louder, sadder call. It is the call of the downtrodden and despairing everywhere. This is the poem. Is it not worth remembering even beside Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Children'?

THE CRY.

The hills are loud with our crying: on
the red moors our blood is flowing.
We hid our homes in the woods, the dim
woods green and wet.

But you followed us there; and down
where the blossoms and grasses are growing,
Deep and eager and watchful, your hungry
death-traps are set,
With their teeth for us and our children
when in frolic or feed we forget.

Your cities are full of our sorrows: through
the clashing streets we are herded,
Huddling on limbs that stagger, and
staring with dazzled eyes;
Fresh from the misty hills or the broad
suave greenswards girded
By streams where the water's laugh made
song with the willows' sighs
And the plane-trees had purple shadows
and the thorn-trees were droning with
flies.

We are slain in your houses of slaughter :
 we are tied to your torture tables.
 We drag your burdens behind us in the
 wind and the snow and the rain.
 We are victims bedecked at your games
 and prisoners in your stables
 —(What to us are your toils and your
 pleasures?) We give, and we get not again—
 You have shared with us none of your
 wisdom, but only the load of its pain.

The deep sea itself has no safety, nor the
 wild coast's secretest places
 Where the eggs of the sea-gull lie and the
 smooth-faced seal has his lair.
 Your nets swing in the green waters: the
 wild birds flee from your faces:
 You have fouled the fields of snow and ice
 with struggle and snare.
 Lo, the fear of your name has climbed to
 the azure heights of the air.

Have you ears to hear, yet the sound of
 our crying cannot come to you
 As you buy in the mart, or hunt in the
 field, or sit at the feast?
 Have you hearts to feel, that the sound
 of our sorrow cannot pierce through you?
 . . . We will cry to the God you
 worship with temple and altar and priest.
 For like a beast He was bound, and was
 tortured and slain like a beast.

G. M. Gibson.

Georgina Mary Gibson is the compiler of
Treasure Trove (Daniel; 2s. net). And *Treasure
 Trove* is a selection of prose and poetry illustrating
 (and grouped under) the stages and experiences of
 the life of man. There are four parts (called
 Books)—(1) Childhood, Youth, Education, Love;
 (2) Work, Wealth; (3) The State, Liberty; (4)
 Man's Inheritance (Wisdom, Art, Joy, Sorrow,
 Hope). We quote first from Work:

'This talk of brain-work is a trick parallel to
 the dividing off of Art from labour. Do you not
 think that the skipper of the fishing boat or the
 thatcher of the corn-rick works with his brain as
 much as a company promoter or a Member of
 Parliament? . . . Waste of food is waste of a
 means of life; but waste of labour is the waste of

life itself.—W. R. LETHABY, 1916. *Address to
 Students at U. Coll. Lond.'*

Then we quote from Sorrow (the author of the
 poem is not known):

When all life's uses had grown dark to me
 And hope and joy as far off phantoms pale
 Of half remembered youth; and love a tale,
 A sweet strange tale inwrought with mystery
 Of worlds forgotten or of worlds to be;
 Ah! then, through that sick stupor of the soul
 The voice and presence of my healing stole
 And thou didst bid me enter life with thee.
 For us o'er desert wastes the sunset glow
 Burned as a beacon, and still gardens were
 With beckoning gleams and magic whispers rife;
 And when for us that range of radiant snow
 Lifted day's dying splendour high in air,
 We read the sign and entered into life.

H. and M. A. Northcote.

The Rev. H. Northcote, Anglican Chaplain in
 Boulogne, and his sister (a Roman Catholic) have
 together issued a small but valuable volume of
 poems. Among the rest Mr. Northcote includes
 the version of Habakkuk which he contributed to
 THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Having seen his hand
 in that fine rendering, we shall quote now one of
 the poems of his sister. Let it be 'The Derelicts,'
 a poem impossible but to a living and triumphant
 faith in Christ.

THE DERELICTS.

See how they doze; their red-capped heads bent
 low

Where gleams the fire-light in the Work-
 house ward,
 Or vacant gaze, or stiffly move, and slow,
 To fill a pipe, from some small treasured
 hoard.

Derelicts all! Whom few would care to claim
 They found late shelter from life's storm
 and stress

In this back-water, hiding here their shame,
 As counts the world that cares but for
 success.

Few read, few write;—nor greatly do they care
 To follow world events, these are as dreams,
 The strife of nations matters little here;
 To lack tobacco more important seems.

Dim sighted, hard of hearing, dull and dense,
Stiff jointed, bent, slow-moving to the grave;
Poor souls in prison! Darkened every sense,
Take heart,—airs stir;—the wings of Azrael wave!

The title is *Edith Cavell's Last Thought, and Other Poems* (Kegan Paul; 2s. 6d. net).

Wilfrid Blair.

The title is *Herbs of Grace* (Blackwell; 1s. net), and the whole of the sweet and fragrant little book is occupied with the praise of the Herbs. There is Lavender, Sweet Marjoram, Sage, Sweet Woodruff, there is Borage and Bergamot, there is Thyme, Vervain, Dill, and St. John's Wort, and there is Rosemary.

SWEET WOODRUFF.

Not for the world that we know
But the lovelier world that we dream of
Dost thou, Sweet Woodruff, grow;
Not of this world is the theme of
The scent diffused
From thy bright leaves bruised;
Not in this world hast thou part or lot,
Save to tell of the dream one, forgot, forgot.

Sweet Woodruff, thine is the scent
Of a world that is wise and lowly,
Singing with sane content,
Simple and clean and holy,
Merry and kind
As an April wind,
Happier far for the dawn's good gold
Than the chinking chaffer-stuff hard and cold.

Thine is the odour of praise
In the little, loved country churches;
Thine are the ancient ways
Which the new Gold Age besmiches;
Cordials, wine,
And posies are thine,
The adze-cut beams with thy bunches fraught,
And the kist-laid linen by maidens wrought.

Clean bodies, kind hearts, sweet souls,—
Delight and delighted endeavour,—
A spirit that chants and trolls,—
A world that doth ne'er dis sever
The body's hire
And the heart's desire:
Ah, bright leaves bruised and brown leaves dry!—
Odours that bid this world go by!

Francis St. Vincent Morris.

In the frank and manly appreciation of a fellow-student we learn to love this generous-hearted lad, given to good works and godliness with all simplicity. He joined up, of course, at once, and not finding the opportunity of active service, entered the flying corps. The end came soon, and his beautiful face was made yet more beautiful by death. No supreme place is claimed for his poetry. But there is more than promise. This is the last of the verses he wrote:

Through vast
Realms of air
we passed
On wings all-whitely fair.

Sublime
On speeding wing
we climb
Like an unfettered Thing.

Away
Height upon height;
and play
In God's great Lawns of Light.

And He
Guides us safe home
to see
The Fields He bade us roam.

The book is called simply *The Poems of Francis St. Vincent Morris* (Blackwell; 3s. net).

Daphne De Waal.

In a handsome volume, printed on paper of the finest texture, these poems come to us from South Africa, among the first-fruits of a great harvest yet to be. Their author has been sent by the war to this relief for her spirit. But the gift had already been exercised and in some measure recognized in her own country. *Soldiers Immortal, and Other Poems* is the title (Blackwell; 3s. net).

SOLDIERS IMMORTAL.

These are not dead, though they have seen
Death's eyes,
And seen them unafraid. These are not dead
Although they wear no more the earthly guise,
Although they walk no more beneath the skies,
And their last words are said.

Their lives would be imperilled if they went,
 Their honour was imperilled if they stayed;
 For every hour in idle pleasure spent
 Was one more weapon to the foeman lent,
 One onward march delayed!

They took their lives then in both hands, and
 gave
 Gladly, without regretting, without dread;
 They faced war, agony—even the grave—
 With quiet, making no attempt to save
 The young years as they sped.

They, young and brave, made sacrifice to Fame,
 And followed calmly where their leaders led.
 Those who stay now have lost all sense of shame
 If they can hear unmoved the honoured name
 That these abroad have spread.

They are not dead. Their memories will tell
 Throughout all time, wherever men shall tread,
 That they attain to heaven who conquer hell,
 That they live on for ever who die well!
 These died, yet are not dead.

Vera and Margaret Larminie.

It is not always easy to find a quotable poem : in *Out of the East* by Vera and Margaret Rivers Larminie (Blackwell; 2s. net) every poem is quotable. There is a distinct, even a very remarkable, difference in the tone of the two writers—a difference which recalls Charlotte and Emily Brontë—Vera being the Emily. Both are poets, that at least is certain. Let us take two poems, one from each, not saying which is which.

JOY PASSES.

Joy passes:
 The elbowings of chance,
 The corners of the world,
 Brush off the bloom, and sadly are unfurled
 All the dear petals of our ignorance;
 And pain is born.

Pain passes,
 And turns at last to peace.
 Time lays a gentle hand
 Upon the scars and lets us understand
 The meaning of our wounds, and gives us ease;
 And wisdom comes.

EARTH HATH NO CHAINS.

Earth hath no chains to bind
 The soul inviolate.
 The body man shall hold or loose at will,
 And fetters even lay upon the mind;
 Without the narrow sphere of human fate
 The spacious soul abides unshackled still,
 Immune from all that life can work of ill,
 She dwells in boundless freedom, unconfined,
 Nor waits on death her strength to liberate.
 Earth hath no chains to bind
 The soul inviolate.

Nicholas H. Todd.

Mr. Todd was Master of the Preparatory School, Sedbergh, from 1906 to 1916. In April 1916 he joined the Queen's Westminsters (though he was then thirty-eight years of age), and was killed in France on the 7th of October that year. 'Here and there in the world is found a man who seems to bear a mysterious passport to the intimacy of children. For him the barrier of age does not exist: consciously or unconsciously he is accepted as one of themselves. It is as though in his own passage through the house of childhood he had hit on some hidden door that opened upon a garden of rare delight: and whilst his companions had passed ere noonday far beyond the walls of that fair place, evening had found him still wandering there, content to ask no other home for all his days, if only the happiness be his of welcoming to the wonders of that garden some fewfortunates at least of that daily succession of children.'

That was Mr. Todd's gift. As a specimen of his poetry we take a simple short piece called 'In the Transept.' The title of the volume is *Poems and Plays of Nicholas H. Todd* (Sedbergh: Jackson & Son; 5s. net).

Two little bonnets of blue,
 Three little faces bright,
 Lit by the sunshine glinting through
 On two little jackets of white.
 One little sailor boy,
 Six little sparkling eyes,
 Three little hearts as full of joy
 As the wandering butterflies.

Still is their childhood set
 In a wonderful Paradise,
 One little maiden, Margaret,
 One little pearl of price.
 Still they tread, as we trod,
 The paths no grown-ups see,
 One little gift of God,
 One little Dorothy.

O two little bonnets of blue,
 Laugh while the world is young!
 Pick God's flowers as you wander through
 The vale where God's songs are sung.
 There's a Gate you must pass out yet,
 There's a land by a Winter sea:
 May the angels guard you, Margaret,
 Dewhurst, and Dorothy.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy writes as 'Woodbine Willie.' Half the poems in *Rough Rhymes of a Padre* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. 3d. net) are in dialect—a cockney dialect—half in good literary English. The theme which has taken possession of him is the sorrow and suffering of God. No man suffers from this war, no woman even, as God suffers. For the love of God is boundless. Take

ETERNAL HOPE.

Can the Father in His Justice burn in
 Everlasting flame
 Souls that sunk in foulest squalor never
 knew the Father's Name?

Can the Love of man be greater than Eternal
 Love divine?

Can the heart of God be harder than this
 hardened heart of mine?

Can the pangs of Hell be endless, void of
 object, void of gain,
 Save to pay for years of sorrow with Eter-
 nity of Pain?

Cursèd be the foul contortion, that hath
 turned His love to Hate,
 That hath cried at death's dim portal,
 'Enter here, and 'tis too late.'

Cruel pride and vain presumption claim to
 grasp where angels grope,
 'Tis not God but mean man blindness
 dims the deathless star of Hope.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

The title is *Whin* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). And as whimsical as the title are the poems in Mr. Gibson's new little volume. It looks as if he felt he had been too serious, didactic almost, in his last glorious book, and now he will make amends by whimsical little rhymes like these. And yet—we must look again. Is this not life? Take two:

THE LONELY TREE.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
 A silver birch with leaves astir.

Men talk of forests broad and deep,
 Where summer-long the shadows sleep.

Though I love forests deep and wide,
 The lone tree on the bare hill-side,

The brave, wind-beaten, lonely tree,
 Is rooted in the heart of me.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
 A silver birch with leaves astir.

LAMENT.

We who are left, how shall we look again
 Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
 Without remembering how they who went
 Ungrudgingly, and spent
 Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
 But we, how shall we turn to little things
 And listen to the birds and winds and streams
 Made holy by their dreams,
 Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

THE Rev. W. M. CLOW, D.D., Professor of Ethics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, has written a book on *The Christian Message in the Light of the War* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d.). We pass at once to the chapter entitled 'The Eternal Destiny of the Fallen.' All the other chapters are interesting, but this is urgent. If Professor CLOW can tell us what the eternal destiny of the fallen is—if he can tell us in such a way that we shall be able to tell others, and set their mind at rest, our own conscience remaining at rest also—there is no greater service that he can do for us.

Now it is encouraging to find that he begins with three undeniable facts. There are three truths about the destiny of the fallen, he says, of which there is no doubt. And they are fundamental. The first is the immortality of the soul. The second is judgment to come. The third is that we are saved, not by works, but by faith in God, our Redeemer.

Professor CLOW does not mean to say that nobody denies these facts. He means that no one denies them who has hope in Christ. And he has written his book for those who have that hope. No one, he says, who knows Christ denies the immortality of the soul. Surely not. It is the very minimum of Christian faith. Is it

Christian at all? Is it of faith? The immortality of the soul!—the Christian belief is much more than immortality. It is eternal life. And it is much more than the eternal life of the soul. It is the eternal life of the whole personality.

Here is one fact then with which we can enter the house of mourning. The next fact is that there is 'a judgment to come.' Is Professor CLOW as sure of that? He is just as sure, though he admits that mankind was longer in securing it. He goes back to Daniel for it: 'Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.' That is its first clear expression in the Bible. From Daniel he goes to Christ, with whom judgment to come is ever the inevitable issue. He goes from Christ to St. Paul: 'We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' He goes to the Pauline atmosphere of the Epistle to the Hebrews: 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment.' Wherever he goes he finds the revelation, once gained, firmly held. He is content with that.

Are we all content? Can we go with the same confidence to the mourner and say, 'Your son who has fallen is before the judgment seat of God

that he may receive the things done in his body, according to that he has done, whether it be good or bad'? If we are sure of the fact, are we sure of the consolation? —

We are sure that there is no consolation whatever in it. There is no comfort in it for one in ten of the fathers and mothers whose sons have fallen in the war. There is no consolation for one in fifty. There is no consolation for a single father or a single mother of all the young men who have fallen. For they know their sons.

It is not that they know their sons were bad. No mother will say that, or allow another to say it. There is a pertinent passage in *The Ring and the Book*. Pompilia tells the story of her treatment at the hands of a brutal and hideous husband. She tells it with gentleness and an unconquerable charity. And she brings the story to an end with the simple words, 'I could not love him, *but his mother did*.'

No mother will say that her son was bad. But the judgment of God! The things done in the body! Before the judgment of the living God what mother will be confident that the things done by her son in the body deserve the promise of everlasting life? —

There is a popular way of meeting the difficulty. It seems to be popular in the pulpit; it is very popular with the poets. The evil of a life, be it little or great, is cancelled by the one supreme act of sacrifice at the end of it.

Can we use it? Can we conscientiously carry that comfort to the mourner? Do we believe it? Professor CLOW does not believe it, though he says very little about it. But Principal FORSYTH does not believe it and says so most emphatically.

At the same time as Professor CLOW's book appeared there was published a volume by the Rev. P. T. FORSYTH, D.D., Principal of Hackney

College, Hampstead, with the title of *This Life and the Next* (Macmillan; 4s. net). In that book, in the chapter entitled 'De Mortuis,' Principal FORSYTH says: 'At a time like the present the interest of countless bereaved hearts is not in immortality for themselves, but for those who have been caught away either unfulfilled, or unprepared, or worse than unprepared, by the wickedness of war. What do our ideas of the unseen warrant us to say to the bleeding hearts and fearful minds of those left upon earth? May we say in consolation to the bereaved that every martyr patriot goes straight from the field of death to the side of the Saviour? May we say that in the way of comfort; as if a death for a great cause, to whose side the man sprang at a patriotic call, wiped out the vices of a lifetime, or the betrayal of innocent hearts? We could say no such thing.'

But Professor CLOW had three foundation truths to build on. What was the third? 'The third truth is that we are saved, not by our works, but by faith in God, our Redeemer. No human sanctity earns the right to enter in through the gates into the city. In the white light of God's holiness every man's life stands out flawed and spotted. Before God's throne we must all take our stand with that poor castaway, of whom it was written:

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.'

That seems to alter the situation. It seems to introduce us into a different world. So then we are *not* judged according to the deeds done in the body. We are judged according to our faith in Christ. Professor CLOW seems to say so. For, from this point, without a word about the contradiction between the second truth and the third, he speaks of the men who have fallen only in their relation to Christ.

First, he says, there are 'those who have died

with a confessed faith in Christ. One of the outstanding facts has been the spontaneous rally made by members of all Christian communions. Every Church has its Roll of Honour, upon which are to be found the names of the flower of the flock. These had publicly confessed their faith, maintained their fellowship, and were growing in the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ. They went forth as defenders of the kingdom of heaven. We are sure that as they yielded up their lives, they were persuaded that He was able to keep that which was committed to Him. They were faithful unto death, and we number them among those blessed dead who have died in the Lord, who now rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'

Next, there are those 'who have died *with a latent faith in God.* There are some who have never made a profession of faith. They have been worshippers in the house of prayer, and have given some support to the objects of the Christian Church. But they have never identified themselves with its fellowship. They have sometimes been critical, and even careless, about the things that belong to their peace. Yet many of them have had a latent faith. They have had a deep conviction of the being and wisdom and love of God. They have cherished a silent and yet constraining reverence for Christ. That was born within them in their early years, when they repeated their simple prayers and sang the hymns of their childhood.'

'There is a record in Indian annals of two English officers, who were taken prisoners in a Mohammedan raid. They were not distinctively religious men. The Bible was a neglected book, and they lived without sharing the offices of Christian fellowship, and without the practice of prayer. They were offered their lives on the usual Mohammedan terms, that they would disown Christ and repeat the creed of Mahomet: "Great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet." As they faced this keen temptation their latent faith rose

up in power, and they met the demand with a clear denial. They bowed their heads to the stroke of death with the sheen of a new joy in that Lord whose Name was seldom upon their lips in life, but to whom they were witnesses in the hour of death.'

Then there are men who have '*an imperfect faith in God.* We all remember many who not only refused to confess Christ, but never had much concern as to what He could be to them. They spoke of the fellowship and worship of the Church with indifference, if not with scorn. The great thoughts of the Gospel which stir our souls to penitence and desire were nothing to them. But they cared with a deep interest for the things which Christ honoured and proclaimed. They revered righteousness and truth. They had a true sense of honour, and were filled with compassion for those in need. They were chivalrous in their help for the outcast and the man who is down. They were filled with a moral indignation at the wrongs of the poor. So when the deeds of hate and greed were done, when a merciless brutality wrought havoc among the defenceless, and a coarse and bestial sensuality ravaged the helpless of Flanders and of France, they rose up and left house, and parents, and wife and child for the kingdom of heaven's sake.'

The example is found in the Old Testament. It is the example of a woman. 'When the Israelites sent their two spies across Jordan they found a lodging in the house of Rahab the harlot. She was a woman of Canaan, and her life was dark with shame. Her knowledge of the God of Israel was dim and shadowy. Her conception of the mission of His people was dark and uncertain. Her ideal of life faltered at the very thought of purity. But she had faith enough to risk her all, and to hazard her life for the cause of the God of Israel. We find her name written in the great roll of honour of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as one whose faith, imperfect indeed, was counted to her for righteousness.'

Again, of those who have fallen there are men who 'died with a freshly born faith in God. They have been wilfully and openly defiant. They have never prayed. We need not uncover too rudely and barely the dark secrets of their lives, or describe the wild mutinies of their reckless years. Yet many of these men were wondrously pitiful in the hour of another's need, were strangely gentle in word and deed as they bore the wounded, were unselfish and loyal in their comradeship, and were nobly heroic in the saving of the lives of others at the cost of their own. In the last hour many of these men stepped out steadfastly to certain death in the power of a faith which was freshly born within their souls.'

'An American poet, John Hay, has told the story of Jim Bludso, the engineer of the *Prairie Belle*, a steamboat on the Mississippi River. He was a man of evil life, utterly careless of the obediences of purity. The *Prairie Belle* was an old worn-out vessel, and newer boats easily passed her in the race on the river. One night she was being driven at high pressure, not to be left too far behind. Fire broke out from under her boilers, and the whole vessel was enveloped in flame. Her head was turned toward the river bank, and the terrified passengers crowded into her bows. Bludso stood by his engines in the midst of the fire, and held her against the river bank until every other on board was saved. The poet closes his story with these lines:

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man who died for men.'

What does Professor CLOW say to that? He questions the poet's theology. He denies that a man's evil can be 'atoned for or blotted out by a single heroic deed at the close of life.' But the

poet does not read deeply enough into the significance of this sacrifice of Jim Bludso. He does not discern that the man who stood by his engine while the flames wrapped him round as a winding sheet was a believer, dying for a faith which had been born within. He was a crude-minded, sin-laden, dim-visioned man; but he was moved and motivated by Him who had died for men, and in that faith he followed in Christ's steps.

Are these all? No, there is still another class. There are those—but all that Professor CLOW says about them is: 'We leave them to the judgment of Him who knoweth all.'

The judgment of Him who knoweth all—who is that? It is *the Lord Jesus Christ*. In *The Record* for Thursday, 11th April 1918, there is a sermon by the Dean of Canterbury. It was preached in Canterbury Cathedral on Easter Day. Dr. Wace says that there is 'one certain thing' about those who have passed into the next world. It is certain about *all* of them. They remain in the gracious and living hands of Christ. They are subject to His power. They receive their ultimate destiny at His hands.

When, says the Dean of Canterbury, 'we pass into the unseen portion of life we, too, pass into a world in great measure unknown and obscure, but we do know one cardinal certainty. We need not be content with saying, as good men even without the Christian faith may say, that they are passing into the hands of God. They are going, we shall ourselves go, into the presence of One who is well known to us, into the presence of that Lord Jesus whose whole character and nature are familiar to us through the records of His life on earth, and through His final words as He passed from it. We and they are passing into the nearer presence of the gracious Master, Who said in His last hours, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would

have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." What need any Christian be concerned with beyond this, either for himself or for the beloved ones who pass from him? If we ourselves, or a friend of ours, were going into an unknown country, would not the best thing we could know about it be that we should be received by a friend whom we knew to be a man of all goodness and abundant power? That is what we know of *all who fall in this great battle day by day.*

Is there anything that we can do for those who have fallen? Is there anything that we can do for them now that they are dead? Yes, we can pray for them.

So says Dr. P. T. FORSYTH. And Dr. P. T. FORSYTH is the Principal of a Congregational College. He says that we can pray for the dead. He is very well aware that congregationalists have not been in the habit of praying for the dead. But he traces its discontinuance to ecclesiastical abuse. 'It would never have been lost but for the abuses of purgatory, masses, and the commerce which the Church made of a magical influence on another world. But we threw away too much when we made a clean sweep.'

- What will the advantage be? We shall retain our hold on the unseen. Prayer, says Dr. FORSYTH, 'is our supreme link with the unseen—with which otherwise we have no practical relations. We should resume prayer for the dead, were it only to realize the unity of the Church and our fellowship with its invisible part. In Christ we cannot be cut off from our dead nor they from us wherever they be. And the contact is in prayer.'

Then we should find it easier to maintain our belief in immortality if we prayed for the dead. 'It would give us a practical relation with the other side, and to other immortality than our own. As

it is, we have little direct and practical contact with immortality so far as the day's life goes. No act of that life brings us into direct and practical connexion with the world of the dead. It is a dream; it is a world not realized. It does not belong to the strong and active side of our life. There is always about a life that works outward on another a certain note of distinction which is not made up for by any enthusiasm of Humanity. I knew an agnostic of a very fine kind who shortened his life by his devoted service to the very poor in a low part of London. There was to me a certain halo about him. And yet it is a different kind of spell that invests a life lived in the power of an endless life, a life that dwells with immortality daily.'

There is a third reason. Dr. FORSYTH believes that we have been commanded to pray for the dead. For 'we are bidden to pray for everything that is not trivial, "*in everything* making your requests known," and to cast every real care on God. There is nothing serious that we may not bring to the Father. A widow praying who does not know where her next shilling is to come from means more to the Father than a full choral service, and more engages His heart. And it is serious enough that half our heart, and all its treasure, should be snatched into the unseen. With that unseen our only sure link is the God to whom we pray. But He is as much the God of our dead as of us; and He is a God from whom they cannot be severed as they are from us. May our prayer to our common Father not put into petition what is always in our thoughts, and put into words what is always in our heart? If we name them before God, what are we doing in our way but what He does in His, and calling things that are not as though they were.'

It is often said that the Lord's Prayer, like the Ten Commandments, is divided into two parts. One part applies to God, and one part applies to man. Professor John OMAN, of Westminster

College, Cambridge, holds that that is a complete and disastrous misunderstanding. Professor OMAN's interpretation of the Lord's Prayer will be found in a volume entitled *Grace and Personality*, recently published in Cambridge at the University Press (6s. net).

It is impossible, he says, that the Prayer can be divided into two parts, a part for God and a part for man. For there is nothing in the world which applies to God and is not of practical moment for man. And there is nothing which applies to man and is not of immediate interest to God. 'Our relation to God is personal after such a fashion that our religion is necessarily an ethic and our ethic necessarily a religion.'

The Lord's Prayer begins with 'Our Father.' But 'Our Father' is not merely its introduction. It is not merely the address to God with which every prayer is understood to open. 'Our Father' is the ruling thought of the Prayer. It begins at the beginning and goes to the end. 'Deliverance from the Evil One, with which the prayer ends, is as much concerned with that name of Father as the hallowing of it, with which it begins, and each new petition follows from what goes before, expanding still farther the content of calling God our Father in Heaven.'

It is not as an interpretation of the Lord's Prayer alone that Professor OMAN makes 'Our Father' run throughout it. It is as an interpretation of all life. The Lord's Prayer is only an illustration. In all life the beginning is right reverence, and right reverence goes to the end. Reverence, or the recognition of God, expresses itself as loyalty. As St. Paul says, faith works through love. But the kingdom does not come by the loyalty, it comes by the reverence. 'The supreme hindrance to the coming of God's Kingdom is idolatry, not evil-doing.'

How often, says Professor OMAN, 'is that order reversed! Let us do Thy will, that Thy Kingdom

may be gradually brought in, and, in the end, every heart be inspired by the true reverence! The result is striving and crying, with the perpetual menace of defeat and the increasing shadow of despair. But the servant of the Lord should not strive, nor be, after that fashion, morally strenuous. An essentially apocalyptic hope, a dependence, not on man who runs, but on God who gives the victory, dominates this prayer as it does all our Lord's teaching; and the ground of it lies in beginning with the manifestation of God, and, only through it, reaching the activity of man, the order being first reverence, then surrender, then obedience.'

This is the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted when our sons have fallen in the war. This is the comfort which we can carry to others. Every man is judged according to the deeds which he has done in his body. That, says Professor CLOW, is one of the fundamental facts. And that is the idea of judgment which most of us have and will always have. But the deeds done in the body are only the outcome of the recognition of God. First 'Our Father,' then the loyalty to that discovery, and whatever deeds we have time for. If we have time for only one deed, the supreme act of self-sacrifice on the battlefield, that is enough. It does not save us. It does not atone for an evil life. But it expresses in the only way left to us now the fact that does save, the recognition of God in the heart, the reverence which finds its sufficient expression in the familiar words, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'

Now the recognition of God may be born in a man's soul in a moment, and the words, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' may at the same moment leap to his lips. Are we afraid to credit the men who are dying for us with a religion which they never professed? Real religion is not a process, it is an act. As Dr. FORSYTH says characteristically, 'It is not evolution, it is always revolution.' A crisis, a moment's deep emotion, the imminence of a unique experience—that will

do it. And that moment was theirs who faced the fact of death in the grey of the misty morning across the scarred fields of Flanders.

The last act of sacrifice does not wipe out the past. God wipes it out. And since it is God that wipes it out, the evil of it is not insurmountable. Therefore it is that to the mother of the wildest lad that ever lived we can come with assured confidence. It is assured confidence in God. We can even feel that in this there is a welcome compensation for the horrors of the war, that it has given to this one and to that the opportunity of uttering the word 'Father' in sincerity. That word uttered, the rest is with God.

When will the war be over? Does nobody know? Yes, one man knows.

Mr. E. A. BURROUGHS is Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, and Canon of Peterborough. He is also Chaplain to His Majesty the King. Mr. BURROUGHS is not likely to assume the office of prophet without being called to it. Yet Mr. BURROUGHS knows, and says emphatically that he knows, exactly when the war will be over.

Mr. BURROUGHS has published a pamphlet on *The Delayed Decision* (Longmans; 3d. net). The title tells us at once that the war should have been over before this time. Why is it not over?

'There is a two-fold conviction which grows upon me, as (I doubt not) on others also, as the months drag on. One side of it is that the war was never meant by God to last so long. If we and our Allies had faced from the start the logic of it, and set ourselves to be morally and spiritually worthy of the cause He gave us to defend, we should, I believe, long since have reached a happy and righteous peace. Lord Kitchener's forecast of three years—"a year of preparation, a year of struggle, and a year of victory"—was not lightly made. When the third year began, the conviction

of all our troops in France, at any rate, was clear that it was "the year of victory."

Why did it not become the year of victory? Because we said, 'Gold and khaki will do it.' That was our British creed. We expressed it on the poster of a very popular journal in January 1917. And gold and khaki did not do it. A few months later gold and khaki found themselves effectually neutralized by that sudden outbreak in Russia of 'the unruly wills and affections of men.'

We need not blame the gold or the khaki. They both did all that it was possible for them to do. But they were not enough. We left out of account the things that are moral and spiritual. And without these things the war will never be won by us.

Wherever we look to-day, says Mr. BURROUGHS, whether in Russia, in France, in Italy, or in Britain, 'all that is thwarting us has but one root—lack of principle *somewhere*, lack of conscience *somewhere*. That is the real enemy behind Boloism, and profiteering, and strikes, and food-hogging, and uneven distribution, and most of the other difficulties which not only in themselves are a handicap to us, but also are the prolific sources of pessimism, disaffection, and labour unrest. If there were more conscience in every part of the community, there would be less incompetence, less unfairness, and less discontent. Our traditional British way of "muddling through" is not merely due to lack of parts: it is much more due to lack of application and thorough, thought-out work—that is, lack of conscience. It is lack of conscience that impairs efficiency, reduces output, saps enthusiasm, and so prolongs the war. And conscience is only another name for the sense and the fear of God.'

A secular writer has said that religion is the true cement of society. Had we and our Allies recognized it as such, Mr. BURROUGHS believes that 'the merely material gains resulting—to say

nothing of what help God Himself might have added thereto—would have been enough to win us the war long since. It would have “paid” materially to have reformed spiritually. And, what is more important, it would have left us ready to make the best use of peace, instead of having to think, as we now do, of the After-War period with sinking hearts. As it is, we have left religion—the greatest uniting, inspiring, and constructive force in the world—almost outside our calculations. If the coming of the war was the nemesis on materialism, its continuance is the penalty of opportunism—of halting between two opinions, paltering with God.’

And so the war will end when we truly take in God. The Pope has said so. Mr. BURROUGHS says so. Mr. BURROUGHS is surprised to find himself in agreement with the Pope—‘especially when the war is in question.’ But he is cordially at one with the Pope in what he said last Christmas. ‘The present calamity,’ he said, ‘will never finish till men return to God with the warmest prayer from the heart. As the unbridled lust of the senses plunged once celebrated cities into a sea of fire, so in our days public impiety and atheism, erected into a system of so-called civilization, has plunged the world into a sea of blood.’

But what exactly do the Pope and Mr. BURROUGHS mean by returning to God? Mr. BURROUGHS at any rate knows what he means. He means surrendering the lusts of the flesh. He says emphatically that the war will go on until we do surrender them. Now we are showing no sign at present of surrendering the lusts of the flesh. ‘Some of the most dangerous of those lusts have in this time of war, by common testimony, gained a hold among us such as they probably never had before. The things one hears on this subject from all quarters, at home and in the field, are utterly sickening; and there seems to be no real revolt of the national moral sense against it.’

But not only does Mr. BURROUGHS see that the destruction of those lusts will end the war; he also sees how they can be destroyed.

First of all, by means of ‘a fighting faith.’ ‘Our one supreme duty, whether as Christians or patriots, is to cry aloud and spare not, to leave no stone unturned, until our Government and people face the Fact which alone can save us. We must pray, and press, and organize, and if need be fight, to secure some honest, national recognition of God before it is too late. Other “interests” can impose their will on the Government—the brewers, for instance. Why cannot the Christians? The concessions extorted by the brewers are dead inconsistent with all that our rulers tell us is needed to win the war; yet, at the cost of eating their own words, our rulers go on making them. Why? Because the brewers appear to have an organized body of opinion—or, shall we say, of appetite?—behind them. The concessions which we Christians need to press for would be all in line with the appeals for sacrifice, economy, courage, and so forth, which are constantly being made to the nation: they would give them the background, the reality, which at present they lack. Are there really not enough convinced and united Christians in the country to compel the Government to see that we *can’t* be ignored—that God, whom we plead for, is also a Great Power who must be considered first of all? If we believe that nothing else can save the situation, we have got to do this, cost what it may.’

Next, by mutual encouragement. ‘We may encourage ourselves in the thought that there are thousands of patriots, not labelled Christians, not organized in Churches, who would welcome and back a brave and solid move along such lines; men and women who, three years ago, would have been indifferent, but now have suffered, and have learned their need of God, though they await a strong lead to rise and follow Him. Their faith is a national asset of supreme importance which can only be realized through our faith coming out

into the open—if need be, going “over the top”—in the effort to make our Government, who are our representatives, give effect to our will that they should recognize God.’

Thirdly, by throwing the same responsibility on the irreligious. For ‘we may well believe that even among the frankly irreligious a move in this direction would be welcomed, and would tend to restore public confidence, which is far more necessary than so-called optimism for winning the war. Even a man who has no religion himself knows what it is—in business, for instance—to trust before all others one who is known to be a man of God. There are some of our leaders whom we all want to *know* we can trust implicitly. Nothing could give us confidence in them—in their judgment as well as their devotion to principle—so much as some public avowal, in word and act, that they are placing their trust in God. Abraham Lincoln, bearing a burden infinitely less than rests upon our War Cabinet, tells us, “I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go: my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day.” It is not only religious circles that would be reassured by the knowledge that our leaders also sought their leading upon their knees. A man who is really relying upon God has the secret of three things indispensable in a trusted leader: a quiet mind, inspiration, and freedom from any taint of self-seeking. And ultimately it is only a Christian politician whom any Christian either can or ought to follow blindly, as we are bidden follow to-day. That is why President Wilson means so much to the Allied cause.’

And last of all, by the continual remembrance that it is faith in God that secures the future. ‘Whatever may happen with regard to the end of the war, the hope of a new and better world after it rests with the men and the women in all nations who believe in God and will act accordingly. “True religion,” says “A Student in Arms,” “is

betting your life that there’s a God.” And that is the very heart of Christianity. That is the secret of the abolition of self, which is the fruit of the Spirit of Christ in a life. It is only a great wave of selflessness, passing through the whole community, that can make after-war reconstruction possible; and I challenge any man to show me whence we can get it except from Christ Himself. Patriotism produced such a wave in the early days of the war. But even that did not spread wide or deep enough; and now its force is largely spent. Patriotism as such, where it has ebbed, cannot now be recalled on an adequate scale. We need the higher and deeper devotion that comes with the spirit of Christ, to neutralize “self” in all its forms.’

‘We stand,’ says Mr. BURROUGHS, ‘face to face with a situation not unlike that in which London found itself in the year 1666, when, after the Great Fire, it became necessary to plan a new London for the future. It is on record that Sir Christopher Wren presented to the then authorities a comprehensive scheme of reconstruction, to centre in the new St. Paul’s Cathedral, from which broad, convenient thoroughfares would radiate in all directions. The plans were accepted; but it proved impossible to carry them out, to the great loss of London to this day. Why? Because the individual citizens of those days insisted on having their own little houses on their own little plots built up exactly as they had been before. Self arose and spoiled the future: and so the old London, with its crookedness and its narrowness, is with us still. And for us to-day the question is, Shall the new world after the war perpetuate the crookednesses and narrownesses of the pre-war world? or shall it be a world intersected with broad ways of righteousness and truth, converging upon, and radiating from, their one true source and centre—the living worship of the living God? It is only the Christians of the world who can secure that this ideal is realized — by *being* Christians, that is, reformers and fighters by God’s side, and never resting till the Christian law and spirit prevail.’

Some Principles of Missionary Work.

A STUDY OF 1 PETER ii. 11-17.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. SHEDD, M.A., URUMIA, PERSIA.

THE attitude of the New Testament to the whole question of missionary methods and means is that which obtains in the whole sphere of practical life. There is no attempt to furnish a manual of methods. There are both principles and history. Exhortations are few, perhaps because they were not needed. Even definite statements of the missionary obligation are not numerous. Far more emphasis is placed on the end than the means. Nowhere is the evangelistic purpose of the Christian life more clearly emphasized than in the First Epistle of St. Peter. In all the passages that might be quoted, the order of thought is the same: exhortation to pure and holy living 'that ye may shew forth the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light'; or that wives may gain their unbelieving husbands; or in the passage we are studying, 'that by well-doing ye should put to silence the ignorance of foolish men'; and 'that they (the Gentiles) may by your good works, which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.' A passage so dominated by the missionary aim may be expected to yield missionary principles, and we shall find that this is the case, finding furthermore that the principles contained in it are remarkably comprehensive and complementary.

There is in the first place what may be called the principle of *separateness*. 'I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims' (or in R.V., 'as sojourners and pilgrims'). Thayer defines the Greek words used, 'one who lives in a country without the right of citizenship,' and 'one who comes from a foreign country into a city or land to reside there by the side of the natives.' 'I beseech you as aliens and foreign residents' are words that are startlingly appropriate in reference to the foreign mission enterprise. The thought underlying is that expressed by Paul in the words, 'Our citizenship is in heaven.' Harnack expresses it, 'Not like the Gentiles, nor like the Jews, but as the people of God—that is the watchword.' In his wonderful way Paul glorifies the thought when he says, 'We are ambassadors on behalf of Christ,' referring not

to the exemptions and privileges of the office, but to its responsibilities. The temptation that arises from the sense of freedom is the basis of the warning in our passage, 'as free, and not using your freedom as a cloak.'

The truest application of the principle is not that which lies upon the surface. 'It is to be found in the very nature of the foreign mission enterprise, rather than in its accidents. The work of the missionary is temporary. He hopes to be superseded, and the highest success imaginable is to become unnecessary. All that he does is with a view to revision and change. He organizes a church, hoping that it may be merged in some new and great movement of God's Spirit, and any lordship on his part is usurpation. All he holds he holds in trust for those for whom he works. So again the missionary does not seek to represent another civilization different from that of the country he lives in as a sojourner. His services to civilization may be great, but they are not primary. Both the forms of church order and the institutions of civilization are at best only blundering attempts to express the evangel he seeks to make known.

Shall we call the complementary principle that of *assimilation*? It is hinted at in the words, 'using not your freedom as a cloak,' and is more clearly expressed in the phrase 'having your behaviour seemly among the Gentiles.' 'Seemly,' or 'beautiful,' implies not merely intrinsic beauty, but such an adaptation to the accepted canons or ideals of beauty as to be recognized as beautiful. Another and more uncompromising expression is the command, 'Be subject to every ordinance of man,' or in the language of to-day, 'Be subject to every human institution.' Stronger still is the final expression, 'As bondservants of God,' 'As free . . . but as bondservants.' There is no timid trimming here in order to avoid apparent inconsistency.

The underlying principle is that expressed by Paul, 'All things to all men, that I may by all means save some.' The following is an expression

of the problem and principle found in a prominent missionary magazine: 'For a Christian to influence a Hindu it is necessary that he should enter into his feelings and understand, if not share, his aspirations. Now this is the very point where we become conscious of difficulty: we may long for a mutual trust and sympathy; but how painfully conscious do we soon become that our feelings and ideals are not theirs. Many of us in India, lay and clerical, missionary and non-missionary, have felt that it would be useless to try to so modify our lives according to Hindu prejudices and convictions as to commend them to Hindus; and have judged that it is best to be what we are, Englishmen, and to try to live the Life as we ourselves have apprehended it.'¹ Probably the last sentence of the quotation expresses the conclusion reached by most, even of those who are earnest and devoted. It would be folly to argue that the success of missions depends entirely on the adaptation of missionaries to native ideas and customs; but to deny this element to be a very large factor in the problem would be to run counter to the more thoughtful literature of missions. Any one who has had personal experience of the difficulties of the problem may well judge with some lenience the vacillation of Peter at Antioch which aroused the indignation of Paul. The problem at Antioch was complicated by other elements, and yet what Peter did was to follow the evangelistic impulse and fellowship with heathen and then to draw back under the pressure of religious and race prejudice. In one guise or another the problem presents itself in every age and land. In no age has it been more urgent than now, when the ancient East is rousing to new aspirations and hopes, which need and long for sympathetic and intelligent interpretation and guidance.

A third principle is *the evangelistic power of right living*. Good works are means that shall lead men to glorify God, and well-doing is the power able to silence the ignorance of foolish men. (What a true phrase that is, the ignorance of foolish men!) Elsewhere the apostle urges his readers to keep a good conscience, that cavilling critics may be put to shame. The meaning hardly needs explanation, but the practical applications are numerous. Scripture, reason, and comparative

religion may all be invoked with good reason to justify the cause of missions; but practically missions are justified in the eyes of men by their good works. There is no missionary apologetic like the practical beneficence resulting from the work.

The principle that good deeds have a direct evangelistic power justifies the expansion of the scope of missionary work to include humanitarian enterprises. Jowett in commenting on the passage remarks, 'The Christian will not stand aloof from his fellows. . . . He will fit himself into the social order, into the body corporate, and he will willingly share his blood in the common life. If this be the evangelistic character, the character that tells upon the "Gentiles," then Christian life is not perfected and beautified when the hallowing of the social order is ignored.'² 'To fit itself into the social order' of the community and to become part of the corporate life, is precisely what is done by every well-established mission. Not simply in the lives of the individual missionaries, but as a corporate body, the mission is far more than a 'voice crying in the wilderness.' In its manliness and human interests it is a 'great rock in a weary land.' It represents integrity, honesty, faithfulness, and helpfulness. The multiplicity of operations in missionary work is sometimes the despair of the missionary himself, and it is assuredly not without peril; but it is no modern invention. One of the most important missionary books for many a year is Harnack's *Expansion of Christianity*, and one of the lessons to be learned from it is the complex character of the process by which the Roman world was evangelized. He gives a list of ten different forms taken by the charitable work of the early Church, and says of the healing mission of the Church, 'In its early days the Church, we may say, formed a permanent establishment for the relief of sickness and poverty.'³ It would be difficult to point out an agency of modern missions that did not have its prototype in the first three Christian centuries.

The principle we are considering emphasizes what may be called the ethical mission of the work of missions. If Christian doctrine is the product of long process not yet complete, morality is so in a far greater degree. The moral problems

¹ Rev. A. A. Blair, *The East and the West*, July 1908, p. 248.

² Practical Commentary on N.T., *Epp. of St. Peter*.

³ *Expansion of Christianity*, Eng. tr., i. 190, 148.

that meet the missionary, both as respects his own conduct and as respects the people he works among, are often novel and intricate. The newly formed church must form its code of morals adapted to its peculiar circumstances, and the community must be aroused to the evil of practices which have been long accepted and, it may be, hallowed by religious sanctions. The missionary's own moral conduct must not only be controlled by the highest principles, but must also be so conformed to the ideals of the people as to be recognized as true to the highest morality. In other words, the culture of conscience becomes a part of the missionary vocation.

Here again there is a complementary principle, which is intensive and restrictive in its operation. It is the *evangelistic purpose*, that must give point and direction to the moral life and beneficent activity. 'That they may glorify God,' 'that ye should put to silence.' It is this aim, the aim to save souls, that alone can organize and unify and vivify a complex and manifold work; it alone can make the text-book, the surgeon's knife, the social call, the casual meeting, the distribution of alms, sympathy for the oppressed and with new aspirations for freedom and progress and the ordinances of Christian worship, it alone can make each and all means to lead men to Christ. It alone can open the dumb lips, awaken the dormant sympathies, keep clear the eye of conscience, give nerve to the lagging spirit, arouse to prayer, and feed the living flame of spiritual life. It was this that sent forth both Master and

disciple, 'As thou didst send me into the world, even so sent I them into the world.'

Two remarks may perhaps with force be made as to the results of the study of this passage. One is that light may be found in the New Testament upon the problems of present-day missionary work. Two such problems have emerged in this study, both of which might very copiously be illustrated from the literature of missions. One is the relation of the missionary to the institutions and customs of the land in which he lives. The other is the proper scope of foreign missionary activity. The principles found in the passage before us are directly applicable to both of these problems. It is believed that the study of the principles underlying the New Testament conception of the work of evangelization will not only give inspiration and direction to the work, but will also confirm faith in the form which the enterprise has taken in modern times. The other remark is that the problems of missionary work as we have seen them are at bottom questions of Christian character and life. Given the gospel to be preached, the great question is to secure that the work done, and the workers doing it, shall be faithful in commending, both in manner and in matter of work, the gospel which is preached. In other words, in the foreign field as well as in Christian lands, the lasting success of Christianity depends upon the elevation of the moral ideals which it presents, and upon the degree of spiritual power it furnishes, to realize those ideals.

Literature.

GEORGE SYLVESTER MORRIS.

GEORGE SYLVESTER MORRIS was Head of the Department of Philosophy in the University of Michigan from 1887 to 1889. In the latter year he died. It is a quarter of a century ago. And now Professor R. M. Wenley, who occupies the position once occupied by Professor Morris, has written his biography—*The Life and Work of George Sylvester Morris* (Macmillan).

Morris came of the two strains which have done so much for America—the Puritan and the Pilgrim

—the stern Puritan being represented in his father, the gracious Pilgrim in his mother. And he was brought up in accordance with the theology of New England Puritanism, the presence of the Pilgrim idealism being latent until well into manhood. The great matters of social conduct were Slavery and Intemperance. His father was an uncompromising enemy to both—and suffered for it. The atmosphere (softened by the presence of sisters and the love of music) was one to foster manhood.

After college, Morris took charge of a school for

a short time. On resigning, to study theology, he made this entry in his diary—he was then twenty-one years of age:

‘I am about to leave Royalton. I have been Preceptor in Royalton Academy one year.

‘I have failed during my stay here in the following respects. (1) In labours for the spiritual welfare of my pupils. I might have been a better Christian, thus setting a better example, if I had been actuated in my Christian exercises and acts less by fear and more by love to Christ. I might actually have led some of my scholars to Christ, if I had laboured expressly for this purpose, subject, of course, to the decisions of an all-wise Providence. (2) In my intercourse with my scholars I have not, in many cases, exhibited that force of character which I should have desired; nor have I led their minds to the proper objects of thought and desire, to the same extent to which I should like to have done it. (3) I have not taught as energetically, faithfully and conscientiously as it would have been well to do.

‘On the other hand, I have endeavoured (1) weakly to lead my pupils to a correct and thorough knowledge of all their branches of study. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been partly successful. (2) I have tried, by precept both orally and by lectures, to set before them right motives for study, and right objects of ambition, and to incite them to enthusiasm and studiousness in many subjects more or less connected with their studies. (3) I have sought, more or less to be genial and pleasant in my intercourse with my scholars, to assure them of my personal interest in them, and, by my conduct, to secure their respect. (4) In the conduct of the daily religious exercises, I have to some extent sought to render it impressive, and trust that some impressions have been communicated thus, which will be permanent and useful.

‘I have been treated cordially and with great respect by scholars and citizens. I leave because I cannot, consistently with my plans and desires, remain. I have no time to throw away.’

He travelled in Europe. In Germany he met many of the great men. The inevitable took place. He determined not to study for the Church. He translated Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Michigan, in 1881 Professor of Ethics, and in 1887 Professor of Philosophy and Head of that Department.

He was great as a teacher. This is what Professor Dewey says: ‘There are teachers who inspire, but their inspiration, tested by time, appears mainly emotional, and hence temporary, transient. There are scholars who are thorough and honest, but whose attitude toward their subject seems, if not perfunctory and formal, at least professional, a tradesmanlike affair. Mr. Morris was of that rarer group where scholarship blends with enthusiasm; where competent technical methods lend themselves to the support of inspiration. I cannot imagine either the student indifferent to philosophy or the student whose main concern with it was professional leaving Professor Morris's classes without having gained a respect for the disinterested play of mind,—for scholarship not as a badge of possession or external accomplishment, but as a vital concern.’

Professor Wenley is a biographer.

ORGANIC EVOLUTION.

Even those whose business lies in the great depths of Theology and Philosophy have to know a little science. There is one science in particular that they must know. It is the science of Organic Evolution. For it will never do to be content with the reading of essays on the relation between Evolution and Religion or a popular book on the Descent of Man. No one can accomplish his work without a sufficient grasp of the principles of Evolution to give him confidence. No one can relieve others of the perplexities arising between Evolution and Creation without being sure that he has solved them for himself.

Now there are many books on Organic Evolution, but we must seek the best. And the latest is likely to be the best. For there is progress in this science. The latest is a text-book which has been written by Richard Swann Lull, Ph.D., Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology in Yale University. Its title is simply *Organic Evolution* (Macmillan). It is a volume of more than seven hundred pages, for every aspect of the subject is dealt with, however tersely, and there is a very great number of illustrations, some of them in the text and some on separate plates.

The merit of the book for the unscientific is that its every word is intelligible. You may come to it as to your first scientific instructor in science and you will be able to carry it all with you. The

diagrams and photographs are not required for comprehension, though they are effective as illustrations and aids to memory.

Here is a short section which will bear out all that has been said. And as it has no figures accompanying it, there is no loss in quotation. Its theme is the significance of adaptation in animals that have to preserve their lives by running.

'Not only does speed adaptation give rise to some of nature's most beautiful and perfect machines, but it seems to have a much deeper meaning which has been summarized by Broom. He is speaking of Permian reptiles:

"The African, or more preferably the South Atlantic type, is chiefly remarkable for the great development of the limbs . . . What may have been the cause we can not at present tell, but it was a most fortunate thing for the world. It was the lengthened limb that gave the start to the mammals. When the Therapsidan [mammal-like reptile] took to walking with its feet underneath and the body off the ground it first became possible for it to become a warm-blooded animal. All the characters that distinguish a mammal from a reptile are the result of increased activity—the soft flexible skin with hair, the more freely movable jaws, the perfect, four-chambered heart, and the warm blood. It is further singularly interesting to note that the only other warm-blooded animals, the birds, arose in a similar fashion from a different reptilian group. A primitive sort of dinosaur took to walking on its hind-legs, and the greatly increased activity possible resulted in the development of birds. Birds were reptiles that became active on their hind-legs, mammals are reptiles that acquired activity through the development of all four."

'Back of all this lay the impelling natural cause. The earliest known mammals are late Triassic, the first recorded bird Middle Jurassic; the inference that both stocks arose in Permian time is justifiable from the degree of evolution which each class had attained by the time the actual record of their existence begins. Schuchert tells us that early in the Permian the climate of the lands seems everywhere to have been arid or semiarid and that this condition lasted into Jurassic time. One characteristic of desert animals of to-day—the lizards, birds, gazelle, Persian ass—is *speed*, for the creature must fare widely for food and drink if he would fare well.

Again Schuchert tells us that the Permian was a time of extensive glaciation with a severity of climate, especially in the southern land masses, as great as if not greater than the polar one of Quaternary time, although, like the latter, the Permian glacial period had warmer interglacial intervals as well. The incentive for speed already given, rendering the development of warm blood possible, the devastating cold would soon place a premium upon such as did develop it and eliminate those which did not. From this fortunate relation of cause and effect arose on the one hand the primal mammal, making human evolution possible, and on the other hand the ancestral bird.'

SOCIAL LIFE.

Mr. G. G. Coulton, M.A., St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, is the compiler of a volume of quotations serving to illustrate *Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 15s. net). The quotations have been searched out and found in some cases in the most inaccessible places—places that are quite inaccessible to ordinary readers of books. 'A large proportion are translated (and many for the first time) from Latin or Old French. The rest are presented unmodernized (though sometimes, as the reader is warned, with some abridgment) in their medieval garb. To this end the compiler has made specially free use of such old translations as those of Trevisa, Lord Berners, and the *Alphabet of Tales*. Even where the episode was given more fully by a first-rate chronicler like Matthew Paris, it seemed preferable to reproduce it in Trevisa's naïve rendering of Higden's compilation; since here we have the actual English that Chaucer heard.'

It is a most entertaining book. One can pick it up and lay it down at will, but never can one light upon an uninteresting or even an unedifying page. Yet the best way is to read it from the beginning to the end. For only in that way can the growth of knowledge and the progress of culture in this country throughout the Middle Ages be appreciated. Mr. Coulton has never shirked the necessity of suppression. If there is overlapping there is good reason for it. And he has been so merciful to the general reader as to

interpret steadily either in introductions or in footnotes.

Out of so many titbits that arrest how shall a selection be made? The first is by Policraticus. It is taken and translated from Migne's *Patrologia Latina* (vol. 199, col. 600):

THE FUNCTION OF KNIGHTHOOD.—'But what is the function of orderly knighthood? To protect the church, to fight against treachery, to reverence the priesthood, to fend off injustice from the poor, to make peace in your own province, to shed your blood for your brethren, and, if needs must, to lay down your life.'

The next is from the Coventry *Leet Book* (A.D. 1484):

A STRIKE AMONG THE BAKERS.—'Mem. that in the moneth of Decembre the yere aforesaid the Bakers of the sede Citie in gret nombre riottesly disposed assembled theym and unlawfully confedered, intendyng of hight wille the reproche of the seid Maire, sodenly departed oute of the seid Cite unto Bakynnton, levyng the seid Cite destitute of bred; wherthorough not only straungers resortyng to the seid Cite and the Inhabitauntes of the same were unvittailed, in gretly noysyng the seid Cite and villany and reproche of the seid Maire and all the officers therof. Of which riotte divers of the seid Bakers were indited, as appereth of recorde in the seid Cite etc. Which seid Bakers callyng theym to theymself, resorted and came unto the seid Maire and humbly submytted theymself unto his correccion. Wheruppon they were commytte[d] to warde, and their ffyn [as]sessed bi the seid Maire and other Justices of pease within the seid Cite at xxli.; of which somme xli. was yffen to theym ageny etc., the other xli. was rescayved . . . [and to give surety to obey the Mayor's orders and keep the assize for the future, or pay 20s. fine].'

A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

'In the year 1911, I was asked to make a special study of the philosophy of Wang Yang-ming (A.D. 1472-1529) for the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society of Shanghai. As a result, I undertook a thorough investigation of his standpoint; and in the autumn of 1912 read a paper before the Society on "A Study in the Life and Philosophy of Wang Yang-ming."

'Having become greatly interested in his approach

to the problems of philosophy, and knowing that his thought is exercising a profound influence upon the Chinese and the Japanese, I decided to translate his *Biography, Instructions for Practical Life, Record of Discourses, and Letters* into English. The present volume is the outcome, which I now offer to students everywhere, with the hope that it may inspire a desire for a fuller knowledge of the splendid achievements of the Chinese, and a deeper appreciation of their worth.'

Thus Dr. Frederick Goodrich Henke of Chicago explains the origin of his book *The Philosophy of Wang Yang-ming* (Open Court Pub. Co.; \$2.50 net). What was Wang Yang-ming's doctrine? Dr. Henke may be quoted again: 'Wang Yang-ming, who lived three and one half centuries after Chu, was an idealist of the monistic type. For him mind covered the entire gamut of existence; he thought that nothing exists independent of and apart from mind. His point of view was consequently at variance with Chu's. He had considerable difficulty in defending his break with the traditional interpretation of the classics, but he succeeded remarkably well.

'As a rationalizing and socializing factor in the development of life, his exposition exhibits the following doctrines:

'1. Every individual may understand the fundamental principles of life and of things, including moral laws, by learning to understand his own mind, and by developing his own nature. This means that it is not necessary to use the criteria of the past as present-day standards. Each individual has the solution of the problems of the universe within himself. "Man is the measure of all things."

'2. On the practical side, every one is under obligation to keep knowledge and action, theory and practice together, for the former is so intimately related to the latter that its very existence is involved. There can be no real knowledge without action. The individual has within himself the spring of knowledge and should constantly carry into practice the things that his intuitive knowledge of good gives him opportunity to do.

'3. Heaven, earth, man, all things are an all-pervading unity. The universe is the macrocosm, and each human mind is a microcosm. This naturally leads to the conceptions, equality of opportunity and liberty, and as such serves well as the fundamental principle of social activity and reform.'

The most impressive thing in the book is the insistence with which the philosopher exalts the intuitive faculty. In one of the Letters, he says: 'The scholar who keeps to the path of duty really has the clear apprehension and realization which come from the intuitive faculty, and is completely in harmony with himself and perfectly intelligent. Magnanimous and spacious, he is one with heaven and earth. What thing is not included in the great vastness of heaven and earth, which, nevertheless, not a single thing can cover or obscure? Now, the intuitive faculty is by nature characterized by quick apprehension, clear discernment, far-reaching intelligence, and all-embracing knowledge. It is magnanimous, generous, benign, and mild; it is impulsive, energetic, firm, and enduring; it is self-adjusted, grave, correct, and true to the mean; it is accomplished, distinctive, concentrative, and searching. All-embracing it is and vast; deep and active as a fountain, sending forth its virtues in due season. The intuitive faculty does not naturally long for wealth and honor, nor is it solicitous because of poverty and humble position. In its natural condition it is not delighted because of attainment, nor distressed because of loss, nor are certain things chosen because of fondness for them and others put aside because they are disliked. Thus the ears could not be used to listen to anything were it not for the intuitive faculty. How could it be apprehended? (75) The eyes could not be used to look at anything were it not for the intuitive faculty. How could it be clearly discerned? The mind could not be used in deliberating on and realizing anything were it not for the intuitive faculty. How could there be any far-reaching intelligence and all-embracing knowledge? Moreover, how could there be any magnanimity, generosity, benignity, and mildness if there were no intuitive faculty? How could there be impulsiveness, energy, firmness, and endurance? How could there be self-control, gravity, maintenance of the mean, correctness, accomplishment, distinction, concentration, and investigation? How could one say of any individual, "All-embracing is he and vast, deep and active as a fountain, sending forth his virtues in their due season"?'

This is the clue to the interpretation of the whole book. At first it seems unattractive, its distance being so great. But that sense of distance is due more, far more, to the form than to the

matter of the philosophy. After a time the unfamiliarity lessens and the universally applicable truth of the doctrine becomes apparent. For the truth that only character counts, and that character is independent of external circumstances, is universal truth. With it the Chinese and all mankind are really educated, without it no passing of examinations will matter, as Wang Yang-ming is constantly proclaiming.

Dr. Henke has done his work well. And he has proved that it was worth doing. The time will come when the knowledge of Chinese thought will enter the Western world. Hitherto it is Hinduism that has held the attention of the West. China may be less religious than India, but it is very much more ethical, and it is in the ethical application of religion that we are going to make most progress now.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

Canon H. L. Goudge is always up to date and always reverent. His new volume *Thoughts for Dark Days* (Skeffingtons; 3s. 6d. net) is an exposition of the Epistle of James. Every topic is touched. But every topic is so touched that it leaps into life. Even 'faith and works'—how silly to say that it is a dead controversy! Canon Goudge says that 'to every one of us it is a matter of life and death'; and you recognize as you read that what he says is true.

One of the ancient and modern issues which he handles is spiritual healing. 'He handles it as courageously as the rest.' 'The question is up to a certain point entirely simple. God can heal the body as easily as the soul; and bodily health, if it is desired for the fulfilment of God's purpose, is an absolutely right subject for prayer. St. James says exactly what we should expect him to say. Illness is something abnormal in the Christian Church; its presence, St. James evidently thinks, suggests sin behind. What then is to be done? Let the sick man "call for the elders of the Church." The Church is a brotherhood; the blessing needed by one is a blessing for all, and the Church should seek it through its appointed leaders. They should come; they should use the appropriate sacramental means; they should pray over the sick man, and invoke the name of the Great Healer. The prayer of faith will then save him that is sick, and the Lord will raise him up. "If

he have committed sins"—the next verse presupposes that they have been confessed—"it shall be forgiven him." If the sickness is a punishment, the sin must be abandoned, if the punishment is to be removed. Now what could be simpler or more straightforward than all this? Of course, there may be exceptions. The sickness may be in some way for the glory of God. We read that St. Paul "besought the Lord thrice" for the removal of his thorn in the flesh, and had to learn that for God's good purposes it must remain. Having learned that, he would not have wished it to be removed. But, normally, the procedure of St. James is plainly the right method of Christian action; St. Paul himself did not cease to pray for his own deliverance till a fuller discernment of the mind of God was given to him. Ought we, then, to-day, to follow out St. James's teaching? Certainly, when the conditions are the same, and those who do as he bids us assure us of the blessing that follows. Only, let us be sure that the conditions are fulfilled. The Christian Churches of St. James's day had many faults, but they were assemblies of believers. Their members were men and women who had come out from the world to live for the divine kingdom. St. James says: "Is any among you sick?" and we must not forget the limitation which the word "you" involves. The subject of healing is a Christian man, who has confessed and renounced his sin, not one who desires health that he may spend it upon his pleasures. Were we to preach upon the housetops the power of holy unction, there would doubtless be many who would be ready to give it a trial, in just the same spirit as they try a new drug. But we could not expect healing to follow, and the failure would be injurious to faith. We must create the conditions first in faithful sick people and in faithful elders of the Church. Then—and not till then—may we ask and receive, that our joy may be full.

Would you know a nation? Know their folk-songs and their folktales. Dr. Josef Baudis, M.R.I.A., Lecturer in Comparative Philology at the Prague University, has selected and translated a volume of *Czech Folk Tales* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net) which will bring us very near to the hearts and the hearths of that much enduring people. They cry for the moon, as we all do.

And their cry is to be in some measure realized, we ourselves helping towards its realization. There is a truly charming Czech girl for frontispiece, and there are appropriate illustrations in front of some of the tales.

Paper shortage has greatly reduced the size of *The Baptist Handbook for 1918* (Baptist Union; 2s. 6d. net). But the editor, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., has omitted wisely. All the personal element is retained, the Societies and their Secretaries, the complete list of Baptist Ministers and Probationers in the British Isles. When the war is over (and the Germans are doing their best at the present time to end it by throwing their forces into the furnace without mercy), then the Baptist Handbook will recover its original size and will even increase with the sure increase of the Church.

Mr. William Henry Hudson, Staff Lecturer in Literature to the Extension Board, University of London, has written *A Short History of English Literature in the Nineteenth Century* (Bell). The space is most economically allotted. Wordsworth receives ten pages, Coleridge seven, Tennyson eight, Browning seven. Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, and Lord Morley are all fitted into a page. No names are omitted. And the utmost care seems to be given to make accurate the numerous titles and dates. There is no attempt at smart characterization, but the economy of space has compelled many estimates that will be remembered for their epigrammatic terseness.

'The Commission on the War of the Church of Scotland appointed a Committee of its members to study the Moral and Social Issues involved in this great calamity. This Committee made a survey of the field assigned to them, and, on the invitation of the Committee, papers were contributed to elucidate the spheres of influence which the Church should endeavour to occupy.' These preliminary papers have now been gathered into a volume, with the title of *Social Evils and Problems* (Blackwood). The first half of the book is occupied with Social Evils. Crime is discussed by the Lord Justice-Clerk, Intemperance by Dr. R. Menzies Fergusson, Impurity by Professor W. A. Curtis, the Decreasing Birthrate by Dr. Norman Maclean, Gambling by Lord Sands, the Decline of

Discipline by Dr. W. S. Bruce; Avarice, Luxury, and Waste by Professor Cooper. And that is but the first half of the book. The other half is occupied with Social Problems—Disintegration, Child Welfare, Adolescence, Rural Depopulation, Destitution, Housing, Industry, Business, Politics, and International Relations.

The book is edited by Professor W. P. Paterson and Dr. David Watson. Professor Paterson contributes the Introduction—a masterly survey of the whole situation.

The Way of Salvation in the Lutheran Church, by Professor G. H. Gerberding, D.D., LL.D., is issued in a 'Reformation Jubilee Edition,' revised, improved, and enlarged, and with a Preface by the Rev. M. Rhodes, D.D., President of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States (Philadelphia: General Council Pub. House). It is a book which has long since passed beyond the need of appreciation, for thirty thousand copies of it have been sold. The author has a good knowledge of his subject and can write in a clear captivating style. The book is at once a theological manual and a preacher of the Gospel.

'Watchman' has told us in *The Tower* (Headley Bros.; 2s. net) how it will be with the world after the war—some time after. For one thing, we shall burn no more coals. The time has already come as he writes: 'Science has told us that coal is much too valuable to be burned as it used to be. Science has taught us to win from it carbonic and picric acids, paraffin and naphthaline, benzine, toluene and pitch, ammonium sulphate and phosphate for fertilisers, even soot for printing inks and polishes, as well as for manures. A whole host of lesser trades depend for their raw material on coal. The coal seams of the country have been surveyed and classified for this end, and the practical problems of carbonising and gasifying the raw materials for obtaining those by-products, and leaving the result available for heat and light and power have been tackled by the chemists and engineers.'

It is the prophecy of an industrial paradise. It may be as true as it is charmingly related.

Under the title of *Two Brave Brothers* (London: R. J. James) there has been published a biography of two of the sons of the First Baron Llangattock.

There were three sons. One died as the result of influenza, shockingly mismanaged by somebody. Of the two here commemorated the more famous was the younger, the Hon. Charles S. Rolls. He is known as the inventor and maker, along with Mr. F. H. Royce, of the famous Rolls-Royce car. He is not forgotten as an aviator; for did he not break records in those early days by crossing and recrossing the Channel? Then one morning a slight accident happened to his biplane and he was killed. Monmouth cannot make enough of his memory; and the Country joins with Monmouth in admiration for a true British hero.

The eldest son succeeded his father before the war began. In October 1916 he went to France as Major of the 1st Monmouthshire Artillery, 4th Welsh Brigade, and within three weeks he was shot. 'Accompanied by two or three of his men, he had gone forward a considerable distance from the Battery to a point of observation, where he received severe gunshot wounds in the jaw and hand. With his characteristic unselfishness he attempted to walk to the dressing-station, as he said that the stretchers were needed for others. Even at the time when he was thus grievously wounded, his first thought was for his men, who loved him. In spite of his great suffering, he implored the next in command, as he was put into the train for Boulogne, "*Take care of my men*"—the same words he had used when he was being borne away from the spot where he fell.'

The biography is full of photographs. To motorists and aviators it will be especially welcome.

The Sunday Afternoon Address is a thing by itself. And the man who can give it must have first received the gift. The Rev. G. Gilbert Muir is such a man. The twenty-five addresses which he publishes under the title of *The Throne without the Czar* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net) have all been delivered with applause. They are very moral, but they are never 'mere morality.' Of course he tells his anecdotes, and he tells them pithily. 'I remember hearing the story of a preacher riding in a trap behind a runaway horse. He turned to the driver and said, "I would give half-a-crown to be out of this trap." "Keep your half-crown," said the driver; "you'll be out for nothing in a moment!"'

A volume of Studies in the Lord's Prayer has been published by the Rev. H. T. Burgess, LL.D.,

under the title of *Our Father* (Kelly; 5s. net). It contains an exposition of each of the petitions of the Prayer. The exposition is not simply a sermon. It is more educative than sermons are expected to be and less hortatory. It is particularly adapted for the devotional use of the Prayer.

But besides the exposition of the petitions there is an Introduction, occupying more than a third part of the volume, and handling such topics as the Philosophy of Prayer, Prayer and Personality, Christ's Example in Prayer; and then two chapters, more directly bearing on the Lord's Prayer itself, entitled 'the Pattern Prayer' and 'the Password Prayer.' These chapters are full of useful instruction and will be read with genuine enjoyment.

Throughout the volume there are insets which deserve attention, one an analytical arrangement of the Lord's Prayer, one a Chant (by E. M. Cooper), and one a metrical Version. A Postscript gives a Paraphrase of the Prayer, said to have been found in the pocket-book of a soldier who had been slain on the battlefield.

Mr. G. P. Cuttriss, who belongs to the Third Australian Division (he nowhere mentions his rank), has written down his impressions of the Australian soldier, calling the book '*Over the Top*' (Kelly; 3s. net). The impressions are quite occasional and not at all philosophical, and the pencil sketches with which they are illustrated are like them. There are not a few ugly acts on the part of the Germans recorded, but for the sake of our common humanity we shall quote an incident of the other kind. 'We attempted to raid the enemy trenches. The weather was bitterly cold and the night was dark. Our artillery put over a heavy barrage, after which the raiding party went forth; they crept forward over the muddy ground, and entered the German lines. Several casualties were sustained during the operations. When our men returned to their trenches, it was discovered that one of the raiding party was missing. When the noise of the counter-barrage had died down, a cry for help was distinctly heard by our front line troops. It came from "no man's land." A couple of stretcher-bearers and two men went out in search of the one in distress. While groping about amongst the wire in the darkness, they heard the Germans assuring the man for whom they were searching

that he would be all right. Suddenly the enemy turned a trench searchlight on to "no man's land," and by this light the search party were guided to their wounded comrade. The light was kept on him until he was rescued, and was then used to guide the party back to their own lines. During this time no shot was fired.'

For all whom it may concern (and it concerns many persons and 'publicists' beyond the Congregational Churches), but especially for Congregationalists themselves, who ought to possess a copy and peruse it every year, we announce the issue for 1918 of *The Congregational Year Book* (Memorial Hall; 3s. 6d. net). It offers a fine portrait of Principal Griffith-Jones as frontispiece, Principal Griffith-Jones being Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for 1918-19. It contains, further, a complete (and succinct) biography of every living Congregational pastor and preacher.

It seems that in the United States of America parents are accustomed to go to the Heads of schools and dictate what their children are to be taught and what not. Mr. Columbus N. Millard turns the tables on the parents. He tells them what *their* duty is, and calls his book very plainly, *A Parent's Job* (Boston: Pilgrim Press; \$1 net). Let parents accept the reproof and follow the advice. The reproof is given in all courtesy; the advice is experienced and excellent. There is even something like a revelation of duty in such a chapter as that on 'Home Education prior to entering School.' Home education prior to entering school includes exercise in the open air. Now 'the most attractive inducements to exercise in the open air are *things that go*. By far the best of these is the *Irish Mail*, because it exercises both arms and legs, and besides increasing lung capacity greatly strengthens the abdominal muscles. The author knows a boy whose digestion up to the age of four was so delicate that often for several successive days he could retain no food. The end of these attacks was correlative with the purchase of an *Irish Mail*, which the youth had to be taught to ride, but in which he became so interested that for more than a year he operated it most vigorously whenever weather conditions permitted.' But—'the chief point to be remembered in connection with the pre-school use of all the articles and

devices mentioned is that attention to them must not be forced but attracted.'

Dr. Frederick Carl Eiselen, Professor of Old Testament Interpretation in Garrett Biblical Institute, has undertaken to write a series of books introductory to the Old Testament. He has already published the volume on the Pentateuch. Now he has issued the volume on *The Psalms and other Sacred Writings* (New York: Methodist Book Concern; \$1.75 net). It is probable that the series will consist of four volumes, for this volume covers all the Old Testament books except the Historical and the Prophetical. It even includes Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles, no doubt on the understanding that these books are not primarily history, and Daniel not primarily prophecy.

Professor Eiselen is a higher critic with Conservative instincts. He has studied the Old Testament for himself, and has independently come to conclusions that differ very little from those of Driver's *Introduction* or Hastings' *Dictionary*. And he has the skill to make all he believes credible. He has no combative proclivities. Addressing himself to the ordinary reader of the Bible, he states clearly the results at which the most competent scholars have arrived. Those who study these books will really know what is known about the Old Testament, its composition and its contents.

The most recent volume of the 'Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice,' edited by Dr. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, discusses *The Place of the Laity in the Church* (Scott; 3s. net). It is a matter which every Church in Christendom is discussing. It is a matter that will surely demand discussion and more than discussion in the reconstruction following the war. The authors of the chapters in this volume are scarcely aware of its urgency. They are constitutionally conservative, and use old arguments over again, though perhaps with an occasional qualm of conscience. They refuse to narrow the distance that separates clergy from laity in the Church of England, and somewhat in the manner of Lord Milner on a celebrated occasion, but more reverently, they are ready to face the consequences.

There are some small matters in the book which the Editor has overlooked. The Episcopal Church in Scotland is called 'The Church of Scotland,' and

that too in the heading of a chapter. On another page we find 'the minister of Grey Friars Chapel, Glasgow.'

Mr. J. Ellis has added to his large library of Preachers' Aids a volume of Outline Addresses, Children's Talks, and the like, to which he has given the title *Tools Ready to Hand* (Scott; 2s. net). Among the anecdotes at the end there is this reminiscence of Lincoln: 'President Lincoln, being once asked after a long voyage along the coast on a steamboat, how he was, replied: "I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming along, and am not altogether over it yet." "Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for sea-sickness." "No, no, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article." That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.'

The Rev. Henry Phipps Denison, B.A., has given an account of the things which are most surely believed by himself in a volume entitled *The Making of Gods* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). For example. He believes that faith is a faculty of the soul, bestowed upon it at conversion. Before conversion no one has faith or can have it. And as conversion occurs in baptism, no unbaptized person can have faith. Then the use of faith is to enable us to know God. And as God is known only in Jesus Christ, faith is always and only faith in Him.

In the middle of the book we come upon the chapter on Idolatry. It explains the title. In every revolt against Catholic tradition there are three stages—panic, the making of gods, degradation. The illustration is the Golden Calf. The departure 'may be in the heresies of the fourth and fifth centuries, it may be in the manufacture of Protestantism in the Lutheran workshop, or it may be in the twentieth-century revolt of intellectualism and Kultur.' Well, Mr. Denison thinks for himself. Is it possible that he may awake some morning and find himself a heretic or even a Protestant?

A notable volume on *Religion and Reconstruction* has been published by Messrs. Skeffington (3s. 6d.).

net). It is made up of papers contributed by thirteen men, every man of them a far-seeing spectator of the present conflict and a deeply interested student of its religious aspect. There is no attempt to furnish dry facts. That is done elsewhere and sufficiently. The aim is to manifest a spirit. And that is accomplished here as nowhere else yet. The writers include Deans and Bishops of the Church of England, a Monsignor of the Roman Church, together with representatives of the Nonconformist Churches, and the spirit of unity is perfect. There is not even a sign of reserve.

Another volume has appeared of that most appetizing series 'The Making of the Future,' edited by Patrick Geddes and Victor Branford. It has itself the appetizing title of *Human Geography in Western Europe* (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net). The author, Mr. H. J. Fleure, is after the editors' heart. For he can sympathize with

the human race regardless of clime or colour, and he can write. He is Professor in the University of Wales at Aberystwyth.

But what is Human Geography? It is the study of man in the place wherein he dwells. The place is never lost sight of, but the geography is of the men who live there. 'The book,' says its author, 'is not intended to be a text-book of geography, it is rather an effort towards a closer contact with the ever-flowing stream of experience which has made of us, in the present competitive, in a better future more co-operative, groups that might work side by side for the enrichment of the life of humanity.'

We have all the joy of discovery as we read. It is a new study, and withal a new study of man. The very maps, if you can call them maps, are new. Our fathers tried to impart a human interest to their maps by painting in a native in full feathers here and there. This is a more artistic way; it is probably more scientific also.

Some Aspects of Baptism in the New Testament.

BY PERCY J. HEAWOOD, M.A., PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM suggests various trains of thought. An English Churchman may perhaps begin by thinking of it as one of the two sacraments definitely recognized by his Church, and may think of a sacrament as defined in this connexion in the Catechism, as 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.' Yet it may well be that this idea of a sacrament is not the fundamental one. It is certainly not that suggested by the original classical meaning of the term—the oath of allegiance of the Roman soldier to his commander. To justify a divergent usage we are often reminded that in the early Christian centuries the word *sacramentum* came to be applied in a very general way to any sacred rite or function, and in particular St. Augustine's use of the word (in *Ep.* 138. i. 7) is referred to, where he says that 'signs when they apply to divine things are called sacraments,' which at first seems something like the definition of a sacrament in the Catechism. Only we find in the context that Augustine is not defining Christian sacraments or even alluding

directly to them. He is meeting a curious objection that God showed caprice in first ordaining Jewish sacrifices and then superseding them by Christian ordinances. Matters of outward ritual he shows are not an expression of God's unchangeable nature, but are relative to man's varying needs. They are for man's benefit, not for God's pleasure, and therefore liable to vary with circumstances; they are naturally different before Christ's coming and after He had come. This he argues at some length, but waives the detailed application of the principle to all the various symbolic acts of the old and new covenants, the 'signs' which in divine matters are called 'sacraments.' 'Nimis autem longum est,' he says, 'convenienter disputare de varietate signorum, quae cum ad res divinas pertinent sacramenta vocantur.' He goes on to point out that such a change of 'sacraments' had been foretold. This general incidental reference does not perhaps after all show how the term came to be applied, say, to the Christian rite of Baptism, nor do other more vague and general usages

explain the special emphasis with which it was used of that and some other Christian rites.¹ We have not to go beyond the baptismal service itself for hints that, whatever may be the precise history of the word, the original reference to the soldier's oath may have more bearing on the matter than appears at first. Though the prevalence of infant baptism leads to more stress on what is done *for* than what is done *by* the baptized person, it is yet plainly set forth as a condition that the child must (by its sureties) renounce the devil and all his works, express willingness to be baptized in the Faith of the Apostles' Creed, and promise to keep God's commandments. These things are solemnly 'demanded' by the minister. Moreover, the child is signed with the sign of the cross, 'in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.' Baptism then, whatever else it is, *is* enlistment in Christ's service, under the most solemn vows of faithful continuance therein. It involves a *sacramentum* in the literal sense. But then there is the other side—the ritual acts, the prayers and their implications, the ideas of regeneration, of admission to the membership of the Church. What is the relation between these various aspects?

With such questions in view, we turn to see what impression we gather from the various references to baptism in the New Testament. It is the baptism from which John Baptist took his name, and which seems so strangely to have persisted, with personal reference to him (Ac 18²⁵ 19⁸. 4), which meets us in the very forefront of the gospel. John proclaimed, 'Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' and then there 'went out unto him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan; and they were baptized of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins' (Mt 3¹⁻⁶); but we are not clearly told what was the significance of the rite. It is introduced as a natural thing which seems to have been popularly accepted and understood, and obviously it had a

history behind it; but beyond the fact that it is supposed to have been used for the admission of proselytes the history is obscure. From its symbolism we might naturally think of cleansing and of ceremonies of purification, yet there seems nothing at all like it in the ceremonial of the Jewish law. One thing seems clear—that it was intended as the sequel to repentance and confession of sin and symbolized the start on a new life to which repentance led. It is called the Baptism of Repentance (Mk 1⁴, Lk 3⁸, Ac 19⁴). Yet Jesus offered Himself for it, though John's protest brought the reply that it was fitting for Him (and His) to 'fulfil all righteousness' (Mt 3¹⁵). Josephus says that John urged the Jews to baptism if they were practising justice to each other and piety towards God, adding in rather striking words that John approved the rite if it were used 'not to get off certain sins' but to purify the body, on the assumption that the soul had been already thoroughly cleansed by righteousness, *i.e.* apparently it was to be used as an outward sign of an inward change which was deemed to have already taken place, not as a means of securing it (*Ant.* 18. 5. 2). But the act of baptizing was thought to involve high personal claims. 'Why then baptizest thou, if thou art not the Christ, neither Elijah, neither the prophet?' asked the priests and Levites from Jerusalem (Jn 1²⁵). And we soon find other personal implications. The Pharisees had heard 'that Jesus was *making and baptizing more disciples than John* (although Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples),' Jn 4^{1, 2}, as though baptism were thought of as admitting to a personal relationship. We hear no more of baptism during Christ's ministry, but all that had gone before leads up to those ideas of discipleship and personal relation to Christ which we find associated with it when baptism is finally appropriated to the admission of believers into the Church, as in the charge to 'go and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost' (Mt 28¹⁹). So in the sequel the idea of personal allegiance is prominent.

¹ In *Confessions*, IV. ii. 3, Augustine speaks of the rites by which a soothsayer offered to secure his success in a prize-poem competition as 'foeda illa sacramenta,' but they may be so described not merely as rites but as aiming at a *league* with powers of evil. The man (he says) by his sacrifices of animals 'invitaturus mihi suffragatura daemona videbatur.'

² μή ἐπὶ τινῶν ἀμαρτιῶν παραιτῆσαι χρωμένων, ἀλλ' ἐφ' ἀγνείᾳ τοῦ σώματος, ἅτε δὴ καὶ τῆς ψυχῆς δικαιοσύνη προεκκεκαθαρμένῃς. It is a little tempting to suppose a noun *τίνης* (or *τίνος*) from *τινω*, as *τρίβη* from *τρίβω*: 'Not for begging off the penalties of sins' makes excellent sense, while the direct dependence of ἀμαρτιῶν on παραιτῆσαι is a little harsh and τινῶν = 'some' rather pointless. In default of evidence for such a word, however, this cannot be pressed.

St. Paul found disciples at Ephesus, who had been baptized 'into John's baptism' (Ac 19³). John, in baptizing with the Baptism of Repentance, pointed on, he told them, to belief in Him that was coming after him, namely, Jesus; and 'hearing this they were baptized *into the name of the Lord Jesus*.' In writing to Corinth, St. Paul thanks God that he had baptized so few of the Corinthians himself (1 Co 1^{14, 15}), 'lest any man should say that *ye were baptized into my name*.' So prominent seems to be the idea of personal allegiance associated with the rite. When St. Paul himself is baptized at Damascus, Ananias brings forward the idea of purification (Ac 22¹⁶): 'Arise, and be baptized (or baptize thyself¹) and wash away thy sins'—and indeed he had a special past of rebellion, from which to purge himself. But he continues at once *ἐπικαλεσάμενος τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ*, which, however translated, brings in the note of personal allegiance, of baptism into Christ's name, which we have found elsewhere. If rightly rendered here 'calling upon' or 'invoking his name' (and not rather 'calling his name upon thyself,' as might be suggested by the more Hebraic passages which are direct quotations from the Old Testament where . . . *נִקְרָא שְׁמִי* . . . *לֵךְ* is used²) the phrase will still involve the personal appropriation of Christ's name. In 1 Co 1² and elsewhere *οἱ ἐπικαλούμενοι τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ κυρίου* is used to describe those who are Christians, who accept the Lord as their Lord; and so the name 'invoked' in baptism, if that be the sense, will be the name invoked in a special way as that of the Master to whom the disciple vows allegiance, or the phrase loses its point. But the expression in Ja 2⁷, 'the noble name which was called upon you' (*τὸ καλὸν ὄνομα τὸ ἐπικληθὲν ἐφ' ὑμᾶς*), suggests the fuller meaning in other passages where *ἐπικαλοῦμαι* is used.

But, further, the incidents from the Old Testament which are used in the New as types or illustrations of baptism are not a little remarkable, or would be if we were not so familiar with them—not ceremonial washings or purifications, but rather the great deliverances which gave a fresh

start to the nation or the race, that of Noah and his family from the flood (1 P 3²⁰⁻²¹) and of Israel at the passage of the Red Sea (1 Co 10¹⁻⁴). In each case the water is there, but as a destructive not a purifying agent, through which, however, those concerned were brought safely, while it put an impassable barrier between the old and the new life. If we look at the non-religious uses of the words we find that, while *βάπτω* means to dip, *βαπτίζω* is used not of mere immersion but of drowning or overwhelming, both in a literal and a figurative sense. One of the strangest cases is where Josephus says (*B.J.* iv. iii. 3) of the robber bands which poured into Jerusalem, *ἐβάπτισαν τὴν πόλιν*, in the sense apparently that they flooded (and as it were overwhelmed) the city, for he explains it by saying that resources which might have sufficed for the fighting men were thus wasted on a useless and idle mob. While this gives a curious sidelight on the associations of the word, we note again in the Red Sea illustration an insistence on the element of personal devotion, where we might not expect to find it. 'All our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and all were *baptized unto Moses*³ in the cloud and in the sea' (1 Co 10¹⁻²). We read in Ex 14⁸¹, as the result of their deliverance, that 'the people feared the Lord and believed in the Lord and in Moses his servant'; and St. Paul seems to think of the event as sealing the acceptance of Moses as their leader, and to find in this, as much as in their safe passage through the water, the point of the parallel with Christian baptism.

In 1 Peter the figure of Noah's flood is suggested in connexion with the mysterious preaching of Christ to the spirits in prison which of old were disobedient. For them the long-suffering of God had waited in vain while the Ark was preparing. And this leads the writer on to notice that as by it (when the flood came) a few were brought in safety through the water, so answering to this figure baptism now saves *us*. And then he pauses to suggest in a remarkable phrase wherein the essential virtue of baptism consists—*οὐ σαρκὸς ἀπόθεσις ῥύπου ἀλλὰ συνειδήσεως ἀγαθῆς ἐπερώτημα εἰς θεόν*. It is not the external bodily cleansing which saves us, but the 'answer' (A.V.), 'interrogation'⁴ (R.V.), 'of a good conscience towards God.' The meaning of this word *ἐπερώτημα* has been much dis-

¹ The verb is middle (as in 1 Co 10²), and in the second clause at all events the action seems to be attributed to the baptized.

² As in Ac 15¹⁷, quoting Am 9¹²; but there are various uses of *נִקְרָא* of like import, as *נִקְרָא בְשֵׁם יַעֲקֹב* (Is 44⁶), 'shall call himself by the name of Jacob' (among a variety of parallel phrases using other verbs), and so it may be in the Greek.

³ Or baptized themselves—see above.

⁴ Or 'inquiry' or 'appeal'—margin.

puted. It would naturally mean the 'question' or 'demand' or perhaps 'the thing demanded,' rather than the answer—hence the change in R.V. But it may help to a natural explanation if we notice how the verb *ἐπερωτάω* occurs in documents of the early Christian centuries. It is used in rather a special way of the formal demand made of one who had to make a legal declaration. 'Being asked the formal question, he assented' (*ἐπερωτηθεὶς ὁμολόγησεν*)—the phrase usually runs, with such small modifications as are due to differences of number and person. (See Grenfell and Hunt *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, in contracts *passim*.) An instance of the phrase in A.D. 170 (No. 905. 19) is indeed said to be an early example for Egypt 'apart from those in which Roman citizens are concerned'; but this limitation suggests that it or phrases akin to it may have been used elsewhere much earlier, and even in other connexions the word has a distinctly legal flavour. Once, in the papyri printed by G. and H., the noun *ἐπερώτησις* occurs instead of the verb (*ἐπερώτησεως γενομένης* 'the formal question having been put'—No. 1205. 9); and once or twice the perfect passive is used in a pregnant way, as *covering both the question and answer*, 'I have been asked the formal question as is laid down' (*ἐπηρώτημαι ὡς πρόκειται*—No. 1277. 14, 25), where it is left to be understood that an affirmative answer was given. Might not then *ἐπερώτημα* in 1 Peter cover both the formal 'demand' and (by implication) the response to it, the assent given to the thing demanded? And the words *συνειδήσεως ἀγαθῆς . . . εἰς θεόν* would imply that the answer—the profession of allegiance—was made out of the sincerity of a loyal heart. If so it was a happy instinct of the A.V. to render the word by 'answer' rather than 'demand,' though the latter is the more literal meaning. This is further borne out if we remember that the technical phrase for administering the oath of allegiance to a Roman soldier was '*sacramento rogare*' (Livy, 32. 26, 40. 26; Cæsar, *B.G.* 6. 1).¹ *The due response is implied.* As in modern administration of oaths, the promise to be sworn to would be put by the 'rogator,' and only assent would be required on the other side. We thus find again that baptism involves as its essence the profession of loyalty to

Christ. It is in a literal sense the *sacramentum* of allegiance to Him.

We may compare a noteworthy passage in St. Paul's epistle to the Romans (10^{9, 10}): 'If thou shalt confess² with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved: for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' It is true that in this place there is no explicit mention of baptism, but what else should this open confession be, to which such saving grace is assigned, but the baptismal confession (the avowal of an honest heart of allegiance to Christ, as we have been regarding it), when we are told here that the point of the confession is the recognition of Jesus as Lord? Moreover, while St. Paul links with this outward confession belief in the heart that God raised Christ from the dead, St. Peter tells us that Baptism saves us *by the resurrection of Jesus Christ*.

This brings us naturally to another aspect of the matter, the remarkable way in which Baptism is connected in the New Testament with Christ's death and resurrection. In 1 Peter the whole passage containing the reference to Baptism arises out of the consideration of Christ's unmerited sufferings, 'the just for the unjust,' and of the new life through death which resulted. He was 'put to death in the flesh but made alive in the spirit,' and we are to 'arm ourselves with the same mind' (1 P 3¹⁸ 4^{1, 6}). But in St. Paul the reference is more direct. While he finds in baptism the pledge of unity,³ in the one faith, owning the one Lord (Eph 4⁵), it is on its connexion with Christ's death that he insists with peculiar emphasis. 'Know ye not that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life' (Ro 6³⁻⁴). So in Col 2¹²: 'Having been buried with him in baptism, wherein ye were also raised with him through faith in the working of God, who raised him from the dead.' And this comparison, which might seem strange, is explained by the context in Ro 6, where we see

¹ Obvius in agris sacramento rogatus arma capere et sequi cogebat — imperatum est ut Petillius . . . omnes minores quinquaginta annis sacramento rogaret. — quos ex Cisalpina Gallia consul sacramento rogasset, . . .

² It may be worth noting that the word for 'confess' here is the same as that so often linked with *ἐπερωτηθεὶς* in the papyri in the legal phrase, 'Being asked the formal question, he assented,' as noted above.

³ Compare 1 Co 12¹³.

that baptism is regarded not as a mere cleansing process, but as symbolizing the death of the old self, crucified with Christ, and the 'putting on of the new man' to whom 'Christ is all and in all' (Col 3¹⁰⁻¹¹). We see how all this fits with the full force of βαρύνω as meaning literally to overwhelm or drown, with the illustrations from startling and tragic deliverances in the Old Testament, and with the primitive Eastern mode of baptism by plunging in the rushing flood.¹ And here we may remember that Christ's Passion is itself spoken of by Him as a baptism: 'I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished' (Lk 12⁵⁰). We easily accept the metaphor, as indeed we speak sometimes of a baptism of fire or a baptism of blood; but is it merely used here as it might be used of anything overwhelming, that had a religious or moral significance, and from which the sufferer emerged victorious or purified? The crisis is there, the tragic catastrophe, the deliverance from death; but if we follow a hint in St. Paul's epistle to Timothy we may find in it a still more essential element. Timothy has just been reminded that he had 'confessed the good confession in the sight of many witnesses,' and the writer proceeds to lay a charge upon him in the sight of God . . . and of Christ Jesus *who before Pontius Pilate witnessed the good confession* (1 Ti 6¹²⁻¹³), an aspect of His Passion which might not have been so prominent in our minds, but which thus explicitly connects it with that confession, on our part, of His name, which seems the very pith and marrow of the baptismal rite.

And may not this view of baptism and its connexion with Christ's death and resurrection even throw light on that much-disputed passage in 1 Co 15²⁹: 'Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead? If the dead are not raised at all why are they then baptized for them?' The words may remind us in a general way of Isaiah's indignant בָּעַר הַחַיִּים אֶל־הַמֵּתִים, 'On behalf of the living—unto the dead!' (Is 8¹⁹); but it is not easy to get any but a far-fetched explanation, unless we understand the reference in 'the dead' to be to Christ Himself, on the supposition that He is dead and not risen. 'To be baptized for the dead' will then mean 'to be baptized for one who is, on this

showing, dead.' If we remember how closely St. Paul connects baptism with His death and resurrection, this reference seems in many ways the simplest and most natural. If Christ has not been raised from the dead, those who have been baptized into His name have been baptized into a death which has in it no promise of life. The use of the plural—the class for the individual representative of the class—is surely not unnatural in a passage where the gist of the argument has been that 'if there is no resurrection of the dead neither hath Christ been raised,' 'Christ . . . whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead are not raised,' 'if the dead are not raised neither hath Christ been raised' (vv. 13-16). And as what is true universally of the class is true of the individual member, so the case of the member is a case of the class to which he belongs. Such a use of a general term where the reference is particular does not much trouble us elsewhere. In the account of the healing of the paralytic (Mt 9⁸) we read that the multitudes 'were afraid, and glorified God, who had given such power unto men' (τοὺς δόντα ἐξουσίαν τοιαύτην τοῖς ἀνθρώποις) where it was only in the person of one that 'men' had received it. Another instance may be given from the Old Testament; perhaps it is a Hebrew trait thus to merge the individual in the class. We read (Gn 21⁷), 'Who would have said unto Abraham that Sarah should give children suck' (הֲיִנִּיקָה בָּנִים שָׂרָה), while the whole emphasis of the story is on there being only one such child. The real impediment to the acceptance of this suggestion seems to be the preposition ὑπέρ. If it were asked what use there was in being baptized *into the name of the dead*, the plural would not trouble us, and we might feel that a reason for the vaguer phrase could be found in a shrinking from speaking directly of Christ as dead, for purposes of argument. What pulls us up is that we are not so used to think of being baptized *for* Christ. We think of baptism as a rite performed (by someone) for the benefit of the baptized person, to bring him into a covenant relation with God, or to bring him God's grace and forgiveness. But if it *primarily* involves the confession of Christ's name, the enlistment in His service, being baptized for Him is equivalent to being admitted into service for Him,² and we can take St. Paul's sentence in the way proposed without any feeling of harshness.

¹ We may compare what John says about baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire (Mt 3^{11, 12} and parallels), and again the reference to baptism with the Holy Ghost,—of His descent with overwhelming power on the Day of Pentecost (Ac 1⁵).

² In Ph 1²⁹ belief in Christ as well as suffering for Him is thought of as being ὑπὲρ Χριστοῦ.

But be that as it may,—whatever be thought of the interpretation of this particular passage, the idea on which it is based is simply that to which everything has pointed, that in baptism it is the answer of a loyal heart which is the secret of its saving grace, as we are taught by St. Peter; the confession, with the mouth, of Jesus as Lord, which brings salvation, in the language of St. Paul. We have already seen how much in the baptismal service bears out this point of view, with its emphasis on the position of the baptized as Christ's faithful soldier and servant. In the final exhortation too we are reminded that 'Baptism doth represent unto us our profession.' And all would admit that there are conditions on man's part which must be fulfilled. Yet the prevalence of the baptism of unconscious infants,¹ even though they make protestation by their 'sureties,' and still more the fact that baptism is so often administered in a semi-private manner and is not in any real sense a confession before the assembled congregation, as it is meant to be, tends to make people's thoughts drift in unfortunate directions. Questions are often raised as to what constitutes valid baptism, what are the benefits of baptism, what is given in baptism, and why the grace of God is secured by the administration of a ceremonial rite. Such puzzles disappear when it is realized that the rite is but the formal acknowledgment and acceptance by the Church, the seal set by Christ's ordinance, to that true confession of His name, on which its spiritual significance depends. Not that this in any way minimizes the part of divine grace and its regenerating power, rather the other way; but it is divine grace meeting a real spiritual effort, not as it were drawn from heaven by a ceremonial act. The outward observance, it is true, was ordained by Christ Himself; but the part it plays is like that of the formal setting of the seal to a document, which is the crowning legal attestation of a transaction which derives all its real

¹ This of course makes it necessary that the complete idea of baptism can only be realized as supplemented by confirmation, when years of discretion are reached.

validity from the contract, the payment, etc., which have been already made. To paraphrase St. Paul's words with respect to the rite of admission to the old covenant (Ro 4¹¹) baptism is the outward sign, the seal, of the righteousness of the faith which the faithful receiver had when yet unbaptized. We may learn something even from the words of Josephus already quoted, where he tells us that John urged baptism only for those whose souls had been already cleansed.

We have reviewed the history of baptism¹ in the New Testament and tried to see what light a comprehensive survey may throw on various difficult passages; but it is not merely a question of exegesis, nor chiefly a matter of theological, or archæological, or philological interest, but one of living reality. We hear a great deal nowadays of the readjustment of values, in accordance with the real bearing of things on human life and conduct. It is of at least equal importance to recover the true values of those permanent things which need no transvaluation, but of which the true values become obscured by a crust of insincerity or blind traditionalism. The power of the Church in the world largely depends on its being clear what admission to Christian membership really involves. The prevalence of traditional membership or nominal adherence, which may mean anything or nothing, is a terrible weakening of this power. To a large extent this is unavoidable. Christ Himself has warned us that in His Church there will always be wheat and tares, and that no one must think to root out the tares, lest he root up also the wheat with them; but at least we can see to it that the meaning of admission to Christ's Church, in all its reality and power, is kept before the eyes of men, as involving essentially the public confession of His name,—enlistment in the service of a living Christ.

¹ The discussion began with the general consideration of the term 'Sacraments' as applied to baptism and the Lord's Supper in the Catechism. Something might have been said of the application of the term to the latter, but the consideration of baptism has been sufficient by itself to form a rounded whole. To introduce other questions might only confuse the issue.

In the Study.

Barzillai.

'Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years old.'—2 Sam 19³².

'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.'—Pr 16³¹.

THERE was a favourite saying of Ptolemy the astronomer which Bacon thus quotes in Latin and Matthew Arnold in English: *Quum fini appropinquas, bonum cum augmento operare*—'As you draw near to your latter end, redouble your efforts to do good.'

It is surely a fitting quotation with which to open a study of Barzillai the Gileadite, for in him we see a grand fulfilment of the precept. He was one whose sympathies seemed to keep alive, if not to grow, as years advanced. Long before St. Peter wrote his Epistles, Barzillai had been taught by the one Master to 'put away all wickedness, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and evil-speakings'; and he had adopted St. Paul's rule for rich men, 'that they do good, that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate.'

I.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

The few verses in the seventeenth and nineteenth chapters of Second Samuel tell a beautiful little story. It is of the kind that, although read a thousand times, never grows old. David had been chased about by a most cruel disloyalty and unfilial ingratitude and rebellion; things had indeed gone very hardly with him.

He and his companions had taken refuge in the strong fortress at Mahanaim in Barzillai's country. Owing to their hurried flight, the fugitives were wanting in almost all the necessities of life, and they could hardly fail also to have been a little apprehensive of the kind of welcome the Gileadites would extend to them. But if so, their fears were soon set at rest. Three of the richest and most influential men in the district at once came to their aid—Shobi the son of Nahash, and Machir the son of Ammiel, and Barzillai the Gileadite of Rogelim. They brought beds, and cups, and wheat, and barley, and honey, and butter, and

sheep—all, in fact, that was needed—for David, and for the people that were with him: for they said, 'The people is hungry, and weary, and thirsty, in the wilderness' (2 Sam 17²⁹).

I. Of Shobi and Machir we already know a very little; but of Barzillai's previous history we know next to nothing. We are not even told where exactly Rogelim was. But the few facts stated with regard to him are suggestive. In 19⁸¹ we read that 'Barzillai the Gileadite came down from Rogelim,' and conclude that Rogelim was among the mountains of Gilead. Again in v. 32 we are told that he was 'a very great man.' Barzillai enjoyed the 'blessing of the Old Testament' prosperity; and dwelling as he did among the hills, his only occupation and main way of becoming rich must have been as a farmer.

He was rich apparently both in flocks and in servants, a kind of chief or sheikh, not only with a large establishment of his own, but enjoying the respect, and in some degree able to command the services, of many of the humble people around him.

Sheikh Fareij spent the evening in our tent, and greatly interested us by his dignified manner and intelligence, and by a certain air of sadness that pervaded his whole conversation and deportment. He lamented that the ancient, generous customs of the Bedawin were being corrupted by Turkish oppression. They now robbed one another, and even murder is often added to plunder. 'I myself,' he added, 'live day by day by the life of this good sword,' striking his hand fiercely upon the formidable tool at his side. He admitted that, without my guide from the emeer, I could not have reached his tent in safety; and that without similar assistance from himself, I should not be able to proceed on the morrow round the eastern shore of the lake. Of the truth of this I had certain and rather startling evidence next morning; for I found myself suddenly confronted by a troop of the most savage Bedawin I ever encountered, and they made no secret of the fact that they were restrained from plundering us solely by the guard from Sheikh Fareij.¹

2. Barzillai was a man of courageous loyalty. His name signifies a man of iron. Such indeed he was. No lath painted to look like iron was he, but a veritable man of iron. He stood like a tower of strength foursquare to all the winds that blew. And the winds were very tempestuous.

¹ W. M. Thomson, *The Land and the Book*, 353.

It was dangerous just then to associate oneself publicly with King David, to help or succour him and his retinue. Cautious people were specially cautious. The sitters on the fence were numerous. Trimmers abounded as they are wont to abound in danger's hour. Those whose eye was ever for self-interest hesitated and indeed declined to rally to David and his forlorn band.

But what did Barzillai do? He with a faithful few like minded left all 'prudential' considerations to take care of themselves, and forth he fared from his castle at Rogelim to David's headquarters at Mahanaim.

Living as he did in a sequestered part of the country, there was no call on him to declare himself at that particular moment; and if Absalom got the upper hand, he would be sure to punish severely those who had been active on his father's side. But none of these things moved Barzillai. He was no sunshine courtier, willing to enjoy the good things of the court in days of prosperity, but ready in darker days to run off and leave his friends in the midst of danger. He was one of those true men that are ready to risk their all in the cause of loyalty when persuaded that it is the cause of truth and right.

Jaurès was a patriot in the highest and purest sense of the word. He loved France with the Hebrew prophet's love of Israel, he loved her with an intensity of which the ordinary patriot is incapable. He could 'easily scorn delights and live laborious days' for her welfare. He had a vision of her glorious destiny in which he really believed as few men believe in anything, and love of one's country was in his eyes a natural, a healthy, and a fundamental instinct.¹

3. Barzillai was ready not only to risk all but to lose all, if necessary, in a cause which appeared so obviously to be Divine, all the more because he saw what a blessing David had been to the country. Why, he had actually made the kingdom. Not only had he expelled all its internal foes, but he had cowed those troublesome neighbours that were constantly pouncing upon the tribes, and especially the tribes situated in Gilead and Bashan. Moreover, he had given unity and stability to all the internal arrangements of the kingdom. What a grand capital he had made for it at Jerusalem. He had planted the ark on the strongest citadel of the country, safe from every invading foe. He had perfected the arrangements for the service of the Levites, what a delightful service of song he

¹ Margaret Pease, *Jean Jaurès*, 126.

had instituted, and what beautiful songs he had composed for the use of the sanctuary. Doubtless it was considerations of this kind that roused Barzillai's loyalty to such a high pitch.

Let Christian men lay it on their consciences to pay regard to the claims under which they lie to serve their country. Whether it be in the way of serving on some public board, or fighting against some national vice, or advancing some great public interest, let it be considered even by busy men that their country and, we must add, their Church have true claims upon them. Even heathen and unbelievers have said, 'It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.' It is a poor state of things when in a Christian community men are so sunk in indolence and selfishness that they will not stir a finger on its behalf.

The greatest service rendered by Young Italy was through its martyrs. In one city after another, men mounted the scaffold in behalf of their country which was to be, and that scaffold became a shrine of patriotism. Hundreds of enthusiasts languished in prisons, but not forgotten. Their sacrifice stimulated the zeal of their comrades and attracted the attention, if not the sympathy, of the timid or torpid public. The smug conservative might feel inclined to exclaim, 'Poor fool! Another of Mazzini's dupes!' but he could not dismiss the fact of the 'poor fool's' devotion, nor could he deny that under the magic of Mazzini's evangel Italy had become a cause for which Italians cheerfully risked fortune, home and life. The dumb populace that watched a handful of zealots being led to execution or a coflee of heavily chained victims being driven like beasts to the galleys, could not fail to be impressed.²

II.

A KING'S OFFER.

1. With the death of its leader, the rebellion against David may be said to have ended, but to the sorrow-stricken father victory at such a price seemed an almost greater calamity than defeat would have been. It needed the remonstrances of Joab to rouse him from his grief and lead him to think of his duty to his people. On the homeward journey David followed the same route as that by which a little while before he had fled, and on the bank of the Jordan he had his final parting with Barzillai. The loyal chieftain, notwithstanding his eighty years, had come all the way from his upland farm to bid farewell to his king, and see him safely over Jordan. And as David remarked the old man's devotion, and remembered his former

² W. R. Thayer, *The Life and Times of Cavour*, i. 241.

favours, the wish seized him to attach him still more closely to his person. 'Come thou over with me,' he said, 'and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem' (2 Sam 19³³).

Barzillai had been helpful to David in his trials and triumphs; but it was not the mere food (17^{28, 29}) which he, with others, brought that gave strength to David's heart and raised his hope in God. The hoary head, crowned with the glory of true goodness, had been more to David than all the material supplies. To have the friendship and the kindly attentions of a venerable man of God was to the king a real spring of new life and vigour. The vain and trifling young man might go off to take sides with rebellion, but age, with its wisdom, its deep experience, its large-heartedness and settled piety, was with him. As cold water to a thirsty soul was the loyalty and affection of so honoured a man. It is a blessing and real help to have the favour and sympathy of men who have had large experience in life, and have won for themselves imperishable honours; and, though the infirmities of age may seem to set a narrow limit to the usefulness of the aged, yet their moral power is very great. Their influence is quiet, but real and pervading. The tone they impart to home affects the world outside, and their known interest in Christ's servants and the work they are doing is power and cheer to many a heart.

Barzillai had seen enough of David to know that what the king said he meant, and that if he chose to go with him, honour and position awaited him at the court. But he would not be moved. His grey hairs, if nothing else, stood in the way. 'How long have I to live,' he answered, 'that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem?' (v.³⁴). I am too old, that is, for such a life as would there be expected of me. And, after all, why should conduct such as mine meet with so great a reward? No! let me go a little way over Jordan with the king, and then, 'Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.'

Barzillai knew that David's court was no place for him; he had been bred on the mountains of Gilead, and his habits suited only a simple country life. The court might be better, but he could not fit into it. But there was his boy Chimham—'Behold thy servant Chimham'; 'let him go over with my lord the king; and do to him what shall

seem good unto thee' (v.³⁷). With a plea so expressed David could not but acquiesce: 'The king kissed Barzillai, and blessed him; and he returned unto his own place . . . and Chimham went on with him' (vv.^{39, 40}).

The late Dr. Husband of Dunfermline called on a friend when he was preparing to set out on a short journey, and was beginning to ask him some questions as to the place grace held in the Divine economy. 'Come away wi' me, and I'll expound that; but when I'm speaking, look you after my feet.' They got upon a rough bit of common, and the eager and full-minded old man was in the midst of his unfolding the Divine scheme, and his student was drinking in his words, and forgetting *his* part of the bargain. His master stumbled and fell, and getting up, somewhat sharply said, 'James, the grace o' God can do much, but it canna gie a man common sense'; which is as good theology as sense.¹

2. Chimham took his father's place, and, with his descendants, long remained in Western Palestine, a witness of the loyalty of the Eastern tribes.

David and Barzillai never met again on earth. Before David had finished his career, the venerable man had passed away to his blessed reward. But it could not but be, as was evident from his charge to Solomon, that throughout his life David cherished the memory of the good old man, and found amid the cares and sorrows of life much comfort therein. The vision of that bent form, laden with precious fruits of a long and godly experience, bending before him and bidding him God-speed in his high vocation, would often rise up and again cheer his spirit.

The heart well purged by humility is so deeply conscious of its unworthiness, that to receive acts of kindness always excites some emotion of gratitude, of shame, of surprise, or all three together—of gratitude for the benefit, of shame upon thinking how ill it is deserved, of surprise that our brethren should bestow upon us what we so little merit.²

Dean Stanley in his *History of the Jewish Church* says that 'four miles out of Jerusalem, under the King's own patronage, a celebrated caravanserai for travellers into Egypt—the first halting-place on their route—was founded by Chimham, son of Barzillai, on the property granted to him by David out of the paternal patrimony of Bethlehem. The caravanserai remained with Chimham's name for at least four centuries, and, according to the immovable usages of the East, it probably was the same which, at the time of the Christian era, furnished shelter for two travellers with their infant Child, when "there was no room in the inn," and when they too from that spot fled into Egypt.'³

¹ J. Brown, *Rab and his Friends*, ii. 69.

² D. C. Lathbury, *Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone*, ii. 159.

³ A. P. Stanley, *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church*, ii. 154.

III.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

1. Barzillai contemplated his death. 'That I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother,' is the pathetic desire he expresses to David (2 Sam 19⁸⁷).

He understood what was suitable for old age. Many a man, and woman too, perhaps, even of Barzillai's years, would have jumped at King David's offer, and rejoiced to share the dazzling honours of a court, and would have affected youthful feelings and habits in order to enjoy the exhilaration and the excitement of a courtier's life. In Barzillai's choice, we see the predominance of a sanctified common sense, alive to the proprieties of things, and able to see how the enjoyment most suitable to an advanced period of life might best be had. It was not by aping youth or grasping pleasures for which the relish had gone. Some may think this a painful view of old age. Is it so that as years multiply the taste for youthful enjoyments passes away, and one must resign oneself to the thought that life itself is near its end? Undoubtedly it is. But even a heathen could show that this is by no means an evil.

'It is not for an old man like me to go up to Jerusalem,' Dr. Whyte makes Barzillai say in his *Bible Characters*. 'My time is past to be eating and drinking as they will eat and drink in Jerusalem when God sends back their king to his people. I would be a burden to myself and to the king's servants. I shall need all my time; for I am four-score years old this day, and how shall I go up with the king to Jerusalem?' 'Who can help loving the octogenarian Barzillai?' adds Dr. Whyte, 'with his "courtesy in conversation," and when, like Pompey in Plutarch, he "gave without disdain, and took with great honour."'¹

2. Though we are never distinctly told so, we cannot doubt that Barzillai was a religious man. And as it was in gratitude to God for all that He had done to him that he first showed kindness to God's anointed, so it was in the same humble and trusting spirit that he accepted old age, and all that it involved when it came. That is by no means always the case. Are there not some who, as they look forward to the time of old age, if God should ever permit them to see it, do so with a certain amount of dread? They think only of what they will be called upon to abandon—the

duties they must give up, the pleasures, so dear to them now, they must forgo. But to Barzillai, the presence of such disabilities brought, as we have seen, no disquieting thoughts. He could relinquish, without a sigh, what he was no longer fitted to enjoy. He desired nothing but to end his days peacefully in his appointed lot. Enough for him that the God who had been with him all his life long was with him still.

Titus was instructed to exhort the aged men of Crete to be 'sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience.' It is a grievous thing to see grey hairs dishonoured. It is a humiliating sight when Noah excites either the shame or the derision of his sons. But 'the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.' But what of those who dishonour God, and their own grey hairs, and the Church of Christ by stormy tempers, profane tongues, drunken orgies, and disorderly lives? 'O my soul, come not thou into their secret! To their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!'²

To-day, my friend is seventy-five;

He tells his tale with no regret;

His brave old eyes are steadfast yet,
His heart the lightest heart alive.

He sees behind him green and wide

The pathway of his pilgrim years;

He sees the shore, and dreadful hears
The whisper of the creeping tide.

For out of all his days, not one

Has passed and left its unladen ghost

To seek a light for ever lost,
Or wait a deed for ever done.

So for reward of life-long truth

He lives again, as good men can,

Redoubling his allotted span
With memories of a stainless youth.³

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

June.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE LEAVES.

'All the trees of the field shall clap their hands,'—Is 55¹².

1. Boys and girls who are well are nearly always happy. They feel that it is a good thing to be alive. But of course doing what is wrong spoils everything. A Hindu trader in India said to a convert, 'What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?' 'I put nothing on,' answered the convert. 'What do you put on?' was again asked. 'Nothing; I don't put anything on.' 'Yes, you do, all you Christians do. I've seen it in Agra, and I've seen it in Bombay.' The convert laughed, and said: 'Yes, I'll tell you the medicine. It is having a happy heart.' That happy heart, boys and girls, is a thing that never goes with doing mean actions. You yourselves know that.

There should be much to make everyone happy in this leafy month of June. A blind girl used to be taken to walk in a wood near her own home, and she told me how she loved that wood in the sunny summer days. She felt the sun although she did not see it. 'Sometimes Jennie comes with me,' she said, mentioning another blind friend, 'then we sit underneath a tree and listen to the sound of the leaves. Sometimes we try to guess the names of the different trees.' 'They do clap their hands for us,' she added.

2. The chapter in Isaiah from which your text is taken is a very beautiful one. It is part of a great poem; and, as with other great poems, even when one does not understand every word of it a good reader can make this one seem like a piece of music. What is it all about, do you think? Just getting happiness from the things that God gives us for nothing—'without money, and without price,' like the music of the leaves on a June day, or the happiness that the Indian found from having formed a friendship with God.

I wonder how the people to whom it was first

addressed felt about it. They were men and women some of whom were sad, and others of whom were careless. They were really prisoners of war, and had been exiled from their homes. You boys and girls have learned to think affectionately of prisoners of war, have you not? Far away from their beloved country, in the great and busy city of Babylon, the sad ones remembered the old days, and the old home. Just as it is with our exiles those of long ago often longed to be back within sight of their own Jerusalem. Sometimes their conquerors would say, 'Give us a song.' 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' But their hearts were too sad for singing: you may know what it is to be told to sing when something is bringing a lump into your throat.

The others, the busy and careless ones, were the boys and girls who had been born in exile, and who had grown to be men and women in Babylon. To them, Babylon had, in a sense, become a home. As with the people of Alsace and Lorraine, the language of the country had become their language, and the ways of the great city had become their ways. They had learned to make money; some of them had become very wealthy indeed. So you see it was natural for them not to have the feeling of hatred towards their conquerors that the older generation had. They drank of the streams of Babylon and forgot about Zion. But I like to think of the little remnant who could remember the time when their old home meant a place where God was master, and when doing His will was the great ambition of their lives.

3. At last, after many years, these exiles were to be allowed to return to Jerusalem, and you can understand how it was that they were not all enthusiastic about going. The money-makers did not want to leave Babylon, and the spirit of the fathers and mothers was broken.

Isaiah's message was meant for both. There was an air of June about it. He did not scold the money-makers. He tried to turn their thoughts to higher things: the mountains, the hills, and the beauty of summer when the leaves of the trees seem to clap their hands with joy. Wasn't he a wise old prophet when he thus began his message to the workers who had become sordid in their efforts to get gain: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come,

buy wine and milk without money and without price'?

4. Boys and girls, God's best blessings can be had without money and without price. Well do your exiled fathers and brothers know that. They cannot buy a sight of their native hills or a whiff of the sea air they love so well. But they know that nothing can separate them from your love or the love of the Great Father.

The trees of June bring us a message of God's love. How can we hear it? By having a clean heart. That is got by making Jesus Christ our Friend; no evil can dwell where He is.

Isaiah wanted to encourage the Israelites to return to their native land when he spoke of the beauty of God's earth, and how even the trees would cheer them on their way. Already God is saying to you boys and girls, 'I have a great work for you to do in this world; make up your minds to get ready for it. It may be harder work than your grandfathers ever had to do, but though in the meantime there is much sorrow in the world, God's sun still shines, and the leaves of the trees clap their hands as they did when they cheered on the captive Israelites to Jerusalem.'

But when the summer-time is here I love another book, Not told upon a printed page, but gurgled by a brook, And whispered by the eager pines, and thundered by the sea,
And gossiped in a dialect by every passing bee.
There is no story in the world which I have ever seen
To equal Nature's volume, where the leaves are all of green.

The book is ever open at the most exciting page,
To suit the reader old or young, of any taste and age;
The pictures are in colours fair, the plot is ever new—
However wild or wonderful, you know it all is true.
The book will last a lifetime long, and best of all, my friend,
Each summer 'tis 'continued,' and it never has an end!¹

II.

The Trifles that Count.

'Who hath despised the day of small things.'—Zec 4¹⁰.

To-day I want to tell you two stories. The first story is about a weed, and the second is about a flower.

1. Did you ever hear of the Khaki Weed? It is a great pest in some parts of South Africa. And how do you think it came by its strange

¹ A. F. Brown, in *A Garland of Verse*, 198.

name? Well, it was called the Khaki Weed because it was brought to South Africa at the time of the South African War. Before that time the weed was unknown in that country, but during the war great quantities of forage were brought from the Argentine, and among the forage were some seeds of this weed. Wherever the forage was unloaded the seeds blew about; and some of them liked the new ground and took root.

That was the beginning of it, but by no means the end. For the plant is one of those that stretch along the ground, and wherever a seed took root and grew the plant crept a little farther every day. Nowadays the weed has overgrown whole districts and has become such a nuisance that the farmers are ordered to destroy it. And all because of a few mischievous seeds that were blown about.

2. The second story is about a flower. So far as I know it never was more than one little flower. It didn't spread like the Khaki Weed, and yet it did a tremendous lot of good all by itself.

It grew more than a hundred years ago, in the days when Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France.

There were many men in France then who did not agree with the Emperor or approve of his conduct, and some of these men Napoleon threw into prison. Among them was a wise scholar called Charney.

Now Charney was a clever man, but he had made one big mistake. He had given up believing in God. He had been so long in prison that he thought God had forgotten him, as the Emperor had, and that He no longer cared for him. So he wrote on the wall of his cell, 'All things come by chance.' He was so unhappy that he did not believe there was a God who watched over and cared for His creatures here below.

But one day when Charney was pacing up and down his cell he saw a tiny green blade trying to push its way through the hard ground quite near the wall. It was a tiny plant. How it came there I don't know. Perhaps God just sent it. The prisoner became interested in the little plant. It was the only living thing in the cell besides himself, and it became his friend and teacher. Day by day he watered it, and tended it, and watched it growing.

By and by a bud came on the plant, and presently the bud opened into a flower—a beautiful

flower, white and purple and rose-coloured, with a white fringe round the edge.

Then Charney began to wonder and to think. He thought that if God could take so much care and trouble about a little prison flower, surely He must care for him. So he rubbed out the words he had written on the wall—'All things come by chance'—and in their place he wrote, 'He who made all things is God.'

Now in that great prison there was another prisoner whose little daughter used to visit him. And this little girl became acquainted with Charney. She found out about the flower and about Charney's love for it, and after that she often came to see it and the man who had befriended it.

One day she told the story of the flower to the jailer's wife, and the tale went from one to the other until at last it reached the ears of the beautiful Empress Josephine, Napoleon's wife. The Empress was very much interested. She was sure that a man who could care so much for a little flower could not have done anything very bad, and she persuaded her husband to set Charney free.

So at last Charney received his liberty. When he left the prison he took with him the little plant that had procured his release and, better still, had taught him to love and to trust God. And he planted it in his own garden and tended it ever after with the greatest love and care.

3. Now I don't need to say much about these two stories, but perhaps you have noticed that, each in its own way, they tell us very much the same thing—not to despise little things.

(1) *Don't despise the little bad things.*—They have a tremendous power for evil. Don't think it doesn't matter if you are just a little cross, just a little selfish, just a little mean, just a little untruthful or dishonest. Nobody ever started by being a big bit of any of them. These faults grow and spread like the Khaki Weed, and if we let them get big and strong it is almost impossible to root them out. The only safe way is to pluck them up when they are seedlings.

(2) *And don't despise the little good things.*—They have a tremendous power for good.

God takes as much trouble to make a speck of dust as to make a universe, and Jesus taught men the value of small things—a mustard seed, a grain of corn, a lily, a sparrow, a little child.

Take trouble to do the little things well even

though it is only running an errand, or writing a page in a copy-book. Once a boy at Rugby thought it did not matter how he wrote. Many men of genius, he said, wrote badly. And when he grew up he became an officer in the British Army and went out to fight in the Crimea. One day he copied an order so badly that it could not be properly read and was incorrectly given, and, as a result, many lives were lost.

(3) Once more, *don't despise the little opportunities* of being kind and doing good. Don't wait for the big ones to come along. Seize the small ones. Perhaps the big ones may never come your way, but the small ones may have big results. Remember the little prison flower. You can never tell where a good deed may end. You can never tell what a lot of good you may accomplish just by doing your duty and being helpful and loyally.

Do what you can, being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot like a star,
Work like a pulley, if you cannot be a crane,
Be a wheel greaser, if you cannot drive the train.

III.

Pleasant Words.

'Pleasant words are as an honeycomb.'—Pr 16²⁴.

If King Solomon had lived in our day perhaps he would have written, 'Pleasant words are like sugar, sweet and wholesome,' for that is what he means in our text. But there was neither cane sugar nor beet sugar in Solomon's time, and any sweets he had were made with honey; so when he wanted to describe something sweet and good at the same time he compared it to the honey in the honeycomb.

Now, none of us is as wise as Solomon, but we are like him in this, that we love to hear pleasant words. We like when people say pleasant things to us. For instance, we like to know that we have done any piece of work well. If some one says of it, 'That's exceedingly good!' we feel that all the trouble we have taken is worth while. The kind word pays us for our labour.

1. But there are pleasant words *and* pleasant words. The first kind we are going to speak about is the *wrong kind*—the pretence kind, the kind that we call 'flattering.' Flattering words may sound all right, but we know they are false beneath. They are like poison hid in jam. The person who flatters you usually does it for a purpose, and

when a little voice inside tells you that what he says is untrue, beware!

A flatterer is like the toad who pretended to be a saucer of meal. He was a very cunning specimen—that toad. He lived in a farmyard near the chicken-coops, and he noticed that the flies which were his favourite food came in the evening to get supper from the saucers of meal and water which had been set out for the chickens. ‘Aha!’ thought the wily old boy, ‘why shouldn’t I pretend to be a saucer of meal?’ So he hopped along to one of the saucers, and rolled himself over and over in the meal, till he looked so mealy that you couldn’t tell where the meal ended and the toad began. Then he lay very still and waited. By and by the first fly arrived; he was followed by two or three, and they were followed by still others, and soon the pretence saucer of meal was covered with flies. But alas! for any silly fly who ventured too near the toad’s mouth. Out popped Mr. Toad’s tongue, and that poor fly disappeared for ever. The words of a flatterer may seem innocent and mealy, but take care! there’s danger beneath.

2. But what about the right kinds of pleasant words? for there are many right kinds. (1) Well, the commonest kind, and perhaps for that reason the kind that boys and girls think least about, is the *polite kind*. It is rather remarkable that there are lots of young people who seem to feel that politeness is unnecessary. More than that, they positively avoid it, as something that is affected, something that is good enough for ‘softies,’ but certainly not for them. So they drop out ‘Excuse me,’ and ‘I beg your pardon,’ and ‘I’m so sorry,’ and even ‘Please’ and ‘Thank you,’ and they stick in grunts instead. Now, grunts are very well for a certain animal whose native language, so to speak, is a grunt, only he spells it ‘grumph.’ He is a very good animal in his way, but we should never dream of asking him into our house or inviting him to sit down at our table. He and his grumphs would be quite out of place there. And so are your grunts, boys and girls. Leave them to the poor beast they belong to, and use your own language.

(2) I think that the second kind of pleasant words is the *kind kind*. If we could read Hebrew we should find that the word King Solomon used for ‘pleasant’ meant ‘love-breathing.’ That is just what kind words do—they breathe love. If you want to make friends with anybody, how do

you set about it? Do you snub them every time they speak to you? Do you take no interest in what they are doing, or throw cold water on all their plans? Of course not! You know better than that. You listen eagerly to what they have to say, and you try to be keen on what they are keen on. If they are in a difficulty you try to help them out of it; and if you can’t get them out of it you say how vexed you are, and that alone helps no end. If you want to have a friend and be a friend your words must be kind words. You have only to look around you to see that this is true. Look at the boy who prides himself on squashing other fellows! He’ll soon be left with nobody to squash. Look at the girl with the nippy tongue! She can nip away if she likes, but nobody will want to come within yards of her.

(3) The third kind of pleasant words we may call the *wholesome kind*. These are the words that are not only good to hear but help us to be better and do better. If you are feeling in despair about your work or anything else, and things are looking ‘blue,’ you know how tremendously it bucks you up if somebody gives you a word of praise. Why! you forget the blueness all in a minute. Instead of looking blue everything suddenly looks rose-coloured, and you go ahead double speed because of that little word of encouragement. There are people in this world who don’t require ‘a good talking-to’ to set them agoing. What they are needing is just a little pleasant word of praise.

Then you know what pleasant words do to a quarrel. Pleasant words and a quarrel simply can’t live in the same room. If you bring in pleasant words the quarrel immediately dies. It can’t help it. There’s something in a pleasant word that kills it outright.

Pleasant words are splendid for envy too. Envy is a nasty green feeling, but if you put a few pleasant words alongside it the greenness mysteriously fades away. The pleasant words act like magic, and hey presto! it is gone.

3. If we are going to require such a lot of pleasant words, where shall we manage to get them? We must have a store somewhere that we can go to when we need them. We must have more words than those that are on the tip of our tongue at the moment. That is common sense.

But we shan’t have much difficulty in solving the problem, for pleasant words don’t really belong

to the tip of our tongue at all. They belong by right to the heart. The tongue merely says them, but the heart means them. Now the heart is not only a storehouse, it is also a factory working day and night. The kind of goods it manufactures depends upon the one from whom it takes its orders. If it takes its orders from someone whom we all know, whose name begins with the fourth letter of the alphabet, then the thoughts and words and deeds which it manufactures will be hideous and cruel and wicked. But if it takes its orders from the King of kings, its thoughts and words and deeds will be lovely and loving, true and gentle, sweet and pleasant.

Boys and girls, let us see to it that we take our orders from Christ. Then we shall find it easy to be courteous, easy to be loving, easy to be helpful, easy to be generous, easy to speak pleasant words.

IV.

Stories for Any Day.

The title of the book is *Stories for Any Day*. It is published by the Pilgrim Press in Boston, U.S.A. The cost is one dollar net. The author of it is Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. This is how the stories began:

'There's nothing but the chimney of the Old Place left, Grandfather,' John said as they walked back from the orchard with their pockets full of apples.

'That's all,' Grandfather answered with a twinkle in his eyes.

'Why don't you tear down the old chimney, Grandfather?' John asked, 'now that you have the big new house. It's nothing but a pile of old bricks out here in the field.'

'I am keeping it because it tells me stories,' Grandfather said. 'Every time I go by it when the wind blows down through it, that old chimney has something interesting to say to me.'

'Oh!' said John, with his eyes very big now. 'Let's stop a minute by it, Grandfather, and see if it tells us a story.'

So they stopped in the field by the old chimney, and, suddenly, along came the wind, singing through the bricks.

Whoo-oo-oo, went the wind.

'What does it say, Grandfather?' asked John.

'It says that one fall, when I was only five years old, something wonderful happened. Your great-

grandmother went for a whole day's journey on the stage to sell some cloth she had spun and woven, and when she came back she brought me, what do you suppose?'

'Oh, I don't know. Please tell me,' begged John.

'A little red rocking-chair!' Grandfather said. 'And when it was cold and stormy, I sat and rocked and rocked in the little red rocking-chair in front of the chimney, and roasted apples and chestnuts, and read about Robinson Crusoe.'

'Oh, how nice!' John said.

Suddenly the wind sang again through the bricks of the old chimney.

Whoo-oo-oo, went the wind.

'What does it say now, Grandfather?' asked John.

'It says that once, a long, long time ago, when I was only six years old, there came a very cold, freezing storm quite early in the fall. We had a large, blazing fire of logs, and it roared and crackled in the chimney. We were at supper, but we heard a strange noise like someone crying. And it seemed to come down the chimney. Your great-grandfather went out in the rain with a lantern, and there on the roof was a little Indian boy. He was close to the chimney, trying to keep warm. He had strayed away from the reservation, and had climbed up the logs to the low roof where the chimney was. Your great-grandfather asked him to come down and see how warm the chimney was inside the house. He stayed with me all night, and his father, a big chief, followed his trail and took him home in the morning.'

'Oh, how exciting!' John said.

Then the wind sang again through the bricks of the old chimney.

Whoo-oo-oo, went the wind.

'Is it telling something now?' asked John.

'Oh, it is telling the best story of all now,' Grandfather said.

'Once, when it was fall, and I was seven years old, it was cold, early, and your great-grandfather and I wanted to build a fire in the fireplace. We brought in some pine knots and some hickory logs and laid the fire. Then your great-grandmother said that we must not light the fire. We could not understand why, and she would not tell us why. So we shivered, and wondered why we couldn't light a fire. Then, one morning, when the sun shone and it was warmer, we found out.'

'What was the reason?' John asked.

'Why,' said Grandfather, 'we found an empty swallows' nest lying on top of the wood in the fire-place. Your great-grandmother had a feeling that the swallows who nested in the chimney had not flown away yet; and she was right. When the empty nest blew down we knew that it was safe to light a fire whenever there was another cold night, because the swallows were safe.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' John said.

'And is that all about the old chimney?' he asked, as the wind rushed off to sing in the orchard.

'Oh no,' Grandfather said. 'I could tell you ever so many stories about what happened when that old chimney was new.'

'Oh, goody! And will you, Grandfather?' John asked.

'Of course I will,' Grandfather said.

And that is how the stories in this book began in the very first place.

The Isolation of the Jew.

BY THE REV. R. L. MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., SOMETIME ASSISTANT LECTURER IN HISTORY,
QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.

ALL thinking men are sooner or later struck by the marvellous phenomenon of the Jew. Divorced from territorial ties and scattered over the face of the earth, he still maintains in the midst of the world's peoples a separate and distinct existence; retaining the attributes, racial and cultural, which mark him as a man apart. This survival of nationality without country, of essential separation without segregation, is unique because of its successful persistence for almost two thousand years in the face of powerful factors making for absorption. According to all normal social tendencies the Jew should long since have disappeared, having become merged in the other peoples with whom he came in contact. But in accordance with all similar tendencies the successful maintenance of his separate and distinct isolation should have been impossible at the beginning of his existence as a nation. Accordingly his survival presents a unique historical problem.

i. At a very early stage in his history we can see already existent the spirit of a fierce exclusiveness. A pastoral tribe or tribes once lived the ordinary nomadic life of the Arabian desert. But swept forward in one of those migratory movements, caused by drought or climatic changes affecting pasture conditions, they moved westward; and finally a small confederacy of kindred tribes appears in the southernmost section of the Syrian coast. They called themselves 'Children of Israel,' but were known to their neighbours as 'Hebrews' or 'people from beyond.' And here in a goodly

land they gradually exchanged their nomadic life for an agricultural. At this point begins their real history, and at this point also begins their age-long effort to preserve and maintain their isolation. They differ from other Semitic immigrants in that there is implanted in them already the germ of monotheism in Yahweh-worship. And already there is a fierce element of fervour in that worship. It sets them apart from other tribes, and it renders possible their political and military union through an all-embracing bond of religious zeal. They are filled with the pride of an exclusive cult. They feel themselves separate for ever from 'the heathen.' And much of their subsequent history is merely the record of their efforts to keep entire that isolation.

The real history of a people begins for us when from any cause the nomad pastoral life is exchanged for life under conditions which, by making existence more difficult, call forth new activities on the part of man. Life in the former stage is fixed and regulated by most rigid custom. Innovators are suppressed, because the problem of living under pastoral conditions has been satisfactorily solved. There is an equilibrium in the struggle between Nature and Man. Consequently there is no history worthy of the name. A Bedouin tribe may exist for centuries and yet furnish the student with little or nothing to record in the way of human achievement. But when a pastoral tribe is expelled by climatic or other change from its grass lands and compelled to settle in some definite

tract of country, the new conditions that confront them require a new adjustment on their part, and the adoption of a new mode of existence. The unfamiliar aspect of the struggle with nature demands effort and invention. Life has become more complex. Work is differentiated, and civilization is the consequence.

Now this was the stage that had been reached by the Israelites. They had arrived at the Land of Promise. But it demanded toil and energetic labour as conditions of yielding its fruits. The simple needs of the pastoral life could no longer be satisfied by the old methods. Frost and wind and rain entered into the arena against the struggling settler. He held his sword-won land by might. The simple nomadic life was over and done, and the 'son of Israel' was face to face now with a new set of conditions and a new sphere of existence. He was brought into contact with a world which had developed a civilization unknown to his fathers, and of which he was instinctively suspicious and distrustful. Yet it was ever present to him in countless ways. For along the highway to Egypt the Midian trader marched. Syrians went up to Damascus. Phœnicians from the coast cities hawked their merchandise amongst the villages and opened up before his eyes a new world.

Now here, on the verge of a new era in their history, the fierce exclusiveness, the sense of separation already present in their national consciousness, determined their path. Deliberately they set themselves to maintain their isolation. They sacrificed to this ideal the hope of earthly gain which might have been theirs had they adopted the customs and learnt the ways of their mighty neighbours. And history is now confronted with the spectacle of a desert-bred people attempting, in surroundings purely agricultural and permanent, to maintain their traditional customs and pastoral exclusiveness. Worldly advance did not lie along these lines. Comfort and gain could best be assured by the fullest intercourse with their neighbours, by the adoption of their ways of life, by seeking in every way to adapt themselves to their new environment. But this they believed could be done only at the cost of ultimate absorption into these surrounding peoples, and they deemed the price too high. The record of their race is one long struggle, a series of attempts to preserve their national isolation by various expedients. All the old customs could not be retained. Physical

reasons compelled them to dig and build. But at least once a year during the Feast of Tabernacles they would return to the ancient life, and for seven days they lived in tents again. In the case of other old-time customs there was compromise where only compromise was possible. But their general attitude towards their new environment was one of pugnacious defiance.

The strictest ordinances were laid down as to intercourse with 'the heathen.' Marriage was confined to members of the Yahweh-communion. The works of the heathen were condemned *seriatim*, and abstention from them enforced by the penalties of a priestly ruling class. These prohibitions extended into the closest details of social life. The very beard of the Israelite must not conform to the heathen pattern. Their isolation was emphasized by the clothes they wore. And the idea of 'a separate people' grew more and more intense, as in the course of generation after generation its buttresses were strengthened by the forces of heredity and the sanctions of religion. Now and then sections developed a tendency towards some relaxation of the close restrictions. But the heart of the people remained substantially true to them. And there were always to be found some who believed that the nation had already gone too far in adaptation to their new environment, who advocated a more complete return to the older institutions as most favourable to a loyal service of Yahweh. The Nazarites forbade the use of wine because the wine was the symbol of Canaan's culture and civilization, and was also connected with the worship of the Nature gods. They jealously preserved an old Arabian tradition in the prohibition of interference with the hair. Others too saw in the new civilization dangers that gravely threatened the simplicity of Israel's life and the efficient maintenance of her national religion. The Rechabites represented the zealots of isolation, and Jehonadab headed a reactionary movement. The principles which governed his policy can be seen from the rules adopted by his descendants. They refused wine from its association with the worship of the local Baals. But they went still further, and by refusing to build houses or sow seeds or plant vineyards, they proclaimed their faith that through the transition from a pastoral and nomadic life to that of an agricultural people the children of Israel had been guilty of apostasy. The elements of the new civilization which in spite

of all effort had inevitably crept in through the stern requirements of physical needs, they held to be responsible for a forsaking of Yahweh as their ancestral God. Thus through all the years the creed of isolation in all its completeness never lacked a witness. And more than one of the prophets held strenuously that the early uncomplicated period of the nation's life, before ever it came into contact with the heathen ways, was preferable to all later developments that it may have made. But such a political and social isolation as they sought to maintain could not exist for ever. The webs of Egypt and Assyria were spread too wide to allow the sons of Israel to escape enmeshment, and so in the progress of the centuries their great day came to an end. The period of the Exile followed upon participation in the world-politics of their time. Under Nehemiah the Jewish State was reconstructed, but on lines that transformed it into the Jewish Church. Attempts were made to establish again their national independence. The Standard of Israel was set up under the Maccabees, and the old intense religious fervour stirred the people as it had in the days when, welded together by their common worship of Yahweh, they had fallen upon the Canaanites. But soon again the Standard fell. It was raised once more against Titus, but, broken and torn, it was captured by the Roman legions, and the Temple services ceased for ever. Then for the last time, in A.D. 132, Bar Cochba lifted aloft the flag of Zion. But the stubborn revolt was stamped out. Hadrian founded a Roman colony on the site of old Jerusalem. The Jew was banished from his well-loved city, and where Yahweh's Temple once stood Jupiter was worshipped with all the pomp of Imperial Rome.

Thus ends their history as an independent nation, a history which stretches back to the days when, on exchanging a pastoral for an agricultural life, the sons of Israel set before them the ideal of isolation. The last attempt to revive their national existence had failed, and they were once again wandering and landless men. But the centuries had done their work. The national policy had borne its fruit. The years have gone by and empires have risen and fallen, and far and wide the Jew is scattered amongst the nations of the earth. Yet still, in the face of all persecution and dispersion, he has successfully maintained his racial characteristics. Without territory or government

he has preserved his national attributes. In continual contact with all the civilization of to-day he keeps intact an essential isolation.

2. Because of this he stands for a unique historical phenomenon. By all the laws of analogy he should have been absorbed. In fact he should scarcely have attained a separate national existence. Contact with the 'heathen' civilization that confronted him when he exchanged the simple pastoral life of the steppe for an agricultural existence should have resulted in ultimate union with his more powerful neighbours. For sentiments inherited from fiercely exclusive nomadic ancestors were too weak of themselves to furnish an enduring basis for the maintenance of national isolation.

In what, then, was this strangely enduring sense of separation ultimately rooted? The whole study of their history points decisively to one ultimate source, the worship of Yahweh as their God. Against all that made for dissolution the common bond of the Yahweh-cult held strong. Hereditary exclusiveness, however insufficient in itself, was no negligible ally. Their law, secular and sacred, was made one law in its support. Prophet and priest on this point united in continually proclaiming the message of fundamental separation from all others through the Yahweh-bond. Thus the idea of isolation, an idea rooted in a sense of religious superiority, reinforced by inherited racial traits, and buttressed by the strongest possible ecclesiastical and civil sanctions, grew more and more intense as generation succeeded generation, until at last it reached a strength that has enabled it to survive the passing of territory and government, and to keep the Jew a man for ever apart.

The essential germ, then, of that national consciousness which grew up and maintained itself so stubbornly in the face of all environment is to be found in the Yahweh-cult. Apart from this, the other historical factors tending to maintain such a sense of national isolation would have proved too weak when confronted with the factors making for absorption. So that in dealing with the unique rise of Israel we are driven back ultimately to that irreducible factor in their history which seems to defy analysis, the element which differentiated the Yahweh-cult from all other cults of its time. For in this is to be found the root of Israel's unique growth, the source of her strange history, the ultimate secret of her proud position as the spiritual

mother of us all. By it the sons of Israel were separated from all others and were ever conscious of such separation. And because of it the religion of Israel developed along lines that are unique.

3. Speculation as to the exact nature of this factor is peculiarly difficult owing to the lack of contemporary testimony regarding the early conception of God, and to the somewhat conflicting nature of such evidence as exists. Accounts written many centuries later than the events they chronicle are necessarily coloured by the later ideas. And so definite detailed knowledge as to the conception of God prevalent in pre-Mosaic Israel is perhaps destined to remain absent, or at the best to be vague and incomplete. But from the evidence to be gathered from survivals of ancient customs, there is much to identify in substance the patriarchal conception with that of primitive Semitic religion as furnishing the historical starting-point for the religion of Israel. Nevertheless the later religion of Israel is not a natural evolution from the Semitic mind. It developed from the first on lines that are peculiarly its own and presents features very different from those possessed by the religion of the nomadic Semites.

These features which differentiated it from this last were communicated by a remarkable succession of individuals in whose consciousness arose the conviction of a special revelation from Yahweh. The content of this revelation they taught to their fellows with all the fervour and enthusiasm which spring from the assurance that a mandate and a message have been given by the Divine. And it is through these teachers that the bridge was built across the great gulf which is fixed between the primitive Semitic conceptions of God and the profoundly spiritual views of Him set forth by the later Hebrew prophets.

This individual consciousness of a Divine revelation is incapable of analysis, but it was undoubtedly through a number of persons in whom it arose that the trend of Israel's religion was determined. For there was no other way. The Word must always become flesh before it can come home in all its fulness to the hearts of men. And because these personal revelations that came to certain individuals defy all adequate natural explanation, the remarkable development of Israel's religion cannot be accounted for on naturalistic principles. The prophet cannot be regarded as the mere

representative of his age and people. For there is that in the record of the Jews which cannot be explained simply in terms of historic continuity.

Now this remarkable succession of individuals who gave to the religion of Israel its unique characteristics must have had a beginning. And to the first of such individuals is due the first step towards the later monotheism. But to determine with positive certainty the identity of that first man who implanted in primitive Semitic religion the germ that caused the religion of Israel to develop along lines that are unique is impossible, through the lack of sufficient evidence. Abraham has been selected by some, but direct confirmation of Abraham's historical existence is absent as yet. But of this at least we are sure, that the most important link, if not the first, at the beginning of the chain was Moses, the founder of the nation.

Two most striking examples of the state-building power of religion are to be found in history. In the seventh century A.D. a religious doctrine was preached amongst the Arab tribes, and these people, up till then scattered and weak, immediately took the form of a powerful State. Before a hundred years had passed they had founded cities and overthrown empires, and, united by the bond of a common religion, the Federated State of Islam covered a considerable section of the globe. But thousands of years before, amongst tribes that were akin, Moses had in like manner created a State. For to his leadership is undoubtedly due the union of the whole body of Israelites in the Yahweh-cult. He brought them into a definite relationship to Yahweh. He made them realize that in an indissoluble fashion Yahweh was their God, and that they were Yahweh's people. And in his teaching is probably to be found the first great impetus of that driving force which henceforth differentiated the religion of Israel from that of other Semitic tribes, and bound them into a homogeneous people capable of resisting absorption. Then this initial impetus was strengthened and guided in succeeding years by other similar teachers conscious also of a special knowledge of God. And so the evolution went on, until at last the Yahweh-cult alone of all others reached the purely spiritual monotheism of Isaiah, and paved the way for that still fuller revelation which came through Jesus Christ. But all through their varied history it was the conscious-

ness of this unique revelation that kept them apart from the rest of mankind. It was this conviction ever growing stronger through generation after generation that stamped upon their souls indelibly that ideal of national isolation which to this day

has successfully prevented their fusion with any other race. Above all else the Jew was Yahweh's man, and as such he has remained always apart, conscious of his separateness through the bond of covenant relationship with his God.

Contributions and Comments.

St. Paul's Teaching as to the Rewards of Liberality.

WHAT does the Apostle teach in 2 Co 9⁶⁻¹¹ as to God's rewards for men who give in generous fashion? Does he mean that such men will have more abundant material prosperity and thus be enabled more than ever to show the spirit of liberality? That is the view taken by H. W. Meyer. To interpret the *πᾶσα χάρις* in v.⁸ as if it meant spiritual good is, he says, to be 'at variance with the context.' Rather, 'it refers to *earthly* blessings by which we have the means for beneficence.' Dr. Alexander Maclaren takes the same view. 'Paul,' he says, 'has no hesitation in asserting that God rewards giving by larger possessions of the same sort as our gifts.' 'Conspicuous instances prove that, even from a business point of view, there is no better investment than "lending to the Lord" by "giving to the poor." But if this is the correct interpretation, it must be confessed that the appeal is not of a lofty order, and that constitutes a grave *a priori* objection to it. One hesitates before affirming that such a man as St. Paul would use an argument of this kind. Moreover, there is the obvious objection that in large numbers of cases generous-hearted people do not prosper in mundane things. We may truly say of liberality that:

'Oft 'tis sooner found
In lowly sheds with smoky rafters
Than in tapestry halls and courts of princes.'

For the generosity of the poor to the poor is proverbial, yet such people often remain poor all their days. Doubtless, the saying in the Proverbs is true, and the Lord will repay the man who hath pity upon the poor; but we cannot affirm that the loan will be paid back in hard cash with interest. St. Paul's assertion, says Dr. Maclaren, 'is absolutely true in a higher fashion. . . . God

enriches the liberal soul with treasures above all worldly wealth.' But this tells strongly in favour of a more spiritual interpretation, for, if the passage be understood otherwise, the Apostle's statement is not 'absolutely true' and it is difficult to believe that he would have committed himself to such an incorrect assertion.

Some support for Meyer's view might be found in the word *αὐτάρκεια* in v.⁸. He will not have it that that word means anything but an 'inward self-sufficiency,' and that, of course, is the force of *αὐτάρκεια* in Ph 4¹¹ and Eccles 40¹⁸. But Moulton and Milligan's citations in their *Vocabulary of the Greek New Testament* prove that the noun was used in the sense of 'a competence.' It must therefore be acknowledged that it does look as though the Apostle in v.⁸ were assuring his readers that the generous man would not lack worldly sufficiency. But, as against this, we have to bear in mind the breadth of the statement in vv.⁸ and ¹¹. 'God is able to make *all* grace abound unto you, that ye having always *all* sufficiency in *everything* may abound unto *every* good work . . . ye being enriched in *everything* unto all liberality.' When one calls to mind the N.T. conception of wealth and recollects this Apostle's idea of himself as being 'poor yet making many rich,' it is not easy to read his words otherwise than as meaning that God rewards the generous giver with the highest and most varied 'competence' to bless his fellows.

Again, what is the force of the O.T. citation in v.⁹, 'His righteousness endureth for ever'? Dr. James Denney says that here as in Ps 112 the point is that 'the expression reflects God's verdict on the character as a whole.' But if so, the quotation is not apt for it was obviously meant to illustrate and confirm the statement in v.⁸. Surely, the context obliges us to understand it as meaning that the man who is marked by thoughtful and glad liberality will have enduring high character as his reward. What he does reacts on his nature. He

will grow in unselfishness. His used talents will multiply. He will become more and more a useful servant of God and man in many ways. Habit will confirm and strengthen righteousness in him. This interpretation has at least the merit of giving appositeness to the Apostle's quotation and, if it be correct, it confirms the view which we have taken as to the meaning of v.⁸.

In the verses which follow it is plain that the writer is making appeal to the loftiest motives. Deep thankfulness to God, he says, will be stirred in the hearts of Jewish saints by the gifts of the Corinthians, and their generous love will destroy all prejudice against Gentile converts, making a grand new union of hearts. That is the harvest which the Apostle encourages his friends to expect. They will have the great joy of being spiritual benefactors.

I submit that the whole appeal is of the same lofty character. Its teaching throughout is that God rewards the liberal man with the highest riches, making him increasingly competent to bless his fellows.

HENRY J. WICKS.

Loughton, Essex.

Faith's Function in St. Jude's Epistle.

TWICE in his brief letter St. Jude speaks of faith. In v.³ he says that he was compelled to write to encourage his readers *ἐπαγωνίεσθαι τῇ ἀπαξ παραδοθείσῃ τοῖς ἁγίοις πίστει*. At v.²⁰ he bids them keep themselves in the love of God *ἐποικοδομοῦντες ἑαυτοὺς τῇ ἀγνωστῇ ὑμῶν πίστει*. In this latter place 'their most holy faith' is clearly the foundation of the Christian character or of the life of the Christian society. In the former place 'the faith once delivered to the saints' would seem to be regarded as the spring of Christian endeavour, the inauguration and outset of the Christian conflict.

For *ἐπαγωνίεσθαι* is a word borrowed from athletics, meaning 'to contend in the "event" which follows on,' and (probably) more freely 'to engage in a fresh round or heat.' Transferred to other fields we find it used of following a *previous speaker* in a lawsuit, or a *competitor* in a contest of rhetoric; of following up an *enemy* met in former conflicts, of a commander following up his own *victories*; of our Lord endorsing and driving home the *rebukes* addressed by John Baptist to

Scribes and Pharisees; of pursuing a *theme*, elaborating a *statement* by the use of several equivalent expressions, prolonging an *effort*, further pursuing a *strife*.

So when St. Jude calls on Christians *ἐπαγωνίεσθαι τῇ ἀπαξ παραδοθείσῃ τοῖς ἁγίοις πίστει*, he bids them *follow up* 'the victory that overcame the world' by the conflict with evil which was inaugurated by the great *ἀρχηγὸς τῆς πίστεως* and taken up by those who received from Him the Holy Spirit.

The verb *ἐπαγωνίεσθαι* occurs nowhere else in the Greek Bible. The Vulgate coins a deponent to represent it—*supercertari semel traditae fidei*.

G. H. WHITAKER.

Woughton Rectory, Bletchley.

'The Sure Mercies of David.'

THIS striking expression of the 2 Isaiah (Is 55³) no reader will miss, even in the E.VV.; and so far, no explanation has been offered—within the writer's knowledge—without also admitting a possible, if not probable, objection of one kind or another. Usually the explanations follow the historical line, whether in prose or in poetry, as the case may be, and sometimes, if not always, end with the ideal; and they all ignore the ambiguity of the grammatical construction. The elementary student, on first reading, would not miss that ambiguity. The mercies, or lovingkindnesses, of David might be taken in either sense, namely, those shown to David, or those shown or sung of by David. He would also ask whether the name David be used in a personal sense or otherwise. But our master commentators have taken no notice of this elementary ambiguity. Without a note they have assumed the former: Isaiah could only have meant the lovingkindness shown to a David, whether historical or ideal. Hence ample room is left for everything that could be said of the lovingkindnesses sung of, by, to, or in a 'David.'

A tentative note may be offered along the line forgotten by the critics, namely, the lovingkindnesses sung of, *by* or *to* a David, whether historical or ideal; which songs may have won fame, been known to 2 Isaiah and his circle, and perhaps formed a collection of some size or other. These points leave ample material for the thorough reader. At present it is but necessary to recall the fact that

the commentators have completely forgotten this last point. Maybe that criticism has only been able so far to suggest a date for the first temple collection of psalms (Pss 3-41); and that date falls as late as Nehemiah's time (444-431 B.C.). But the collection presupposes that the psalms which formed it were of earlier date, whether meant or not for temple use. If any of them bore the fame of antiquity, they might well have been pre-exilic. That is a point of detail. I would only assert that fond religious songs of the past, dedicated to a noble patron, were known to 2 Isaiah and his fellows in the Exile, in which the mercies or lovingkindnesses of God were freely celebrated. Just as the 2 Isaiah added the adjective *eternal* to the covenant, so he added the adjective *unfailing* to the mercies—a true mark of the high religious value which he attached to psalmody as a means of grace.

That note clearly shows a possible and succinct meaning of the phrase to the devout students of the Exile. The next step would be to show that it would fit in with the context. The mention of David led the author to add his own note on the value of that person, historical or ideal; and here one would first follow the prophet's idealism. The historical exponents all come to the ideal, and some of them begin and end with the latter; the crux for them is to show that the 2 Isaiah followed the historical ideal, rather than had an ideal of his own. The present point is that the 2 Isaiah had his own way of reading the idea which he attached to the name of a David famed for its connexion with the praises of Israel. He left alone all thoughts of a royal personage. He would educe the thought attached to the patron of their praises. This he expresses in v. 4: the patron of their songs was set for a witness of the peoples, a leader and commander of the peoples—predicates which involve no royal attribute, no kingly state, but which mean the moral and religious force of the activity of such an ideal in the midst of the nations.

We observe in v. 4: (1) the absence of מלך, whether as substantive or predicate; (2) the prime position of 'witness'; and (3) the subsidiary or explicative position of 'leader' and 'commander.' The David mentioned stood clear of all thoughts of royalty: he was the patron of 'songs and praises.' Hence his prime value was that of a witness (עַד, μαρτύριον), one who emphatically

reiterated his religious affirmations (cf. BDB, s.v.); the evidence uttered by the mouth (Dt 17⁶ 19⁹), here in songs to be sung by all (cf. Dt. 31^{19, 21} J). He was a *faithful* witness (cf. עֵד אֱמִינִים, Pr. 14⁶; עֵד אֱמֶת, Jer 42⁵), and a witness to the unfailing mercies so celebrated in their stock of praises. The *witness* characteristic stood first and foremost in the story of God's mercies as sung from their psalms. Any David of a poet, who took up that part, would soon prove himself to be a master of spiritual power in the community and to the world outside, i.e. a 'leader and a commander of the people,' two terms which are free from any necessary royal qualification.

We need not analyse and estimate the translations of נָגִיד in the E.VV. The A.V. here goes nearest to its simple and original meaning—'the one to the fore' (נָגִיד); so the LXX renders it ἡγούμενος (28 times)—'the one who takes the lead.' In itself it has no association with any official duty as such. It might be natural and true enough to describe different officials as leaders in their departments. A few times the word is used to describe David or Solomon as *rulers* (R.V. 'princes') over the people (1 S 25³⁰, 2 S 6²¹ 7⁸, 1 K 1³⁵); but it is used oftener to describe other officers, not royal. As they were to take the lead in their departments, so the poet took the lead in his, and proved himself a leader indeed. His leadership would take the form of a moral command (מְצִוָה)—not the injunction of an official (cf. Gn 27⁸, a mother's instruction; Nu 32²⁶, Moses' instruction); or at least, the loud cry or shout of an earnest singer (cf. 42¹¹), whose very earnestness forced him to utter it with all his energy so as to command the attention of all men, no matter of what nationality. Such would be the natural effect of the chanted psalms, as coming from all the earnest servants of God, upon all peoples without distinction.

Here, then, is a link which leads up to the next verse with its wonderful mission conception. The author knows that it will be wonderful—'Behold.' The servants will prove themselves a band of missionaries to all peoples. Not that they leave their homes for foreign lands, but that foreigners will be attracted to them. With their psalms, and perhaps especially the ringing joy of their services, they would follow a David, bear witness to their God before all peoples, make a true impression

upon even foreigners, lead and win and *call* a nation as yet unknown in a religious sense. The subject of their witness would be the *lovingkindness* of God—the unfailing ones, as sung of, in Davidic psalms. Surely this explanation is not too modern for a 2 Isaiah!

My object has been to call attention to the fact (1) that our commentators have ignored the ambiguity of this expression in a grammatical sense; and (2) that the meaning, which they have missed, gives us a truly Biblical view—the only view that fits into the words of a prophet who had nothing to say about the Kingdom-messianic thought of other prophets.

WILLIAM GLYNNE.

St. Andrew's, Bishop Auckland.

'Little Ones.'

WHAT is the normal meaning of the word *תַּף*, *taf*, which occurs 42 times in the Old Testament? In the English versions it is rendered *little ones*, *little children*, *children*, except in Gn 47¹², where they have *families*. This is supported by the Oxford Hebrew Lexicon (with a qualification in the Addenda), the Vulgate (*parvuli*), Kautzsch's German Bible (*kleine Kinder*), and all commentaries and translations to which I have been able to refer, with the exception of one translation and one commentary.

The one translation is the very notable one of the Septuagint; and the one commentary is that by Dr. Payne Smith on *Genesis* in Bishop Ellicott's 'Old Testament Commentary for English Readers'; see on Gn 34²⁹ 17¹⁸. According to Dr. Payne Smith, the meaning is *the whole body of dependents, men, women, and children*. With this the LXX is in accord. It renders the word in no less than twelve different ways. Its most common rendering is *ἀποσκευή* (=household), which occurs 12 times. Three other renderings, *ἀπαρτία*, *οἰκία*, and *πανοικία*, mean the same thing; and four more, *συγγένεια* (kin or clan), *λαος*, *ὄχλος*, and *ὥμα* (slaves) give the same general sense. In fourteen passages it has either *τέκνον*, *παῖδιον*, or *νήπιος*, which correspond to 'little ones.'

An examination of the usage of the word shows that it is employed principally in three connexions:—

First, and chiefly, with reference to warfare, to denote the *non-combatants*—those who would be left behind when the army went on an expedition, and who, being immobile, were liable to be retained as hostages or, in the event of defeat, to form part

of the spoil of the conqueror (Gn 34²⁹, Nu 31⁹). For example, when Joseph went up out of Egypt with a very great host to bury his father in Canaan, all his brothers accompanied him, but they left their *taf* behind with the flocks and herds (Gn 50⁸). Pharaoh at first would not let the Israelites leave Egypt unless they left their *taf* behind as hostages (Ex 10^{10, 24}). The two and a half tribes built cities for their *taf* and left them in charge of the flocks and herds when they went to assist in the conquest of Western Palestine. 'Little ones' would scarcely be left in charge of cities with flocks and herds.

Secondly, it is used, with reference to the need of sustenance, to denote the number of *mouths that had to be fed*. In the famine, Joseph nourished his father and brothers and all his father's house 'according to [the number of persons in] their *tafs*,' Gn 47^{12, 24}; cf. 43⁸ 50²¹. Judah pleaded that he might take Benjamin to Egypt lest not only they themselves but their *tafs* (all their dependents) should die of starvation.

Thirdly, it is used to denote *all the members of a community other than the head* (or the master and mistress). When the object of a journey was not a military expedition but a permanent migration, all the *taf* went. Jacob went down into Egypt with all his *taf* (Gn 46⁵). The Israelites left Egypt with all their *taf* (Ex 12³⁷). When the Danites migrated to a new settlement, they took their *taf* with them (Jg 18²¹).

In the above passages, and others like them, the word is evidently used, as in the LXX renderings, to denote the dependent members of a household or community; *i.e.* the women, children, and servants or slaves. If the derivation of the word is from *תַּף*, 'to take quick, tripping steps,' this may be from the pitter-patter of a mixed crowd quite as well as from that of children's feet.

It requires, however, to be stated that, in quite half the number of cases, the wives are mentioned separately (Gn 34²⁹, Nu 32²⁶, Dt 2³⁴ 3^{6, 19} 20¹⁴ 29^{11 (10)} 31¹², Jos 14^{8, 35}, Jg 21¹⁰, Est 3¹³ 8¹¹, Jer 40⁷ 41¹⁶ 43⁶, Ezk 9⁶). It is this that probably led to the rendering 'little ones.' But probably, even in these passages, servants are meant to be included as well as children. In nearly as many other cases, however, the women are not separately mentioned (Gn 43⁸ 47²⁴ 50^{8, 21}, Ex 10^{10, 24} 12³⁷, Nu 32^{16, 17, 24}, Jg 18²¹, 2 S 15²², Ezr 8²¹). In 2 Ch 20¹⁸ 31¹⁸, as Dr. Payne Smith points out, the children are spoken of separately from the *taf*. It would appear also from Nu 31^{17, 18} that the *taf* was sometimes considered as twofold—the *taf* of men and the *taf* of women—a very natural division in an Oriental country, where even in the home the sexes keep apart.

EDWARD P. RICE.

Hassocks.

Entre Nous.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POETRY.

I.

The Poet.

IN his poems Francis Thompson is at first but a shadow. Gradually, as you read, the shadow reveals itself as flesh and blood, a human being who keeps company with you till the end. And the manhood is worshipful; you feel that its true realm is the spiritual world. 'The world knew him not,' has been the thought of many minds.

Francis Thompson died of consumption in November 1907, and was immediately talked of as a wonder, for the intensely sad story of his life had begun to be whispered abroad. Now the proverbial 'nine days' have passed, and he is taken on his merits. Sober judgment but confirms the idea of his being not only one of the greatest of poets, but a man of deeply religious spirit.

He was not a voluminous writer, although in his early London days he scribbled on every available piece of paper: even the discarded account books of Mr. McMaster, his first rescuer, were covered with poetry, and prose. Two moderate-sized volumes of poetry and another of prose papers represent his works.

With the former we would specially deal as more directly revealing Thompson, the man. These poems are so erudite, and at the same time so artistic, that one is filled with amazement at the thought of the author being for a long period almost entirely without books. 'I had no books by me save *Æschylus* and *Blake*,' he said in answer to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's 'You must have had access to many books when you wrote that essay'—'*Paganism Old and New*,' the first of his work accepted by the editor of *Merry England*.

Where then, or how, did Francis Thompson learn the music of words?—for his song is certainly not of the unpremeditated order. How did he get his mind stored with classic lore to such an extent that the ordinary reader often feels himself unequal to the task of following him? For answer we must go back to the poet's childhood in the house of his father, Dr. Thompson of Preston, and later of Ashton-under-Lyne. One cannot help feeling sorry for the little fellow of Mr. Everard Meynell's biography, who understood girls better than boys,

and who never knew 'the technique of being a boy.' His playmates were his sisters; they had common playthings; Frank was even fascinated with their dolls. He made stories about them. 'I dramatized them,' he said long afterwards; 'I fell in love with them; I did not father them; intolerance is justified of her children.' In a sense, it was a lonely childhood, for his father's house was a home of silence and reserve. Reserve early became almost a second nature with Frank. The verses in 'The Fallen Yew' are reminiscent of those far-off days:—

Its breast was hallowed as the tooth of eld;¹
And boys, there creeping unbeheld,
A laughing moment dwelled.

Yet they, within its very heart so crept,
Reached not the heart that courage kept
With winds and years beswept.

And in its boughs did close and kindly nest
The birds, as they within its breast,
By all its leaves caressed.

But bird nor child might touch by any art
Each other's or the tree's hid heart,
A whole God's breadth apart;

The breadth of God, the breadth of death and life!
Even so, even so, in undreamed strife
With pulseless Law, the wife;—

The sweetest wife on sweetest marriage-day,—
Their souls at grapple in mid-way,
Sweet to her sweet may say:

'I take you to my inmost heart, my true!
Ah, fool! but there is one heart you
Shall never take him to!

The hold that falls not when the town is got,
The heart's heart, whose immured plot
Hath keys yourself keep not!

But he was happy. The religion of his home meant a great deal; he felt he had a personal share in it. 'Know you not what it is to be a child?' he asks in the famous essay on Shelley. 'It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother

¹ *The Works of Francis Thompson*, i. 182.

in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning.¹

The boy became a dreamer of dreams. A housemaid remembers him on the top of the ladder in the book-cupboard, oblivious to her call to meals; he was making friends with the poets. Referring to those days he says, 'I read Shakespeare, Scott, the two chief poems of Coleridge, and the ballads of Macaulay.' We have his own word for it too that he tried to read Shakespeare for the benefit of his sisters and the servants; but both 'kicked against Julius Cæsar as dry—though they diplomatically refrained from saying so.' If he was then too young to have quite awakened to the poetry of words, 'the beauty of language, the sense of magic in diction, of words suddenly becoming a marvel, and quick with a preternatural life,' those days came later, doubtless at Ushaw Catholic College, to which his father sent him in the hope that he would one day become a priest.

There he was described as 'a timid, shrinking little boy.' He earned no distinction in his classes although he performed his prescribed tasks with more than average success. But there was a certain indolence about him which made itself noticeable, due, one can believe, to the languor that is often a characteristic of the phthisical temperament. It is pathetic beyond speech to read that in the trembling hand of the last months he wrote out in big capitals on pages torn from exercise books such texts as were calculated to frighten him into his clothes. "Thou wilt not lie a-bed when the last trump blows"; "Thy sleep with the worms will be long enough," and so on. They were ineffectual. His was a long series of broken trysts—trysts with the sunrise, trysts with Sunday mass, obligatory but impossible; trysts with friends.²

After seven years he returned home from Ushaw,

¹ *The Works of Francis Thompson*, iii. 7.

² E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 32.

a disappointment to his parents. Wisely gauging the situation, the President wrote to his father that owing to Frank's increasing nervous timidity he felt compelled to concur in the opinion of his director and others that 'it is not the holy will of God that he should go on for the priesthood.' At the same time he recognized Frank's ability, an ability which, but for a certain indolence, would, he felt sure, bring him success in any career. Yet in his walks at Ushaw he saw the sunsets which suggested his 'Ode to the Setting Sun,' and at the sight of a daisy 'all his paths would be strewn with white and gold.' Above all he loved Ushaw's Chapel. *A.M.D.G.*—'To the Greater Glory of God'—was already his pen's motto. It was inscribed on his exercise books, and meant, we believe, an honest dedication.

Next he tried Owens' College, Manchester, and the study of medicine. But the years he spent there certainly did not go to the making of a doctor, for he hated the work. The Manchester years, in fact, make a story of failure and increasing loneliness, for a habit of silence and reserve continued to grow upon him. He did not work; but he read poetry in the public library, and often visited the picture galleries. There he trained for an actor in unreal-realities. Long afterwards, he recalled a statue 'which thrilled my youth in a passion such as feminine mortality was skill-less to instigate. . . . Thither each evening, as twilight fell, I stole to meditate and worship the baffling mysteries of her meaning: as twilight fell, and the blank noon surceased arrest upon her life, and in the vagueness countenance the eyes broke out from their day-long ambushade. Eyes of violet blue, drowsed-amorous, which surveyed me not, but looked ever beyond, where a spell enfixed them,

Waiting for something, not for me.

And I was content. Content; for by such tenure of unnoticedness I knew that I held my privilege to worship: had she beheld me, she would have denied, have condemned my gaze. Between us, now, are years and tears; but the years waste her not, and the tears wet her not; neither misses she me on any man. There, I think, she is standing yet; there, I think, she will stand for ever: the divinity of an accident, awaiting a divine thing impossible, which can never come to her, and she knows this not. For I reject the vain fable that the ambrosial creature is really an unspiritual

compound of lime, which the gross ignorant call plaster of Paris. If Paris indeed had to do with her, it was he of Ida. And for him, perchance, she waits.¹

Constitutionally he was phthisical, and borne down by an abnormal languor; his disinclination to do ordinary work grew stronger and stronger, his world was a world of dreams. After an illness during his medical course, de Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater* was put into his hands by his mother. It was her last present to him, for she died soon afterwards. Making the acquaintance of de Quincey through his *Confessions*, Francis Thompson fell under his spell. Love and admiration for the writer led him to taste the drug, and once beginning he had to 'dree his weird.' The case is presented in all fairness by his sympathetic biographer. 'Opium,' he says, 'staved off the assaults of tuberculosis, it gave him the wavering strength that made life just possible for him, whether on the streets or through all those other distresses and discomforts that it was his character deeply to resent but not to remove by any normal courses; if it could threaten physical degradation he was able by conquest to tower in moral and mental glory. On the other hand, it dealt with him remorselessly as it dealt with Coleridge and all its consumers. It put him in such constant strife with his own conscience that he had ever to hide himself from himself, and for concealment he fled to that which made him ashamed, until it was as if the fig-leaf were of necessity plucked from the Tree of the Fall. It killed in him the capacity for acknowledging those duties to his family and friends which, had his heart not been in shackles, he would have owned with no ordinary ardour.'²

The one self in him saw and realized the beauty of a life in communion with God, and continually sought after it; the other was like a prisoner bound by chains, powerless to free himself. If under normal constitutional conditions St. Augustine speaks of the truly spiritual life as hard to attain to because of his divided self, what must it have been in the case of Francis Thompson? 'The thoughts wherein I meditated on Thee,' says St. Augustine in his *Confessions*, 'were like the efforts of such as would awake, who yet overcome with a heavy drowsiness, are again drenched therein. Nor had I anything to answer Thee calling to

me, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." And when Thou didst on all sides shew me, that what Thou saidst was true, I, convicted by the truth, had nothing at all to answer, but only those dull and drowsy words, "Anon, anon," "presently," "leave me but a little." But "presently, presently" had no present, and my "little while" went on for a long while; in vain I "delighted in Thy law according to the inner man, when another law in my members rebelled against the law of my mind, and led me captive under the law of sin which was in my members."³

Failing to pass his medical examinations, and lacking the courage necessary to discuss his affairs with his father, he drifted to London. There, if he wrote no tragedy, he enacted one of the deepest. But the self in him that made for righteousness survived, and although cast for a time among the very lowest, Francis Thompson never ceased to feel himself equal to the highest.

So low did he fall that it was as he writes in one of the "Sister Songs":

Once—in that nightmare-time which still doth haunt
My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—

Forlorn, and faint, and stark,

I had endured through watches of the dark

The abashless inquisition of each star,

Yea, was the outcast mark

Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;

Stood bound and helplessly

For Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me;

Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour

In night's slow-wheeled car;

Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length

From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,

I waited the inevitable last.⁴

God's love never ceased to pursue him. Strangely diverse were the helpers that crossed his path. A kindly Christian bootmaker took him to his home, and gave to the mysterious wanderer not only food, but a home and work. But Francis Thompson proved a failure as a worker. He had grown even more indolent than in the earlier days, for the opium held him with a grip of iron. His benefactor showed great patience with him, but at last, after about four months' service, his hopeless apprentice was dismissed. Again Thompson wandered the streets to suffer an outcast's hunger, and to realize in all its intensity the truth of

¹ E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 38.

² *Ibid.* 156.

³ *The Confessions of S. Augustine*, 156.

⁴ *The Works of Francis Thompson*, i. 36.

General Booth's *In Darkest England*. No wonder the review he wrote of it later was a masterly one.

In all literature there is nothing more touching than the story of how he was befriended by a poor unfortunate girl of the streets. Quoting Mr. Meynell's words: 'When the streets were no longer crowded with shameful possibilities, she would think of the only tryst that her heart regarded, and, a sister of charity, would take her beggar into her vehicle at the appointed place and cherish him with an affection maidenly and motherly, and passionate in both these capacities. Two outcasts, they sat marvelling that there were joys for them to unbury and to share.' 'Weakness and confidence, humility and reverence, were gifts unknown to her except at his hands, and she repaid them with graces as lovely as a child's, and as unhesitating as a saint's. Her sacrifice was to fly from him: learning he had found friends, she said that he must go to them and leave her. After his first interview with my father he had taken her his news. "They will not understand our friendship," she said, and then, "I always knew you were a genius." And so she strangled the opportunity; she killed again the child, the sister; the mother had come to life within her—she went away. Without warning she went to unknown lodgings and was lost to him.'¹

To Mr. and Mrs. Meynell we, in a sense, owe the gift to the world of Francis Thompson the poet. As we read of their rescue of him, and the love and care bestowed upon this 'moth of a man,' it seems natural to believe with James Hinton in the intimate relation of all that happens to the Divine care for us. 'I can see nothing,' he says, 'in all nature but the loving acts of spiritual beings, and know no reason for disbelieving anything that it should be conformable to love to do. It is a glorious world; I do delight in it.'

Mr. and Mrs. Meynell discovered that neither Francis Thompson's happiness, nor his tenderness, nor his sensibility had been marred like his constitution by his experience. 'He will not live,' said the doctor they consulted, 'and you hasten his death by denying his whims and opium.' 'Paganism Old and New,' which led to Mr. Meynell's discovery of him in 1887, was but the beginning of his work. He lived until 1907. Under the direct supervision of his kind guardians he renounced opium, and for the greater part of the years left to him he kept writing for magazines, sometimes prose

papers, but more frequently his wonderful poems. The atmosphere of his poems is that of the world beyond the sun, and the language of them, as distinctive as that of Thomas Carlyle, is startling in its strange and musical fitness. A few years before his death, in very weariness he again took to using the drug; he felt that he could not live without it.

All along he remained the man of the 'divided self.' In those later years, if he spent an evening explaining that last August was hot, but this was hotter, his cry really was, 'Where is my laudanum?' 'Nor,' adds Mr. Meynell, 'was his need only physical, his soul too was crying, "Where is my God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the Night? Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of Heaven?"' He was the man who in his lodgings in Elgin Avenue called down the kitchen stair for his porridge and his beer, and at the same time the lodger whose prayers the landlady often heard; the poet too who wrote:

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But when so sad thou canst not sadder
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!²

We would hear what such a man has to say of life as he saw it, whether side by side with children, as he often found himself, or in the company of a pure womanhood. We would know also with what eyes he looked upon Nature, and in doing so we shall discover what were his thoughts about God and His Son Jesus Christ.

RECENT POETRY.

Susan Miles.

There does not at first sight seem to be much poetry in *Dunch*, by Susan Miles (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). But poetry is not according to length of line or law of rhyme. The sense of fellowship is here, and imagination—the imagination that sees the

¹ *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 83.

² *The Works of Francis Thompson*, ii. 226.

general in the particular, the significance of the insignificant. The following lines fairly express the character of the book, though there are deeper notes.

DESPATCHES.

You know everything,
Or nearly everything.
You can do everything,
Or nearly everything.
At least you know all things that I am conscious
Of not knowing,
And can do all things that I would like to do
And cannot do.
You are grown up,
Or nearly grown up,
For they have cut off your curls,
And provided you with stockings
That cover your knees.
My Mother is sad
Because your curls are gone.
She says that they were fine
And golden,
And that your head has now
The appearance of a bullet.
She says that your knees are dimpled
And that stockings
Hide the dimples.
But I am not sad
Because your curls are gone,
Or because your dimples are hidden.
I am proud and exultant
Knowing that you are a man,
Or very nearly a man.
Are you not five years old?
And I, being in myself contemptibly young,
Namely three,
Am yet of an importance,
Seeing that I have a brother
Who is five,
Whose curls have been cut off,
Whose knees are covered
By, seemingly stockings,

You know everything.
There can be no doubt of it.
Our Nurse has taken us to Church.
We have sat near the back of the Church,
Behind the school children.
The Curate has asked strange questions
And the children have answered them,
Or have not answered them.
The Curate has asked,
'Who was crucified with the Lord Jesus?'
And you have answered boldly
And clearly;
Your voice has rung through the Church
And caused all the school children
To turn in their seats

And gaze at you;
You have answered without a blush,
Without a tremor,
'Two thieves.'
And now we are running home,
Tugging at Nurse's hands,
To find Mother
And tell her what you have done.
You are all wise,
All knowing,
And I, though contemptibly young,
Namely four,
Am yet of an importance,
Seeing that I am, most blessedly,
Your sister.

And why am I, whose own knees have been
covered
With seemingly stockings these thirty years,
Why am I three years old again this morning,
Or four years old?
It is because you have been mentioned
In despatches.

E. J. Thompson.

Though Mr. E. J. Thompson calls his volume by the homely title of *Waltham Thickets* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net), there are in it songs of other lands. Three rivers are well known to him—the Thames, the Hugli, and the Tigris. And there are vivid pictures of them all. Take this of the Indian river:

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

A crescent moon o'erhead;
Lightning leapt on the water;
And thought of England's dead
And my brethren called to slaughter
Troubled me, as I went
Over the rain-flushed bent.

Here, it was dusk and dew,
And dark in heaven's hollow
The big fruit-foxes flew,
And the little Indian swallow,
Poised on the waters grey,
Dipt and swooped on her prey.

But from where a wind of death
Through distant fields was blowing
Came waft of a bitter breath,
And crimson Hugli's flowing
I saw, with eyes that swam,
I, even, the ghost I am.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

WHY should a man, when he chooses another form of Church life than that into which he was born, think it necessary to inform the world of the reasons for his choice? It may be because one who makes this change is sure to be somewhat deferential to his ego, and judges the world's interest in it by his own. But it is more than that. It is an idea, which never seems to have been challenged, that a man is not entitled to choose a religion for himself. If he does he must show the world that he had compelling reasons for it.

The idea is contrary to the mind of Christ. Every man is bound to choose a religion for himself. If he is content with that into which he was born, or in which he was educated, he must see to it that his contentment is not easy acquiescence but the deliberate choice of his manhood. If it is not so, his religion is of little value, and is little likely to bear itself well in the battle of life. It is more likely to fall away from him altogether as soon as he passes into life's first real testing experience. A mocking word may be enough or even a ripple of malicious laughter.

In the book entitled *My Confession*, Tolstoy tells the story of a youth whom he designates simply by the letter S. He says: 'S—, an intelligent and truthful man, told me how he came to stop believing. When he was twenty-six years old he

once, at a night's rest during the chase, followed his old habit, acquired in childhood, and stood up to pray. His elder brother, who took part in the chase, was lying in the hay and looking at him. When S— got through and was about to lie down he said to him: "So you are still doing these things?"

'That was all that was said; and S— that very day ceased praying and attending church. Thirty years have passed since he stopped praying, receiving the communion, and going to church. Not that he knew the convictions of his brother and had joined them, not that he had decided on anything in his mind; but only because the sentence which his brother had uttered was like the pressure exerted with a finger against a wall which was ready to fall of its own weight. The sentence was merely an indication that where he thought there was faith there had long been a vacant spot, and that, therefore, the words which he spoke, and the signs of the Cross and the obeisances which he made during his praying, were quite meaningless actions. Since he had come to recognize their meaninglessness, he could not keep them up any longer.'

The choice of a religion costs something. When our Lord was on the way to Jerusalem, on that last journey which He made to the Cross, He was surrounded by pilgrims who were going up to the

Feast. He discoursed as He went. Ever and anon one would come out of the crowd and make the offer of discipleship. St. Luke records three, obviously typical, examples. Of these three cases one remained in His mind as He proceeded on His journey. The man said enthusiastically, 'I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.' Jesus answered, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' This man was making the right choice, but he was in danger of making it too lightly.

This case, we say, seems to have remained with our Lord as He went on. Sometime after—it is recorded in another chapter by St. Luke, but it belongs to a later stage of the same journey—Jesus spoke two parables. 'For which of you,' He said, 'desiring to build a tower, doth not first sit down and count the cost, whether he have wherewith to complete it? Lest haply, when he hath laid a foundation, and is not able to finish, all that behold begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'

That was the one parable. The other had exactly the same meaning. 'Or what king, as he goeth to encounter another king in war, will not sit down first and take counsel whether he is able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and asketh conditions of peace.'

What is the meaning, and why did He emphasize it by two identical illustrations? The meaning is that the choice of a religion is a great thing and not to be undertaken lightly. It is to be undertaken. We *must* forsake all that we have and become His disciples, else our religion is of no account. But we must set our whole heart to the choice and carry it through.

Under the title of *A Spiritual Aeneid* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net) there has appeared a book

written by the Rev. Ronald A. KNOX, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, in which the story is told of one man's choice of a religion.

We have read some tracts written by Mr. KNOX, and found spiritual strength in them. We have also read his previous book. It was not sent for review when published, and we missed the opportunity of rejoicing with our readers in the delight of it. Its title is *Some Loose Stones*. It is simply a criticism of the Oxford volume of essays entitled *Foundations*. But its lightness of touch and its incisiveness, its perfect application of word to thought, and its unmistakable contribution to theology, especially on the Person of Christ, make it a book to be read with pleasure and remembered with gratitude.

Why, then, is this new book so disappointing? The author has deliberately written it ineffectively. He is a man of moods, and his particular mood, on entering the Roman Church, is that of intellectual self-denial. He must not use the gifts God has endowed him with. He must be slow and solemn and dull. And that is not all.

When a man changes his form of religion he has to see to it that the choice he makes is of a form of religion that is worth choosing. It is the greatness, the grandeur, of the religion which Jesus stood for that made the choice so important in His day, and makes it so important still. We do not say that the Roman religion is not worth choosing. We say that Mr. Ronald A. KNOX has never had a glimpse of a religion that was worth choosing.

What is a religion that is worth choosing? We should say that the religion of the Old Testament is worth choosing. Take it in the form in which the prophet Micah expresses it: 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' Does Mr. KNOX recognize justice, mercy, or humility in the religion which he has chosen? He recognizes

none of them. Humility is certainly in his thoughts, but it is not humility before God; it is the humility that shows itself in submitting to the Pope.

Again, we should say that the religion of the New Testament is worth choosing. Take it in the form which came down from the Old Testament but received the stamp of our Lord's approval: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself.' Does Mr. KNOX choose that form of religion? It has not once occurred to him that a choice of religion has anything to do with love of God or man.

His book is the story of departure from the evangelical religion of his father, the Bishop of Manchester, and arrival at the utmost bounds of Roman ritualism. But all the way he is chiefly concerned with things that are external, even with external trivialities. The religion he has chosen is not the religion of Christ. Christ's is a great religion, and demands great sacrifice. 'If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.' Mr. KNOX thinks he has made some sacrifices. He dared to go about in Cambridge while he was yet an Anglican with a cassock on. But wherein has he denied himself? He acknowledges his wilfulness—'contrairiness,' he calls it. He has simply been obedient to his own will throughout.

When a religious man remains outside the Church of Christ, it is well for us to find out the reason. We have an excellent opportunity in the case of that late eminent scientific scholar, Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

Before he died Professor THOMPSON had almost ready for the press the manuscript of a volume to which he gave the title of *A Not Impossible Religion*. It has had the final touches given to it by Mr. T. Edmund HARVEY; and it has been issued by Mr. John Lane at the Bodley Head in London (6s. net).

From its title we should conclude that it is more constructive than critical. The conclusion is correct. Professor THOMPSON is more anxious to tell us what he himself believes than to criticise and condemn what we believe. And by this resolve he is able to maintain an inoffensive tone throughout. But some criticism was inevitable. At the very outset he tells us that he will have nothing to do with organized religion in this land. And he has to tell us why.

It is no surprise to find that he rejects our theology. There are other things no doubt to which he takes exception. The one and only occasion upon which he lets himself go is in what can only be called a contemptuous reference to ritualism. But the real reason why he will have nothing to do with churchgoing is that in the churches there is preached some doctrine of atonement.

It is the doctrine of the Atonement that he objects to. He objects to it with his whole soul. He speaks of it with loathing. And he is courageous enough to assert that there is no such doctrine, or anything like it, in the New Testament. He says that the gospel which our Lord Himself preached was a gospel of simple forgiveness—and of course he refers to the Parable of the Prodigal Son in evidence. He says that the gospel which the Apostles preached was a gospel of Resurrection. He denies that they ever made anything of the death of Christ. They made everything of His rising again from the dead.

Now it cannot be denied that Professor SILVANUS THOMPSON, great scientific authority as he was, makes out his case by the familiar but utterly unscientific procedure of quoting the passages which agree with his thesis and ignoring those that oppose it. But after he has gone all the way with this method of interpretation he finds himself face to face with certain facts which are too broad and open to be ignored. The most important of these facts is the emphasis that is laid on Redemption.

Professor THOMPSON takes the bull by the horns. The redemption spoken of in the New Testament is not redemption from sin, and it needs no sin-bearer. It is redemption from Hades. Listen to his words: 'Eternal life is to be given as the result of Christ's death and resurrection, but not as any buying off of condemnation, or sacrifice offered up for sins of others. What, then, do the allusions to redemption mean? Unquestionably they refer to the then current opinion that the souls of men at death must all descend into an under-world, a Hades, the abode of spirits where all men, from Adam downwards, had gone. We may see traces of it in the passage in the first Epistle of Peter about Jesus going down to preach to the spirits in prison. Into that Hades, so the tradition of the Church ran, Christ had descended, being, however, by His Divine nature able to escape, to loose the bonds of death, the first of men to return to the light, bringing Adam with him after an imprisonment of four thousand years. By being the first to rise again into life, He had overcome death, and thus proved to men that God had removed the penalty of sin. In this way His resurrection demonstrated the completeness of the reconciliation or atonement. It was a redemption not in any sense by the innocent suffering for the guilty. But its essence lay herein that Jesus, having devoted His life freely for the sake of others, had by His triumph even over death, revealed the divine and crowning gift of eternal life, converting it from a dim speculation into a glorious certainty. Any one who will re-read the Epistle of John with this key to his meaning will not fail to see how much its language gains in force. Not until he has grasped this key will he realise the fullness of the Apocalyptic declaration: "I am the first and the last and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold I am alive unto the ages of the ages, and I have the keys of death and of Hades."' "

We have quoted the passage in full. It makes comment superfluous. But here are two striking consequences. This man, who insists upon every

belief being subjected to the sternest rules of scientific investigation, declares his own belief both in the Descent of Christ into Hades and in His Resurrection from the Dead.

Where was the Epistle to the Philippians written?

There are three claimants—Cæsarea, Ephesus, and Rome. Dr. Maurice JONES considers their claims, and delivers his judgment in his new Commentary on *The Epistle to the Philippians* (Methuen; 6s. net). He delivers his judgment at greater length than would be tolerated in a criminal court of justice. For prisoners tell us that they prefer a year's sentence to an hour's 'jaw' from the judge. But the claims of Ephesus, says Dr. JONES, have never been discussed in any previous commentary on the Epistle, and they must be discussed 'at considerable length.'

Cæsarea is easily set aside. The contents of the Epistle to the Philippians 'are decisively against any connexion of the letter with that city.' There are two decisive phrases. In 1¹³ St. Paul says: 'My bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace.' That is the familiar Authorized translation. And that would suit Cæsarea well enough. But in the Revised Version the translation is: 'My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard.' And that would not suit Cæsarea so well. How do the advocates of Cæsarea get over it? They go closer to the original Greek than even the Revised Version. They go to the Revised Version margin—'My bonds became manifest in Christ in the whole Prætorium.' Now the word 'Prætorium' is used to designate the residence of a Provincial Governor. In Ac 23⁸⁶ it is actually applied to the Governor's residence in Cæsarea: 'He commanded him to be kept in Herod's palace' (R.V.m., 'Gr. Prætorium'). But the word 'Prætorium' has to be translated. For it has two meanings. Throughout its whole history it was used both of places and

of persons. And here it is taken by most modern scholars in the personal sense as referring to the men who composed the Prætorian guard; and although there might have been a Prætorian guard in Cæsarea, it is not so likely as in Rome.

The other phrase is found in Ph 4²²: 'All the saints salute you, especially they that are of Cæsar's household.' Upon this Dr. JONES says simply: 'It is difficult to see how "the household of Cæsar" could mean any institution outside of Rome itself.' So much for Cæsarea.

The claims of Ephesus are stronger. It is true they were not heard of thirty years ago. For it was in 1890 that Lisco made the tradition of an imprisonment of St. Paul at Ephesus a matter of probability. And if the Apostle was really imprisoned in Ephesus it is not so difficult to believe that he wrote this Epistle there. Of those who favour both the imprisonment and the writing of the Epistle in Ephesus, Dr. JONES names Deissmann, Albertz, B. W. Robinson, Kirsopp Lake, B. W. Bacon, and E. W. Winstanley. Nor are these all. The case is worth considering.

Now, first of all, it is evident that in the Book of Acts St. Luke does not give us a complete list of St. Paul's imprisonments. The Apostle himself (in 2 Co 11²⁹) speaks of being 'in prisons more abundantly,' and Clement of Rome says that he was 'seven times in bonds.' One of the seven times may very well have been in Ephesus. For there, he tells us himself, he stood in jeopardy every hour, he died daily, he fought with beasts, he was pursued yet not forsaken, smitten down yet not destroyed, he had the sentence of death within himself, but God delivered him out of so great a death. That language carries us beyond the deeds recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. To not a few it means that in Ephesus St. Paul had been imprisoned, tried, and condemned to death, but by some unknown influence had been allowed at last to escape.

That is the first argument for the Ephesian imprisonment, and it is the strongest. The other depends on removing the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans from its present place and making it the whole or the part of a letter to Ephesus. If that chapter was addressed to Ephesus the case for an imprisonment there is established. For 'in Ro 16⁷ St. Paul describes Andronicus and Junias as "my fellow-prisoners," and where could they have shared his prison except at Ephesus? Again, in 16⁸, he speaks of Aquila and Priscilla as having "for my life laid down their necks," and where could they have risked their lives for the Apostle's sake if not at Ephesus, where they were his close companions and fellow-workers?'

Add, however, the evidence of tradition. There are certain early Prologues to the Pauline Epistles. They are published in some versions of the Vulgate. These Prologues are attributed by Corsen to Marcionite influence, and they are therefore of considerable value as evidence of second-century beliefs. Well, the 'Monarchian Prologue' to the Epistle to the Colossians reads: 'Ergo apostolus *jam ligatus* scribit eis ab Epheso.' Once more, there is a tradition of imprisonment in Ephesus in the Acts of Paul and Thekla, 'a document which in the opinion of those who are qualified to judge goes back to the second century and is generally trustworthy in its historical details.' Last of all, there is in existence at Ephesus to-day a tower which is called 'St. Paul's Prison.'

Well, if St. Paul was imprisoned in Ephesus that is so much in favour of his writing the Epistle to the Philippians there. But that is not all.

'The style and content of the Epistle to the Philippians bind it closely with the great central group of letters, those to Corinth, Rome, and the Churches of Galatia, and if it was written at Ephesus much about the time that the letters to the Corinthians were written, we are rid of the difficulty which confronts the Roman theory, viz.

the adoption of one style of writing in the Corinthian and Roman letters, of another style in the Colossian-Ephesian group, and then a reversion to the original style in our Epistle.'

Again, 'the Apostle's own situation and his relationship to the Philippian Church are more intelligible if the Epistle was written at Ephesus and not at Rome. The frequent communications between St. Paul and Philippi and the journeys of Epaphroditus would be much more practicable if the Apostle was at Ephesus, within comparatively easy reach, than if he was in Rome, some hundreds of miles away. The Epistle also implies that the Philippians were perfectly acquainted with his circumstances, and that there was no need to enter into any detailed description of these. His imprisonment is only casually referred to, and only then as a fact which was well known to them. The intimate intercourse which such a close acquaintance with the Apostle's condition implies was much simpler between Philippi and Ephesus than between Philippi and Rome.'

'St. Paul's plans for the future also point in the same direction. His most urgent desire if he is released is to return to Philippi, and that not because there was any serious trouble in that community which demanded his presence, but merely because of his earnest longing to see his beloved Church again. From his Roman prison his eyes were turned towards the farther West and not backwards to the Churches of the East, whereas from Ephesus Philippi would be the most natural place to visit once he had regained his freedom. As a matter of fact we know that he did actually proceed from Ephesus to Macedonia when he was forced to depart hurriedly from that city (Acts 20¹, 2 Cor 2¹²). Further, there is no trace in our Epistle of any preaching activity on the Apostle's part, which is inconsistent with the situation at Rome as outlined in Acts 28³¹. His one grievance in our letter is that while others are active he is condemned to silence. He cannot preach, his adversaries can' (1¹²⁻¹⁹).

Then come the two decisive passages, already discussed for Cæsarea. Can the Prætorium be found in Ephesus? Certainly. And that however we translate it. If it is the residence of the Roman Governor, that residence would be, for the Province of Asia, in Ephesus. If it is the 'Prætorian Guard,' the Imperial body-guard was often sent on special duty to the provincial capitals. 'And it would be much easier for St. Paul to make himself known to a detachment of two hundred "prætorians" in Ephesus than to the whole Prætorian corps in Rome which numbered about nine thousand men.'

The other phrase is more difficult. How could 'the household of Cæsar' be found in Ephesus? Dr. JONES replies that the term is used 'to designate the freedmen and slaves attached to the Imperial court. Now the evidence of inscriptions reveals the fact not only that were there resident in Ephesus individuals answering to this description, but that there were actually "colleges" composed of these two classes to be found in that city.'

The best arguments for Ephesus have been left to the end. There are two of them.

First, the description in Phil 1¹⁵⁻¹⁷ of the Christians 'who "preach Christ of envy and strife" and "proclaim Christ of faction" harmonises well with what we know of the situation at Ephesus. In this city there was probably a section of Christians associated with the name of Apollos, analogous to the "Apollos party" at Corinth, which was animated by ignoble motives, and took advantage of the Apostle's bonds to push itself into the foreground. Apollos is known to have been in residence at Ephesus both before and during St. Paul's ministry there, and his method of teaching would meet with a ready response in a city where the Greek spirit was strong and where Alexandrian ideas prevailed.'

And secondly, 'the opponents so fiercely denounced in 3^{1ff} were Judaisers with whom at the time of writing he was manifestly in bitter conflict.

Now if the Epistle was written at Rome it is difficult to understand the recrudescence of the Judaistic controversy, seeing that St. Paul had apparently many years before gained a complete victory over these particular opponents. If, on the other hand, the letter belongs to the period of the Ephesian ministry it saw light when the controversy was at its height and the presence of the outbreak against them in it becomes quite intelligible.'

Yet Dr. Maurice JONES has little hesitation in giving his judgment for Rome. How does he come to it? He does not reject any of the arguments used for Ephesus. He simply shows that the same arguments can be used for Rome with greater force. Then he uses two arguments that tell against the Ephesian origin.

First the Epistle to the Ephesians is completely 'silent as to the "collection for the saints," which was the one practical matter upon which the whole mind of St. Paul was bent when his Ephesian ministry was drawing to a close. It is mentioned in every Epistle known to have been written at this period, and it is unthinkable that, with his mind full of this Christian duty, the Apostle should write to the Philippian Church, which, as we know from other sources, was specially concerned with this bounty, and ignore that completely while he has much to say of the generosity of the Church towards himself.'

Last of all, 'the joyous, grateful tone of the Epistle is manifest even to the most superficial reader. Now if it originated at Ephesus somewhere about the time that the Epistles to the Corinthians were written it belongs to a period which was the most stormy and turbulent in the whole of St. Paul's activity, when the Judaistic controversy was at its most bitter stage and when his own situation and that of the Churches with which he was most closely concerned were of the gravest possible character. The Apostle was, as we know, a man of moods, but it is difficult to imagine even St. Paul writing to the Philippians a

letter which is overflowing with joy and gladness in the very thick of this "storm and stress."

Is it possible to understand the miracle in the Book of Joshua in such a way as to find it a miracle still? Professor DICK WILSON of Princeton Theological Seminary believes it is possible. In *The Princeton Theological Review* for the quarter ending in March he asks, 'What does "the sun stood still" mean?'

And he answers that it means an eclipse of the sun. He comes to that conclusion by the unexpected road of Babylonian astronomy. He had been reading a syllabary contained in the Cuneiform Texts which certain American Assyriologists like Professor Clay have so admirably edited. There he found that the word translated 'stood'—'and the sun stood still'—is in Babylonian, used for an eclipse. He made investigation further. He found that the phrase 'about a whole day' could be translated 'as when a day is done,' and evidently referred to the fact that the eclipse brought on darkness as if it had been night.

Then Professor DICK WILSON translated the whole passage. This is the translation: 'Then spake Joshua to Jehovah in the day when Jehovah delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel:

"Be eclipsed, O Sun, in Gibeon,

And thou moon in the valley of Ajalon!

And the sun was eclipsed and the moon turned back, while the nation was avenged on its enemies. Is it not written upon the book of Jashar?

And the sun stayed in the half of the heavens,
And set not hastily as when a day is done.

And there never was a day like that day before or since, in respect to Jehovah's hearing the voice of a man."

But how is an eclipse a miracle? It is not a

miracle in the way it used to be understood to be a miracle. Professor DICK WILSON is as unwilling to give up a miracle as any man we know. And he does not give up this miracle, as we shall see. But he gives it up in so far as it involves the solar system and the law of gravitation. He even confesses to a feeling of relief, 'as far as I myself am concerned, that I shall no longer feel myself forced by a strict exegesis to believe that the Scriptures teach that there actually occurred a miracle involving so tremendous a reversal of all the laws of gravitation.' But he holds by the miracle still.

For he believes that the eclipse took place at the prayer of Joshua and in immediate answer to that prayer. 'How stupendous,' he exclaims, 'was the faith of Joshua as shown in his prayer! How immediate and complete was God's answer to that prayer! He who knew beforehand what Joshua would ask, had made all preparations to grant his request. For His are hearts and stars, and darkness and light, and faith and love and victory, excelling in their lasting glory all the transient miracles of standing suns.'

Christ is against war, and will bring it to an end. Do you believe that? We would send those who do not yet believe it to an article in *The Times Literary Supplement* for April 25, 1918.

Why do men say that Christ will never bring war to an end? Because it is human nature to go to war. Because man is a fighting animal. Well, read that article. It is not found in a theological magazine. It is found in a paper wholly given to the literature of the day. The article is written, not in the interest of Christ, but in the interest of human nature, that human nature with which art and science have to do.

The title of the article is 'The Devil's Disciples.' This is its first paragraph. '*Paradise Lost* is a great work, but it has dangerously misled us about the character of Satan. Milton's Satan has the

virtue of frankness; he cries—Evil, be thou my good. But we may be sure that the real Satan has no virtues. Complete evil is complete because it believes itself to be good, because it thinks that it is making the best, and facing the facts, of this evil world. The real Satan does not say—Evil, be thou my good. He says:—So long as human nature is what it is, it is vain to attempt to make it any better; or, Since man is a fighting animal there can never be an end of war. He is always telling us to face the facts; but facts are to him changeless and evil; the very virtues of man can be explained by his animal past, and are but more subtle expressions of instinct. For the real Satan, and for all those who are deceived by him, there is no good or evil, no truth or falsehood, no beauty or ugliness, but only a process which deceives us in its very working; and the best we can do is not to be deceived by it, but to see ourselves for the mechanical products we are.'

Those who assert that man is by nature a fighter point to the past. What man has been, they assume that he will be. For what man has been, that he is. But the assumption is unworkable. They do not work it themselves. They say that men are fighting animals, and the next moment they praise our soldiers for their heroic self-sacrifice. If the soldiers are obeying an instinct, where does the self-sacrifice come in? They are no more worthy of praise when they fight than when they eat. They are less praiseworthy. For the eating is at least an instinct that is harmless.

If men are fighting animals, what difference is there between ourselves and the Germans? 'Both are fighting animals, and fight because it is their nature to. Yet the very people who tell us that we can never make an end of war because we are fighting animals would be the most indignant if they were told that there was nothing to choose between us and the Germans, that their sense of the righteousness of our cause was merely the fighting instinct of the herd camouflaged with an ethical disguise.'

'They cannot have it both ways. They cannot exercise their reason to prove that there is no reason in mankind; for, when they have proved that, they have discredited the very process by which they prove it. They have discredited all their own arguments, all their own emotions, all their own values, and, even so, they still fail to convince us that there can never be an end of war. For, if man has such a power of self-deception, or is so deceived by nature for her own purposes, he may come to believe, contrary to all the facts, that he is not a fighting animal and, harbouring that delusion, may cease to be one. Undoubtedly our ethical delusions have often acted just as if they were facts. They have abolished slavery for us; they have caused us to band together for the suppression of crime. Why, then, should they not cause us to band together for the suppression of war? Society will not accept from a footpad the excuse that man is a fighting animal; it arrests, tries, and sentences him, under the delusion that man is man. May it not, under the same delusion, establish an international power to suppress national footpads? and, when it has done so, will it not be just as well content with the working of that delusion as with the working of the no less illusory criminal law?'

No doubt it is possible for a man to make himself a fighting animal for the moment. The Germans have done it. They have done it for the period and the purpose of this war. When Professor Kuno Meyer was reproached with treachery and ingratitude and lying, he put the German view frankly. 'You English, he said, do not understand that war is a serious thing; we Germans, when we are at war, mobilize all our forces, moral and intellectual, as well as physical;

in fact, morals and intellect joyfully own themselves the servants of the ultimate reality, force: of course I forget my former friendship with you and unsay all that I have said about you and the Irish; of course I tell lies knowing them to be lies; we are at war; and there is no more truth or morals; there is only a trial of strength. All this he said, or implied; and how can those who say that man is a fighting animal find fault with him? He obeys his instincts and fights as best he can, using those faculties which we very inconsistently call higher in the service of those which, with the same inconsistency, we call lower.'

This war has happened, says the writer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 'not because men are fighting animals, but because they have sinned; and if they were fighting animals they could not sin or be conscious of their sin. It is strange how those who tell us we are fighting animals do not see that they are preaching despair; and that it is despair because we are not fighting animals. If all that youth had died fighting only, and blindly, for the pack, for ourselves, that elderly remnant of it that is left at home, how could we escape despair at the waste of their lives? What memorial could we raise to them that would not be a mockery? And if a future life were possible to mere pack animals, how bitterly they would laugh in it at the spectacle of the pack commemorating their silly sacrifice and pretending that it was concerned for anything beyond its own worthless survival. But there is only one memorial we can raise that will not be a mockery to them or an expression of our own despair, only one in which all nations can take part; a memorial that shall express our resolve for the future as well as our grief for the past, the memorial of a league of peace.'

The Faithful Sayings.

BY THE REV. W. ERNEST EVILL, B.A., HYTHE, KENT.

I.

It is commonly, indeed all but universally, held that the so-called *πιστοὶ λόγοι* of the Epistles to Timothy and Titus refer to certain Christian truths, which had come to be regarded as of special importance, had been condensed into a short form easily remembered, and had been perhaps gathered together, with others, into a collection for the use and edification of believers, some of them being quotations from Christian hymns. This collection was compiled towards the close of St. Paul's ministry; for there is no reference to it in any other of his Epistles. It is also held that in the five places in which St. Paul uses the formula *πιστὸς ὁ λόγος*, he is quoting one or other of these *λόγοι*. The general agreement of commentators may be gathered from the following extracts.

Bishop Wordsworth:—'*πιστὸς ὁ λόγος* is used to introduce a memorable saying . . . very appropriate to a time when the Apostle would leave certain memorable sentences, as "faithful sayings," to be like "nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given by one Shepherd," even by Christ Himself, the chief Shepherd.' And again: 'It is a formula used by St. Paul . . . in order to introduce some weighty and memorable truth. It is to him what Christ's preamble *ἀμὴν*, *ἀμὴν*, *λέγω ὑμῖν* was to the Saviour Himself, but which no one else ever ventured to use.'

Dean Alford:—'The formula, *πιστὸς ὁ λόγος*, is characteristic of the later age of these Epistles, when certain sayings had taken their place as Christian maxims and were thus designated.'

Bishop Ellicott's *Commentary*:—'Formulas expressing weighty and memorable truths, well known and often repeated by the brotherhood of Christians in the first ages of the Faith. They were, no doubt, rehearsed constantly in the assemblies, till they became well-known watchwords in the various churches scattered over the Mediterranean provinces of the Roman Empire, and in these sayings perhaps we see germs of the first creeds of Christians.'

The *Speaker's Commentary* is very cautious, and says that 'a comparison of the five passages hardly

bears out the opinion that these Faithful Sayings are always quotations from hymns or liturgical formularies, although 1, 3, and 4 may be Christian maxims in use in the Christian Church.'

The Rev. J. D. James (in *The Genuineness and Authorship of the Pastoral Epistles*) speaks of this view as 'the unanimous interpretation of patristic as well as modern writers,' and says, 'a careful examination tends to shew that they are fragments of hymns and stereotyped sayings which had become current in the Church.'

Archbishop Bernard:—'In 1 Ti 3¹ it introduces a saying which may well have become proverbial at this stage of the Church's development. In 2 Ti 2¹¹, the words which follow probably formed part of an early Christian hymn. In the three remaining cases, it refers to some important statement of doctrine tersely and generally expressed (as in 1 Ti 1¹⁵ and 4^{8, 9}) or with more detail (as in Tit 3⁸). . . 'A faithful saying' indicates a maxim whether of doctrine or practice on which full reliance may be placed.

Dr. Swete, the latest writer on the subject, in the *Journal of Theological Studies*, October 1916, takes the same view.

We may therefore conclude that scholars are practically unanimous in their interpretation of the formula; and we have succeeded in finding no suggestion of any different interpretation except one, which will be referred to later on, and which is summarily rejected by Mr. James as quite untenable. In the face of such unanimity it is very venturesome of any one to propound a different theory. But if there are serious reasons for not being satisfied with the currently received explanation, and as that is based entirely on internal evidence and not supported by an atom of proof, the writer hopes he may be forgiven any presumption in suggesting an alternative interpretation.

II.

Let us then look at the five passages in the light of the common explanation, and see what the evidence amounts to.

i. 1 Ti 1¹⁵. *Πιστὸς ὁ λόγος, καὶ πάσης ἀποδοχῆς ἀξίος, ὅτι Χριστὸς Ἰησοῦς ἦλθεν εἰς τὸν κόσμον*

ἀμαρτωλοὺς σῶσαι. This, all must agree, is plain and straightforward. The 'saying' is linked on definitely to the introductory formula by the word *οὕτως*; and it is a saying worthy of the utmost reverence and thankful acceptance; and there can be no serious question about the fitness and meaning of the statement.

ii. 1 Ti 3¹. Inasmuch as neither chapters nor stops form part of the original Scriptures, we must here, and in the following passages, quote the whole context. Σωθήσεται (ἡ γυνή) διὰ τῆς τεκνογονίας, ἐὰν μείνωσιν ἐν πίστει καὶ ἀγάπῃ καὶ ἀγιασμῷ μετὰ σωφροσύνης. Πιστὸς ὁ λόγος· εἴ τις ἐπισκοπῇ ὁρέγεται, καλοῦ ἔργου ἐπιθυμεῖ. On this passage Bishop Wordsworth and the *Speaker's Commentary* are silent. Bengel, Dean Alford, and Dr. Swete agree in referring the formula to the words that follow it. Bishop Ellicott with his usual boldness says: 'The Faithful Saying here refers to the wish for high and arduous work in the Church of Christ; and declares such a wish to be a noble one. It was no doubt one of the well-known sayings among the brethren of the first days and not improbably formed part of the liturgy,' etc. Mr. James regards the application as uncertain, but inclines to refer it to what follows. Archbishop Bernard says: 'This formula has been referred (e.g. by Chrysostom) to the words which precede, but it seems better to take it with the terse sentence which follows. . . . A maxim like this might well have arisen from the unwillingness of Christian converts to be raised to so conspicuous a position.' Here are two points to be noticed: first, there is a considerable measure of doubt as to whether the Faithful Saying is that which precedes or that which follows (though the leaning of scholars is towards the latter), for the formula is linked on to neither; and, secondly, can any one solemnly assert that either the preceding or the following statement is worthy to be ranked as a leading principle of the Christian religion, and put in the same category as the gospel message of 1¹⁶? If you take the usual interpretation, you can hardly pass from the latter to the former without a feeling that you have dropped from the sublime to the commonplace. Can one seriously imagine a congregation solemnly repeating again and again, as a truth of the first importance, the words, 'If a man,' etc.?

iii. 1 Ti 4⁸⁻¹⁰. ἡ εὐσέβεια πρὸς πάντα ὀφέλιμός ἐστιν, ἐπαγγελίαν ἔχουσα ζωῆς τῆς νῦν καὶ τῆς

μελλούσης. Πιστὸς ὁ λόγος καὶ πάσης ἀποδοχῆς ἄξιος· εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ καὶ κοπιῶμεν καὶ ὀνειδιζόμεθα, ὅτι ἠλπικαμεν ἐπὶ Θεῷ ζῶντι, ὃς ἐστι σωτὴρ πάντων ἀνθρώπων, μάλιστα πιστῶν. Upon this passage Bishop Wordsworth again says nothing. Dean Alford refers the formula to what follows, and remarks that εἰς τοῦτο means the σωτηρία implied in σωτὴρ; while γὰρ is used to explain μελλούσης as if πιστὸς ὁ λόγος had not been inserted. Bengel says, 'Verbum sequens cohæret per "enim."' The *Speaker's Commentary* refers it to what precedes, Bishop Ellicott to what follows, calling it 'one of the great watchwords of the faith.' Mr. James admits the uncertainty, and prefers to refer it to what precedes, Dr. Swete to what follows. Archbishop Bernard's comment is: 'It is not certain what the reference is. On the whole it seems more natural here to understand it of the saying at the close of v.⁸ about the blessings of εὐσέβεια. V.¹⁰ does not read like a familiar or proverbial saying; and the γὰρ after εἰς τοῦτο seems to be explanatory.' Here, then, we have the same doubt as to what the λόγος is. Commentators seem to be about equally divided in opinion. If we prefer the preceding words, we may agree that they are more worthy of insertion in the collection than the last. But the words that follow can hardly be regarded as an apophthegm at all. How can πάσης ἀποδοχῆς ἄξιος be applied to them?

iv. 2 Ti 2^{10, 11}. Διὰ τοῦτο πάντα ὑπομένω διὰ τοὺς ἐκλεκτοὺς, ἵνα καὶ αὐτοὶ σωτηρίας τύχωσι τῆς ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ, μετὰ δόξης αἰωνίου. Πιστὸς ὁ λόγος· εἰ γὰρ συναπεθάνομεν, καὶ συζήσομεν κ.τ.λ. Again, Bishop Wordsworth makes no comment, neither does Bengel. The *Speaker's Commentary* and Dean Alford refer the formula to what follows, the latter saying that γὰρ gives the reason for πιστὸς. Bishop Ellicott says: 'Faithful is the saying, namely, If we be dead, etc.:—as though he said, "Don't you remember that well-known watchword of our own faith, so often repeated amongst us in our solemn assemblies, when the brotherhood meet together?"' Mr. James inclines to refer it to what follows; Dr. Swete the same, adding that γὰρ is a survival (in this fragment of a hymn) which the Apostle did not care to remove. Archbishop Bernard remarks: 'Commentators are not agreed as to the reference of the formula here; some, following Chrysostom, hold that it refers to what precedes, namely, the motive to patient endurance set forth in v.¹⁰. And it is

urged that γάρ, which seems to introduce a reason for what has been said, necessitates this explanation and excludes the reference of πιστὸς ὁ λόγος to vv.^{12, 13}. But on the other hand there is nothing in the preceding verses of the nature of a formula or aphorism or quotation, and it is to such stereotyped phrases that πιστὸς ὁ λόγος has reference in the other instances of its occurrence. And there can be little doubt that vv.^{12, 13} are a quotation from a Christian hymn. . . . This fragment of a hymn is exactly the kind of "saying" to which the formula would apply. The presence of γάρ may be variously accounted for. It may actually be part of the quotation, or its force may be explanatory; "For, as you remember. . . ." Here we find ourselves in the same doubt as in the two preceding passages; there is the same want of a clear connecting particle, and, as in the last, the presence of an awkward one requiring explanation; and the same question as to the suitability of one of the two claimants for admission to the honourable roll.

v. Tit 3⁸. To get the whole context, we must go back at least to v.⁴. ὅτε δὲ ἡ χρηστότης καὶ ἡ φιλανθρωπία ἐπεφάνη τοῦ σωτῆρος ἡμῶν Θεοῦ, οὐκ ἐξ ἔργων τῶν ἐν δικαιοσύνῃ ὧν ἐποιήσαμεν ἡμεῖς, ἀλλὰ κατὰ τὸ αὐτοῦ ἔλεος ἔσωσεν ἡμᾶς διὰ λουτροῦ παλιγγενεσίας καὶ ἀνακαινώσεως Πνεύματος ἁγίου, οὗ ἐξέχεεν ἐφ' ἡμᾶς πλουσίως διὰ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ τοῦ σωτῆρος ἡμῶν, ἵνα δικαιωθέντες τῇ ἐκείνου χάριτι κληρονόμοι γενηθῶμεν κατ' ἐλπίδα ζωῆς αἰωνίου. Πιστὸς ὁ λόγος, καὶ περὶ τούτων βούλομαι σε διαβεβαιῶσθαι, ἵνα φροντίζῃς καλῶν ἔργων προϊστασθαι οἱ πεπιστευκότες Θεῷ. Here Bishop Wordsworth says: 'The saying thus prefaced is that which declares the practical character of the doctrine of Regeneration by Baptism. They who have been grafted into Christ by baptism must be careful to promote good works.' Bengel, Mr. James, and the *Speaker's Commentary* refer the formula on the other hand to what precedes, the latter calling it 'this abstract of the Gospel.' Dr. Swete refers it to what follows, and Dean Alford to the words ὅτε ὁ χρηστότης, etc., 'which alone has the solemn and rhythmical character belonging for the most part to the Faithful Sayings.' Bishop Ellicott remarks: 'Having in very few but sublime words painted our present happy state—happy even on earth, where the glorious promised inheritance was still only a hope—and having shown how that this blessedness was the result of no efforts of our own,

but that we owe it solely to the tender love and to the divine pity of God for men, he cries out, 'Yes, faithful is this saying.' . . . Hearing this faithful saying, thought the old man St. Paul, my children in Christ will surely be disposed to be more loyal subjects, more faithful citizens, more loving neighbours. . . . And yet there was another reason for the constant repetition of this faithful saying. Men would see that they owed all their glorious Christian privileges . . . to God's free grace. Therefore affirm this faithful saying.' Archbishop Bernard remarks: 'The faithful saying is certainly to be found in the preceding vv.⁴⁻⁷; it has even been supposed by some that we have here the fragment of a hymn on the way of salvation, but there is not sufficient evidence to confirm the hypothesis.' Again, opinions are divided as to the reference, though they preponderate in favour of what precedes; but then the question arises as to how much of these three verses forms the πιστὸς λόγος; all, or part; and if part, which part? So one passes on again confused and in doubt.

III.

Now let us look at the material before us.

(a) We have five passages in which the formula appears: and we are almost unanimously invited to find the several faithful sayings in the words immediately preceding or following it.

(b) We try accordingly to make a list of these five faithful sayings, and we find to our discomfort that there is only one of which we can be reasonably certain.

(c) When we have made the best list we can, we remain greatly dissatisfied as to the suitability of some of them to have such an honourable title bestowed on them, either because of the form of the sentence, or because of the comparative unimportance of the subject-matter. A 'faithful saying,' to our mind, should be terse and easily recognizable as such, and should contain a Christian truth of the very highest importance and gravity. In every case but the first we find a difficulty in the fulfilment of these two conditions.

(d) We are thus asked to believe that St. Paul was so careless about his language as to leave his readers for all time in the dark as to what he referred to in four out of the five places in which he used the formula, although he intended to call particular attention to the truths concerned, as being of special importance.

(e) We are further asked to believe that we have in these five places maxims of supreme moment, held in the highest esteem by the Christians of those days; and yet we can identify only one of them.

Now can any one say that this is satisfactory? We turn away from the subject confused and bewildered and doubting. At the very least we seem to have a case for further inquiry, and for questioning whether the solution of the matter may not be found in a different direction. The writer ventures therefore to suggest a solution, which, if not capable of proof, at all events avoids all the difficulties, and, if it is correct, is wholly satisfactory to the Christian consciousness. The idea occurred to him many years ago, but it was only recently, when he was endeavouring to put it into shape, that he lighted upon an article in the *Expositor*, 3rd series, vol. v., by the Rev. F. Rendall, which forms the exception mentioned above, and to a considerable extent tallies with his own view. Mr. Rendall entirely rejects the idea of a collection of faithful sayings, and translates λόγος, 'the word,' i.e. 'the preached word, Paul's deposit, the Gospel as a whole, the entire revelation of the Father's love manifested in the Incarnation.' He says, "Faithful is the saying," is an ejaculation coming straight from St. Paul. . . . The very nature of such a sentence forbids any direct connexion with the immediate context. The key to the meaning must be sought below the surface in the mind of the writer rather than in any particular words or phrases. "The word" is the only safe guide in the days of danger; hence the exhortation to keep the deposit. As he contemplates the various dangers and God's love, he breaks out into the ejaculation.' Mr. James, in his book, quotes this view only to reject it somewhat summarily. He says: 'Such an ejaculation is quite unparalleled in the other Epistles, and is not applicable to 1 Ti 1¹⁵, where the faithful saying is introduced by ὅτι.' Mr. Rendall's view also seems to fail to meet the case because it does not attempt to account for the appearance of the ejaculation in the particular places where it occurs.

While the present writer therefore holds with Mr. Rendall that the idea of a collection of Faithful Sayings must be abandoned, he suggests that there *is* one Faithful Saying, and one only, which had come to be known as ὁ λόγος, and this one is that contained in 1 Ti 1¹⁵, and linked on to the

formula by ὅτι. This expression πιστὸς ὁ λόγος had become a familiar one in the Church, or at all events among St. Paul's intimate friends, and, whenever it was used, was recognized as referring to this particular truth. On each occasion on which St. Paul introduces it, it is as if he said, 'Remember that the blessed truth that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners is the ground of all our hopes, and worthy of absolute confidence.' As the Cross had become the sacred symbol of the Christian's hopes, may not this short sentence have become the sacred motto of the Christian community, embodying in the briefest compass the ground of their peaceful confidence? Reasons in support of this theory are as follows:

1. Πιστὸς ὁ λόγος means 'trustworthy is the saying.' The 'this' of the A.V. is not in the original in any of the five passages. This renders it unnecessary to assume that where the phrase occurs it must imply some specific quotation preceding or following.

2. There are other short sentences in these Epistles, which read like maxims or quotations from hymns or liturgies, and which are much more worthy to be called πιστοὶ λόγοι than some of those supposed to be so called; and yet the term is not applied to them; e.g. 1 Ti 3¹⁶, 2 Ti 2¹⁹.

3. On every occasion on which the formula appears, it is in close connexion with the word σωτήρ, σῶζω, or σωτηρία, either immediately before or after; the mention of which word suggests to St. Paul the sacred motto, and leads him to remind his reader of it, by inserting the formula. This accounts for its appearance on each occasion. Thus in 1 Ti 3¹, it follows the σωθήσεται of the previous verse, as if he would say, 'She shall be saved . . . and here lies her hope, because the saying as to the salvation of sinners through Christ is entirely reliable.' In 1 Ti 4⁹ it is followed by 'God, who is the σωτήρ of all men': 'Trustworthy is our sacred motto, and we therefore are ready to labour and endure, because our confidence is in the Living God, who is our Saviour.' In 2 Ti 2¹¹ it follows the σωτηρίας of the previous verse: 'That they may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus; and our hopes for them are well grounded because πιστὸς ὁ λόγος that Christ came to put salvation within their reach.' Finally, in Tit 3¹¹, it follows the σωτήριος of v.⁶: 'We have the gift of the Holy Spirit through Christ our Saviour, so that we may become heirs of eternal life: our hope of this is

grounded upon a rock, for πιστὸς ὁ λόγος that Christ came to be the Saviour of sinners.'

4. The term ὁ λόγος was applied in early Christian days to Him who is the Living Word of God. There would be nothing strange if it were also used to signify the message of messages which He came to leave behind Him as His legacy of love for those for whom He died. This could not be better or more simply expressed than in the 'Comfortable Word,' 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Might not this truth, the very kernel of the Gospel, have come to be known as ὁ λόγος? Might not this have been chiefly in the mind of St. Paul, when he wrote κήρυξον τὸν λόγον (2 Ti 4²)? It is the central truth, to or from which all the rest radiate. The earthly name of the Son of God

meant 'Saviour,' and was given Him because 'He should save His people from their sins.' He was heralded as a Saviour by the angels to the shepherds. 'To seek and to save that which was lost,' was the description of His mission, as given by Himself. He was proclaimed by His forerunner as 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' And in the vision of St. John, He appears in the midst of the throne of God, the central spot in heaven, as a 'Lamb as it had been slain.' While the 'multitudes which no man could number' are represented as attributing their salvation to 'God which sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb.' The gospel truth, enshrined in these words, is worthy, if any truth is worthy, of being called, *par excellence*, ὁ λόγος.

Literature.

THE UNIVERSE.

IN the moral welter of the present war we need a doctrine of the Universe. It must include creation and evolution, the fact of good and of evil, the power and the love of God, providence and prayer, the life that now is and the life that is to come. We need such a doctrine. We must see life steadily and see it whole. It is our short views that produce our anguish and paralyze our consolation.

The Rev. Charles J. Shebbeare, M.A., Rector of Swerford, has recognized the need, and has offered at least an introduction to such a doctrine in a book entitled *The Challenge of the Universe* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). He has been impressed by the beauty and the falsity of that form of unbelief called Naturalism found in the writings of Mr. Bertrand Russell. Naturalism is supposed to be equivalent to Agnosticism—physical science holding its hand because it cannot stretch it beyond that which is seen and handled. But it is more positive than Agnosticism has ever been, even in the hands of its most positive advocate Professor Huxley. It is a theory of the Universe, gnostic enough in all conscience and very aggressive. It means that there is no hand on the helm of the ship of the Universe, and that we know there is none. Let us eat and drink for we are all adrift—and assuredly driving on the rocks.

How does Mr. Shebbeare answer? He restates the old argument from design. Does that seem futile? Read the book. The argument from design is supposed to have been killed by Kant and Darwin. The supposition has never been verified. It needs restatement. Mr. Shebbeare restates it in three propositions. First, it is held by everybody that the Universe is a rational whole, governed by a rational system of laws. Next, one of these laws is the recognition of a moral ideal—that such words as traitor, drunkard, swindler, coxcomb are uniformly regarded as terms of reproach. Thirdly, since *we* know these ideals it stands to reason that they are honoured in the ordering of the Universe. In other words, 'if a Conscious Creator ordered such a world—deliberately planning that rational beings should have a tendency to know what was good, and yet that their aspirations should be doomed to ultimate disappointment—we should conceive such a Creator not as a God, but as a mischievous and malicious fiend.'

When he comes to the future life Mr. Shebbeare is at his clearest and best. He ends by saying, 'If we wish the belief in a future life to be taken seriously, the whole question must be handled with boldness. There is no attractiveness in a hope of heaven which ignores our real aspirations. It is wise, however, neither to give too free a rein to our imagination, nor to be discouraged at the failure of

the imagination to deal adequately with these matters. The great artist, as we see in the case of Milton, can weld into a harmonious whole what to us would have seemed beforehand to be but a chaos of discordant elements. Things which have seemed to us irreconcilable, the artist may unite by a flash of his intuition. And Nature is an artist of the first rank. For the greatest artists her work is the model. But not only are the artists her scholars and her copyists; they are also her creation. She produces them from the storehouse of her inexhaustible resources. If we continue to use the word "Nature" in its widest sense, our very hopes of heaven themselves are of her making. What, therefore, she has blended in our hopes, she may blend yet more harmoniously in our fruition.'

MR. ASQUITH'S ADDRESSES.

Speeches, like sermons, often have their vitality crushed out of them by the printing press. Not so the *Occasional Addresses* of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith (Macmillan; 6s. net). Mr. Asquith is too careful a literary artist, he is too gifted a magician with words, to let everything rest upon and fall away with the living voice. The addresses in this volume are not political—that is why they are called occasional—but they are nearly everything else. Four of them are of considerable length—'Criticism,' 'Biography,' 'Ancient Universities and the Modern World,' 'Culture and Character.' The rest are shorter and slighter, but the very shortest is likely to live through the perfection of its phrasing. The last five are personal—tributes to the memory of Jowett, Campbell-Bannerman, King Edward, Alfred Lyttelton, and Earl Kitchener.

One of the most agreeable (it is the nearest to a 'chat' that Mr. Asquith has allowed himself) is the address on Biography, and it is a surprise that it should be so conversational, for it was delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. We shall make one quotation from it.

'The picture which we carry about with us of some of the most illustrious men is created, not so much by the rounded and measured story of their lives, as by a single act or incident or sentence which stands out from the pages, whether of the best or of the most inadequate biography. I think it is Boswell who quotes Plutarch to the effect that it is very often "an action of small note, a short

saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest signs or the most important battles." It is so with Bentley, who lives by virtue of a single saying, to many who know little or nothing of the letters of Phalaris or the history of Trinity College. "It was said to old Bentley"—I am quoting from *The Tour to the Hebrides*—"upon the attacks against him—"Why, they'll write you down." 'No, sir,' he replied, 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'" Or take the notable answer of Bolingbroke, when it was suggested to him that he should make some rejoinder to the virulent assaults of Bishop Warburton: "I never wrestle with a chimney sweeper." Or, again (you will forgive for a moment, and not be unduly shocked by a bit of bad language), when on the field of Waterloo, Lord Uxbridge, riding by the side of the Duke of Wellington, lost his leg, the cannon shot which struck him having passed first over the withers of the Duke's charger, "Copenhagen": "By God, I've lost my leg," cried Uxbridge. "Have you, by God?" was all the Duke's reply. You all remember the page in Lockhart which describes how, on the occasion of George IV.'s visit to this city, Sir Walter Scott, having claimed for his own the glass in which the King had just drunk his health, and reverently placed it in his pocket, found on his return home that Crabbe had arrived as his guest, and in his joy and excitement at greeting the poet, sat down upon the royal present, and crushed it into fragments. Could anything be more characteristic of the man? Or—to take one other illustration from the memories of this place—what can be at once more illuminating and more pathetic than the last words of Dr. Adam, the head of the High School, who had numbered Scott himself, and Brougham, and Jeffrey among his pupils: "But it grows dark. Boys, you may go." It is by seizing on incidents like these, small in themselves, but revealing as with a sudden flash the heights and depths of character, that biography brings back to life the illustrious dead.'

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY.

'In a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge on January 30, 1910, Dr. J. M. Wilson, Canon of Worcester, made a strong appeal for a fresh examination of the questions which 'gather round the origin and early development of epis-

curacy, and the nature and degree of the sanction which it possesses.'

'The real point' (Canon Wilson said) 'seems to some of us to be to ascertain whether history shows that the Episcopal Churches, Greek, Roman, Anglican, and others, are so exclusively the branches of the Catholic Church that we are debarred by fundamental principles from recognising the non-Episcopal bodies as true branches of the one Catholic Church; whether men are right in saying, what is sometimes stated, that we alone have a divinely commissioned fellowship, and that others have their ministry and their sacraments from below, that is, from human appointment. Are we justified in claiming exclusive privileges?—that sacramental grace is only given through Episcopal orders? Closely connected with this is the history of the prophetic order in the Church of the first two centuries; a charismatic ministry, performing all the offices of the ministry, including the celebration of the Eucharist, yet apparently without the sanction of ordination. . . . The time, too, would seem to have come for a re-examination of the subject of the Apostolical Succession; for a statement of the historical evidence for or against the probability of the fact, and the history of the development of the dogmas connected with it, in their bearing on the grace and powers conferred in ordination and consecration.'

This sermon attracted the notice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wrote (apparently to the late Professor Swete) and suggested that a response should be made to the appeal. The suggestion was taken as a command. And under Dr. Swete's direction a series of essays were prepared. These essays are now issued in a handsome volume with the title, *Essays on the Early History of the Church and the Ministry*, edited by H. B. Swete, D.D. (Macmillan; 12s. net).

There are six essayists and six essays. They are: (1) 'Conceptions of the Church in Early Times,' by Arthur James Mason, D.D.; (2) 'The Christian Ministry in the Apostolic and Sub-Apostolic Periods,' by Joseph Armitage Robinson, D.D.; (3) 'Apostolic Succession: A. The Original Conception; B. The Problem of non-Catholic Orders,' by Cuthbert Hamilton Turner, D.Litt.; (4) 'The Cyprianic Doctrine of the Ministry,' by John Henry Bernard, D.D.; (5) 'Early Forms of Ordination,' by Walter Howard Frere, D.D.; (6) 'Terms of Communion, and the Ministration of the Sacra-

ments, in Early Times,' by Frank Edward Brightman, D.D.

One can see at once that the subjects were well chosen, and the men well chosen to write upon them. One can see at once that a book containing six such essays by six such essayists must be a book of unusual value. It takes the study of the book, however, to appreciate its worth to the full. Each of these distinguished scholars has put his best brains into the task assigned him, first into the research that was required, and next into the actual writing. What the research involved may be guessed when it is seen that ten pages of the closest type and packed with references are required to name the Ancient Authorities. As for the writing, there is a difference; each man has his own style, but every one of the six has a style.

What is the result? Dr. Swete has answered that question in his Preface, and no man could answer it more fairly. He answers in six heads, of which the first three are the most significant: (a) Primitive Christianity recognized no invisible Church on earth as distinct from the visible society of the baptized; no self-governing power in the local congregation apart from the authority of the whole Body of Christ; no assured gifts of grace outside the Catholic communion. (b) Bishop Lightfoot's account of the origin of the Episcopate is reaffirmed, and the theory of a 'charismatic' ministry based upon the *Didache* is found to have no support from the passages in St. Paul's Epistles which had been quoted in its favour. (c) It was the Gnostic peril of the second century which gave prominence to the principle of Apostolic Succession. When Gnosticism laid claim to a secret tradition derived from the Apostles, the Catholic Church replied by pointing to churches whose bishops could show an unbroken succession from Apostolic founders, which guaranteed an unbroken tradition of Apostolic teaching in the Rule of Truth. As to the bearing of this principle on the question of the validity of non-Catholic Sacraments we are brought up against a serious difference of opinion. Cyprian held the nullity of heretical and schismatical baptism, and, by inference, the nullity of Orders conferred outside the Catholic Church. Augustine, on the other hand, held that the grace of the Sacraments is not nullified by errors either of life or doctrine on the part of the minister, since it is derived from Christ's institution and power, and not from the human agent; and he included Holy

Orders under his canon. This was but the logical result of his principle, but it was long before it gained acceptance in the West. While the West steadily refused to rebaptize heretics and schismatics, many centuries passed before there was any final recognition of the validity of their Orders, even when the form and matter and general intention were the same as in Catholic ordinations.'

THE THEOLOGY OF THE JEWS.

Dr. K. Kohler, the President of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, has written a manual of *Jewish Theology* (Macmillan; \$2.50). He uses all the sources, ancient and modern, including the Old Testament. But he is a modern Jew. He writes for modern Jews. He has no hesitation in rejecting the conception of the Universe found in the Old Testament or in the Rabbinical writings. He writes for the Jews of to-day, as Dr. Rashdall might write for the Christians, interpreting according to his own quite modern conception both of the Universe and of God.

A clear and interesting chapter shows the process by which sacrifice gave way to prayer as the proper approach to God. But what is prayer? Dr. Kohler answers: 'According to our modern thinking there can be no question of any influence upon a Deity exalted above time and space, omniscient, unchangeable in will and action, by the prayer of mortals. Prayer can exert power only over the relation of man to God, not over God Himself. This indicates the nature and purpose of prayer. Man often feels lonely and forlorn in a world which overpowers him, to which he feels superior, and yet which he cannot master. Therefore he longs for that unseen Spirit of the universe, with whom alone he feels himself akin, and in whom alone he finds peace and bliss amid life's struggle and unrest. This longing is both expressed and satisfied in prayer. Following the natural impulse of his soul, man must pour out before his God all his desires and sighs, all the emotions of grief and delight which sway his heart, in order that he may find rest, like a child at its mother's bosom. Therefore the childlike mind believes that God can be induced to come down from His heavenly heights to offer help, and that He can be moved and influenced in human fashion. The truth is that every genuine prayer lifts man up toward God, satisfies the desire for His hallowing presence, un-

locks the heavenly gate of mercy and bliss, and bestows upon man the beatific and liberating sense of being a child of God. The intellect may question the effect of prayer upon the physical, mental, or social constitution of man, or may declare prayer to be pious self-deception. The religious spirit experiences in prayer the soaring up of the soul toward union with God in consecrated moments of our mortal pilgrimage. This is no deception. The man who prays receives from the Godhead, toward whom he fervently lifts himself, the power to defy fate, to conquer sin, misery, and death. "The Lord is nigh to all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth."

One of the most difficult chapters to write must have been the chapter on Repentance. Against 'the criticism of some Christian theologians,' Dr. Kohler holds that salvation is offered in Jewish theology to Gentiles as well as to Jews. But on what condition? on condition of repentance, pure and simple. There is no need for an Atonement; there is no room for a Cross. Then comes the real difficulty. Dr. Kohler has to say, 'No one can sink so low that he cannot find his way back to his heavenly Father by untiring self-discipline.' Did Paul find his way back so? Did any one in all history?

BAHAISM.

The most accessible account of the religion called sometimes Babism (more correctly Bábism) sometimes Bahaism, is the article in the second volume of *THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* by Professor Edward G. Browne, of Cambridge. Professor Browne has now issued a considerable volume on the subject. He calls it *Materials for the Study of the Bábí Religion* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 12s. 6d. net). He calls it 'Materials' rightly, for he has not thought of telling us again what he himself understands by the religion of the Bábís. He does better. He offers us the means of ascertaining its character for ourselves, and even of writing its history. The materials have been gathered by Professor Browne from every possible source. He has been thirty years gathering them. The most amazing as well as the most amusing part of the history of Bahaism is its reception in America at the beginning of the present century; and for that

episode Professor Browne spares a good deal of his space, quoting newspaper articles and reproducing newspaper cartoons. In the end of last year (November 10-12, 1917) was held in Chicago the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Bahá'u'lláh, one of the disciples of the Báb and leader of the stronger of the two sects (Baháís and Ezellís) into which the Bábis were divided. But Dr. Browne seems to doubt if the religion has a future even in America.

Bahá'u'lláh is the author of certain 'prophecies,' in one of which he predicts particular disaster to fall upon Napoleon III., and in another apostrophizes Germany in this way: 'O banks of the river Rhine, We have seen you drenched in gore for that the swords of the foes are drawn against you; and you shall have another turn! And we hear the wail of Berlin, although it be to-day in conspicuous glory!' Nor is Baha'u'llah the only Bábí prophet. 'Dr. I. G. Khayru'lláh, "the second Columbus" and "Bahá's Peter" as he was entitled after his successes in America, definitely stated in his book *Behá'u'lláh*, originally published at Chicago in 1899 (vol. ii. pp. 480-1), that "the Most Great Peace" would come in the year 1335 of the *Hijra*, which began on October 28, 1916, and ended on October 17, 1917. This forecast, based on Daniel xii. 12, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days," has, unfortunately, not been realized, but the paragraph in which Khayru'lláh speaks of the frightful war which must precede "the Most Great Peace" is very remarkable, when one remembers that it was written fifteen years before the outbreak of the Great War.'

'In testimony of the fulfilment of His Word, the Spirit of God is impelling mankind toward that outcome with mighty speed. As the prophet indicated, the final condition in which peace shall be established must be brought about by unparalleled violence of war and bloodshed, which any observer of European affairs at the present day can see rapidly approaching. History is being written at tremendous speed, human independence is precipitating the final scenes in the drama of blood which is shortly destined to drench Europe and Asia, after which the world will witness the dawn of millennial peace, the natural, logical, and prophetic outcome of present human conditions.'

THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

The Rev. H. Latimer Jackson, D.D., gives his new book the title of *The Problem of the Fourth Gospel* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 6s. net). But there are many problems that have gathered round the Fourth Gospel, and Dr. Jackson deals with more than one of them. He fears his title may promise more than the book performs, but it is all the other way. Is the problem of the Fourth Gospel its authorship? Dr. Jackson discusses that. Is it its relation to the Synoptics? He discusses that. Is it its integrity? He discusses that. Is it its authority as a record of the life and teaching of our Lord? He discusses that also. And he adds some discussion of some other and subsidiary problems, such as the identification of 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.'

It may be well to say that this book is to take the place of *The Fourth Gospel and some Recent German Tradition*, which is now out of print. Dr. Latimer Jackson has changed his mind in more respects than one, and the previous book no longer expresses it.

Well, what is his mind now? On the authorship he says: 'As we find him actually setting down what Jesus thought and felt, the temptation is strong to account him one whose relations with Jesus had been singularly close; anyhow we are disposed to agree that he was not so very far removed from the fountain-head of information. What we find it hard to say is that his Gospel "is a genuine Johannine work from the pen of the Apostle, who wrote from Ephesus."' That is not far from the kingdom of orthodoxy. If he had held back his book long enough to read the four articles on Irenæus contributed to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES this year by Professor Kennedy, he might even have seen his way to enter. These articles are in our (perhaps biased) judgment the most important contribution to the Johannine problem of the last decade.

Let us quote Dr. Jackson's conclusion as to the integrity of the Gospel. 'Whether the Beloved Disciple (who is not the Apostle John) or some other person be the author, the Gospel was certainly not written by a *tour de force*; prolonged and careful preparation was involved; long time on the literary stocks, it was built up in collaboration with members of an inner circle. He himself never published it; when first it emerged from its

depository he had, in all likelihood, already gone to his rest; and, when actually given to the world, it had, so to speak, ceased to be his Gospel to become our Fourth Gospel. Or in other words, the original treatise of the Evangelist had been somewhat freely dealt with—supplemented, interpolated, and perhaps modified—by editorial hands, yet so as to lend the semblance of compactness to the expanded work. If room must really be made (and this is doubtful) for a plurality of redactors they would differ in mental calibre and trend of thought. There is no settling the question as to who precisely they were, yet it may be said of them that, for all their diversity, they belonged to the Johannine school at Ephesus.

He says emphatically, you see, that the Beloved Disciple is not the Apostle John. Who then? Most probably the young ruler who made the great refusal. That was Dr. Swete's idea before he died. But Dr. Jackson expressed it 'some dozen years ago.' 'Most probably,' he now says—but the probability is not very high. For that he is a real person at all is, to Dr. Latimer Jackson's mind, 'far from certain.'

THE ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASS.

If the people of these islands are to be divided into classes, how many classes should there be? Mr. R. H. Gretton seems to say three—Upper, Middle, Lower. Mr. Gretton, formerly Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, has written a book on *The English Middle Class* (Bell; 8s. 6d. net). By the Middle Class he means the merchants and tradesmen who are merchants and tradesmen on a great scale, and on a great scale grow wealthy and tend to grow lavish and luxurious. Only the titled aristocracy (who do not trade or grow wealthy) would be above; while below would be the vast bulk of the population; what we sometimes call the lower middle class together with the class we so absurdly speak of as the working class.

Mr. Gretton, then, has written a history of the Upper Middle Class in England. It has its fascinations—for the novelist once, for the annalist now. The Empire owes much of its greatness to the enterprise of that same class, and at such a time as this it is easy for a man (especially if he can write well, and Mr. Gretton can write well) to obtain a hearing for that wonderful story of great

companies and great traders making themselves and the nation wealthy and powerful.

But the nation owes more than its wealth and its power to the English Middle Class. It owes much of its art. It owes its great cathedrals. Often is the question asked, How ever was money found to build those fine cathedrals and fine churches which astonish the stranger wherever he goes? This is Mr. Gretton's answer: 'The English cathedrals and churches are rightly regarded as the great glory of the English merchant. If we ask how they came to be built in such richness and splendour two considerations occur. Firstly, we see men of the Middle Class in possession of great wealth, proud of their wealth, but still living in town houses which, even when they were as magnificent as that of John Hall, afforded but limited opportunities for expense. Secondly, it is to be remembered that these men, keen of brain in their own affairs, energetic, ambitious, were barred from, or had kept themselves clear of, political or Court or diplomatic interests. Such active men were bound to find interests besides those of their business pursuits, and they began to find them in the direction of art. Civic pride, local patriotism, launched the great buildings; the energy and efficiency of business men turned itself to making the structures fine. A class which had tended to an amalgamation with the aristocracy would have had less, alike of money and of ideas, lying idle for such purposes. Their wealth would have gone rather into the building of country houses or houses in London; their ideas would have been frittered away upon amusing pursuits, or engrossed in the nation's military adventures. As it was, men of the Middle Class reached the period of established leisure with all that they had of money and brains upon their hands, so to speak; and they found in churchbuilding an outlet for both—a gratification of their pride, and an admirable opportunity for justifiable ostentation.'

THE WAY OF LIFE.

The Rev. James Drummond, LL.D., D.D., Litt.D., is a Unitarian, but you would never know it. If you read his books only you would not believe it. He has a reverence for Christ—well, we wish some Trinitarians whom we know had it in its depth and in its sincerity. He has an insight into the mind of Christ that gives every book he

writes the value of the literature of devotion. He is not concerned to *prove* this or that, negative or positive; he believes, he loves, he lives. And without any doubt, whether he acknowledges it to himself or not, it is Christ Jesus that is the controlling influence of his life and his love.

Dr. Drummond's new book *The Way of Life* (Lindsey Press; 8s. net) is in two volumes. The first volume is an exposition of the Parables of Jesus; the second is an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount and others of the Teachings of Jesus. But whatever the topic, the exposition is always more than exposition, it is obedience, it is (may we say it?) adoration. He sees the Person in the word; the word gets its virtue from the Person; there is joy in all the effort at interpretation because it is joy in the presence of One who is more than all the angels of God.

We do not say that the theological and systematic trinitarian will never discover an unsatisfactory phrase. But he will find many more such phrases in the books of the modern humanitarian trinitarians, with their insistence upon seeing and showing every movement of the mind of Jesus, and every step of His growth in knowledge and virtue. The thing to emphasize is this: Dr. Drummond's book is reverent, edifying, inspiring.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

Within what space can a sufficient and satisfactory History of the Church be written? Within the space of six hundred and twenty-four crown octavo pages. Professor Williston Walker of Yale University has done it. And the space includes an Index of twenty pages, as well as twelve pages of the most accurate and informing bibliography of Church History. Its title is *A History of the Christian Church* (Scribner; \$3 net).

But is it readable? Well, it is not written merely to be readable. But it is written to be read. The first object of the author is accuracy. And he is accurate to the spelling of a word, not once quoting an Encyclopædia as an Encyclopedia, or calling an Encyclopedia an Encyclopædia. More than that, he is accurate in his estimates. For the judgment which an author forms of men of light and leading is in the event dependent on his sense of accuracy, the little less or the little more, an adjective or an adverb, making all the difference. Dr. Walker has to estimate the character and influence of

Athanasius and Arius, of Calvin and Arminius, of Bishop Bonner and John Knox, and we defy any one to say that the characterization is inaccurate or unfair in any case. His mind is that of the scholar—not a pedantically accurate historian (if such a being can exist), but a scholarly historian with a sense of truthfulness so essential to him that he should count himself a criminal if he gave Cesare Borgia less (or more) than he deserves.

But it is readable. The short emphatic sentences are at first a little trying. We must give them time. But no sooner have we given way than the power of the writer makes itself felt. Every sentence tells. It is in its place in the paragraph, and the paragraph is in its place in the chapter. The demand to take time is repaid by the strong impression. If we have a great personality with us, like Augustine, we feel that once for all we are gaining a grasp of his greatness.

Yes, Augustine is a good example. 'A crisis in Augustine's experience was now at hand. He had never felt more painfully the cleft between his ideals and his conduct. He was impressed by learning of the Christian profession made in old age, some years before, by the Neo-Platonist Victorinus, whose writings had so recently influenced him. A travelled African, Pontitianus, told him and Alypius of the monastic life of Egypt. He was filled with shame that ignorant men like these monks could put away temptations which he, a man of learning, felt powerless to resist. Overcome with self-condemnation, he rushed into the garden and there heard the voice of a child from a neighbouring house, saying: "Take up and read." He reached for a copy of the epistles that he had been reading, and his eyes fell on the words: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." From that moment Augustine had the peace of mind and the sense of divine power to overcome his sins which he had thus far sought in vain. It may be that it was, as it has been called, a conversion to monasticism. If so, that was but its outward form. In its essence it was a fundamental Christian transformation of nature.'

That is a fair paragraph. This follows and goes further: 'The secret of much of Augustine's influence lay in his mystical piety. Its fullest expression, though everywhere to be found in his

works, is perhaps in the remarkable *Confessions*, written about 400, in which he gave an account of his experiences to his conversion. No other similar spiritual autobiography was written in the ancient church, and few at any period in church history. It has always stood a classic of religious experience. "Thou hast formed us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find their rest in Thee" (1¹). "It is good, then, for me to cleave unto God, for if I remain not in Him, neither shall I in myself; but He, remaining in Himself, reneweth all things. And Thou art the Lord my God, since Thou standest not in need of my goodness" (7¹¹). "I sought a way of acquiring strength sufficient to enjoy Thee; but I found it not until I embraced that 'Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus,' 'who is over all God blessed forever' calling me" (7¹⁸). "My whole hope is only in Thy exceeding great mercy. Give what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt" (10²⁹). "I will love Thee, O Lord, and thank Thee, and confess unto Thy name, because Thou hast put away from me these so wicked and nefarious acts of mine. To Thy grace I attribute it, and to Thy mercy, that Thou hast melted away my sin as it were ice" (27). Here is a deeper note of personal devotion than the church had heard since Paul, and the conception of religion as a vital relationship to the living God was one the influence of which was to be permanent, even if often but partially comprehended.

The proportion of the book is one of its merits. We leave the Apostolic Church at the fiftieth page; we reach the Reformation at the three hundred and thirty-fifth. America has the share we do not always give it; it has less than the share it sometimes gives itself.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL.

The Rev. Robert Dick Wilson, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of Semitic Languages and Old Testament Criticism in Princeton Theological Seminary, has resolved to give the rest of his active life, so far as it can be spared from the work of his chair, to the task of proving that the Book of Daniel is a strictly reliable historical record. He has published one large volume entitled *Studies in the Book of Daniel* (Putnam; \$3.50 net) in which he discusses the historical questions raised by the book. This is to be followed by a second volume in which will

be discussed 'the objections made against the book on the ground of philological assumptions based on the nature of the Hebrew and Aramaic in which it is written'; and that by a third in which the author promises to discuss 'Daniel's relation to the canon of the Old Testament as determining the date of the book, and in connexion with this the silence of Ecclesiasticus with reference to Daniel, the alleged absence of an observable influence of Daniel upon post-captivity literature, and the whole matter of apocalyptic literature, especially in its relation to predictive prophecy.'

It is a task of some magnitude and more difficulty. The historical questions alone, the questions discussed in this volume, are of almost inconceivable perplexity to a man who takes Daniel as history.

There is, for example, the question of Belshazzar. How does Dr. Wilson deal with Belshazzar? This is his own summary: 'It is shown that Belshazzar, the son of Nabunaid, may, according to the usage of those times, have been also the son of Nebuchadnezzar; that there is good reason to suppose that he was king of the Chaldeans before he became king of Babylon; that he may have been king of Babylon long enough to justify the writer of Daniel in speaking of his first year as king of that city; that the fact that he is not called king elsewhere by his contemporaries is simply an argument from silence, paralleled by other instances; and that neither the biblical sources outside of Daniel, nor the monuments, say that any man other than Belshazzar was last *de facto* king of the city of Babylon. In short, it is shown that the evidence fails to substantiate the assertion that the statements of Daniel in regard to Belshazzar are false.'

Then there is the question of Darius the Mede, not a whit less difficult. Professor Wilson says: 'If we identify Darius with the Gubaru of the inscriptions, there is no objective reason for denying the truth of the biblical statements with regard to him. It is shown, that Darius may have been the name of a Mede; that he may have been the son of a man called Xerxes (*i.e.* Ahasuerus) of the seed of the Medes; that he may have reigned at the same time as Cyrus and as sub-king under him; that he could have appointed one hundred and twenty satraps over his kingdom, even though it was restricted to Chaldea and Babylonia alone; that he may have had a den of lions, containing

lions sufficient to have devoured the conspirators against Daniel and their families; that he could not have been a reflexion of Darius Hystaspis, or of any one, or all, of the Persian-kings of the name Darius; in short, that, granting that Darius the Mede had two names (for which supposition there is abundant evidence from the analogy of other kings), there is no ground for impugning the veracity of the account of Darius the Mede as given in the book of Daniel.'

One thing in the volume has perplexed ourselves. There is no reference to Driver's *Daniel* from beginning to end of it. Nor does it find a place in the long list of 'principal works cited' at the end. We are not so much surprised at its omission from the list because that list is evidently incomplete. No Dictionary of the Bible is mentioned in it except Smith's, and that only in the old edition. But Driver is the man to reckon with in respect of the Book of Daniel. His edition of that Book is the most scholarly and most influential of all the writings of those who deny its historicity. Dr. Wilson opens his volume with a chapter on the argument from silence. That warns us not to think that he does not know the book. It is incredible in any case. Why, then, does he not refer to it? If he had answered Driver he might have ignored Farrar and many another of inferior critical calibre.

A contribution to the study of the Balkan Question has been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin under the title of *Macedonia* (7s. 6d. net). The author is a Serbian, T. R. Georgevitch, D.Phil.

The object of the book is to show that Macedonia belongs to Serbia, not to Bulgaria. The proofs are historical, ecclesiastical, linguistic. But what is Macedonia? According to the Bulgarians, Macedonia is 'the territory extending from the Bulgarian State frontiers to the Šar Mountain, to the River Drim, to the Gulf of Salonica, and to the River Mesta.' And Dr. Georgevitch accepts that definition 'for the nonce.' But it is not correct. After much travel and research Dr. J. Cvijić, Professor of Geography at the University of Belgrade, has established the fact that Macedonia extends 'westward to the great lakes of Ochrida and Prespa, and eastward to the River Struma and, in places, to the River Mesta. Consequently the territorial unit of Macedonia would include the regions around Ochrida, Bitolj, Voden, Salonica, Dojran, Strumica,

Seres, and Kavala. All else to the north of this is not Macedonia.'

The book is a plea for Serbian rights. At present there exist only Serbian wrongs. But the time for restitution is at hand. The patient investigation and temperate pleading of this scholarly book will not lose their reward.

Dr. Georgevitch has a useful table of Serbian orthography. It is worth taking a note of—

š = sh in English 'ship.'

c = ts in English 'cats.'

č = ch in English 'church.'

ć = (the same, softer t in 'nature').

j = y in English 'you.'

ž = in French 'jour.'

nj = n in English 'new.'

g = g in English 'got.'

Thus Professor Cvijić would pronounce his name as Tsviyit, or something near.

The *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society* are again published in a single issue for the year (Baptist Union Pub. Dept.; 6s. net). The first article, a legal study of 'Bunyan's Imprisonments,' by W. T. Whitley, M.A., LL.D., F.R.Hist.S., is of universal interest. It is admirably written and contains not a few facts which both correct and supplement all existing Bunyan biographies, even that of Dr. John Brown. 'While for the second time,' says Dr. Whitley, 'material is thus offered for correcting future editions of Dr. Brown's great biography, it is with hearty appreciation of that work, which will remain the standard.'

It took the Authorized Version fifty years to supplant the Genevan Version of the Bible in popular use. Will the Revised Version oust the Authorized within that time? It was published, the New Testament in 1881, the Old Testament in 1885. Everything depends on the young. It is a better translation—more true to the original in every respect—but they, who use the Authorized Version in youth will cleave to it in manhood.

The Cambridge Press is doing its best for the Revised Version. An edition of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges is being issued steadily with the Revised Version as the basis of the Commentary. Three volumes have just appeared—*Joshua*, by Professor G. A. Cooke, D.D. (2s. 3d. net); *Isaiah xl.-lxvi.*, by Principal John

Skinner, D.D. (3s. 6d. net); and *Obadiah and Jonah*, by the Rev. H. C. O. Lanchester, M.A. (2s. net).

Dr. Skinner was the editor of Isaiah in the A.V. edition, so in that volume the difference between the old and the new is not so great. It is very great in the case both of Joshua and of Obadiah and Jonah. The former was edited by Dr. Maclear—how many years ago? we can guess a quarter of a century, and even then it was somewhat formal and old-fashioned. The latter was edited by Archdeacon T. T. Perowne, who was out of all sympathy with his brother, the general editor of the series, and reproduced the learning of his youth, the learning of a time when criticism was a universal horror. These books have not been re-edited, they are new books. In both cases they are done by scholars of the finest touch and most fearless truthfulness.

Quite recently a new attempt has been made by Professor Wilson of Princeton to explain the miracle in Joshua of the standing still of the Sun and Moon. How does Dr. Cooke deal with it? He says: 'Three explanations may be mentioned. (1) An unknown poet divined the leader's passionate wish that the day might last long enough to make his victory complete. The language is figurative, and no more implies a miraculous interference with the course of nature than the fine rhetoric of Hab iii. 11, or the prayer of Agamemnon that the sun might not set before he had burnt down the palace of Priam (*Iliad*, ii. 413 ff.; cf. xviii. 239 f., *Od.* xxiii. 241 ff.). But, as frequently happens, the figurative language of poetry came to be misunderstood as describing a literal fact; so in the prose version here, *vv.* 13b, 14, and in *Ecclus.* xlv. 4-6. (2) Both the poem and the comment upon it refer to a miracle, of the same kind as the crossing of the Jordan and the fall of Jericho. What actually happened we cannot tell, and all attempts at a physical explanation are vain; but some extraordinary phenomenon occurred at the very moment when Israel needed help; a similar providence was seen in the hail (*v.* 11), and in the storm (*Jud.* v. 20 f.). So *Steuernagel, in loc.*, Kittel, *Gesch. des Volkes Isr.*² i. p. 614 f. (3) An old popular incantation, used in times of solar eclipse, has been attached to this famous battle. The primitive notion was that magicians by their spells could cause the sun to shine, or to hasten or delay its setting (see *Job* iii. 8, and cf. *Frazer, G.B., The*

Magic Art, i. pp. 311 ff.); here we have a belief of natural religion taken up into the higher level of Israel's faith. So Thackeray, *JTS* xl. p. 531 f. Of these, the first explanation, which is that of Dillmann, Bennett, etc., appears to be preferable.'

A medical missionary in India, the Rev. James M. Macphail, M.D., has occupied his spare time in writing a biography of *Asoka*. It is published in Dr. Farquhar's series 'The Heritage of India' (Oxford Press; 1s. 6d. net). Careful research work and reserve in writing are the features of the series and of this volume. We can depend upon the last word being said, and we see that it is well said. As the best scholarship demands, there is full liberty of appreciation. Yet here and there criticism recognizes a weakness in the character and in the code of the great emperor.

'It has been claimed for Asoka's code that in the regard it paid to the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals it exceeded anything that even Christian legislation has yet accomplished. Allowance must be made, however, for the influence of the Hindu doctrine of re-incarnation, and especially of the doctrine of *ahimsa* which was current in India even before the time of the Buddha. It has been traced back to the Upanisads in the seventh century B.C., and it was made the main article of their creed by the Jains. Its influence has not been exclusively or invariably beneficial. When vermin are preserved alive in time of plague, although it is known that they are means of spreading the disease, while starving children are left to die in time of famine, it is manifest that a sense of proportion has been lost and the principle of humanitarianism perverted. The "curative arrangements for beasts" no doubt included institutions like the *pinjrapol*, or asylum for animals, but these institutions were founded by the Jains and are still maintained by them in many parts of India. Hamilton's description of a *pinjrapol* he visited at Surat in 1820 might be written by a visitor of to-day. He describes it as the most remarkable institution in Surat. Any animal with a broken limb or disabled in any way was admitted without any regard to the caste of its owner. Among the inmates there had been a tortoise which was known to have been there for seventy-five years. There was a special ward for "rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin, for whom suitable food was provided."

Mr. Ramsay Muir, Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester, has written three books which ought to be read in succession. The first is *Nationalism and Internationalism*, the second is *The Expansion of Europe*, the third is *National Self-Government*. Together the three books form a general survey of the development of the main political factors in the modern history of Europe. Of *The Expansion of Europe* a second and enlarged edition has appeared (Constable: 6s. 6d. net). Its appearance gives Professor Muir the opportunity of setting himself right with the President of the United States. In the first edition he let himself go a little concerning those who sit on the stile. For he felt, as many more of us felt, not knowing all that was in President Wilson's mind, that America was looking on comfortably and commercially while other democracies were struggling with the common foe. When President Wilson with America at his back entered the war, Professor Muir's attitude was altogether changed. And in this edition he makes amends handsomely.

Whatever else he is, the Bishop of London is a preacher. And like all great preachers he is concerned only with preaching his sermons, he is not concerned with preserving them. If he has been able to publish a volume of war sermons under the title of *Rays of Dawn* (Wells Gardner; 3s.) it is because some one in his audience happened to take them down in shorthand.

Yes, the Bishop of London is a preacher. He has a message every time, and every time he delivers it. He speaks with Pauline simplicity, boasting about the great audiences he had here, there, everywhere. He was delighted with them: they were delighted with him. And the sermons have the preacher's joy in them yet. They can be read with great delight in this delightful volume.

The reader of short stories, tired with the effort of the British and American story-writer to invent new situations and develop new plots, will welcome the simplicity of those Indian stories of Sir Rabindranath Tagore which have been translated from the Bengali, and published under the title of *Mashi, and other Stories* (Macmillan; 5s. net). The young Brahmin's fancy is caught by a fair face, and he follows it to the father's house, asks the daughter, and discovers on his

wedding day that he has married the man's daughter indeed, but not the fair face whom he had seen. The fair face enters, after the wedding ceremony is over, to see the bride. Addressing her he discovers that she is deaf and dumb and brainless—a fair face and no more. He accepts his Leah gladly. Such are the stories. Their charm is due partly to the scenery, partly to the surprise of Indian social life.

Professor Walter T. Marvin, of Rutgers College in the United States, is best known in this country as yet by his articles in *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. He ought now to become known by *The History of European Philosophy* which he has written as an introduction to the Study of Philosophy (Macmillan; \$1.60). It is a well-conceived book and well written. Without the forbidding aspect of the ordinary students' manual, it yet has the student ever in mind, furnishing him with brief clear comment, and at the end of each chapter with a list of literature for further study. There are two lists indeed, one of books 'for further study' and one of books 'for more extensive study.' This is a feature of the manual that is of utmost value. For not only is the choice made competently, it is also up to date. There are books which must always be recommended; of other books Professor Marvin prefers the most recently published.

There is just one thing on earth that everybody knows all about. And there is just one thing on earth that nobody seems to know anything about. And it is the same thing. It is education. Why do all men and all women know all about it? Because they have themselves been educated, and they have seen how it should be done, and how it should not be done. And why does nobody seem to know anything about it? Because everybody's ideas contradict the ideas of everybody else, and there are no acknowledged principles at work.

Is Professor George Ransom Twiss able to reduce the chaos to order? He tries hard. And he has tried long. He is State High School Inspector and he is Professor of the Principles and Practice of Education in the Ohio State University. He is also the author of several educational manuals. Now he has written his great book. It is *A Textbook in the Principles of Science Teaching* (Macmillan). It is a large book; it is equipped

with everything that a textbook on Education ought to possess—books to read, questions to answer, topics to write upon. But it is also a great book. For Professor Twiss has discovered great principles in Education and applies them in detail to all the leading branches of Science, thus bringing scientific education under rules that are workable and that have actually produced good results. Now what is good for science, physical science, is good for all kinds of knowledge. It is good for Bible Class work. It is good even for the Prayer Meeting. Can a preacher be too much of a teacher? Only if he is a bad teacher. Only if he has no method in his teaching. Let the teacher study such a book as this is and let him work by it.

The Rev. T. H. Walker has written a rapid sketch of the life and work of *Principal James Denney, D.D.* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net). He does not wish it to stand between us and a larger biography, and it will not do so. It is an admirer's personal tribute of admiration. Others have already written here and there and recalled impressions of the great teacher. Mr. Walker gathers some of these impressions into his book. Thus the Rev. Robert M'Kinlay, M.A., writes: 'One thinks of him pre-eminently as the great exponent of the Cross. Many of his comments on the subject are simply unforgettable. He was speaking once of the tendency of some Protestants to minimize the Cross. "If I had the choice," said he, "between being such an one and a Roman Catholic priest, I had rather be the priest lifting up the Cross to a dying man, and saying, '*God loved like that!*'" It was said with such a quiet intensity that it burned itself upon the mind ineffaceably. Again he was speaking of the Mass and the Roman Catholic accretions to the Cross. He maintained that even in the Mass human souls found the virtue of the Cross. Then he added, "Gentlemen, the Cross is such a thing that even when you bury it, you bury it ALIVE." The very ground seemed to open at our feet, and a flaming Cross came up and stood over us, and we were overawed and thrilled, and said, in heart if not in speech, "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'"

An attractive Easter booklet, attractive within not less than without, has been written by Mrs. E.

Herman, the author of one of the best books on Mysticism. Its title is *The Glory of the Risen Lord* (Morgan & Scott; 1s. 4d. net).

From Hour to Hour: Essays for Odd Moments, by R. M. Lucey (Kegan Paul; 3s. 6d. net). The essays are on the subjects on which essays have been written since essay-writing was invented—Work, Authorship, Words, Friendship, Town and Country—these are some of them. And the essayist makes none of the desperate efforts of the novelist to achieve originality. The things said on those familiar topics are the things that have been said from the beginning. And yet the book is entirely enjoyable. One who opens it is quite sure to go on reading it. What is the secret? Very likely the author's sincerity, and that quality of character which Wordsworth calls not too wise or good for human nature's daily food.

Of course you dissent here and there. This essayist would have all books bound in vellum or calf. Why? 'As the shepherd knows his flock and misses one that strays from the fold, I would recognize each one at a glance, recalling its family history and associations, and each one should greet me from its accustomed corner.' But that is just the end that would be defeated. We have seen such a library. The late Principal Alfred Cave possessed it.

Another edition, this time cheap and for the present moment, of Alexander Robertson's *The Papal Conquest*, has been issued (Scott; 2s. net). Dr. Robertson's long residence in Venice has strengthened his love for Italy, and with his love for Italy goes steadily his distrust of the Pope and his policy.

A valuable contribution to the study of Evangelism—a study of much pressing importance at this time—is *The Evangelistic Work of the Church* (S.P.C.K.). It is the Report of the Archbishops' Third Committee of Inquiry in connexion with the National Mission.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has begun the issue of a new series of small books to be called 'Texts for Students.' The general editors are named: Caroline A. J. Skeel, D.Lit.; H. J. White, D.D.; J. P. Whitney, B.D., D.C.L. The first number is due to Dr. White. It is

Select Passages from Josephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, illustrative of Christianity in the First Century (3d. net). The texts are beautifully printed, with faultless accuracy, and followed by all the various readings. Dr. White does not accept the genuineness of the reference in Josephus to Christ, but he says, 'There are quite independent critics who still uphold the authenticity of the passage as it stands.' For further study he recommends Thackeray's article in the *Dictionary of the Bible* and Hart's *The Hope of Catholic Judaism*. The article by Niese, the Editor of the Works of Josephus, in THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS, with the special discussion of this passage in an additional note by Gray, is however more useful and up to date than anything else.

The way of that body of men and women who are 'workers' in London are not as the ways of other parts of the great society machine. And the book in which their *Mind and Manners* are described (Simpkin; 2s. 6d. net) is plentifully stocked with surprises for the rest of the world. It appears in the form of a diary. Here is one Thursday's entry:

'Thursday.—Is it not a paradox that women's clubs are notorious for bad service? Being accustomed to domestic affairs, women, one would think, should get the best club service in the world. Women's clubs should be the despair and

envy of men. But not at all. From the library to the kitchen everything seems to be squeaking with friction at women's clubs. Of the waiters and waitresses, in particular, may be said what used to be said of the policeman (until he came under the control of the "specials"): "There when never wanted, when wanted never there!" The very bells seem to have been degraded from use to ornament. The catering at women's clubs is also somehow or other a failure: usually, it is like travelling steerage. And as for the drinks: I might have abluted in the warm soda the other evening. Why, three times why? My temeritious reply is that women are not, and never may be, really at home in clubs, for the simple reason that clubs are men's device. Women worry clubs, and clubs, in revengé, worry women. In vain they try to behave like men: it goes wrong. Few clubwomen can order a whisky without becoming familiar or haughty with the waiter. As easily might a man choose ribbons with his wife's maid without losing caste. The line between familiarity and haughtiness is seldom discovered in a women's club. A man told me yesterday that his only souvenir of one of these institutions was of hearing a member invite a porter to play billiards with her; while, on the other hand, I have frequently heard club servants being "rowed" to humiliation—and all about nothing. The extremes alternate. At one moment the servants are bosom friends: the next they are targets.'

Judging.

BY THE REV. W. M. RANKIN, B.D., GLASGOW.

To 'judge' means primarily to divide and separate, to pick out men (like those in Homer), for their good rather than their bad qualities, to decide on a course of action (Ac 20¹⁶), and in a formal sense to determine one's degree of guilt—a sentence which properly belongs to God. There is no faculty we more commonly exercise than judgment, or whose use is more difficult. 'There are more men whose works one can praise than there are whose judgment one can trust' (Paget). Judging is a fine art involving constant practice and essential to moral and Christian training (Phil 1¹⁰, He 5¹⁴). Amiel, with characteristic refinement, gives the

following definition: 'To judge is to see clearly, to care for what is just and therefore to be impartial—more exactly to be disinterested—more exactly still, to be impersonal' (*Journal*, Eng. tr., p. 60). The cure for the Pharisaic tendency on this subject did not escape Thomas à Kempis: 'In judging of others, a man laboureth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth, but in judging and examining himself, he always laboureth fruitfully' (*Imitation*, Bk. 1. ch. xiv.). It is significant that on two occasions, when His opinion was sought by interested parties, Jesus refrained from judging (Lk 12¹³⁻¹⁴, Jn 8¹¹).

I.

THE DIFFICULTY OF JUDGING.

A little consideration shows how dangerous is this occupation, and how needful is the exercise of that forgiving and merciful temper, which is the mark of the Christian spirit and the best fruit of experience.

(1) Our judgments are often the outcome of ignorance, and of a partial and untrustworthy character. Johnson observed that this one-sidedness was a principal source of error, and that, *e.g.*, when fortune-hunters 'came to possess the wives and their fortunes together, they began to suspect they had not made quite so good a bargain' (*Life*, Globe ed., p. 219). The saying 'to know all is to excuse all,' may tend to confusion, but it discounts those confident and sweeping strictures that are tolerable only in the young. Experience proves the difficulty of arriving at just conclusions and of disentangling the web of motives and temptations. 'We appear to know a great deal of one another, and yet if we reflect, what a vast system of secrecy the moral world is' (Mozley). This fact should temper our judgments ('Then gently scan your brother man'), and enforces the obligation to be 'reserved in speech' (Wordsworth, *Poems on the Naming of Places*, 'Point Rash-Judgment'). So shrewd an observer as Scott said: 'I distrust, even in very humble cases, our capacity for judging our neighbour fairly' (Lockhart's *Life*, ch. lxxxiv.). In the same vein Ruskin could hardly judge Turner, and at the end of his work on the great master, found himself 'more and more helpless to explain his errors and sins' (*Modern Painters*, Pt. ix. ch. xii.).

(2) Our judgments also suffer from our *bias* in forming them. We are prone to take a prejudiced view of persons ('Personarum acceptio,' Bernard), and even to look at principles through a distorted medium. Carlyle, with generous insight, furthered the appreciation of German literature, but the critic of one nationality seldom does justice to the people and productions of another. Schleiermacher, in the first of his famous *Discourses on Religion*, extolled the piety of his countrymen but did not flatter Englishmen—those 'proud Islanders' who had bartered their spiritual faculty and tried everything by its market value (*Reden*, Eng. tr., p. 9). Pessimists, like Schopenhauer and Byron, are incapable of passing reasonable judgments, and recall nothing better in thinking of mankind than the

cynical saying of Bias, 'The mass is bad!' Macaulay, 'whose judgment of a political situation was as superb as his judgment of personal character was weak' (S. R. Gardiner), is a brilliant instance of the extent to which most men are ruled by their preferences. Few can do justice to rival views, and hold the balance evenly and fairly. 'No Pelagian would have given St. Augustine a good character; no Puritan would have spoken well of Archbishop Laud' (Liddon). Scott did not venture to write the *Life of Queen Mary*, as his 'opinion' was not at one with his 'feeling.' This was sound judgment. In estimating men and movements, it is fair to remember their mixed character and to discover, as far as we can, the positive good in their influence and the secret of their efficiency.

(3) Not less disqualifying than ignorance and bias is our *inconsistency* in attacking faults that are as conspicuous, if not more glaring, in ourselves. This is the point of our Lord's warning against the judging or critical temper, although it is foolish to argue that this saying (Mt 7¹⁻⁵) forbids the function of the judge who sits in a law-court to weigh and set forth evidence. We exaggerate the trifling fault which is no bigger than a 'mote' in our neighbour's eye, and overlook the more serious fault which resembles a 'beam' in our own eye. Criticism of this kind is a species of self-exposure, and convicts us of the hypocrisy of reforming others when we should be improving ourselves. We are curiously blind in this region of criticism. 'I have noticed that the sins to which men are specially sensitive in others are precisely the sins to which they are themselves most inclined' (Dale). We are chafed by the vanity or pride of those we encounter, and fail to see that our own manner is more offensive. Richard Baxter offers a better example: 'He was severe to himself, but candid in excusing the faults of others; whereas the busy inquirer and censurer of the faults of others is usually the easy neglecter of his own' (*Life*, by J. H. Davies, p. 125). On the other hand, the tendency to morbid and minute self-examination may lead to the opposite extreme: 'It is easy to lapse from scrupulousness about one's own conduct into Pharisaism about that of others' (Denney, on Ro 14⁴, *Exp. Gk. Test.*). The advice which Shakespeare puts into the lips of the king on the death of Cardinal Beaufort is seemly and wise: 'Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all' (*King Henry VI.*, Pt. II. Act iii. Sc. 3).

II.

THE DUTY OF JUDGING.

'We are always judging,' says Dean Church, and within limits it is an inevitable and salutary function, effective in exposing evils and as an instrument of moral progress. We proceed to state some qualifications for this necessary task, that control the healthy and legitimate exercise of judgment.

(1) *Intellectual clearness*.—There is a real though ever-changing standard which ordinarily guides us and is roughly expressed in 'public opinion'; or as Pascal puts it, 'A wise man will have some thoughts in the background, by which to judge of everything.' We are thus able to distinguish between right and wrong, true and false. It is important to have this guiding line in forming our judgments, for otherwise they will fail in convincing. Carlyle's Abbot Samson was one of the justest of judges, because he 'insisted on understanding the case to the bottom.' Truth should not be left in a haze but ascertained, as in the case of the scientist, after honest and patient inquiry. How many harmful stories are circulated, and cruel judgments repeated, because we never think of first sifting them! 'The only principle to bear in mind,' in discussing friends and individuals, 'is the principle of justice' (Benson); and this implies that we should not mistake the part for the whole, and that we should make our judgment candid and comprehensive. Coleridge summed up this quality of judgment in his description of Dorothy Wordsworth: 'Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer.' It makes all the difference in giving our impressions of time whether we go by our watches, and in giving our judgments whether we are guided by fixed standards and rules (Pascal).

(2) *Moral independence*.—All of us are influenced by the spirit of the age, but we are not, therefore, absolved from the duty of making up our own minds and choosing the course we judge best. We are not meant to be echoes of each other, but to think and decide for ourselves. The claim to be independent and responsible comes with force from the great apostle of Christian liberty, and his courage in taking his own line, and in writing his exhortations, justifies the remark that 'St. Paul has done more than any other writer in the N.T. to rouse and guide the Christian judgment'

(Liddon). Pioneers who boldly set themselves against the tide of popular opinion, and succeed in raising the moral standard around them, are abused in their own generation and admired in the next. We judge the stature of men as we discern the height of mountains, by viewing them from a distance. 'The days that come after are the wisest judges' ('Αμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι Μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι: Pindar, *Olymp.* i. 53-54). Those who take the risks of moral leadership are like the thinkers and poets who usher in a new era, and create the opinion which ultimately judges them. It is a necessary service. 'The rectification of moral judgments is one of the most important elements of civilization; it is upon this that the possibility of moral progress on a large scale chiefly depends' (Lecky). The determination of Lincoln to fight slavery in America, and the courage of John Bright in denouncing the Crimean War, are landmarks in political history, and illustrate virtues that cannot be bought or sold. Such independent and original exercise of judgment, in the hour of crisis, tests manhood and is the fruit of moral inspiration—'Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string' (Emerson). Where one leads, others will follow.

(3) *Imaginative insight*.—The failure of many of our judgments is due to the lack of this insight, and of the sympathy that goes with it. It is especially valuable in social life and in the field of history. In the absence of this penetration, and in judging 'according to appearance' (Jn 7²⁴), we forget the hidden fund of goodness and resistance that keeps the tempted from reckless yielding. We may shrink from condemning those whose 'cards in life' are so bad, and who from the start are heavily handicapped. This safeguard in employing the weapon of judgment is equally useful to another class. The historian surveys a vanished scene, separated from him by centuries. Without a vigorous effort of the imagination he cannot restore the long-faded picture, or place himself alongside the characters and events he seeks to portray. It is thus he strives to apportion praise and blame fairly, and in accordance with standards that have since disappeared. 'No one would judge the actions of Charlemagne or of his contemporaries by the strict rules of nineteenth-century ethics' (Lecky). Still further, our imagination transports us to the past in the hope of illumination for our present duties and problems.

History, like Scripture, is written for our learning. True to this plan, Browning represents the old Pope as inquiring how his predecessors acted and steered their way through difficulties similar to those confronting him.

Have I to dare?—I ask, how dared this Pope?

To suffer?—Such an one, how suffered he?

Being about to judge, as now, I seek

How judged once, well or ill, some other Pope.¹

We grow wiser, that is, by comparing the past and the present, by putting ourselves in the place of others, and by avoiding the dangers of a narrow and uninstructed judgment.

(4) *Christian charity*.—There are anticipations of this crowning phase before the Christian era, and before the Christian spirit had time to diffuse itself. David's lament on Saul and Jonathan (1 S I¹⁹⁻²⁷) is a pure and exquisite embodiment of the charity that 'taketh not account of evil' and that does honour both to its author and to its objects. Horace, who deals lightly with our virtues and vices, saw the wisdom of judging men charitably and the absurdity of denying our own faults in attacking those of our neighbours. To find 'softening phrases' will at any rate promote pleasantness and good feeling.

So if one friend too close a fist betrays,

Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways.

(Sat. i. 3, Martin's trans.).

Horace's method contains the secret of making and keeping friends ('Haec res et jungit, junctos et servat amicos,' line 54). It was the wise maxim of Francis de Sales: 'If an action may be considered in more lights than one, always choose the most favourable.' After all, the work of criticism is mainly negative, useful in exposing and clearing

¹ *The Ring and the Book*, Works, x. pp. 64, foll.

away shams and excrescences. It becomes the artist to be sensitive to faults of form and to be his own severest critic. 'He would not make his judgment blind' (*In Memoriam*, C. xcvi). Likewise, in morals, we are not to be indifferent to truth. We may do full justice to the extraordinary virtues of Charles Lamb, while not abstaining from condemning his weakness (Benson). Yet most of us, if we had to go through life again, would probably blame less and praise more. 'A couple of generations ago, the classical tutors of Cambridge, it is said, would never give a word of praise to a piece of translation or composition, however much they admired it' (Souter). This icy demeanour may brace the academic atmosphere, but something more warm and helpful is needed by those, especially the young, who are struggling in the arena of the world. Truth does not win or shine unless it is spoken and conveyed in the tone and medium of kindness (Eph 4¹⁵). To spend our powers in criticism and judging is to spoil the joy, and to miss the wine, of life. 'I am much more apprehensive than long ago of the odiousness and danger of the sin of pride. I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth and length and depth of the radical, universal, odious sin of selfishness, and therefore have written so much against it; and of the excellency and necessity of self-denial, and of a public mind, and of loving our neighbours as ourselves' (Baxter, *Life*, p. 441). To expel from our judgments and from society the Pharisaic leaven, and to work towards the Christian ideal, is to serve best the ends of justice and charity; and the hope of progress lies in our cultivating this spirit, and in exhibiting its patience, tolerance, gentleness, and its inexhaustible virtue (Jn 13³⁵, 1 Co 13).

In the Study.

Preaching in the Twentieth Century.

UP-TO-DATENESS.

By the REV. JOHN EDWARDS; WAKEFIELD.

CRITICS of the modern pulpit are practically agreed on one point—that in order to success preaching must be timely, appropriate, up-to-date. Just as in the industrial world old tools and old machines are thrown to the scrap heap, and old methods

discarded for the newest appliances, so with the pulpit—old things must go!

Of old things all are over old,

Of new things none are new enough.

And of old things the pulpit is said to have a great monopoly.

This criticism is no doubt one-sided and unjust, but is so frequent and insistent that preachers are in danger of thinking that they may become mere

'fossils in a theological cabinet.' We may therefore wisely inquire what is meant by up-to-dateness; and try to discover what the epithet really stands for when applied to preaching. Its meaning is clear enough in the realm of fashion, or business, or even philosophy; but it needs the most careful examination and definition before we can use it in relation to preaching.

The quality of up-to-dateness is often claimed for those who copy the methods of the most sensational press-agents, and by advertisement in the Saturday evening newspapers commend their wares by catchy or slangy titles. Frequently, however, their utterances have nothing up-to-date about them except the ludicrous headline, and in theme and treatment are beneath the dignity of ordinary pulpit discourse.

Up-to-dateness in pulpit method does not mean merely echoing popular cries, or using modern slang phrases for pulpit themes; nor does it consist in sharing the capricious moods of the crowd, or playing to the gallery. Such devices have no place in the Christian Church. It does mean that the preacher finds and uses arresting, vivid, and appropriate themes, and utters his message in modern, forceful, and picturesque language. Three things are really necessary—preaching should be timely—timeless—and arresting.

1. Preaching must be *timely*. Up-to-dateness means finding and proclaiming *the message for the day*. Years ago a lecturer addressing ministerial students urged them in their choice of passages of Scripture for public reading to select the true message for the day. The counsel was wise—and should be taken seriously to heart by the modern preacher.

So much of the preaching of to-day seems to be preaching to yesterday, or preaching about yesterday. It does not touch as it ought the contemporary life, and grapple with its problems, its duties, its difficulties, its dangers. There is in consequence a sense of unreality about it, a foreignness, a far-away-ness; and to men who are of necessity pre-occupied with the exigencies of contemporary life, it is not helpful preaching.¹

The preacher is a messenger and must have a message. He is not before the people merely to say something, but has a definite and certain message to deliver, a message from the Great Master—the Great King—whose commission he holds. Only as that message is grasped and

¹ David H. Greer.

understood will it be a real message to the men and women listening to him. It must never be monotonous or dull, but as varied as their needs, as rich as their requirements demand, and if rightly uttered will come to them with all the force of a living message and with the authority of the Master behind it. Thus it will be characterized by *timeliness*: meeting the need of the present hour.

I have sometimes fancied that our sermons were prepared on the assumption that the Man in the Moon will be the only person present. The questions we discuss are not human questions; the problems with which we deal are not human problems; the language we speak is no human language. It may be lunar, I am not sure. But, however that may be, it is all addressed to the Man in the Moon.

Think of Thomas Chalmers. The most sensational discovery of his life was the discovery that for more than twelve years he had been preaching sermons at Kilmany that bore no relationship whatever to the actual lives of the people to whom he ministered. For more than twelve years the parish minister of Kilmany had been preaching to the Man in the Moon! Then came the great awakening. Chalmers was seized by sudden illness. During his convalescence his mind underwent what he himself called a great revolution. He found the Saviour. . . . It is difficult to read with dry eyes his own telling account of that great transformation. In due time he returned to his pulpit. The people were electrified. The minister was no longer preaching to the Man in the Moon; he was preaching to the men of Kilmany!²

The preacher must treat the great evangelical truths in the light of present-day knowledge and conditions; his message must make itself intelligible to society with all its new facts, experiences, and conditions. To enable him to do this the preacher must be familiar with the great teachings of science, and must carefully study all that the scientist can teach him concerning the new facts and teachings of nature; and thus enrich his sermons with new and forceful illustrations and analogies, and thus make his teaching more authoritative to the people of his own generation.³

2. Preaching should be characterized by *timelessness*—the message must have behind it the truth and authority of God. Its timeliness will depend largely on its timelessness.

The preacher is a man with a vision—and a burden, as well as a message. His business is to make the vision which has dominated him real and vivid to his hearers; to reveal to them the glory of the everlasting gospel and the radiant vision of the abiding Saviour. This will be impossible unless he is in vital relation with Christ and enjoys frequent and hallowed communion with Him. Nothing save the fundamental truths

² F. W. Boreham.

³ W. L. Watkinson.

of the gospel can give timelessness to preaching. Those who are tempted to think that the royal road to effectiveness or up-to-dateness is found in any and every topic which fascinates the social, political, or literary world rather than in the old yet ever new gospel will do well to listen to Dr. Paget's advice to the younger members of his own profession. He suggests that while they ought to give careful attention to general reading and mental culture, they should not unload their artistic opinions on their patients.

The proper field for culture seems to be among those who, not having much the matter with them, enjoy talking. But not all, even of these, enjoy listening. I know of one who said to a friend, 'I don't want my doctor to talk to me about the National Gallery,' which is a shrewd saying, and has taught me to avoid all such dangerous topics. Anyhow, people who are seriously ill care no more for preciosity in us than for gold-dust in beef-tea. What they want is a man who has just had and cured a case exactly like theirs; and he need not be a judge of anything outside of their insides. It is a poor comfort to them to know that he is very fond of good poetry.¹

Is not the preacher really judged for his knowledge and experience of religion and saving grace, rather than by his talk about outside things?

What is wanted above everything to-day is positive preaching, by men who believe with all their mind and heart in Jesus Christ. If a man has any doubt about Christ he must on no account be His minister; and if one in the ministry be afflicted from time to time by failures of faith, let him consume his own smoke and keep a brave face in the pulpit. The pulpit is not the place for discussing systems of scepticism, or proving the instinctive truths of religion, or adjusting the speculative difficulties of Christianity, or apologizing for Christ. Those are belated tactics.²

To make a sermon that pleases a great crowd, that is admired, imitated, bruited about, that is of little account in itself. But a sermon that really edifies, really interests the heart and penetrates it with its warming power, while it illuminates the understanding; a sermon that leaves a lively searching sting behind it, that follows the hearer, and in the hours of temptation, long after the sound of it has died away, comes up, as it were, dancing through the heart; a sermon that does not please, that stirs all the flesh in revolt against it and yet pleases, that cannot be kept out of the mind, nor refuted, openly found fault with perhaps, but cannot be otherwise than approved by the heart,—that is the work of the wisdom, the Spirit, and the power of Christ.³

No message to the human soul can be appropriate and timely unless it is also timeless and ageless. The sermon should have heaven for its father if it has earth for its mother; the issues of eternity can alone give it true perspective, or endow it

with arresting force. The preacher must know that he comes with a message from God if he is to speak truly and effectively to the men of his age.

Teacher, I find that since I have imbibed the teachings of the New Testament I can look beyond the mean gains of this life. I suppose the reason why English artists put so much perspective into their drawings is because Christianity has given them a Future, and the reason why Oriental artists fail to do so is because Buddha and Confucius do not raise their eyes above the present.⁴

3. Preaching must be *arresting*. Up-to-dateness requires that the preacher's message must be stated in living and burning words, and delivered with fervour and passion. The preacher's language should be that of the market-place rather than that of the academy. At the same time his vocabulary should be copious, graceful, choice: always avoiding the pedantic. A skilful choice of words will add much to the beauty and effectiveness of the sermon. Some old preachers say that the old Anglo-Saxon words are always best for pulpit use, as they are understood by everybody. But there is no real reason for such restriction, if a wise selection is made.

The beauty of words is one of the beauties of Nature. If a man were to say to you that he did not admire roses and honeysuckle, diamonds and opals, butterflies and peacocks, you would know that you were in the presence of a fool. These beauties of Nature are beautiful in themselves; we admire them right away; we do not need to be told that they are beautiful. The longer we go without them, the hungrier we are for them; that is why spring is so beautiful after winter, and Kensington Gardens after Notting Hill Gate, and a jeweller's shop after a butcher's shop. In a dull setting one beautiful word catches the light like a diamond.⁵

The finest music will not appeal if it be badly played. One has heard the great composers treated by amateur performers in a dull, lifeless fashion that irritated instead of inspiring. The notes were played correctly, but there was no insight, no vision, no interpretation. So sermons may be, and often are, theologically and exegetically irreproachable, thoughtfully weighty even, but unless they are alive they are defective, and the greatest theme in the world becomes uninspiring and wearisome.⁶

Up-to-date preaching requires also passion in the preacher, and in the congregation. The writer had the privilege recently of listening to several preachers. On consecutive Sundays he heard three different men. In each case there was a devout and reverent congregation, but only once did the message really grip. In one of the services

⁴ Japanese Art Student.

⁵ Stephen Paget.

⁶ W. H. Harrowes.

¹ *Confessio Medici*.

² John Watson.

³ Lavater.

the sermon was on a living theme treated in a careful and scholarly fashion, but it had no arresting power. In the second the theme and treatment were hopelessly antiquated, and the sermon could be pardoned only as coming from an aged and enfeebled preacher called up for duty at a pinch. In the third case the message was not merely arrestive, it had evidently gripped the preacher's heart, was delivered with vigour and passion, and arrested and held spell-bound the audience.

The secret lay in the passion and fervour of the man treating a living and appropriate theme. True up-to-dateness means all this—a timely well-chosen message, a carefully prepared discourse, and a preacher full of that certainty and passion which comes from the 'unction of the Holy One.' If our preaching lacks this it is imperfect, ineffective, antiquated. It will create no inspiration because it fails in vigour and authority.

Something is due from the congregation. *Passion and power in the pulpit may be rendered ineffective by listlessness and indifference in the pew. The psychology of the hearer has changed in recent years; the emotions have been checked and disciplined almost out of sight, and this fact has to be reckoned with. Can we regain the note of passion—that fervour in the hearer which reacts on the preacher and makes him as a flame of fire? It can be done; but in order to regain it we require a great reinforcement of spiritual life. The springs must be fed if the outflow is to be vigorous. The spirit must grow fervent if fervour is to spread to the congregation. We need a new vision of God, and power to make such a vision a reality to our people. In any case our primary task is to make our message attractive and vital. Every great preacher is an example here.

Truth and timeliness together make the full preacher. How shall you win such fulness? . . . First, seek always truth first and timeliness second—never timeliness first and truth second. Then let your search for truth be deliberate, systematic, conscientious. Let your search for timeliness consist rather in seeking for strong sympathy with your kind, a real share in their occupations, and a hearty interest in what is going on. And yet again; let the subjects of your sermons be mostly eternal truths, and let the timeliness come in the illustrations of those truths by, and their application to, the events of current life.¹

When I have got my theme clearly defined, and I begin to prepare its exposition, I keep in the circle of my mind at least a dozen men and women, very varied in their natural

temperaments, and very dissimilar in their daily circumstances. These are not mere abstractions, neither are they dolls or dummies. They are real men and women whom I know: professional people, trading people, learned and ignorant, rich and poor. When I am preparing my work my mind is constantly glancing round this invisible circle, and I consider how I can so serve the bread of this particular truth as to provide welcome nutriment for all. What relation has this teaching to that barrister? How can the truth be related to that doctor? What have I here for that keenly nervous man with the artistic temperament? And there is that poor body upon whom the floods of sorrow have been rolling their billows for many years—what about her? And so on all round the circle . . . our messages must be related to life, to lives, and we must make everybody feel that our key fits the lock of his own private door.²

John Bunyan is chiefly thought of as a Dreamer of wonderful dreams, but he was also, as his contemporaries have told us, one of the most living preachers England has ever known. His own intense religious experience largely aided his genius in this. As he tells us himself, he had tarried long at Sinai: to see the fire and the cloud, and the darkness, that he might fear the Lord all the days of his life on earth, and tell of His wonders to others. So that when, in after days, he spoke with kindling eye and tongue of fire the things he had seen and felt, men bent to his words as the corn bends to the wind. No piler up of mere rhetoric was this Dreamer of Bedford, but one deeply learned in the lore of human souls, heaven-taught in the great and wonderful art of laying hold of men.³

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

JULY.

Independence Day.

'Remember this, and shew yourselves men.'—Is 46⁸.

There are several reasons why boys and girls are taught history. But the good teacher of it has one special idea in his mind; it is to make his scholars true patriots. He tells them about their own country, he leads them on until they want to learn about other countries, and what has happened between these countries and their own. Some of the most enthusiastic lovers and defenders of this our native land, became patriots at the feet of their first teacher of history.

But the patriotism of boys and girls is inclined to be rather a narrow thing. To them Great Britain is the centre of the Universe; other countries are out of sight, and—'out of sight, out of mind'—they forget them. That was how it was when I was a boy.

¹ Phillips Brooks.

² J. H. Jowett.

³ John Brown.

If you are wiser, it is because you have been brought up when great events were happening—events that are making history. It is impossible, for instance, for you not to be interested in France just now. France has a wonderful past; one day you will read about the French Revolution. Now, its story, as you are all aware, is going on in a line with our own. And there is a great big brother whom I feel sure you love almost better than France. He has been away from us for a long time, but has at last come back to help the old folk in their trouble and difficulties. He has brought his flag with him: there are stars and stripes upon it. How proud we are to have big brother 'Sam' beside us.

He was once younger, and perhaps more impulsive than he is now, but he always had splendid manly thoughts, for he had a good and noble nature. He separated from the old roof-tree because he did not believe in being 'managed'; he felt he had a right to think for himself. Let me tell you one or two of the things he believed, and which he wrote down. 'All men are created equal, and possess certain rights that cannot be taken from them; these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of true happiness.' Therefore 'Sam'—people who love him give him that name—Sam would not submit to be treated, as he thought, like a child. He set up a new establishment for himself, ruled according to his own ideas. He wanted every one connected with him to feel safe and happy. On the 4th of July 1776 his famous 'Declaration of Independence' was published: I have already quoted a sentence of it to you.

He knew that people are apt to forget things, so he gave orders that every year on the 4th of July the Declaration should be read in all towns and villages throughout the United States of America. That is done, and great crowds gather together on 'Independence Day' to hear it.

I heard of an old Grandfather being appointed to read the Declaration on a village common. He wore his soldier coat. It had been brushed until there was not a speck of dust upon it. Just after he left home a little grandson discovered that he had forgotten his spectacles. There was nothing for it but that Jim should run with them all the way from Grandfather's house, which stood nearly a mile from the village. He arrived just in time to see the old man standing on the platform and fumbling in his pocket. Wasn't Jim glad, for

Grandfather could not read a word without his spectacles. Jim somehow thought it was solemn hearing the Declaration read that day. It was as if Grandfather had been preaching and said, 'Remember this, and shew yourselves men.' When the band played 'The Star Spangled Banner' he felt that he wanted to be a man and a real American. By and by America will have new things to remember. You boys and girls have them already. What are they? Stories of noble deeds of courage, and self-forgetfulness, and many more of love and faith. You have all heard of boys who dared everything because they felt that God was on their side.

The good of remembering is that it sometimes leads us to make resolutions. 'When I'm a man'—'When I'm a grown-up woman.' These are days for filling in what you resolve to do. Make the resolution, and ask God to help you to keep it; boys and girls have a habit of forgetting. Here is a wish for a boy that I read just the other day.

I wish for him
strength; that he may be strong in every limb,
stubborn and fearless, with no cover to thank,
fighting for men with men in the front rank.

I wish him kind;
that he may have the weak always in mind:
such kindness as first treads the path of fear,
not tendance on the wounded in the rear.

Let him be flame,
quenchless and vital, in all winds the same;
fuse soul and body, and refine through years
judgment from passion, joy from his burning tears.

So let him live:
love work, love rest, love all that life can give;
and when he grows too weary to feel joy,
leave life, with laughter, to some other boy.¹

II.

Sham Lions and Real Lions.

'The sluggard saith, There is a lion in the way;
A lion is in the streets,'—Pr 26¹⁸.

I.

That was what the sluggard said. When his wife wanted him to get up and go out to earn their daily bread, he turned over groaning and hid his head under the blankets. Oh, dear no, don't ask

¹ G. W. Young, *Freedom*, 17.

him to go out! There was a lion on the doorstep, a great big, fierce, hungry beast! And what would she do if it made a breakfast of him? Who would earn her bread then? No, no, his life was far too valuable to risk. He was much safer in bed. And so in a few minutes he was snoring again.

But if any one had suggested chaining that lion or shooting him, what do you suppose the sluggard would have said?—He would have cried out, 'Oh no, no! Leave him there, *do* leave him! I couldn't possibly get along without him. He is my very good friend.'

For, I want to tell you a secret. That lion was not a real lion at all. He was a made-up lion put there by the lazy man himself to excuse his not going out to work. He had no real reason for refusing to go out, and so he had to invent one, and the lion idea was a splendid one. Nobody could ever expect him to risk his life.

I wonder if there are any lions in your streets? Are there any excuses that you keep handy when you have to do something troublesome or disagreeable? Most people keep a few lions ready for such times. Some people keep a whole menagerie of them. There are the lions that we keep outside the bedroom door when we have to get up in the morning. They are very fierce and very real, and it would never do to risk facing them. There are the lions that get in the way of our being obliging or doing any little unpleasant duty. There are the lions that await us on the threshold if we dare to venture to school, that block our path when we should be learning home lessons.

I was reading the other day about two boys who invented a wonderful lion of that kind. They were boarders at the same school, and one evening both were late for preparation. Of course the master, after the manner of masters, demanded the reason. So the first boy told a wonderful story of how he had been asleep and had dreamt he was going to Folkestone on a steamboat; and when he heard the school bell he thought it was the boat bell. Then the master turned to the second boy and asked why he was late. 'Please, sir,' he replied, 'I was waiting to see him off!'

Now, if you have made the acquaintance of any of these stuffed lions, will you cut them as quickly as you can. Nobody really believes in them—not even yourself—and they can do you no good. For though they are only shams they are feeding a

very real lion that lives in your heart. That lion's name is Laziness, and if you make a pet of him, he will gradually devour all that is best in you.

II.

We have been speaking about sham lions, but are there no real lions in the street? Oh yes, there are. There are nearly always lions in the way of anything that is worth doing or worth having. There are very often lions in the way of our doing right. These lions are called 'Difficulties,' and they are put there, not to frighten us away, but to make us strong, and brave, and true. If we get frightened and run away they will overcome us; but if we face them, we shall overcome them.

In the old church of St. Katherine Cree, in London, a curious service is held every year on the 16th of October, and what is called the 'Lion Sermon' is preached. This service has taken place for two hundred and fifty years, and this is the story of it.

Once upon a time there lived in the city of London a good man called Sir John Gayer who became Lord Mayor of London. At one time Sir John was travelling in Asia, and when he and his caravan were passing through a desert place he found himself face to face with a lion. The rest of his company had gone on in front and there was nobody to help him; he was quite alone. What was he to do? Well, he remembered that God could help him as He had helped Daniel in the den of lions. So he knelt down and asked Him to shut the mouth of the lion. And when he rose from his knees the wild beast had disappeared. Had he tried to run away it would have pursued him, but his courage in facing it, and his strange behaviour in thus kneeling down, had frightened it away. When he came back to London Sir John set aside a sum of money to provide gifts for the poor every 16th of October, and he arranged that a sermon should also be preached on that date to tell the generations to come how God had delivered him from the mouth of the lion.

Now I don't know what your special lion is. Perhaps it is a hard lesson you find it almost impossible to master; perhaps it is some disagreeable task that lies in front of you; perhaps it is a hot temper that threatens to get the better of you. I don't know what your lion is, but I do know that the very worst thing you can do is to run away

from it. If you do that the lion will be the victor. If you do that you will prove yourself a coward and you will make it easier for the next lion that comes along to conquer you.

Will you remember two things about these lions. First they usually are not nearly so terrible or so fierce as they look. Very often their terror is just a picture in our own mind. We imagine that they are much stronger and fiercer than they really are, and when we face them we find they are quite tame and gentle. But it is only by facing them we can find out. Here is a poem I came across the other day, and although the difficulty is called a giant, not a lion, a giant and a lion are very much the same when it comes to facing them.

There came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face,
And cried, 'Who cares for you?'

The mighty giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale, and thin, and small;
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low.
'Is this,' I cried, with glowing pride,
'Is this the mighty foe?'

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb—
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.¹

And the other thing I want you to remember is that God is always on our side against the lions. If you feel afraid remember the story of Sir John Gayer and how he was delivered from the lion. God lets the lions cross our path to make us brave and strong, and He is always willing and ready to help us to conquer them.

¹ C. Mackay, *A Garland of Verse*, 101.

III.

The End that Counts.

'Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.'
—Ec 7⁸.

I once lived in the same house with a little girl who was very clever with her hands. She could sew, she could knit, she could crochet, and she was always busy with some piece of work. She seemed to be tremendously keen on what she was doing, but I noticed that her piece of work was never very long the same. She seemed to be constantly starting something new, and what happened to the old piece I could not tell. One day I found the little maid in tears. Between her sobs she told me the whole sad story. A new governess had arrived, and she had discovered in a drawer a score of half-finished pieces of embroidery, a dozen small scraps of crochet, and six or seven knitted articles that boasted a first half, but badly wanted a second. She had found them all—this clever governess—and she had then and there decreed that not another piece of work should that little damsel begin till she had finished every one of those she had cast aside. It took her months and months and months, and it cost her many a sigh and many a tear ere she reached the end of that drawer full of work. But wasn't she proud the day the last stitch went into the last article? You should have seen how she beamed! And she had learned her lesson in the meantime. And she hasn't forgotten it since.

i. Now our text teaches us the very same lesson. It tells us that *the end is better than the beginning*. Everything has two ends—a beginning end, and an ending end—and it is the ending end that counts. There are many young people in the world who are magnificent starters. They set out on any new undertaking with a tremendous flourish of trumpets. You feel that what they are going to do should be a success, for they seem to be putting their whole heart into it. But alas! they are only starters. Their fatal fault is that they can't keep at it, so they never get any further. Their enthusiasm burns so hot at first that it quickly burns itself out. We have a proverb, 'Well begun is half done,' and a good beginning is not to be despised, but twenty yards ahead at the start of a race is not so important as twenty yards ahead at the goal. It's the keeping going that matters, and the people who have done the

greatest things in the world have been, as a rule, not those who were cleverest at school and carried off all the prizes, but the people who were considered quite ordinary in class, but who made up their minds to 'get there.'

We'd all be better of a little of the bull-dog nose. The bull-dog nose is not what you could call a pretty shape, but it is splendidly useful; for the flat wrinkly way it slants back enables the bull-dog to breathe and to hold on to his enemy at the same time. It is because he is able to hold on that he wins the fight. And victory in life is always to the boy or girl who holds on. We speak of holding on to the *bitter* end. That is a mistake. We should speak of holding on to the *sweet* end; for the joy and glow of a task well done is ten times sweeter than the joy of a task well begun.

2. But I should like to tell you something most important—*don't long too much for the end*. If you are always counting how many rows of knitting there are before the garment can be finished, or how many pages there are before the end of the lesson book can be reached, if you are always sighing for the end, it won't help you to get there. The more you count and the more you sigh, the longer you'll be on the way. You will be like a clock I heard of the other day. It began to count how many seconds it would have to tick before

the end of the year. It got so worried when it thought of the enormous number of times its pendulum would have to swing backwards and forwards that it determined to save itself further trouble by stopping altogether. Some of us are like that foolish clock. We think only how difficult it is to reach the end, and we forget how easy it is to take one tick at a time. Why, if we went on steadily tick by tick we'd be at the end almost before we knew! Don't think of everything at once. Think of the little bit in front of you, and determine to do that well. Climb your ladder step by step, instead of looking up at the top step and saying to yourself, 'How am I ever to get up there?'

3. The last thing I should like to say is this. *There is no such thing as an end*. Every end is just a new beginning. If you have won success, and have got the prize you worked for, don't sit down and do nothing more. Make that success the starting-point for a greater success. Don't be content with an end. Turn it into a beginning. That is the true secret of advancement. It is the secret of life itself. Life never ends. Christ told us that death is not an end, it is only a new beginning. It is a beginning of something more glorious than we can ever dream or imagine; for who knows what wonderful things we may not do when at last we go to be with Christ?

'Are they few that be saved?'

(ST. LUKE xiii. 23).

BY THE REV. RAYNER WINTERBOTHAM, M.A., CANON OF EDINBURGH.

It is useless to ask what this anonymous inquirer meant precisely by his question. It is useless to contend for this or that shade of meaning to be attached to *οἱ σωζόμενοι*. That sort of thing has been vastly overdone, and leads to nothing certain. Our Lord's reply corresponds exactly to the broad and obvious sense in which the question has been repeated with ever-increasing emphasis and insistence by fifty generations of Christians—but never with such insistence as by the Christians of to-day. We want to know, approximately, broadly, what the final result and outcome of our Lord's Incarnation and Atonement is to be on the happiness or

misery of mankind. It seems indeed absurd that we should have to ask the question at all, in face of the overwhelming fact that the Son of God was made man, and died upon a cross, for the very purpose of saving us all. Yet the minute we begin to study either the Scriptures or the records of Christian opinion we meet with a thousand difficulties, reservations, doubts, and contradictions. It really is not any use to put aside the question as though it did not concern us: it *does*. And, as a fact, almost all Christians are more or less explicitly answering it for themselves, without guidance, without authority (whether of Church or of Bible),

and in all manner of different and incompatible ways. When it is the eternal fate of the great mass of mankind that is concerned, it is no use saying 'wait and see.' In this country, at any rate, individualism is rapidly dying. In a broad sense we are all socialists, syndicalists. The call and claim of our common humanity is asserting itself victoriously, and more especially—as is fitting—in religion. What of all these others, O Lord—what of them? Are we to think of 'the saved'—as most of our forebears did—as only a 'few' out of so many?

By way of entrance into this tremendous question, it is worth while to direct attention to a writing which once had a great vogue among both Jews and Christians, but has now fallen into undeserved contempt and almost complete neglect. This strange product of the later Judaism stands as '2 Esdras' in the Anglican Apocrypha. 'Whether it was actually tinctured with belief in Christianity, or whether the present text contains certain Christian interpolations, is really quite unimportant for the purpose before us. It is quite *possible* (though not probable) that it was the author of this book who asked the famous question, 'Are they few that be saved?' If he had come from Alexandria in his early youth to see what answer he could find in Jewry to a question which already agitated his soul, he might well have sought to see and hear the Prophet from Nazareth of Galilee, and to ask His opinion. Writing in his old age, after the destruction of Jerusalem, the same dread question obsessed him with a deeper horror of darkness, 'Why are the saved so few?' 'Must they be so few?' 'Cannot God Himself, the all-powerful and all-merciful, help its being so?' It is this one question which the author, under the transparent pseudonym of Ezra, urges again and again, not so much upon his readers as upon God. The extreme sadness of his outlook is nowhere more poignantly expressed than in 7⁴⁶⁻⁵⁶, 'I answered them and said, This is my first and last saying, that it had been better that the earth had not given thee¹ Adam: or else, when it had given him, to have restrained him from sinning. For what profit is it for all that are in this present time to live in heaviness, and after death to look for punishment? O thou Adam, what hast thou done? for though it was thou that sinned, the evil is not fallen upon thee alone, but upon all of us that come of

¹ *I.e.* to God, see 3⁵.

thee. For what profit is it unto us, if there be promised us an immortal time, whereas we have done the works that bring death? . . . And that the glory of the Most High shall defend them which have led a pure life, whereas we have walked in the most wicked ways of all? . . . For while we lived and committed iniquity, we considered not what we should have to suffer after death. Then he answered and said, This is the condition of the battle, which man that is born upon the earth shall fight; that if he be overcome, he shall suffer as thou hast said: but if he get the victory, he shall receive the thing that I say.' 'This is the condition,' says the answer of God—as though there were some satisfaction to be derived from that. And so there might be if man had leave to decline the battle, as misliking the terms of it. But in truth, as Esdras pointed out, men are *compelled* to take up arms against a foe too strong for them, on this 'condition' that, if they *do* pull through, eternal joys and consolations shall be theirs; but if (as *seems* most likely) they fail, they shall rue it for ever in immeasurable pain.

It is, of course, an obvious thing to reply that this is indeed the logical conclusion of the matter according to the *Law*—which had no certain consolation or refuge for such as failed to keep it; but that *we* are not under the Law, but under grace. And grace means two things: it means that we have supernatural aid (if we seek it) against temptation; it means that though we fail there is forgiveness and restoration for all that truly repent and turn to Christ. This reply—as true as it is familiar—is of unspeakable worth and comfort to countless individuals *as* individuals, but it scarcely lightens the gloom as far as the general mass of mankind is concerned. For be it observed that 'Esdras,' in his expostulations with the Almighty, is evidently thinking, not of obedience required to an intricate and artificial ritual or ceremonial Law, but of obedience to the moral Law as laid down by Moses and the prophets. Now, we are still bound to that moral Law—cleared, indeed, of some ambiguous elements, but on the other hand made far and away more difficult, more searching, more comprehensive, by the authoritative teaching of our Lord. It is (apparently) as true under the New as it was under the Old, that we are to be judged according to our works; and our works, on any honest estimate, are wretchedly insufficient if

not positively evil. It is true—for we have it on the authority of our Lord—that the broad and easy path leads to the ‘everlasting bonfire,’ and many there be that walk therein: the strait and narrow way leads indeed to life eternal—but few there be that find it. Our Lord’s personal teaching therefore—His Galilean teaching, we may say—had on the face of it the general effect of increasing the sense of difficulty, the probability of loss; in other words, it deepened the gloom of the outlook, or rather of the *onlook*, in religion. If we take the Synoptic Gospels as a whole, and consider their testimony honestly and attentively, we can scarcely help acknowledging that whilst they convey many messages of infinite comfort and confidence to the individual, they do but increase our despondency with regard to the mass of mankind. But it is this ‘mass’ which matters for us to-day, even as it did for Esdras of old. For Esdras is peculiarly ‘modern’ in this respect also, that no assurances of his own salvation would divert his attention from the many that were lost. Again and again the Most High reminds him that he personally is all right, and tries to persuade him that the few righteous are much more worth thinking about than the many unrighteous: much more worth rejoicing over than the others are worth grieving for (see 2 Esdras 7, R.V., including the newly recovered portion, and 8). But although Esdras speaks very humbly before the Most High, yet he is not at all satisfied; the pain that gnaws him is not stilled. Presumably, in former ages almost all Christian people felt as the Most High wanted Esdras to feel. To-day we almost all sympathize with Esdras. We do not want any exceptional treatment; we should hate to owe anything to favouritism, or respect of persons, on the part of God; we want to take our chance alongside all our kith and kin, all our heathen ancestors, all our brothers and sisters by creation. That is certainly the feeling of nine-tenths of our men at the front, as well as of countless others at home. Christians, Moslems, heathens—they fight and fall side by side, with the same valour, the same joyful alacrity. They differ in many ways, but the Christians cannot and do not lay claim to any moral superiority. In the one thing that matters to a soldier they are the same. It would be worse than useless to suggest that they are utterly different for the purposes of the life to come. They are *not* different, it may be said, for

all men will be judged according to their works, and their works will be appraised according to the ability, according to the advantage, according to the conscience, of each; each will be tried by that moral standard which his religion has laid down, or his instinct recognized. Be it so. But that involves two insuperable difficulties. In the first place, it involves the condemnation of *all* Christians. The moral standards set up by our Lord are so high, so difficult, so searching, that no man can or does attain unto them. At the best he can but keep them in sight and strive to get near them. But our Lord, who is to be our judge, *has no other standard* by which to try us. He cannot possibly say, ‘I see that these My commandments are not suitable for the purpose of judging you; we will therefore substitute some easier ones.’ If the judgment is to be a *real thing* He must needs condemn us all. And what we demand is that the judgment be a *real thing*, the same for all, equally searching for all—or else that it be taken away altogether. Our individual fate, though it be for eternity, is as nothing compared with the imperative demand of the soul that God shall be just and the judgment be fair. In the second place, as concerns Christians only, judgment by works is hopelessly inconsistent with salvation by faith, or salvation by character, or salvation by sacramental incorporation in Christ. Take the case of the penitent robber, or of any other individual Christian, and you will easily see. If you want to believe the doctrines of salvation so lovingly taught, so abundantly taught, in the New Testament, you must so far modify your belief in judgment by works, limiting it here, encroaching on it there, that it *ceases to be effective*. It remains a formula which you accept, because St. Paul accepted it—or because it is of use to terrify sinners with—or because it testifies (in a crude way) to something quite different, namely, the ultimate necessity of every soul that is saved being conformed to the perfect pattern of Christ. This is unmistakably the attitude of the great mass of our people who are honest, and are not overridden by official or by popular religious teaching. They stand quite aloof from Christian eschatology, and from all the lore of heaven and hell, believing much that God is good, and acknowledging that man ought to be good too; taking for granted that every one in whom they are personally interested is, or will be, saved; assenting, perhaps, to the

statement that certain others (in whom they are not interested) will be lost. Meanwhile the educated and thoughtful minority, if concerned about religion, is more or less definitely convinced that we shall all go into a kind of 'purgatory'—call it by whatever name you like—and after being purged by repentance and remorse of our sins and shortcomings, shall be delivered thence through the mercy of God, and so pass into the eternal Home. It is easy of course to say, and almost as easy to show, that there is no foundation whatever in Scripture for such a belief. That does not alter the fact that it provides a refuge from a really intolerable difficulty. That difficulty is caused (inevitably) by the persistent attempt to teach salvation through grace and judgment by works as equally fundamental articles of the faith. The attempt involves practically the degradation of 'judgment' to a thing unreal, unfair, arbitrary, and essentially unrighteous, against which the conscience of mankind—once it is enlightened—is bound to protest more and more vehemently. What follows, then, as to the question we started with? It seems

to follow that in dealing with it we have to dismiss 'judgment by works' altogether. There is doubtless such a thing, but it is hopelessly impossible for us to understand either its principles or its methods. We have left to us the doctrines of grace, of the illimitable goodness of God, of the plenary satisfaction made by Christ, of the desire of the Most High that all should be saved. These may lead us to the same conclusion that was reached by Erskine of Linlathen, and before him (practically) by William Law. Or they may be countered and modified by considerations of human liberty and self-determination. Anyhow, the Christian community ought to recognize the pressing need there is for honest and outspoken (as well as reverent and careful) dealing with the subject. There exists to-day a tremendous danger lest the bulk of our people come to believe in the salvation of all men without any moral distinctions, and apart from any need for obedience or self-restraint. That, at any rate, however pleasing to the natural man, cannot be according to God.

Contributions and Comments.

The Royal Law.

'If ye fulfil the royal law, according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well' (Ja 2⁸, A.V. and R.V.).

The commentators upon this verse are divided between those who, with the Revisers, retain the literal translation of the word βασιλικός, interpreting it in various ways, *e.g.* as being given by the King (*i.e.* God or Christ), or as befitting persons who are kings and not slaves; and between others, who regard the word as used figuratively, to indicate that this law 'contains' or 'takes precedence of' all other laws. Weymouth follows the latter interpretation, but translates 'keeping the law as supreme.'

I would suggest that a more striking and appropriate sense would be obtained by translating '*the law of the kingdom*'; βασιλικόν being then the exact equivalent of τῆς βασιλείας of v.⁵, to which it points back. Mayor in his commentary shows that the absence of the article before νόμον does not forbid

the translation 'the' . . . (cf. the use of Πνεῦμα without the article for the Holy Spirit). I am not able to bring forward any parallels to show that βασιλικός may naturally be used as the adjectival form of βασιλεία as well as of βασιλεύς; but there would seem to be no inherent improbability in the suggestion. As the ideas of king and kingdom are so nearly related, while kingdom is used in a technical sense in the New Testament, such as it does not bear elsewhere, we would hardly expect to find an adjectival form of βασιλεία outside of the New Testament writings.

The proposed rendering has the following advantages. The Epistle of James is steeped in reminiscences of the teaching of our Lord as recorded in the Synoptic Gospels, and especially in the Sermon on the Mount. The gospel of Jesus was originally and pre-eminently the gospel of *the Kingdom*, *i.e.* the Kingdom of God. The prominent position assigned to the Beatitudes and the teaching that follows them in both Matthew and Luke indicate that these sayings were regarded

as setting forth the *laws* of the Kingdom. This is confirmed by the saying placed first in both Gospels, according to which the Kingdom 'belongs to' the poor. Jesus is more than once represented as saying or implying (especially in Mt 22⁴⁰) that the whole of the (moral) Law is summed up in the two commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . .' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour (fellow-man) as thyself.' It seems to follow from this that He would have also described this latter command as summing up not only the old Jewish law, but also His new moral law (as set out particularly in the 'Sermon').

Turning to the argument of Ja 2¹⁻⁹, we find in v.⁵ a reference to the 'poor' as 'heirs of the kingdom which He has promised to them that love him,' which is a direct echo of the first Beatitude. What more natural, then, than that the writer, when shortly after quoting the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' should describe it as νόμον βασιλικόν—'the law of the kingdom' which Jesus had promised to the poor?

STEPHEN HOBHOUSE.

Hoxton.

Romans iii. 25, 26.

SANDAY and Headlam *in loc.* rightly criticise A.V. translation of πάρεσις = 'remission' and suggest that Trench is rather to be followed, who (*N.T. Syn.* p. 110) translates it 'pretermision.' They suggest for πάρεσις 'putting aside,' and for ἄφεσις 'putting away.' This is an improvement on the A.V., for as Denney says¹: 'To take *διά τὴν πάρεσιν* as if it were equivalent to *διά τῆς ἀφέσεως*, in order to make forgiveness itself the manifestation of God's righteousness (*i.e.* His grace) is not to interpret the Apostle, but to re-write him.'

We must agree with these scholars that πάρεσις ought not to be translated 'remission,' for clearly something different from ἄφεσις is meant, else why another word? But their suggested translations do not seem satisfactory. For to take πάρεσις = 'passing over' of sins as R.V., or 'putting aside' (as S. H.), if, as appears to be the case, by this is meant 'not inflicting their punishment,' will not do, because the point of chapters 1 and 2 is that punishment has followed and inevitably must follow sin. (This punishment be it noted is what we moderns call 'the natural results of sin.') But

if we take πάρεσις to mean 'neglecting'—a perfectly possible meaning—this implies simply 'an absence of active intervention,' and must refer, not to absence of punishment, for that is taking place, but to absence of intervention in salvation.

But it may be objected that the following words 'in the forbearance of God' preclude this meaning, for they imply a holding back of the punishment of sin. But is this so? It obviously depends on the meaning of ἀνοχή, which occurs in N.T. only here and in Ro 2⁴, and in both places is translated 'forbearance.' But this is not the usual meaning, for Thayer's *Grimm* gives it as follows:—'*Toleration, forbearance*, in this sense only in Ro 2⁴, 3²⁶ (25) (In Gk. writ. a *holding back, delaying*. . . .)' Thus 'delaying' appears to be the more ordinary meaning of the term, and this is confirmed by recent research into its usage in the Papyri, for Moulton and Milligan give it as follows:—

ἀνοχή

P. Oxy. vii. 1068¹⁵ (iii./A.D.), 'ἀλλὰ ἡμερῶν ἀνοχὴν ἔχω,' and I have a delay of some days.'

If we take ἀνοχή then in this passage to mean 'a delaying' there is no necessity to suppose that it refers to punishment, it may equally well signify delaying to set forth the means of salvation. We should then have to translate the passage: 'To show His righteousness because of neglecting [to deal with] sins done in the past while God was delaying [*i.e.* to intervene in salvation.]'

Such a translation has an effect upon the interpretation of the whole passage, for it implies that it was not the failure to punish sin that led to a necessity for the vindication of God's justice, but that it was the delay to bring salvation from sin. A confirmation of this comes from the way in which Chrysostom (*Homily on Romans*, vii.) comments on the words. He says, '*On account of the relaxing of sins that were before.*' (I quote from the translation in the Library of the Fathers). . . . 'He [Paul] does not say for the sins, but *for the relaxing*, that is, the deadness. For there was no longer any hope of recovering health, but as the paralysed body needeth the hand from above, so doth the soul which hath been deadened. . . . For after we had given all over (he would say) and it were time to sentence us, and the evils were waxed great, and the sins were at their full, then He displayed His own power, that thou mightest learn how great is the abundancy of righteousness

¹ *Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation*, p. 158 n.

with Him. For this, had it taken place at the beginning, would not have had so wonderful and unusual an appearance as now, when every sort of cure was found unavailing.' Two points are noteworthy in this passage. (1) That Chrysostom explains the meaning of *πάρεσις* in a way which compels the English translator to give it a different English equivalent from the usual. And (2) He seems to think that the reference is rather to the delay in bringing salvation than to any delay in punishing. The last sentence seems conclusive on this point. Thus it appears that the view I am putting forward is closely akin to what Chrysostom regarded as the meaning of the passage. And the interpretation is reinforced by the obvious face-meaning of the last clause of v. 26: *εἰς τὸ εἶναι αὐτὸν δίκαιον καὶ δικαιοῦντα τὸν ἐκ πίστεως Ἰησοῦ*. For these words naturally mean that the self-justification of God and the justification of believers are not antithetical but complementary.

It only remains to notice that the translation of *ἀνοχή* (= 'delay') in Ro 2⁴ makes equally good sense with the usual 'forbearance.' In fact it does not alter the meaning of that passage.

WILLIAM E. WILSON.

*Woodbrooke Settlement,
Selly Oak, Birmingham.*

The Beloved Disciple.

AFTER the research of years the Fourth Gospel remains a baffling problem: 'Only those who have merely trifled with the problems it suggests are likely to speak dogmatically on the subject'; but while many of these problems are being unravelled in the patient and slow processes of scholarship, the plain reader can discover for himself truths that abide, whatever the verdict may be upon the origin and authorship and purpose of the book.

Scholars discuss eagerly who the 'Beloved Disciple' is meant to be. Is he the author, veiled in this beautiful pseudonym? Is he John, the son of Zebedee, or some John who lived in Jerusalem? Or is he an ideal figure? Or is he a historical figure with an ideal value read into his acts and words?

On any interpretation it is hard to escape from the thought, that this disciple is not as the others are—that there is something representative in him—that the author means his readers to know that all the people of Jesus may share in every age the

place near to Jesus which *that* disciple had. We are scarcely able to judge how far in the circle at Ephesus the ideal might be blended with the historical; but those who read the Fourth Gospel carefully can never be satisfied with any interpretation of it that does not make room for the presence of the ideal extension of acts and words and figures into the ages long after the Death and Resurrection of Jesus. It would not surprise a careful reader to find that by the Beloved Disciple the author means not simply a historical figure, but also the ideal disciple, or the inner Church of the intimates of Jesus.

The thoughts of the writer are upon two ages at once; he is in Jerusalem with Jesus, the Word made flesh; he is in Ephesus with Jesus the Christ, the Risen Lord, shedding His Spirit within human hearts. He sees around this Jesus the first group of disciples, and one near to Him, reclining on His bosom. At the same time he sees another and a larger group of disciples in Ephesus and other cities known to him, and in that group he discerns one disciple-heart, shared by many lives, and in itself an extension of that life, which was a pure response to Jesus. He hears the Word always the same; he hears always the same response. Jesus still the same: the Beloved Disciple still the same.

The experiences of *That Disciple* were for ever being repeated, wherever the loving heart knew in The Last Supper the touch of Jesus—wherever by faith he stood before the Cross, and heard the dying words of Jesus with their ever-new bearing. The Beloved Disciple need not be named; he had a thousand names.

This disciple comes into the story on the eve of the Great Sacrifice. In the hours of communion on the night in which Jesus was betrayed, he is revealed as leaning upon Jesus' bosom. It is a scene of betrayal, and of blind devotion, and yet over against the traitor and over against the blind love of the other disciples, there is the Intimate Friend of Jesus near to Him and in His secret. There in 'the eternal drama of God's wisdom and love' we see the Master, and the earthly response and pledge of all after-responses side by side.

Within the group there is one in whom the darkness has made its home; others in whom doubt and ignorance dwell; but there is One, who listens and understands and hears. So it is always. At the Lord's Supper, wherever it is celebrated, there is always in every Church the Beloved Disciple;

where the Love of God is offered, there will always be some who give a partial surrender, others will doubt though they never cease to love, but the true disciple-heart gives the answer for which the Lord waits, and furnishes the channel between Him and the world.

Again, he has access to the Hall of the High Priest to which in the gospel story he is able to introduce Simon Peter; in the hour when the Master is confronted by the High Priest and all the perverted religious system of His day, the Beloved Disciple is near; and to-day and in every age when the Saviour is in judgment, and the very systems which have for their purpose to express God, are against Him, then the disciples who are in His fellowship are by His side; He may awaken in Caiaphas and his circle only hatred and suspicion, but we are never to forget that Disciple.

At the Cross he is seen with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and the other women; there he listens to the words, 'Son, behold thy mother'; and afterwards he takes Mary into his home. Loisy declares that this is not history; but it is unsafe to rule out from the Fourth Gospel the historical basis, even if we admit what has been called the 'inspired meditation' element; yet it is difficult to imagine that the Evangelist gives this word from the Cross, simply to carry forward an interesting memory of the household of the faith in Jerusalem.

Surely the story carries in it the teaching that before the Cross a new community was formed; henceforth there were new bonds between human souls; there would be a household of faith in which the old ties would become transfigured and new ties formed. There were seen at the feet of the Crucified bonds of love which should make a new family, itself the earnest of the perfect human society.

The Beloved Disciple does not behold the Cross from afar; he is near to it, so near that he hears the call of the Divine Love and Compassion to him. He finds new kinships. There is no stricken mother to whom he must not henceforth be a son. Those who tarry near to the Cross discover all that the Beloved Disciple discovered. They become aware of a love, which laughs at all the old barriers and limitations. Their eyes are opened to see all men everywhere in the light of the Redeeming Love; they have seen at the Cross a vision of the new family, gathered unto Himself by the Eternal Love. But they pass with That Disciple to the Resurrection. He runs swifter than Peter; and arrives

first; he 'saw and believed,' though as yet he had not seen and communed with the Risen Lord. The Resurrection awakens an eager response in the Beloved Disciples. They are ready for it. The freshness of the Resurrection morning is on their souls; the joy of that strange world has something akin to it already in them. They see and believe though others wait. To them the story in the Fourth Gospel has never become dry; it is all a living and ever-present reality. 'The story was fresh, fresh,' said Yevgeny in *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem*, as he turned over the pages of St. John dreamily, 'but now it is dry, dry as a mummy. Once it was very real; we must not forget that.' Still to many it is very real; but they have more than historical imagination, they have spiritual insight. The Fourth Gospel is a sealed book, except to those who bring to it something more than intellectual equipment. But the man of faith and love shall not err therein.

And beyond the new levels of the Resurrection world there is the hint, that the life of the Beloved Disciple is lived in the foretaste of the final age, when He shall come. What Jesus meant by the words recorded, 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?' we cannot tell; but it is clear that in some way the thought of *That Disciple* was linked with the thought of the Lord's Coming. But John, son of Zebedee, did not live to see that day. May it not be in the mind of the Evangelist to suggest that though the individual life, which embodied the perfect heart of the disciple, passed from the earth, yet the Disciple-heart persisted from age to age. By one unbroken chain of loving souls the Saviour is linked to the hour of His return; there will always be the disciple, who responds to Him—always in all things essential the same Figure; his look will always be set to the future; in himself he gathers up all the memory and all the hope of the people of God.

All the wonders of the way
He remembers—till That Day.

It is to that intimate personal fellowship that the disciple of to-day is called. He cannot fill the place of Simon Peter, or of Thomas, or of Philip; but the place of this unnamed disciple is left for him; he can be the one whom Jesus loved—the passing embodying of the undying disciple-heart—the contemporary response to the Eternal Invitation.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

Hampstead.

Psalms xc. 17.

'THE beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.' What is the precise significance of the term 'beauty of the Lord our God'? Certain isolated interpretations present themselves immediately, the first being that the beauty of God's personal character is meant. Such æsthetic virtues as holiness, wisdom, and kindness exist ideally in Him. The phrase would then take the form of a prayer that these elements of beauty be reflected 'upon us' as an object reflects itself in a mirror.

Another plausible explanation of the phrase has reference to God's beauty as seen in nature. Such phenomena as the purity of nature's aims, the dignified ritual of her every action, and the absence of jarring sounds are instances in point (*i.e.* a thousand birds warbling each a different song produce not discord, but harmony; a thunder-peal, though an appalling sound, is not offensive to our natural sense). The petition then becomes a request that similarly with us there may be singleness of purpose, dignity of action, and no marring of the music of things.

Personally, I think that all interpretations of this text fail if they do not include both these phases. The passage reads: 'Let the beauty of the Lord (יהוה) our God (אלהים) be upon us.' In this manner, then, may not יהוה be taken as referring to the God of nature, and אלהים to God 'as God,' *i.e.* in His spiritual essence and godhead?

Indeed, by the very wording of the text this is evident, since it would be useless, from a moral standpoint, for men to expect the godly stamp upon their works unless their character itself first bore the same marks. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

In these terms, of course, the obvious application of the text is to Christ, in whom there dwelt the fullness of the Godhead wholly, and who did the works of Him that sent Him.

EDWARD BEAL.

Coleyville, Jamaica.

Luke vii. 2.

IF Dr. Abbott is right, and it seems he is, in restoring the proper meaning of ἐντιμος here, then all that is required is to give the amended translation, 'a certain centurion's servant, who was valued

by him,' or, 'who was held in esteem by him.' Either word, better than 'dear,' describes the mind of a good master toward a worthy servant.

C. F. HOGG.

London.

The Last Supper and the Passover.

IN spite of the ingenuity and learning displayed in the controversy as to whether the Last Supper was a legal Passover according to the Synoptists, or an ordinary meal as may be inferred from St. John's Gospel, it is astonishing that no one has noticed the obvious misreading in the Synoptists' account. Had that been taken into consideration the problem might have been nearer its solution than it now is. The error is in Mt 26¹⁷, Mk 14¹², and Lk 22⁷. What day in the Jewish calendar was the πρώτη τῶν ἁζύμων? The 15th of Nisan was called so יוֹם ראשֹׁן לַחַן הַפִּסּוֹחַ. It still goes by the title ראשֹׁן שֶׁל פֶּסַח. But this day is out of the question, as the legal time for eating the Passover was the previous evening. It was not the 14th. It has been conclusively shown by Chwolson (*Das letzte Passamahl Christi*, p. 3 ff.) that the 14th was not called the first day of unleavened bread. Any assertions to the contrary are arbitrary.¹ Nor is it likely that the disciples (and they were not supposed to know that our Lord would facilitate it) would postpone the preparation for the Passover to the last day. That involved more than a few hours. Procuring a lamb, and a suitable εἶσιμος place within the walls at a time when the city was thronged with worshippers and where accommodation to the pilgrims was given gratis, would be objects of solicitation to the disciples long before the day of eating the Passover. The usual appellation of the day was the eve of the Passover ערב פסח Aram. מועל יומא דפסחא and ערובת פסחא. On the previous evening a final and ceremonial search for leaven was made after Vesper and before the evening meal. The leaven thus found was stored up carefully for annihilation on the following day. A sufficient amount of leaven for the evening meal and for the following day was reserved. It is not likely that our Lord and His disciples would indulge in a δειπνὸν and wine on such an evening.

¹ *E.g.*, Mr. Gwilliam's 'The reasonable conclusion is, that, in a popular way of speaking, a day before the legal day had acquired the name of first day of Azuma' is begging the question (*H.D.C.S.* ii. 6^b).

The following day leaven might be eaten the first four hours, discontinued on the fifth, and ceremonially disowned and burned on the sixth hour, after which only meat, fruit, and vegetables, but not unleavened bread, might be partaken of (see Pes. 107^b, 108^a). Maimonides asserts (*Yad. Cham. Umaz.* vi. 12) that whosoever eats unleavened bread on the 14th before the evening might be beaten to death. There is therefore nothing in the customs and observances of the day to justify its being styled a day of unleavened bread. Much less could the 13th of Nisan be so called. It is evident, therefore, that there is an error in the above texts. Fortunately we have no need to resort to a gloss to correct it. It is only an error of punctuation. The *πρώτη τῶν ἀζύμων* in Matthew and Mark belong to the previous verses. The Jewish authorities decided that the apprehension and execution of Jesus should not take place on the feast day, but Judas, for reasons of his own, found it convenient *ἐνκαιρῶς* to betray Him on the first day of unleavened bread, and *succeeded*. Accordingly Mt 26⁶ would read 'sought opportunity to betray him on the first day of the feast of unleavened bread]' closing the parenthesis which commenced v.³ A similar emendation should be observed in Mk 14¹¹. The *ἅπαρ ὄχλον* of Lk 22⁶, whether part of Judas' intention or a reflexion of the Evangelist, if correct, further fixes the hour in the *πρώτη τῶν ζαύμων*, i.e. in the night or at time of eating the Passover. In 22⁷ the *ἡμέρα τῶν ἀζύμων* without further definition and compared with *ἐορτὴ τῶν ἀ.* of v.¹ gives the text the appearance of having been tampered with to assimilate it with that of Matthew and Mark. The *δέ* in Mt 26¹⁷ was originally after *προσῆλθον*. The latter, like the *λέγουσιν* in Mk 14¹², is commencement of a new sentence and a reply to our Lord's declaration of the forthcoming Passover. The *καί* is a late insertion. *There is nothing corresponding to it in the Lewis Syriac Gospels*. It is to be regretted that that valuable version lacks the corresponding passages in Matthew and Luke.

It is therefore a legal Passover on the eve of 15th Nisan the Synoptists mean to record. The passages adduced against it are in themselves not sufficient to disprove it. Thus the lamb, if not mentioned, is directly implied in *φαγεῖν τὸ πάσχα*. Simon of Cyrene's return from the field need not necessarily imply a return from work and that therefore the day was a work day. The swords

which the Apostles carried were probably only daggers used also as implements and may be worn on festivals. R. Eliezer is of opinion (*Sab.* vi. 4) that even on Sabbath days a man may carry sword, bow, shield, and spear, because they are ornaments. The release of a criminal as an act of grace, the choice being left to the people, must have taken place at the feast when the people were at leisure, and not at a busy time, as the 14th of Nisan would be. *Κατὰ δὲ ἐορτήν* (Mt 27¹⁵, Mk 15⁶) without the article may be rendered *singulis festis*. Spitta's suggestion therefore (see *Expositor*, 1898, p. 89) that the object was to enable the prisoner to keep the Passover is untenable, apart from the fact that even if released on the 14th the prisoner would, after contamination contracted in a Roman prison, be disqualified from eating the Passover the same day.

Nothing to our purpose can be gathered from the procedure of the Sanhedrin at the trial of our Lord. If the rules laid down in the Mishnah were then in force a session of the high court in a case of capital punishment would be as irregular on the 14th as on the 15th of Nisan (Pes. 82^a).

Ἀγοράσας, Mk 15⁴⁶, may be a translation of *קנה*, which in Hebrew and Aramaic signifies both to buy and to possess; see, e.g., Zec 11⁵ R.V. and margin. But in any case the burial of the dead, including such things as 'the making of a bier, preparing the grave clothes, and the cutting up of the spices,' might be done on festivals, except that on the first day of the feast it was recommended that the work should be done by Gentiles where obtainable (*Sab.* 139^{a-b}). See also Maim., *Yad. Yom Tob.* i. 23 and comments, and *Shulch. 'Ar. Abeloth*, 399.

To an Aramaic original must be referred Mt 27⁶². It is difficult to see why 'the following day' should be defined as 'after' a day of lesser importance, unless the writer meant to convey that it was very shortly after Friday. The sacred body was taken down from the cross for a hasty and temporary entombment on the approach of evening (v.⁵⁷) while it was still Friday (Mk 15⁴²). On the Sabbath the act would have been unlawful. Shortly after, at the appearance of the first three stars, the 'following day' would commence. While it was still twilight the Sanhedrin would take precautions to secure the body against a night theft. The original must have been *לאורחא דבתר ערובתא* the following day (in the twilight) after Friday.

אורחא like the Talm. אור (Pes. 1^a, R. Hash. 22^b. Perhaps also Jb 24¹⁴) the commencement of the night.

The Jewish calendar, until its history is better known, must be left out of this inquiry. While it is most probable that at the time of our Lord the exact duration of a lunar month was known by those Sanhedrists who were initiated into the 'Mystery of Intercalation,' and that they were also acquainted with the Metonic Cycle, there is evidence that the rule *Badu* was not yet in exist-

ence. If the 15th of Nisan fell on *Badu*, i.e. on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, the Day of Atonement would be either on Friday or on Sunday, thus creating two consecutive Sabbath days, and the Great Hosanna would be on a Sabbath. But from Men. xi. 7 we gather that the Day of Atonement did sometimes fall on a Friday, and from Pes. vii. 10 that the 16th of Nisan could be on a Saturday.

A. E. SUFFRIN.

Waterlooville, Hants.

Entre Nous.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POETRY.

II.

Poems on Children.

MANY poets have written about children. One cannot wonder, for to the poetical mind there is always an attraction about what is both mysterious and beautiful.

Part of the mystery of childhood is its intensity. The child traffics in what he himself fails to understand: it is as Tagore says in *The Crescent Moon*: 'On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the tractless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.'¹ No wonder that the words of wisdom which they sometimes speak fall on the ear of the poet with a sound that pains even while it fascinates.

But among the many poets who have had something to say about children, not one has said such unforgettable things as Francis Thompson. Child after child came within his ken, and awakened songs that, if they were lovely, were also unspeakably sad. Some one has said that wherever he saw a cradle, there he saw a cross. The pure joy of Blake, the faith of Wordsworth, the childlikeness of George Macdonald, the Christian assurance of

Christina Rossetti are all absent; nor did he, like Robert Louis Stevenson, speak as a child to children. But we would not have Francis Thompson's poems about children different. They, more than anything else that he has written, give us a glimpse of the real man; the man who for years wandered hither and thither amid the evil that is in the world and whose spiritual garments remained unsoiled. Though physically battered, 'Thompson's spirit rose from the penal waters fresh as Botticelli's Venus,' and his experience became a veil through which he looked back upon his own boyhood. As he looked, he said, 'Childhood is tragic to me.'

Daisies, that little children pull,
As ye are weak, be merciful!
O hide your eyes! they are to me
Beautiful insupportably.
Or be but conscious ye are fair,
And I your loveliness could bear;
But, being fair so without art,
Ye vex the silted memories of my heart!

Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair
Apparelling
With which you wet mine eyes; you wear,
Ah me, the garment of the grace
I wove you when I was a boy;
O mine, and not the year's, your stolen Spring!
And since ye wear it,
Hide your sweet selves! I cannot bear it.²

¹ R. Tagore, *The Crescent Moon*, 3, 4.

² *The Works of Francis Thompson*, ii. 191, 192.

The reference in 'To Olivia' is convincing on the same point.

White flake of childhood, clinging so
To my soiled raiment, thy shy snow
At tenderest touch will shrink and go.
Love me not, delightful child.
My heart, by many snares beguiled,
Has grown timorous and wild.
It would fear thee not at all,
Wert thou not so harmless-small.
Because thy arrows, not yet dire,
Are still unbarbed with destined fire,
I fear thee more than hadst thou stood
Full-panoplied in womanhood.¹

The little Meynells were not the only children whom Francis Thompson loved. Once he visited some poor little East-end sufferers at an hospital in which Miss Kate Douglas King took a great interest. Writing to him later, she said:

'When you were by your little genius's bed and the baby Percy with his white shoes on was at your knee, that was to me a revelation! I think of you now with that infant's serious, confiding face upturned to you. It was all so natural. To some people a child is a pretty ornamental addition. Your personality now seems incomplete without the child as the natural and exquisite finish to the whole man.'²

The words of Hawthorne, quoted in Mr. Everard Meynell's biography of the poet, might have been written about Francis Thompson: 'Lingering always so near his childhood, he had sympathies with children, and kept his heart the fresher thereby, like a reservoir into which rivulets are flowing not far from the fountain-head.'

The *Poems on Children* have the quality of Thompson's greatest work. 'Daisy' may lack somewhat in strength; but where could one find a more perfect picture of innocence? It is entirely after Thompson's manner, for while a Wordsworthian atmosphere pervades it—the 'clouds of glory' are certainly there—his sadness shows like a haze which dims but beautifies. Daisy's beauty 'smoothed earth's furrowed face,' but he knew he had to part from her:

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.³

Memory and regret made his sadness bitter. As a young man he had failed to 'arise,' and he knew it. The arresting poem of 'The Poppy' tells us so. Its opening verses make a piece of wonderful word painting, revealing the bold touch of an artist who luxuriates in the effects of strong colour:

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
And left the flushed print in a poppy there:
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,
And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth, red like a lion's, it drank
The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank,
And dipped its cup in the purpurate shine
When the eastern conduits ran with wine.

Till it grew lethargied with fierce bliss,
And hot as a swinked gipsy is,
And drowned in sleepy savageries,
With mouth wide a-pout for a sultry kiss.⁴

Doubtless Thompson meant but to 'frame' the simple picture that follows; that of a careless child putting a flower into the hand of a man who has many regrets. We know the man was Thompson: the poppy that Monica—Mr. Meynell's little daughter—picked and gave with 'keep it, long as you live' was found long afterwards in the leaves of his own copy of *Poems*—the only volume of his works that he kept by him. Hand in hand the two walked one summer evening:

But between the clasp of his hand and hers
Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

Reading Morris's 'Dear Little Hand,' we note the contrast between the poets and their habit of thought:

Dear little hand that clasps my own,
Embrown'd with toil and seamed with strife;
Pink little fingers not yet grown
To the poor strength of after-life,—
Dear little hand!⁵

¹ *Works*, i. 20.

² *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 250, 251.

³ *Works*, i. 4.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 6.

⁵ *The Works of Sir Lewis Morris*, 46.

By a natural and childlike action, Monica sets Thompson dreaming:

She turned, with the rout of her dusk South hair,
And saw the sleeping gipsy there;
And snatched and snapped it in swift child's whim,
With—'Keep it, long as you live!'—to him.¹

His dreams were troubled: 'the flower of sleep' awakened the memory of his 'twenty shrivelled years,' and the thought of what love for an unconscious and fickle child meant to him:

I am but, my sweet, your foster-lover,
Knowing well when certain years are over
You vanish from me to another;
Yet I know, and love, like the foster-mother.

So, frankly fickle, and fickly true!
For my brief life-while I take from you
This token, fair and fit, meseems,
For me—this withering flower of dreams.²

Then we have his reflexions on the 'sleep-flower' and his own withered life:

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.³

For his only hope in life is in those deathless dreams of his:

Love, love! your flower of withered dream
In leaved rhyme lies safe, I deem,
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leaved rhyme
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.⁴

'Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.' Francis Thompson would probably imagine himself a playmate of children there. But the very awe he felt in the presence of the little Meynells kept him from getting a place in their memories 'like that of Brin, the friend who hit a ball over the farm roof, the boy who twisted the cows' tails as he drove the cattle up from the pastures at night, or the hard old man who, stooping over his work in the vegetable garden, suddenly rose up

and threw a stone as big as a potato at a truant boy.'⁵ These were things for a London child to marvel at. We scarcely think Thompson would have joined them in their games. 'The poet himself, as gentle as children, is remembered, and remembered vaguely, as part of the general gentle world.' But we believe he entered into their play with a sort of mystic fellowship. 'To Monica thought Dying' pictures him at the child's bedside, suffering to agony as he listens to the childish babble of her games in delirium:

'A cup of chocolate,
One farthing is the rate,
You drink it through a straw.'
This dreadful Death to his own dreadfulness
Doth dreadful wrong,
This dreadful childish babble on his tongue.
That iron tongue made to speak sentences,
And wisdom insupportably complete,
Why should it only say the long night through,
In mimicry of you,—
'A cup of chocolate,
One farthing is the rate,
You drink it through a straw, a straw, a straw.'⁶

Death's ironies press upon him, and such is the sincerity of the poem that his suffering haunts the reader; he is unable to lay it aside with the book:

Why did you teach that fatal mouth to draw,
Child, impermissible awe,
From your old trivialness?

Why have you taught—that he might so complete
His awful panoply
From your cast playthings—why,
This dreadful childish babble to his tongue,
Dreadful and sweet?⁷

'The Making of Viola' is a pearl of price. 'All other writers,' says Alice Meynell, 'make their words dance on the ground with a certain weight, but these go in the blue sky.' Much of the language in it is drawn from the ritual of the Church to which Mr. Thompson belonged; it came naturally to him. He himself stated that the spirit of 'The Making of Viola' was but the natural temper of his Catholic training in a simple provincial home. To a certain extent that may be true; but in a wider sense 'The Making of Viola' but gives expression to the thoughts of one who was of the great brotherhood of mystic poets. The Indian poet Tagore is of the company, so

¹ *Works*, i. 6.

² *Ibid.* i. 8.

³ *Ibid.* i. 8.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 9, 11.

⁵ E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 118.

⁶ *Works*, i. 11.

⁷ *Ibid.* i. 11, 12.

was the saintly Scottish poet George Macdonald. In his little poem 'Baby,' the latter has the lines :

Feet whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

And both Macdonald and Tagore speak of the tear as a first gift of earth :

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got there.¹

And Tagore :

Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss.

It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears.²

But Francis Thompson gives to the thoughts the magic touch that makes imperishable music of them :

The Father of Heaven.

Child-angels, from your wings
Fall the roseal hoverings,
Child-angels, from your wings,
On the cheeks of Viola.

Angels.

Linger, rosy reflex, a
Quenchless stain, on Viola !

All things being accomplished, saith the Father of Heaven :

Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
Bear her down on spyless wing,
Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
With a sound of Viola.

Angels.

Music as her name is, a
Sweet sound of Viola !

Baby smiled, mother wailed,
Earthward while the sweetling sailed ;
Mother smiled, baby wailed,
When to earth came Viola.

And her elders shall say :

So soon have we taught you a
Way to weep, poor Viola !
Smile, sweet baby smile,
For you will have weeping-while ;
Native in your Heaven is smile,—
But your weeping, Viola ?

Whence your smiles we know, but ah !
Whence your weeping, Viola ?—
Our first gift to you is a
Gift of tears, my Viola !³

Francis Thompson's *Poems on Children* are a poet's legacy. They give us the simple sincere thoughts of a great artist. And in making the

child Jesus the subject of the last of the set, Thompson, as it were, inscribes upon the little collection the A.M.D.G. of his exercise books. Regrets and the pains of memory have no place in his thoughts of the Sacred Child. There are memories ; but they are of the 'simple provincial home' in which there was a mother, and where religion had a big place ; doubtless too he remembered the Church which gave him much of his early religious instruction.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I ?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me ?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way ?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long ?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee ?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right ?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said ?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small :
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way ?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own ;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say : 'O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one.'

And He will smile that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young.⁴

Few people will read these little poems (there are but seven of them) without feeling that there are health-giving breezes other than those of nature's hills. They come from Francis Thompson's homeland.

⁴ *Works*, i. 21.

¹ *Poetical Works of George Macdonald*, ii. 158.

² R. Tagore, *The Crescent Moon*, 8.

³ *Works*, i. 14-16.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

MESSRS. JAMES CLARKE & Co. have published for the Free Church Council a volume of essays and addresses on the issues raised by the War. The title is *Problems of To-morrow, Social, Moral, and Religious* (4s. 6d. net). The volume is readable throughout and worth reading, but somewhat miscellaneous. Prudently enough the editor, the Rev. Fred. A. REES, has brought its contents within two book covers and left them there. Right in the middle there is a paper by Dr. Rendel HARRIS on the eternal youthfulness of Christ, a truly charming paper which some of us would buy the book for, but it has nothing to do with the problems of to-morrow. Nearly all the rest of the authors have something to say about the problems and their solution. It is left to Dr. John OMAN and the last paper to tell us definitely what is wrong and how to set it right.

This is what is wrong. We have been content to believe what we have been in the habit of believing and to do what we have been in the habit of doing. In one word, our religion has been *tradition*.

Now it is right that our religion should 'begin with tradition to begin with. We must begin by believing what we are taught to believe, and by doing what the religious people around us are doing. But the time has to come when we believe and do

for ourselves. To some it comes imperceptibly; to others it comes catastrophically. The men at the front have had to believe and act for themselves, and to most of them the change has been catastrophic. The War has thrown them out of their habits. There is nothing to which the ministers of religion who have had to do with them bear more unanimous testimony than this. The men have discovered that for the greater part they have never had a religion. It has been tradition. And tradition is not religion.

There are three ways, says Dr. OMAN, in which tradition takes the place of religion. He says so because he finds that the men say so. First, there is the tradition of Orthodoxy. A correct creed is not religion.

Now that does not mean that the men at the front have rebelled against the doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine of the Incarnation and Divinity of Jesus Christ, or even the doctrine of the Resurrection from the dead. These are the difficulties of the men of thought, not of the men of action. It is the philosopher in his study, not the soldier in the field, that is troubled about miracle.

The soldier's objection to the tradition of Orthodoxy is that he has been taught to believe and not to do. In the trenches he has discovered that it

is conduct that tells, not creed. Very likely he has rushed to the opposite extreme and made conduct everything. But he is certainly right when he says in his own way, however different that may be from the way in which James the apostle said it, that faith without works is dead.

This then is the first thing that is wrong with the religion of the Churches. Let us accept the situation into which the War has led us. Let us meet the demand which the men at the front are making upon us. Let us see to it that henceforth we will not pretend to believe what we do not believe. Above all, let us make sure that our creed never seems one step in front of our behaviour.

The second tradition is the tradition of Conventionality.

One of the discoveries which the men at the front have made is that in the great crises of life, caste goes to the wall. In the crisis of this war the servant has been made an officer and the master has remained a private. And the sense of incongruity, so strong for us, has been unfelt by them. 'I noticed,' says one of the writers in this book, 'I noticed the very courteous salute which a young officer returned to one of the men. "Do you know that officer?" said I to the man, whose speech showed he was no ordinary person. "Yes," said he, "he was my father's private secretary."'

Ah, this is a more difficult matter than the other. We agree that our conduct should correspond with our creed, however short we come of the correspondence. But we do not even agree that there should be no difference between man and man. We raise objections to such a thing as a doctrine of human equality. We dare to doubt the Lord's own wisdom in all that He said about the rich and the poor; we deny the inspiration of the Apostle Paul when he declared that we are all one in Christ Jesus.

But what are we to do with the men when they come home? If we imagine that they will settle

down again to the old conventions of caste and clique we shall find ourselves mistaken. They have seen the futility of it all. They have found out the monstrous mischief of it. The West-end Church and the East-end Church and the Mission-hall for the lowest of all—they will insist, they tell us in their emphatic tongue, on having the whole thing 'scrapped.' And how shall we be able to resist them?

The third tradition is the tradition of Ecclesiasticism. The charge is (we quote Mr. OMAN) 'that we have turned religion into a mere business of running religious institutions. God, as Seeley put it, is regarded mainly as the head of the clerical interest, and that on purely traditional grounds. Religious work is work to keep churches going, a sort of widening of the clerical interest. Zeal in that work, it is even hinted, compensates with us for much lack of doing justly and loving mercy and walking humbly with our God. And, then, the various denominations devote such zeal as they have to their own particular success, proclaiming themselves the one superior article. All alike are occupied with ecclesiastical fribbles, all fiddling while Rome is burning. They did nothing to prevent the War, and are doing nothing to place its issues on a higher basis;—and they will do equally little to settle peace on a better foundation when the War is over, or to inspire men to endeavour after a better world.'

That is a bitter charge. And it is often expressed with needless bitterness. For what are we to do? We find that our 'best' people are interested in the Church because it is their own. They have not the imagination to see otherwise. If we persuade them that it is no better than the Church over the way, what will become of them? And what will become of the Church?

It is quite true that the men at the front have found out that 'one Church is just as good as another.' But then many of them have found out

more than that. They have found out that a Church is no better than no Church at all. And we cannot agree to that. Perhaps it will be necessary to tell them that we cannot give way to them in everything.

But if we do not give way in this we must be ready to tell them why. And our reasons must appeal to them. Dr. OMAN thinks that we will make no impression upon them if we say that anything whatever is essential to the Church which is not essential for conduct and life. They have found out for themselves that the Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking; and they will give that phrase a wider comprehension than we may care for.

Meantime, 'what is needed is for each of us humbly to wait God's guidance and to go forward to the dark, possibly the distressing future with the prayer in our hearts, Lord, show me what I have to do, and make me, in the doing of it, a follower of Him who taught us that we are all brethren and that we who would be first in service must be content to be last in honour.'

It is a frequent and an ancient charge against the schoolmaster that he is too hard upon the stupid boy. The defence is sometimes an admission. If the schoolmaster were not hard upon the stupid boy, H.M. Inspector would be hard upon the schoolmaster.

But Bernard BOSANQUET, D.C.L., LL.D., Fellow of the British Academy, and the author of *Some Suggestions in Ethics* (Macmillan; 6s. net), holds that 'we are not hard enough on stupidity.' He does not claim to be the inventor of the phrase. But he is a discoverer of the fact.

It is surprising that it had to be discovered. For it is a feeling which is universal to-day. 'It is within the mark to say that the greater part of the world is resenting the stupidity of war, and many other special forms and cases of stupidity which lead up to it or are embodied in it. Our

social administration is full of things that are stupid. And the mildest of critics must say the same of our social stratification and the uninformed public opinion which results from it.' Dr. BOSANQUET believes that every one feels that to be so.

Are we about to return to the schoolmaster and praise him for his hardness upon stupidity? It may be so. No doubt it depends on the kind of stupidity. If stupidity is simply the opposite of cleverness, we should in nowise praise the schoolmaster for dealing hardly with it. We should condemn him as we never did before. For 'the recent fashion in reflective thought has been hostile to what is stigmatised as intellectualism. "The retirement of the intellect" is a phrase which has been used to express the line which the modern mind is taking.'

But even intellectual stupidity has sometimes a moral element in it. It may be 'due to self-absorption, inattention, inappreciativeness of what is important to others. Here we are fairly on the track of censurable stupidity. It is irresponsible; it is insensitive, unappreciative, unadaptive. It is inability to *see*. "There are thousands," said Ruskin, "who can talk, for one who can think; and there are hundreds who can think, for one who can *see*."

The author of *Ecce Homo*, 'in trying to bring home the full humanity of Christ, said we must be prepared to think of him as a carpenter, and perhaps a clumsy carpenter. In discussing this passage, a friend, himself well skilled in woodwork, protested against the word "clumsy." He said that it implied a moral defect, and could not be applicable to a man who was perfectly good. He meant, I suppose, that clumsiness involved an inattentiveness or unresponsiveness to minute obligations of one's work. Things would be done wrong, which were perhaps not the main things, but which yet a normal man, fully attentive and appreciative, would be careful to do right and

would succeed. I should suppose that there is the same plurality of causes in clumsiness that are found in stupidity. Either might come from a defect in the mental machinery, or from a want of interest or scrupulousness. My friend's suggestion illustrates at all events the censurable aspect of stupidity.'

Is this the reason for the use of the word 'fool' by the prophets and wise men of the Old Testament? They meant, we are told, the atheist, the man who said in his heart, 'There is no God.' What was he guilty of that they called him fool? Apparently of stupidity. He was guilty of censurable stupidity, of stupidity with a moral element in it. In Dr. BOSANQUET's phrase, he was 'un-responsive to values.'

Then this must also be the reason why He 'hath blinded their eyes that they may not see.' The centre of difficulty in that difficult saying is not the action of God but the response of man. God maketh His sun to rise upon the evil as well as upon the good, and sendeth His rain upon the just and also upon the unjust. Why does the one man take good out of the gift and the other evil? It is because of his stupidity. The very gift, though it is so blessed a gift, is the occasion of his blindness. For he is already a fool. To him that hath shall be given—of understanding? Yes, if he has it; but of stupidity also, if he has that. And every act of God's gracious providence, even the supreme act itself, becomes the occasion of more misunderstanding.

What are we to do with the fool, then? We are to turn to Christ. There is a sentence in St. Luke's Gospel, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' We are told that it is not well attested. Is it not bracketed in Westcott and Hort? Nevertheless it is a true word of Christ. The world will remove the brackets. It is His own clear way with the stupid. 'Father, forgive them,' He said. And yet He knew how responsible they were for their stupidity. But He

came to seek and to save the lost—even those who were lost in their stupidity.

What is the end of education? The usual answer is, the making of character. Mr. Kenneth RICHMOND prefers the word liberty. He has written a book on education and has given it the title of *Education for Liberty* (Collins; 6s. net).

Education for liberty. That is better than education for character. Because it needs explanation. Education for character—that is obvious, and may be overlooked. But you cannot overlook education for liberty. You must discover its meaning and so gain the truth it teaches, with some at least of its fruitfulness.

Suppose we approach it in this way. What are the nations fighting for? They are fighting for liberty. All of them? Yes, all of them? The Germans? Yes, the Germans also. Then are there two kinds of liberty? Yes, there are two kinds. There is the liberty to be *I* because I am *I*. That is the German idea of liberty. And there is liberty to be *I* because I am part of humanity. That is the other idea. We may say, may we not, that that is the British and the French and the American idea?

Liberty to be *I* because I am *I*. There is no serious harm in it, so long as the *I* is impotent. But give the *I* power and the harm is great. It is great in proportion to the power. Because *I* am *I*, says the German, I mean to live, and I do not mean to let live. I demand liberty for myself, and in proportion to my power will take it; and I will make the rest of mankind my slave. The Germans are fighting for liberty as we are, but it is liberty to be the only race with liberty on the face of the earth. Have you not read what they mean when they speak of the freedom of the seas?

True liberty is not an individual thing, whether the individual be a man or a nation. It is a

social thing. It is a demand for self-development certainly, but for self-development in the power of effectual co-operation with others. It is a demand for service.

That is Mr. RICHMOND's great word. Are you afraid of it? You may well be afraid of it if service is drudgery. But 'once service'—we quote Mr. RICHMOND now—'once service has become an inspiration rather than a duteous drudgery, freedom to serve effectually is the highest freedom. Indeed, all the other forms of apparent freedom lead into blind alleys, into various forms of enslavement to self. Liberty might be defined as the union of personal self-determination with the spirit of service. The only danger of the definition would be the danger of putting an illiberal interpretation upon the term "service"—an interpretation by which Shelley would have been conceived as better employed in producing tracts or keeping the books of a bank than in writing the ode "To a Skylark,"'

'We must not interfere with the self-expression of a potential Shelley or Rousseau; but the anti-social faults of a Shelley or a Rousseau, like the anti-social faults that he can detect in a prosperous banker or a respected organiser of charity, are capable of being transformed by education. By taking thought, we can establish a habit of mind through which the common opposition of liberty and duty, as though there were generally a choice to be made between the two, is convicted of falsity.'

We need not then be puzzled with the fact that all the nations which are engaged in the present war are fighting for liberty. We have simply to ask each nation the question, What do you want liberty for? We have simply to ask, What would you do when you had perfect freedom to do it? There is, says Mr. RICHMOND, 'a certain amount of sense in the idea of liberty for its own sake, just as there is a certain amount of sense in the idea of art for art's sake, but both ideas partake of

the perilous nature of any doctrine that rests upon a half truth. And in both cases the other side of the truth is the duty and the joy of service, without which neither artistic nor moral liberty exists in any real sense.'

No, nor national liberty, though that is not so evident yet. For what is the story of the rise and fall of civilisation? It is simply the story of success and failure in effective mutual service. 'The feudal system stood as a social contract, chivalrously interpreted, and fell as a system in which—as, particularly, in pre-revolutionary France—effective service was all on the one side, the side of the dispossessed. The industrial revolution introduced a new ethical contract between controlling, organising power and the power of simple productivity, and is vitiated by the shareholding system, in so far as a shareholder can be held exempt from contributing any value to society.'

'Among ethical principles of general application, there is, perhaps, none upon which our future more depends than that everyone has to pull his weight in the boat, and that to be a non-worker is not a distinction but a disgrace; and an inner sense of this truth is not inculcated by preaching in general terms, but by working out its application to all phases of human life. It is important, when speaking of social contracts of all kinds, to emphasise the point that mutual service means mutual giving, and that there is both an ethical and a practical unsoundness in any system which is based less upon a common desire to contribute than upon the close-fisted bargaining that aims at getting as much as possible for nothing. The one gives to civilisation a surplus, the other a deficit, of productive energy.'

The most original chapter in Mr. Edward MOORE's book of 'Enigmas and Guesses' which he calls *We Moderns* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net) is the chapter on Original Sin. He is proud of

that chapter. He directs our attention to it. But it is all wrong.

Mr. MOORE is a literary man. What that signifies in religion we have been astonishingly told by Mr. H. G. Wells. It means—no, not ‘anything you like.’ But it means anything you like except orthodoxy. Hold off and hate the religion of the Church—of all the Churches—and then anything you please to think, or to say without thinking. Mr. Edward MOORE is more of a thinker than Mr. Wells. He takes more time. He is not so omnipresent. But he does not know what is meant by Original Sin.

‘The believer in Original Sin,’ he says, ‘regards mankind as that in which—the less said about the good, the better—there is, at any rate, a fixed substratum of the bad. And *that* can never be lessened, never weakened, never conquered. Therefore, man has to fight constantly to escape the menace of an ever-present defeat. A battle in which victory is impossible; a contest in which man has to climb continually in order not to fall lower; existence as the treadmill: that is what is meant by Original Sin.’

Is it? Mr. MOORE has been reading the Book of Genesis. With what spectacles on his nose? He speaks of the Fall and Eve and the Apple; and the colour of his spectacles is over everything. How could he read the story of the Fall and so utterly misinterpret the words addressed to the Serpent: ‘I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head,’ and thou shalt bruise his heel?’ Does he think that all the world has been wrong when it called that the Protevangelium? Mr. Wells would say, ‘Yes, all the world has been wrong till I came,’ but Mr. MOORE is not altogether unconscious of values.

We know very well that the doctrine of Original Sin is often said to be antagonistic to the modern ideas of progress and the survival of the fittest.

And by his very title Mr. MOORE tells us that if he is not modern he is nothing. We are not surprised, therefore, to read that the believers in Original Sin are supposed to say to the aspiring young man: ‘What matter how high you climb! This load which you carry even as we will bring you back to us at last. And the higher you climb the greater will be your fall. Humanity cannot rise above its own level.’

But why should Mr. MOORE or any other modern ignore the New Testament? Does modernity consist in taking the early chapters of Genesis and skipping all the rest until you come to Mr. Chesterton? He has read Genesis, and he has read Mr. Chesterton, and he so argues or asserts as not only to ignore all that lies between, but to deny that anything does lie between.

‘Humanity cannot rise above its own level,’ he says. Well, lift the level. Lift it up above Original Sin; above all kinds of sin. That is what Christ came to do. ‘I came,’ He says, ‘that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.’ That is what He has done. And the manifest result of it? ‘Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.’

Rutherford in Aberdeen.

THE RECORD OF A RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE.

BY THE REV. P. A. GORDON CLARK, PERTH.

IN these days when the psychological rather than the dogmatic side of Religion is attracting attention, interest attaches to all genuine revelations of the inner life, and especially to those which, not being intended for publication, all the more faithfully describe phases of actual spiritual experience. Of these one of the most interesting is that of Samuel Rutherford, the famous author of *Lex Rex*. Rutherford, though an eager disputant and keen controversialist, was essentially a mystic, a constant observer of his own spiritual life, with powers intensely introspective and analytical. He had from his earliest days been deeply religious, a tendency intensified by his ordination at the age of twenty-seven as minister of the Parish of Anwoth, in Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1627. These were times of fierce ecclesiastical and theological strife in Scotland. Rutherford by his evangelical preaching, his strong antagonism to Prelacy, and later by his work, *Exercitationes de Gratia*, an attack, in Latin, on Arminianism, gave grave offence to the Episcopal party then in power in the Church of Scotland. Six years after his ordination there occurred a very definite religious crisis which, though more directly relating to his office as a minister, brought to him a clearer consciousness of a closer personal relation to Christ. 'I am black ashamed,' he writes, 'for evermore now with Christ's goodness, and in private on the 17th and 18th of August I got a full answer of my Lord to be a graced minister and a chosen arrow hidden in His quiver.' Three years after this he was tried before the Court of High Commission and sentenced to be deprived of his ministry, prohibited from preaching, and ordered to confine himself to the city of Aberdeen, there to remain during the King's pleasure. He reached the Granite City some time before the 20th of September 1636, and settled himself in an honest man's house over the upper Kirkgate Port. 'So,' he writes to a brother clergyman, who had also been silenced, 'it hath seemed good to the Lord of the Harvest to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and lay upon us a more honourable service, even to suffer for His name.'

Rutherford calls himself 'a confined and silenced minister,' but his silence was very audible; his writing-desk became his pulpit. People consulted him on ecclesiastical but especially spiritual matters. He 'was distracted with letters and company that visited him,' and, in spite of the difficulty of getting 'his papers transported,' he kept up a close correspondence with friends and parishioners. It is in these letters that we read the story of the spiritual experience which follows, largely given in his own words. To understand it, two sentences of his own must be borne in mind: 'I am,' he writes, 'made of extremes'; and 'Christ has shown me Heaven and Hell in Aberdeen': with this chronological note that the experience of the nether preceded that of the upper realm, and has therefore to be considered first. From the end of September 1636 to the end of January 1637 *Rutherford was, like Dante, in Hell*. This sprang from many causes. There was, first, *his loneliness*. Far from his beloved home, his devoted flock, and sympathetic friends, he mourned 'in borrowed lodgings, a lonely stranger in this unco town.' The great men who had acted for him 'were dried up like winter brooks.' He was afraid he would be forgotten. He found 'the townsmen cold, general, dry in their kindness, dry and unco, and it was counted wisdom in the most not to countenance a confined minister.' There were none to whom he could speak. 'I dwell in Kedar's tents.' Of religious fellowship, which he most needed, there was little or none. He suspected he had been sent to Aberdeen because the citizens were 'Papists and men of Gallio's metal, firm in no religion.' He found 'a very thin harvest and few to be saved. There are none (I yet know of) but two persons I dare give my word for.' He was burdened with *anxiety for the nation and the Church*. An even graver concern moved him with respect to his *flock at Anwoth*. Communication with friends was, in these days, difficult to maintain. He longed to hear of and from his parishioners, to be refreshed by their letters and good news as to their souls' prosperity, and pleads for such tidings. His separation had only intensified

his affection. He 'had ever loved that little vineyard of the Lord's planting. I had carved a providence for my own ease, to die in my nest, and to sleep still, till my grey hairs, and to lie on the sunny side of the mountain in my ministry at Anwoth.' Though, 'thank God, Anwoth is not heaven,' yet there came back and back to him in his loneliness 'the memory of communion with Christ, in many fair, fair days in Anwoth.' This love, it may be added, only deepened as the years went on, and when later, as Principal and Professor in St. Andrews, he was called to be one of the goodly company of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, he could say, 'My faith was never prouder than to be a common, rough, country barrowman in Anwoth.' Unfortunately Anwoth became the cause not of gladness but of sorrow. Sydserf, the Bishop of Galloway, was zealous in his work of fining and confining. Some of Rutherford's flock had 'turned back from the good old way,' and it was rumoured that a 'stranger hireling' was to be intruded upon them, who 'cometh not in by the door' and 'would build hay and stubble upon the golden foundation which I laid among that people to whom I have God's right,' but from whom, 'by the violence of men stronger than I, I am banished.' He was filled with dread lest 'the fair work that my Master began there would be like a bird dying in the shell.' So now, 'plucked from His flock (dear to me) and from feeding His lambs' he could only 'think the sparrows and swallows that built their nests in the Kirk of Anwoth blessed birds,' call upon 'the woods, trees, meadows, hills, as witness that he had drawn on a fair meeting between Christ and Anwoth, himself but go in sackcloth as one who had lost the bride of his youth,' trust his flock 'that they would refuse to receive the ministry of a stranger whose entry would cut off his life with sorrow and who will preach a new uncouth doctrine to them, and pray, "O Lord, fulfil my joy and keep the young bride that is at Anwoth to Christ."'

Rutherford's *ecclesiastical environment told cruelly upon him*. The Aberdeen clergy were devoted Arminians anxious for 'a reconciliation with the Lutherans, strong supporters of Charles and Laud, and eager for the enforcement of the Canons and the Service-book. Rutherford was 'openly preached against even when present.' 'I am in no better neighbourhood with the ministers here;

they cannot endure that any one speak of me or to me. I am kept in exercise with envious brethren; my mother hath borne me a man of contention.' He was 'assaulted with the learned and pregnant wits, with the Doctors' guns, but I bless the Father of lights that they draw not blood of truth.' The most outstanding figure among the Aberdeen Doctors was Dr. Baron, by whom especially Rutherford 'was troubled by disputations in Cereemonial and Arminian Controversies.' In these, doubtless, Rutherford held his own, 'with no detriment to the truth nor discredit to my profession.' 'Doctor Baron,' he writes, 'hath often disputed with me about Arminian Controversies and for the Ceremonies. Three yokings laid him by, and I have not been troubled with him since. Now he hath appointed a dispute before witnesses. I trust Christ and truth will do for themselves.'

The worry of these disputations was intensified by a heavier sorrow which shadowed his life. Rutherford was a born preacher; he loved preaching, and to close his mouth was almost to still his heart. The prelates added this gentle cruelty to former sufferings (for it is gentle to them) to inhibit the ministers of the town to give him the liberty of a pulpit. These 'dumb, sad, heavy, and *silent Sabbaths* were undercoating wounds which wrought him much sorrow, burdened and broke his heart, and made it bleed; they were his greatest prison, like a stone tied to a bird's foot that wanteth not wings.' The fact that 'all the fourteen prelates should have been armed of God against me only, while the rest of my brethren are still preaching, sorely troubled him, and raised in his mind the question why was he so treated, why had God permitted this.'

All these sorrows, trials, disputes told upon a soul as mystical as it was contentious, ever restless if not conscious of growing spiritual ripeness, and constantly inquisitive as to its own growth in grace. They conspired to kindle in him an exaggerated, if not morbid, sense of *his own personal sinfulness*. 'I never so well knew what sinfulness was as since I came to Aberdeen. I am not the man I go for in the nation; men have not just weights to weigh me in. Oh, but I am a silly (weak), feckless body, and overgrown with weeds; corruption is rank and fat in me! I have seen my abominable vileness; if I were well known, there were none in this kingdom would ask how I do. Many take my ten to be a hundred, but I

am a deeper hypocrite and shallower professor than every one believeth. My white side cometh out on paper to men; but at home and within I find much black work and great cause of a low sail and little-boasting. Woe, woe is me that men should think there is anything in me! He is my witness, before whom I am as crystal, that the secret house-devils that bear me too often company, and that this sink of corruption which I find within, make me go with low sails. If others saw what I see they would look by (past) me, but not to me. My guiltiness and the sins of my youth are come up against me as deserving causes in God's justice.' 'If,' he writes to David Dickson—'if ye saw my inner side it is possible that ye would pity me, but ye would hardly give me either love or respect; men mistake me the whole length of the heavens. My sins prevail over me and the terrors of their guiltiness.' These confessions, wrung from the bleeding heart of a man whose sincerity no reader can doubt, incidentally reveal the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best, but to Rutherford himself his sinfulness was the cause of the deepest pain and intensest sorrow. Speaking of his vileness, unthankfulness, and similar sins, he says, 'These things take me so up that a borrowed bed, another man's fireside, the wind in my face (I being driven from my lovers, and dear acquaintances, and my poor flock) find no room in my sorrow. I have been scalded, while the smoke of Hell's fire went in at my throat, and I would have bought peace with a thousand years' torment in Hell.'

His enforced silence and this consciousness of sin affected him in a more tragic form; it raised decided doubts in his mind *as to his personal relation to Christ*. His doubts 'almost broke his faith into two halves; they are as glassy ice whereon my faith can scarce hold its feet. I am often blown on my back, and off my feet with a storm of doubting.' These doubts 'raised a great tempest and (if I may speak so) made a devil-ado in my soul.' In this darkness and distress Jesus 'looked fremed (foreign) unco-like upon me. So I took the dorts (sulks) at Christ, and took up a stomach against Him. I would forsooth summon Him for unkindness. I sought a plea of my Lord and was tossed with challenges whether He loved me or not. The devil made many a black lie of my Lord Jesus and said the Court was changed, and He was angry and would give an evil servant

his leave at mid-term.' So he was 'full of jealousies and ravings, so foolish and bold as to say to Christ, who is truth itself, in His face, "Thou liest."'

These doubts led him to an explanation of his 'confinement' and 'silencing,' which still further tormented him. They were owing to Christ's rejection of him not only as a man but as a clergyman. 'I said, what aileth Christ at my service? I disputed over again all that He had done for me, because His word was a fire shut up in my bowels, and I was weary with forbearing, because I said I was cast out of the Lord's inheritance. I am not in the vineyard as others are; it may be because Christ thinketh me a withered tree, not worth the room. He hath cast me over the dyke of the vineyard like a dry tree.' Rutherford found in this rejection of his ministry what made it difficult for him not to believe that in it 'Christ had spoken wrath.' He wrote to Dickson, 'I pray God ye may never have the woeful and dreary experience of a closed mouth.' It is little wonder that his mind turned to the project of going to another and freer land; but love of Scotland and Scotland's Church prevailed. 'Here I am,' he says, 'to stay and ride at anchor and winter while (until) God send fair weather again.'

The fair weather came at last—indeed, had been approaching all the time. As a matter of fact things had never been so bad as Rutherford's sensitive soul had conceived them to be. But about the middle of November 1636 *a change began*. He writes, 'I find folks here kind to me, but in the night, and under their breath; others are kind according to their fashion'; a little later, 'Many faces smile upon me'; and later still, 'My Lord hath been pleased to make many unknown faces laugh upon me, and hath made me well content of a borrowed fireside and a borrowed bed'; and finally, 'I have gotten lodgings in the hearts of all I meet with, no face that hath not smiled upon me.' Lady Marischall, daughter of the Earl of Mar and wife of the Earl Marischall, and her son William are mentioned as particularly kind.

Better still, his *help was sought on spiritual matters*. 'Some people here, willing to be edified, resort to me; there are some blossomings of Christ's kingdom in the town.' Later still he says, 'I find a little brairding of God's seed in this town,' while long afterwards in looking back he wrote, 'Even in Aberdeen Christ hath a few names precious to Him

who shall walk with Him in white.' This dawning affection for and resorting to Rutherford was so open that it could not be hid. 'The smoke,' he writes, 'is rising, and the ministers raging, but I love a rumbling and roaring devil best'; indeed, the city clergy 'have told me their mind, that they cannot bear with it, and have examined and threatened the people who haunt my company; they envy me, they will have my prison changed, and are working for my confinement in Caithness or Orkney.'

In this kindlier atmosphere Rutherford began to realize his own presumption in deciding what the conduct of Christ towards him should be, and not humbly accepting the circumstances in which he was, and trying to see them in their true light. The plea taken up against Christ because 'His whole providence was not yea and nay to my yea and nay, and because I believed Christ's outward look better than His faithful promise,' he now realized 'was a plea bought by me, and unlawful.' With this came to him the thought that after all Christ had not cast him off. 'Christ,' he writes—'Christ took no thought of my stomach, and petty grudging humour, but of His own grace. When He burnt the house He saved His own goods; He had a good eye that the Tempter should not play foul play and blow out Christ's candle. The Lord miskent (overlooked) all, and did bear with my foolish jealousy, and that ever I wronged His love. And now that He has come again with mercy under His wings I pass from my (oh, worthless) summons. He is God and I am man. He who seemed to gloom took the mask off His face and said, "Kiss thy fill." As Rutherford looked back, his own mistake and Christ's love became clear with a new clearness. I had, he says, 'well-nigh lost my grips. I wondered if I were Christ's or not, for the mist and smoke of my perturbed heart made me mistake my Master, Jesus. My faith was dim, my hope frozen and cold, and my love which caused jealousies had some warmness, heat, and smoke, but no flame. I was swimming in the depths, but Christ had His hand under my chin all the time and took heed that I should not lose breath, and now I have gotten my feet again.' By the middle of February the sky had wonderfully cleared.' He writes: 'For my confirmation I have been these two Sabbaths or three in private taking instruments in name of God that my Lord Jesus and I have kissed each other in Aberdeen.

He hath sealed the honourable cause which I now suffer for, and I shall not believe that Christ will put His amen and ring upon an imagination.'

All this lent a new significance, a new spiritual meaning to his confinement. 'Christ,' he said, 'hath trysted me in Aberdeen; my poor stock hath grown since I came to Aberdeen. I behoved to come to Aberdeen to learn a new mystery in Christ, that His promise is better to be believed than His looks, and that the devil can cause Christ's gloom to speak a lie to a weak man. I never knew by my years of preaching so much of Christ's love as He has taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment. Oh! what I owe to the file, the hammer, and the furnace of my Lord Jesus, who hath now let me see how good the wheat of Christ is that goeth through His mill and His oven even to be made bread for His table. Grace tried is better than grace; it is more than grace, it is glory in its infancy. I am fully confirmed that it is the honour of our Lawgiver which I suffer for now. I would not exchange my weeping in prison with the Fourteen Prelates' laughter amid their hungry and lean joys. The prison is now my banqueting-house, my palace.'

This new conception of the reason for his confinement gave a keener realization of his *personal union to his Lord*. 'If I had,' he says, 'been in Christ by way of adhesion only, as many branches are, I would have been burned to ashes. I have conceived a new and extraordinary opinion of Christ which I had not before. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction if I had not leaned my weak back and laid my pressing burden both, upon the Stone, the Foundation-stone, the Corner-stone laid in Zion.' Christ now was 'no niggard to me of comforts. He has come again with joy and hath been pleased to feast His exiled and afflicted prisoner with the joy of His consolations. I am so sick of love for my Lord Jesus that if heaven were at my disposing, I would give it for Christ, and would not be content to go to heaven except I were persuaded that Christ were there. All I can do is but to stand beside His great love and look and wonder.'

This change in Rutherford was so marked as to be noticeable by others. 'God,' he says, 'hath been pleased in my suffering to make Atheists, Papists, and enemies about me say, "It is like God is with this prisoner."'

This new feeling, and the state of the country

wakened new hopes in Rutherford's heart and quickened the desire for a return to Anwoth. Two clergymen had been restored to their respective parishes. Though 'hopes of deliverance sometimes yet looked cold and uncertain and far off,' though he had found 'great men dry and cold in doing for' him, though even in September 1637 he doubted if he would spend the winter in Aberdeen, he now remained a 'prisoner of hope, feeling assured that that burning bush in Galloway and Kirkcudbright shall not be burned to ashes, for the Lord is in the bush.' He urges Lord Craighall, the Viscountess of Kenmure, and others to try and persuade the Bishop of Galloway 'to abate from the heat of his wrath, and let me go to my charge,' or 'that the Council should be essayed. Duties are ours; events are God's.' Further he urges his friends in Galloway 'to use supplications and addresses for this purpose, and try if by fair means I can be brought back again.' Chalmers of Gairgirth 'appeared in public for him,' and influential friends approached the Marquis of Queensberry on his behalf, but his Lordship's attempts 'seemeth to sleep because the Bishop of Galloway was pleased to say to the Treasurer that I had committed treason, which word blunted the Treasurer's borrowed zeal.' Even in Aberdeen 'many rejoice now to pen a Supplication to the Council for bringing me home to my place.'

Rutherford's hope for himself was quickened by growing hope for the country and the Church. Believing 'that the wheels of this crazed and broken kirk run all upon no other axle-tree, nor is there any other to roll them and cog them than the wisdom and good pleasure of our Lord,' he asks, 'Who knoweth but the wind may turn into the West again, upon Christ and His desolate bride in this land, and that Christ may get His summer by course again.' Other men were also 'beginning to hope and believe that the Lord is coming home again to His house in Scotland.' Rutherford saw that it would be best if this change were not brought about by a bloody revolution, and set 'his face against any such course. 'I am not of that mind that tumults and arms is the way to put Christ upon His throne, or that Christ will be served and truth vindicated

only with the arm of flesh and blood. Nay, Christ doth His turn with less din than with garments rolled in blood.'

As time went on, Rutherford came to see with increasing clearness that hope for the nation and the Church lay in the nobles awakening to the dangers of the situation and courageously taking sides with the people against Charles and Laud. This policy he urged on Lord Lindsay, Lord Loudon, the Earl of Cassillis, and Lord Craighall, not hesitating to remind them that 'Courtiers' arguments, for the most part, are drawn from their own skins, and are not worth a straw for Conscience.' The last of his letters from Aberdeen is dated 4th January 1638. He probably remained in the city some time longer, and then taking law into his own hands left Aberdeen and made his way by Edinburgh to his beloved Anwoth.

This record of the spiritual struggles of one often looked on as a passionate political partisan, a harsh theologian with fierce dialectic skill in hair-splitting, or with a subtle, sometimes coarse, poetic temperament, reveals Rutherford as one akin to the great souls which have passed through the darkness of pain and doubt into the sunshine of faith and trust. One thinks of Isaiah with his 'unclean lips,' of Psalmists with their varied sense of 'secret faults' and 'presumptuous sins,' of Luther with his conflicts with Satan, of Bunyan with his long periods of melancholia, of Brainerd with his deep convictions of inward vileness, and in our day of John Stuart Mill with his unrest resembling to him 'the Methodists' consciousness of sin,' of Carlyle passing from 'the Everlasting Nay' through the 'Centre of Indifference' to 'the Everlasting Yea,' and of that other genius too early taken from us to tell his own struggles which have been for ever immortalized in the stanzas of his friend, the one

'Who fought his doubts and gathered strength,
Who would not make his judgment blind,
Who faced the spectres of his mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.'

Literature.

J. P. STRUTHERS.

AN appreciative biography of the Rev. J. P. Struthers and the Rev. A. D. Grant, both ministers in Greenock and great friends, was written by the Rev. Thomas Cassels, another Greenock minister, and was published some time ago under the title of *The Men of the Knotted Heart*. Those who feared that Mr. Cassels had put in his thumbs and pulled out the plums will be happily disappointed, so far at least as Mr. Struthers is concerned. For the new book, edited by his wife, called *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), is all plums. The life is left to be told in the letters and in a curious but attractive letter-diary which Mr. Struthers kept for the entertainment of his wife that was to be.

Mr. Struthers had a widespread fame, founded on a halfpenny monthly which he edited (and his future wife illustrated), and which revealed a man of a fine mixture of solid orthodoxy (even the orthodoxy of a loyal Seceder) and over-bubbling humour. For these two things, though fire and water, did truly blend into one piquant and impressive personality.

Just before his ministry began Mr. Struthers had the chance of a voyage round the world, which did him and the world good. He was called to Whithorn, and spent three years there, making himself everything to everybody if by any means he might save some. He wrestled with drunkards (surely as terrible a struggle as St. Paul's who fought with beasts at Ephesus), sometimes sitting up all night when the worst came, and receiving little apparent reward of the wrestling. But nothing could quench the humour of his outlook. 'The great form of entertainment in this town,' he says, 'is one beginning with high tea at five o'clock, then passing through cards, dancing, music and talk, till it culminates in supper at 10.30. There is a deal of human nature here, and I enjoy watching it. At such a party I was told there was to be some dancing, and I must not object, "because, you know, dancing was a religious ordinance among the Jews." "Well," I said, "of course I won't object, but isn't it rather rough on a fellow when he comes out for an evening's fun to treat him to religious ordinances?"'

Then he was called to Greenock, and spent the rest of his life there.

The letters are clever exceedingly, but we find out what he was doing best from the letter-diary. He had no great visible results of his life's long sacrifice, and he did not look for it. But this is something: 'Mr. Y——, a very godly man, called and told me a story he said he never meant to tell me in this world. One week he had not been well, and had had many things to annoy him. On Sabbath morning he had to go back to bed, he was so weak. He fell asleep and dreamed, and in his dream accused God of not caring for him, of allowing ever so many things to happen to him, and remaining quite indifferent. In his dream there came this answer, "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands; thy walls are continually before me." With that he awoke. His wife and children came in from church. He looked at his hands and said, "Well, I don't think I could forget a man if I had his name engraven there. I'm only finite, and God is infinite." Then he rose and dressed and came to church in the afternoon, a little late. As he came in I was reading the text, "I have graven thee upon the palms," etc., and I said, "Very possibly there are a number of people here accusing God of not caring for them. I'm certain there is at least one, and God's own answer to him is this—" "I have," etc.' Then I gave out a Psalm. Isn't that very wonderful? For I hadn't seen Mr. Y—— that week, and wasn't thinking of him. It shows surely that God is willing to use one, and does use one, and I hope it will show God that I am willing to be used.'

If one wonders at the mixture already spoken of one has to remember his father and his mother. He once read a sermon of Newman's to his father, who praised it, but, when told who was its author, was very angry. Of his mother he tells this: 'I bury my mother to-day. She died on Saturday morning. She took influenza seven weeks ago, and seemed to get over it, but her heart was weak. My brother's wife died four weeks ago. I saw my mother last on Friday night, and did not expect her death. Her last words to me were: "I often pray for the damned (this word was said with a wonderful inexpressible tenderness); I don't know whether it is a sin or not; but He has

changed afore now." She would have been eighty-six next May; she was married on her forty-fourth birthday, or the day after.'

As a preacher he was irresistibly attracted by out-of-the-way texts and topics. All the Bible was written for his instruction and that of his people through him. For he had the gift of unction without alloy. One text will serve as sample—it is not an out-of-the-way text:

'Saturday, October 8, 1898.—I have got a fine text for to-morrow afternoon: "For in that she poured this ointment upon My body, *she did it to prepare Me for burial*" (R.V.). That's far stronger than the Authorised Version. I have enjoyed thinking over it. One is apt to think that Christ, so to speak, found out a use for what Mary did, to please her; just as when a mother gets a useless box as a gift from her child, she says it will do nicely for holding stamps or buttons. But the ointment really prepared His body—was necessary to it. (1) It brought about His death. For the loss of the £10 angered Judas so much that it determined him finally to sell Christ. (2) It refreshed Christ's body for all the suffering of that week. It was the finest ointment, and must have had particularly refreshing aromatic power. (3) The richness of its perfume, as well as His look and manner, fitted Him to appear next day during the triumphal entry, and later, before Pilate and Herod, as a *King*. "Art thou a King?" "Behold, your King!" (4) It was partly the means of preserving His body from corruption in the grave. (5) Then think of the effect on His Spirit: (a) It made Him face the King of Terrors all the more vividly. Even when alive He was prepared for burial. (b) It cheered Him as an evidence of a saved sinner's love—the very thing He died for. (c) It was an assurance of God's love. Death was in a sense already conquered. His body was being prepared to be kept from corruption, and so it was a proof of the nearness of the resurrection.'

DOMINUS NOSTER.

Dominus Noster is the title which Professor Charles Anderson Scott has given to a study of Jesus Christ in the New Testament (Cambridge: Heffer; 6s. net). Jesus Christ in the New Testament has often been studied, sometimes in the Gospels, sometimes in the Epistles, sometimes in

both. The special virtue of Professor Anderson Scott's study lies in this, that it is 'a study in the progressive recognition of Jesus Christ our Lord.' And the moment one reads that description, which is the sub-title, one wonders that this, the most obvious and indispensable of all studies of our Lord, should not have been done before. For it has not been done before, not, that is to say, since it could be done with fruitfulness, not since it was recognized that the thought of the New Testament (to quote Dr. Anderson Scott's Preface) does not lie on one level plane, and that the ideas about Christ are not constant from Matthew to Revelation. What we now see is that, so far from being a smooth lake, to be fished for 'texts' at any offing, the New Testament is 'a sea thrown into turmoil by the wind of the Spirit, or of liquid in a vessel violently disturbed by chemical reaction, and only slowly settling down into crystalline forms. The peace, hope, and confidence of the Church are only attained after the upheaval of cherished convictions, mental and spiritual agitation, and stages of provisional assent, all of which bear witness to the pressure of a tremendous experience. This experience was ultimately due to the invasion of the world by the personality of Jesus. And the character of the experience is a measure of the greatness and the newness of that personality.'

That disturbed sea is Professor Anderson Scott's fishing-ground. Say, rather, it is his expanse of devout exploration. He brings with him all the implements of modern scholarship and a right unflinching reverence. Unflinching, for it demands courage now to be reverent as Dr. Scott is reverent. He is no controversialist. His strength is due to the convictions of a life's study and experience, and he is for the most part able to meet the controversialist by the undeniable facts of scholarship. But he does not once hesitate to stand beside the Apostle in his and our final affirmation, 'My Lord and my God.'

This attitude of adoration (to be distinguished from every kind of adulation) is the result to which the writers of the New Testament came regarding the son of the carpenter. Well may Professor Anderson Scott wonder. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" So did those who had known Jesus of Nazareth from His childhood express their conviction that He was one of themselves. Three years had hardly elapsed before a

considerable body of men and women who had known this same Jesus, who had seen Him die a shameful death, were offering to Him worship such as is due to God, testifying by their lives, and some of them by their constancy under persecution, that they submitted to Him as men do to God alone. Within the next half-century this conviction had become the core of a Gospel, which was preached with wide acceptance in many parts of the Roman Empire. The "carpenter's son" from an obscure village in a distant corner of the Empire was being proclaimed as the incarnate Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and was being worshipped as such by many thousands drawn from different races and creeds.'

It is a book which with singular success illustrates the saying, 'in necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas.'

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

What are the elements that go to the making of the successful man? They are four—ability, energy, self-confidence, good luck. Without one of them the success is incomplete. With every one of them, and a good portion of each of them, the success is perfect and complete, wanting nothing, as in the life of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.

Sir Edward Clarke has written *The Story of My Life* (Murray; 15s. net). He has written, he says, partly out of vanity, but more that young men of poor opportunities may take courage, and become successful as he has been successful.

Throughout his life Sir Edward Clarke has had great good luck. And one is thankful to see that he calls it good luck. He is a religious man. As soon as he was able to buy a fine property and build a fine house on it, he proceeded further to build a fine church. He encourages other wealthy and religious men to go and do likewise. But he never suggests that he has been the particular pet of the God who is no respecter of persons. He has been lucky, that is all. And so we are able to be generous with him and reply, My dear Sir, it was not luck half so much as the skill and the will to take advantage of an opportunity when it offered. Every time Sir Edward Clarke went out half-way to meet the good luck that was coming.

And certainly he had ability and energy. Of the

fourth element, self-confidence, he gives us a good example. We know that, although a Conservative, Sir Edward Clarke rejected tariff reform, whence strained relations. He began to be left out. 'A meeting was announced to be held at the Cannon Street Hotel against the Government Education Bill. Sir John Puleston was to take the chair and Mr. Balfour was announced to speak. No request to do so had been sent to me, nor any invitation to the meeting itself.

'But at the time appointed I presented myself at the hall, went to the committee-room, and was then asked to second the resolution which Mr. Balfour was to move. I had an excellent reception, and was cheered by the crowd as I left the hotel.'

He is very outspoken in this autobiography. Perhaps the most interesting of all its pages are those in which he retells the story of some of the great cases in which he was engaged, and he is ready enough to express his mind on judge and jury. On Sir Henry Hawkins he is simply merciless—readers of Sir Henry's own self-satisfied autobiography will receive a shock. In regard to the Baccarat scandal he says this: 'Any counsel of experience distrusts his own judgment upon the merits of a case in which he has himself been an advocate. But so many years have passed since the Baccarat case was tried that I think I am able now to form an unbiased opinion, and I think I ought to leave that opinion on record. I believe the verdict was wrong, and that Sir William Gordon-Cumming was innocent of the offence charged against him.'

He was very proud of his election to the City. 'My majority,' he says, 'over the highest Liberal was 10,706. That was the crowning day of my political career, the day when the ambitious hopes which had been with me for fifty years were fulfilled, and more splendidly than I had ever imagined to be possible. The city of my birth, where I had begun so humbly as the errand boy and helper in my father's little shop, the greatest constituency in the world, greatest in the combined characteristics of numbers, wealth, intelligence, and independence, had chosen me for its foremost representative in Parliament. And it had chosen me, not by the mere majority, large as that was, of the votes cast at the election. My sixteen thousand votes represented 57 per cent. of the possible voters at a City election.'

AN UNKNOWN MYSTIC.

Mr. H. R. Allenson is to be congratulated on being the publisher to the world of *The Life of Armelle Nicolas* (5s. net). Armelle, 'the good Armelle' they called her, was a peasant, born in the Bishopric of St. Malo, and spent her life as a family maid-servant. The psychology of her amazing spiritual experiences let psychologists try to explain. They did not prevent her from being an ideal maid of all work, nor from being harshly and horribly treated by her mistress. It is not surprising that the mistress afterwards took much credit for Armelle's sanctity, so well had she disciplined her, she said.

Of the reality of her mysticism there is no doubt. Take this: 'I was,' she said, 'the first eight or ten days of the year in a great assurance that my Love and my All had granted me what I asked of him; for it is impossible to convey the clearness of the faith he gave me of his divine presence. I saw him clearly in my soul and all the operations his divine Love was carrying on there. As for me, I was steadfast, without movement and hardly able to breathe; I had no pulse; in short, I was dead to nature and lived the life of God, attentive to see him, and to burn with a love sweet and delectable, as the Saints burn in Heaven. I had no thought of anything whatsoever, for God it was who thought and did everything. In short, I cannot tell what, or how, I was, except by saying that God alone acted and effected everything; and as for me, I saw him clearly, and remained attentive and on fire with a very great love, in a light which seemed to surpass that of faith, so evident was it, and which increased still more on the Day of the Kings (Epiphany). During all this time I was so feeble that I could scarcely move. I had much difficulty in taking any food save the holy Communion; not that I had any disgust, but I was so full, soul and body, that this alone was more than enough to sustain me. At first when this took place I was exercised by great pains, but these all went off; so that I kept saying to myself, "O, how true it is, that love is stronger than all things; for it absorbs and swallows up all, and makes one feel and breathe only it alone."'

And there was no selfishness in it. 'One day when conversing with a great servant of God, who touched with the same sentiment at seeing him offended, was led to utter these words: "Let us

quit, quit the earth, which is only sin and filth, and let us go to Heaven, where God is no more offended." She replied with an accent full of zeal. "What, my Father, is it thus you love your poor brethren? Do you wish to leave them to perish in their miseries? No, we must remain in this world to aid them to reach Heaven, that all together we may praise and bless Love."

Armelle lived before and after the middle of the seventeenth century. Her book was published in French in 1676. It is now for the first time translated into English (and abridged) by Thomas Taylor Allen.

SOPHIA JEX-BLAKE.

Miss Margaret Todd, M.D., has written *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake* (Macmillan; 18s. net), and it is difficult to say whether one admires most Dr. Jex-Blake or Dr. Todd. The biographer has kept herself completely out of the biography: her name does not once occur. She is the biographer and nothing more. This is the extreme of one form of biography, as Boswell's Johnson is the extreme of the other. But the mere fact that Boswell occurs to mind is enough. This also is a great biography and will make a lasting impression.

It does justice to the saying that the child is father of the man. Dr. Todd quotes that saying once and quite incidentally, but it must have been present to her thought throughout the first part of the book. Never before (unless we have wholly forgotten) has the youth of a strong personality been described so minutely. It has not been described by the biographer: it has been described by the letter and the diary. But so copious have the materials been and so complete has been the biographer's command of them, that not a word can be passed over in the reading. This is one of the signs of the success of the book; only the very greatest biographies must be read every word. There is left no doubt in one's mind that one knows this woman. No man touched her life closely, but many women did, and their influence was bound to tell upon her, for she loved passionately and persistently; yet from childhood to old age she was herself, called, consecrated, endowed for the work that she did; she and no other had come to do it.

Three women especially were factors in her development—first her mother, next Miss Octavia

Hill, and thirdly an American graduate in medicine, Dr. Lucy Sewall.

The intercourse between Sophia Jex-Blake and her mother is one of the most beautiful records of relationship in history or biography. Do not fear that that is exaggeration; it is the soberest statement of the truth. 'No woman ever had a mother like mine,' she said; and *she* spoke the truth always. And the mother said in effect, 'No woman ever had a daughter like mine.' Once the mother said literally that she had learned more from her daughter than her daughter had learned from her, and that was literally true. For the development of the mother is more surprisingly manifest than the development of the daughter. It is probably quite impossible for any one now to realize what it meant in the middle of last century for a woman who belonged to an old proud wealthy English family, to follow a daughter's determined way into the teaching profession (degrading herself, as her father sternly told her, by accepting a salary); or for an earnest evangelical, whose chief happiness was the distribution of tracts, to follow her daughter into a religious toleration which now seemed to be on the edge of perversion to Rome, and again was undistinguishable from unitarianism; and which in any case carried her to Germany, the home of all that was dangerous in doctrine and perhaps in morals; or, again, for a quiet home-loving aristocratic invalid to follow her daughter into one of the fiercest controversies of the time in which, as she pathetically said, it was impossible to preserve the bloom on the peach or restore it when once it was rubbed off. Yet not only did she follow her step after step sympathetically; she continued to be to her, throughout it all, an unfailing strength and encouragement.

Octavia Hill came unexpectedly into her life, and as unexpectedly went out of it. This is the one dramatic episode in the book, and unfortunately the drama was a tragedy. There is no treachery or deep sinfulness attributed to either. There was a strong will on both sides, and an explosive temperament on one side—Miss Jex-Blake suffered from it more than she ever made another suffer. And then, as her mother said, 'with that strange prevision that is given sometimes to the pure in heart,—"God has two great works,—one for her, one for you."¹ But there is nothing which reveals the depth of her character more surely than the way she 'went

softly all the days of her life' after the rupture took place.

She found Dr. Lucy Sewall in America. She had gone there to study American methods of education. For as yet her one aim in life was to become a good teacher. There were moments, it is true, when the thought of being a preacher held her. For she was sincerely and absorbingly religious. After every defeat and disappointment she found strength in surrender to the will of God. Her friends, who had not perhaps the secrets of her diary in their possession, wondered at her elasticity. And she could speak well. But these were only moments. It was under the influence of Dr. Sewall that she turned her mind to medicine. And so found her work at last.

The story of the struggle to obtain a medical degree for women is told with power and without a moment's weariness. Once she had found her work, Miss Jex-Blake said wisely, 'This one thing I do.' It was great enough. And she did it. Thirty years' terrific struggle was rewarded with complete success, before she died in 1912 at the age of seventy-two.

THE THINGS OF A CHILD.

Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis) has written the story of her childhood, calling the book *The Things of a Child* (Collins; 6s. net). It is a true story. Listen to this example of the manner of it. 'An aunt of ours, the widow of one of my father's step-brothers, who had been very much older than himself, used to pay periodical visits to my mother. She was an Englishwoman, a lady of the old school, very kind and generous, but extremely strict in her views, and prone to point out our faults and failings. She used to bring us very handsome presents, and the day of her arrival was generally one of jubilation. Once she gave us each a doll far too beautiful to be played with. I can see these dolls now. They were very large indeed, and dressed in white silk, trimmed with narrow bands of red velvet ornamented with pearls. We were quite dazzled when they were put into our arms, but we had no sooner carried them off to our own quarters than we looked dubiously at each other. They had wax hair of the kind already lamented in our baby-dolls, but as these dolls were distinctly grown-up, this hair could not be covered

with little caps. Moreover, their gorgeous dresses would not take on and off; not only were they firmly stitched together, but actually to the backs and waists of the wearers. The little lace-trimmed "pantalettes," which appeared to be such as Dickens's "Infant Phenomenon" herself might have worn, were only make-believe. They were stitched to each doll's lower limbs about half-way up the thigh. What could be done with things like that? One could not play with grown-up young ladies, nor even put them to bed in their clothes.

"Gertie," I whispered at length, "I hate my doll!"

"So do I," said Gertie; and then she grimaced at the object in question: "Yah! you nasty thing!"

Is not that true? So is the whole story, not written up at all, told as it was experienced and as a most vivid memory has recalled it. Mrs. Blundell is a child again all through the book. And the purpose? It is that mothers may be able to tell their children 'what mother did when she was a little girl'; and that little girls may be true and good while they are girls, so that when their day comes it may be very pleasant to tell 'what mother did when she was a little girl' to *their* little ones.

RELIGION.

A series of Lectures on *Religions of the Past and Present* have been delivered by Members of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph.D., S.T.D., and published by Messrs. Lippincott (10s. 6d. net).

The editor's work comes first. He is well known to us, a first-rate Hebrew scholar and a successful teacher. His own lecture is of course the lecture on the Hebrew Religion. He chose the men. He chose them for their special topic. Of the lecturers themselves some are well known—Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Dr. R. G. Kent, Dr. W. Max Müller. These all have a world-wide reputation already. Some of the rest will win that yet. Let us dare something and select the lecturer on the Religion of Greece as a certainty. His grasp is firm, his insight keen, his knowledge absolutely up to date. One of the others fails in the last point. He has made no use whatever of the

utterly indispensable *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*.

The Lecturer on Early Christianity is arresting. His name is William Romaine Newbold, Ph.D. We have not seen his work hitherto. We shall look out for it now. He is arresting even on 'the Gospel preached by the Apostles.' Like Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, he finds the Resurrection most momentous and the apostolic emphasis on it most characteristic. For the Resurrection opened the door for the Holy Spirit, and it was the entrance of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost that made Christianity. What followed (and still follows) is thus described:

'The most characteristic trait, perhaps, is a genuine distaste for all that is recognized as sin, even for those sins which had formerly seemed most attractive. Often the attraction disappears and is replaced by repulsion. More often, probably, it still survives and wages warfare with the new repugnance.

'The second trait is one of which there are many descriptions, yet all agree that the experience is essentially indescribable. It is felt as an inflow into the deepest depths of one's interior self of a mighty stream of conscious life, independent of and foreign to one's self and utterly unlike anything ever before experienced. It is usually described in terms derived from the emotions—it is a "love" that embraces all sentient beings and even inanimate objects; it is a "joy" beside which all the pleasures of life pale into nothingness; it is a "peace" so profound that no earthly vicissitudes can trouble it. But it has an intensity, a vividness, possessed by no emotion and superior to that of any sensation, a "burning sweetness," which poor fallen human nature finds all but insupportable. To the man who has had such an experience his former life seems like an arid waste, a living death, nay, like death itself.'

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., Memorials of his Life and Work, by Sir William A. Tilden, F.R.S. (Macmillan; 10s. net). It is the biography of a man of science. It is written by a man of science. The readers are evidently expected to be at least interested in science and even to know a little about it. They are expected to know a little of the special science of Chemistry. And

yet the utterly unscientific individual will read the book without a pause and without a moment's lack of interest.

What is the meaning of it? The meaning is quite simple. It is the biography of a right human being whose human nature is allowed to express itself on every page and in every sentence. Professor Ramsay had accomplishments. One of them was whistling. He could whistle more melodiously than most of his friends could sing. And he whistled everywhere and to everybody—if he was certain it would not be a boredom. He never bored anybody. He was there when he should be and always to give pleasure.

He was a great discoverer. But even the biography is not the place to learn about his discoveries, still less is this the place to recall them. This is the place, however, to say that he was a religious man. On the 14th of September 1913 he wrote from Boat o' Garten to Professor Worthington, and this is what he wrote: 'This is Sunday and I am going to continue our conversation of three weeks ago, and give you two quotations, one neutralising the other, I think. The first is from W. H. Howells, and is called "The Bewildered Guest":

I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host since here I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name:
Some say that we shall never see him; some
That we shall see him elsewhere and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go;
But every now and then there burst upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs that strikes our
joys

Dumb in our breasts; and then some one is
gone.

They say we meet him, none knows when or
where;

We know we shall not meet him here again.

'The second is in *Paul Kelter*, by Jerome K. Jerome, a book which I strongly recommend, if you haven't read it already:

"What do you believe," I asked, "father, really, I mean?"

'The night had fallen. My father put his arm round me and drew me to him, "That we are

God's children, little brother," he answered, "that what He wills for us is best. It may be life, it may be sleep; it will be best. I cannot think that He will let us die; that were to think of Him as without purpose. But His uses may not be our desires. We must trust Him. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

'We walked awhile in silence before my father spoke again.

"'Now abideth these three: faith, hope and charity'—you remember the verse—faith in God's goodness to us, hope that our dreams may be fulfilled. But these concern but ourselves—the greatest of all is charity."

"Be kind, that is all it means," continued my father. "Often we do what we think right and evil comes of it, and out of evil comes good. We cannot understand—maybe the old laws we have misread. But the new law that we love one another—all creatures He has made—that is so clear. And if it be that we are here together only for a little while, the future dark, how much the greater need have we of one another!"

'I think there is little more to be said. Indeed, it is all the Law and all the Prophets.'

That this found response in his own soul there can be no doubt. He took the trouble to write it all out again in a letter to Mr. Hehner about the same time.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

This was the practical precept of his life.

We have never had anything in this country like the Manual for Men preparing for the National Army Camps issued to the American recruits. It has been prepared by Arthur H. Brown and Frank Wade Smith. The title is *The Call to Arms* (New York: Abingdon Press: 10 cents net).

Divine Psychology (Bell; 3s. 6d. net) is a daring title. And the book is as daring as the title. It is an attempt on the part of a learned woman, Mrs. Kate Simmons, to prove that if we understood our own nature and followed her directions

for the treatment of it we should easily and inevitably reach Perfection. 'Divine Psychology teaches that the true law of growth is the unfolding of divine Good; that death, ignorance, and hatred are "the inhibiting factors" hiding true man; and states how these can be eliminated by the action of the law of Good.' Thus the author's subject is not the psychology of God, but the psychology of man who becomes perfect as God is perfect. 'The point of view of an evolving God is not here brought forward, but that of a supreme and perfect Godhead, an infinite, eternal glory; of a divine Principle—Life, Truth, Love—which is the intelligent creative Mind, governing its perfect creation, a race divine, expressing and reflecting immortality.'

The perfection is realized through Sonship. 'The human Jesus demonstrated and proved the Christ (perfect man) or spiritual idea of divine Sonship, and revealed in the power of the Holy Ghost the relationship between God the Father and God the Son—spiritual creation. Therefore "he that believeth on the Son of God" involves the recognition of man's spiritual selfhood which is the "witness in himself" of his own true nature, and demonstrated in experience his active relationship to God. Here is the whole principle of healing the sick, or the restoration of law and order; and casting out devils, or the delusion of life apart from God; and restoring to man the consciousness of the Trinity in Unity from everlasting to everlasting.'

We have often had the argument for Immortality stated from the side of science. But Mr. Charles A. Hall, in *They do Not Die* (A. & C. Black; 3s. 6d. net), does more. He describes the future life. He tells us what Heaven is and what Hell is, and all from the scientific point of view. The surprise of it is that the findings of science, both on the fact and on the nature of the life to come, are very like the findings of the New Testament. For example, science says that there will be no relationships in the future life.

'The declaration,' says Mr. Hall, 'carries reason on the face of it, for the fact is a matter of experience here. Family ties are in some instances very real, but in many cases they are palpably only legal, conventional and superficial. Intimate soul relationship is commonly sought and found outside the family circle, and, in practice, blood relation-

ship does not invariably yield community of thought, aspiration and character. A David finds a Jonathan who is spiritually closer to him than a brother, and who loves him as he loves his own soul. And Jesus indicated a wonderful spiritual brotherhood in His memorable reply to those who interrupted Him in His work by the declaration that His mother and His brethren stood without, desiring to speak with Him: "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" He asked. Then pointing to His disciples, He said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! for whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Family loyalty is a fine thing and worthy of all encouragement, but the members of any family circle are not alike in temperament or mental outlook, and it invariably happens that each individual forms his own circle of friends and intimates outside of the domestic community. We find no fault with this state of things; we take it for granted, and even rejoice in it, because we realise that it tends to wider experience, broader thought, and the defeat of stupid prejudice. A condition which contents us in our present life ought certainly to please us in its inevitable continuation in the spiritual world. Let us be happy in the thought that the departed ones are as near to us in spirit as they ever have been, or could be; that all that is really theirs infallibly gravitates to them; that they have spiritual friends who contribute to their progress and joy of living.'

Francis Thompson has now a great popularity. But his books are expensive. Messrs. Burns & Oates have met the desire for a cheaper edition of his poems by issuing a volume of *Selected Poems* (6s. net). The selection is so extensive that we doubt if anything is omitted that has to do with his reputation. And the book is as attractive as the three-volume edition of his works.

Two papers have been contributed by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed, Ph.D., to the University of Chicago series entitled 'Historical and Linguistic Studies in Literature related to the New Testament.' One is on *The Haskell Gospels*, the other on *The Harvard Gospels* (Cambridge University Press; 25 cents net). There is in each case a beautiful facsimile page.

In the University of Chicago the study of Heredity has been added to 'the curriculum of the church school.' That is to say, it has been made part of the child's religious education. So we make progress. And, be well assured, it is no pretence of study. It is taken seriously, and serious scientific manuals are prepared for it. The first is by Mr. Elliot Rowland Downing of the School of Education. Its title is *The Third and Fourth Generation* (Cambridge Univ. Press; \$1 net). The book is purely a work of science; there are no concessions to popular prejudice. Clearly as well as tersely expressed, the meaning is driven home by means of diagrams. There are pedigrees of trotting horses together with family trees of geniuses and of wastrels. Perhaps the religious teacher should study the subject a little before introducing it into the 'church school.' This is the book for the study of it.

The Church Missionary Society has issued a Missionary Study Text-Book on Nigeria. The title is *Nigeria the Unknown* (rs. net).

The newest addition to the Oxford series of Standard Authors is a volume containing *The Poetical Works of Gray and Collins* (Oxford Univ. Press; 2s. 6d. net). The editor of Gray is Mr. Austin Lane Poole. And Gray never had a better editor. This is the edition to rely upon. Not a few facts are discovered and questions settled by Mr. Lane Poole's patient research. The Collins is by Mr. Christopher Stone with the help of Mr. Lane Poole.

Dr. Kelman has written a fine frank appreciation of a volume of short war sermons by the Rev. John A. Patten, M.A., which is called *The Decoration of the Cross* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. net). Is it a volume of sermons? We hope it is. For just such as these are the short earnest emphatic illustrated sermons we need in these days. The illustrations are out of the preacher's own experience as a Chaplain. What does the title mean? The soldier who 'makes good' receives his honourable mention, perhaps his D.C.M. or even his V.C. The soldier of Jesus Christ bears about with him the marks of the Lord Jesus. That is *his* decoration.

The Bruce Lecturer for 1914 was the Rev.

William Manson, B.A. His subject was *Christ's View of the Kingdom of God*. And under that title the volume containing the lectures has now been issued. Says Professor H. R. Mackintosh, introducing the volume: 'Those into whose hands this book may come for serious study—and they will, I trust, be many—will find that it does for them a great service: it enables them to understand in a new and more satisfying way how Jesus' message of the Kingdom, in spite and by means of its apocalyptic vesture, is in essence "an expression of the urgency, immediacy, and inevitable triumph of God's will to reconcile the world to Himself." It is well said and truly, and it is all that has to be said.'

It is a particular pleasure to find Mr. Manson reject the German 'Interims-Ethik' idea so decidedly. 'Take, for example, the principle of loving enemies. We are to love our enemies, not because the time is short, but because the loving-kindness of our Father in Heaven endureth for ever. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, etc." (Matt. v. 44, 45). No one reading this passage could possibly think that the nearness of the end had anything to do with it.'

There is a dainty square volume published by Messrs. Constable under the title of *Trivium* (4s. 6d. net). Its author is Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith. Its broad margins and white paper, with sometimes only a single short paragraph of printing on a page, is more than we had hoped to see again for many a weary day. And the reading is all in harmony with the fine fastidiousness of the binding. But what is its purpose? To glorify idleness? All this beauty of form and finish of style, yea, even all this subtle simplicity of thought, just to glorify idleness? No doubt the author apologizes for his idleness. And then he sails away with widespread wings as if he had proved his right to be and to do nothing in this world.

'Oh to be becalmed on a sea of glass all day; to listen all day to rain on the roof, or wind in pine trees; to sit all day by a waterfall reading the "Faerie Queene," or exquisite, artificial, monotonous Persian poems about an oasis garden where it is always spring—where roses bloom and lovers

sigh, and nightingales lament without ceasing, and white-robed figures sit in groups by the running water and discuss all day, and day after day, the Meaning of Life.'

Messrs. Headley Brothers have begun the issue of a series of 'Papers for the Present.' The third number (which seems to have been issued first) is called *Spirit Creative* (6d.). It contains two articles by Mr. George Sandeman, one entitled 'Spirit Creative,' the other 'The Spiritual City.' The series is reconstructive.

In the Swarthmore Lecture for 1918, of which the title is *The New Social Outlook* (Headley; 1s. 6d. net), Lucy Fryer Morland, B.A., gives an historical account of the Social Service rendered by the Society of Friends. When will other communities of Christians search their records and make as frank a statement of failure? But for the future she has hope. Two things have to be recognized—the right of every man and woman to *self-determination*, and the necessity of *co-operation*. When these have their way, caste in all its forms must go. 'In the schools class distinction must be obliterated; money and social position must confer no special privileges. The people have the right to give to their own children the best opportunities that are available, and no one can claim more.' It is a sane and a courageous book, the sanity of Christian courage.

Sir George Adam Smith's *Syria and the Holy Land* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net) is one of the best and cheapest of the literary products of the war. The map is itself worth the money, and well worth it. The pamphlet contains all that the newspaper reader needs to know of the country, its history, geography, politics, and promises.

We do not believe that a better book for boys has ever been published than *Captain Ball, V.C.* (Herbert Jenkins; 6s. net). We have read many books for boys, and this excels them all. It is well written. For that we give due thanks to the double authorship, Walter A. Briscoe and H. Russell Stannard. It is the life of a hero, the hero of all boys, whatever their antecedents or upbringing. It is packed with adventure, the most thrilling imaginable. It is true, every word of it. And last of all its tone is reverent and

religious, without a sensation of mawkishness. For this wonderful boy (he was a boy and only a boy to the end) who beat all others in beating German airmen, never missed an opportunity of attending the worship of God, never omitted to ask God's help, never feared to confess his faith in God. And, most wonderful of all, he put to shame those who ought to have been his betters, in his attitude to his and our enemies. Take this one paragraph from a letter: 'You ask me to let the devils have it when I fight. Yes, I always let them have all I can, but really I don't think them devils. I only scrap because it is my duty, but I do not think anything bad about the Hun. He is just a good chap with very little guts, trying to do his best. Nothing makes me feel more rotten than to see them go down, but you see it is either them, or me, so I must do my best to make it a case of *them*.'

Professor Morris Jastrow, jr., the Assyriologist, has given himself to a study of the German aims in the Near East, and has published the result in *The War and the Bagdad Railway* (Lippincott; 6s. net). Every aspect of the subject seems to be taken account of—scientific, commercial, political, military. For whatever Dr. Jastrow does he does thoroughly. He has all the advantage of intimate knowledge of the past history of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and he has been able to enliven his book by the use of a series of fine photographs.

It is a striking thing that Professor Morris Jastrow is so antagonistic to the German aims. It has cost him something; for he was educated at the German Universities. He was compelled at last to see that it was not a place in the sun that the Germans were after, but tyrannical usurpation of every other nation's place. And it is clear to him that the Bagdad railway is the key to the question of the world's freedom or slavery.

How fascinating is the story! 'Can any romance be stranger than the streets of Bagdad, only sixty miles distant from the ruins of ancient Babylon, with memories of past glory reaching back to Harun al-Rashid, resounding to the steps of European soldiery, and Mosul, opposite which lies all that remains of Nineveh "the great city," once mistress of the world, at the mercy of a European power! What does it all mean? It is reported that on the top of the remains of one of the ancient towers that formed a feature of the

temples of Babylonia a "wireless" station has been installed since the beginning of the war. This particular tower is the one, curiously enough, which tradition associates with the famous Tower of Babel.'

Dr. Jastrow is a firm believer in internationalization. The Turk must be sent out of Europe, and Constantinople must be under the protectorate of an international commission. 'Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia should likewise be placed under an "international" protectorate, and its populations be given the opportunity of developing their capability for autonomy, which at present they do not possess.'

The friends of the late Dr. John Hunter of Glasgow intend to publish a volume of sermons, addresses, and prayers, together with a memoir. Meantime they have chosen six addresses on the 23rd Psalm, and have issued them, along with a sermon on the true measure of life, under the title of *Faith in Stormy Days* (Maclehose; 3s. 6d. net). And let it be said at once that the exposition of the psalm of psalms contained in these six addresses is the outcome of a lifetime's study. Dr. Hunter bought and read all the books he could find on the Psalter, and as he read he thought, and as he thought he recorded his thoughts on paper. It is no ordinary volume of sermons. The Psalter appealed to his mind in a marked degree, and to his experiences, and the 23rd Psalm most of all. He literally walks with the Psalmist through the valley of the shadow; he is as sure as the Psalmist that goodness and mercy shall follow him all his days.

Alcohol and Life is the title of a Manual of Scientific Temperance Teaching for Schools which has been written by John A. Hunter, M.B., C.M. (Edin.), and issued by Messrs. Macmillan. It has already been sanctioned by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland for use in Schools, and ought to be sanctioned and insisted upon everywhere. For it is utterly free from bias, it is charmingly written and as charmingly illustrated; and although little more than a pamphlet it contains all the necessary knowledge.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's new book contains two meditations. So it is called *Lover's Gift and Crossing* (Macmillan; 5s. net). These two differ. The one is earthly; the other is heavenly. But

both are of the spirit, neither is of the flesh. Sometimes one thinks a progressive method is to be traced in the thought, and then again it is lost. Take one swallow-flight from each meditation.

'I dreamt that she sat by my head, tenderly ruffling my hair with her fingers, playing the melody of her touch. I looked at her face and struggled with my tears, till the agony of unspoken words burst my sleep like a bubble.

'I sat up and saw the glow of the Milky Way above my window, like a world of silence on fire, and I wondered if at this moment she had a dream that rhymed with mine.'

'None needs be thrust aside to make room for you.

When love prepares your seat she prepares it for all.

Where the earthly King appears, guards keep out the crowd, but when you come, my King, the whole world comes in your wake.'

Bishop Herbert Hensley Henson has published another volume of Sermons. The sermons were preached during the last two years, and mostly in the Cathedral of Durham. The first six deal with the subject of Christian Liberty and give the book its title: *Christian Liberty, and Other Sermons* (Macmillan; 6s. net). There is no reference in any of them to the controversy which arose over his appointment to the See of Hereford; but at the end of the volume he prints the correspondence which passed between him and the Bishop of London regarding his occupation of the City Temple pulpit. He also mentions in the Preface that the English Church Union has issued a sixpenny pamphlet entitled *Dr. Hensley Henson's Opinions*. And he says: 'A series of quotations from works of mine published during the last fifteen years is set forth under various headings, and the reader is assured in a prefatory note that "a reference to their context will rather aggravate than extenuate their gravity." I have been at the pains of testing this assurance by reading the contexts, and I must needs record a protest against misrepresentation, none the less gross and hurtful for being cleverly masqued by a profession of scrupulous fairness. A protest is the more requisite since it cannot be thought an extravagant assumption that this pamphlet will have vastly more readers than any of the books it claims to quote from.'

In one of the sermons Dr. Henson deals with a matter which has caused much searching of heart and some misunderstanding. Its title is 'The Failure of Lutheranism no Disproof of the Reformation.' The subject is too large for a sermon. It is perhaps impossible in any way to deal with it satisfactorily at present. When our hands are free we shall find that it is Prussianism that is the devil, not Lutheranism.

God's Book of Hope; or, Back to the Bible and the Angels of the Fearnot is the complete title of an anonymous book published by Messrs. Marshall Brothers. It is an earnest plea for a more devout and more frequent reading of the Bible. The author is much impressed with the occurrences of the words 'Fear not.'

In an introduction to *Spiritual Churchmanship*, by the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A. (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net), the Bishop of Liverpool denies that Evangelicals belittle the Church. Their difference from certain others is this. They believe that the Church is a means, not an end. The Church for Christ, not Christ for the Church—that is their motto and their motive. And that is the meaning of Mr. Webster's book. His whole aim is to promote union with Christ, the union of the individual, that in that union the individual may find himself a Churchman.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have issued two books on the Second Advent. The one is called *The Prophetic Outlook To-Day*; its author is the Rev. E. P. Cachemaille, M.A. Mr. Cachemaille uses 'prophecy' as equivalent to prediction. But that is too narrow a use of the word. It is now recognized by students of Scripture that prediction is quite a subordinate element in prophecy, and is often altogether absent. Nevertheless an author is entitled to use a word in his own way if he makes it clear what his own way is. And Mr. Cachemaille makes it perfectly clear.

The other book is, however, more edifying. It is a collection of addresses by the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D., under the title of *Behold, He Cometh!* Writers on the Second Advent have a great opportunity at present. May they be guided to the profitable use of it.

Wilson-Carmichael (Morgan & Scott). Ponnamal was a Hindu widow. The dead husband's family were Christian, but with few of the Hindu customs shed yet, and poor Ponnamal had a hard time with her mother-in-law. Then came 'the enlightenment,' and after that permission to itinerate with the English missionary and a life of amazing courage and sacrifice, till death came of cancer on the 26th of August 1915.

The special service given her was to rescue children devoted to the temples and to the nameless horrors of that devotion. It was dangerous, but it was rewarding work. This young Hindu woman shrank from it at first, and then gave herself to it regardless of all but God's command. Christina Rossetti says that the saint is known by two marks—first, likeness to Christ luminously, and next the faculty of discovering or making saints of others—'Lo! I and the child God has given me.' Such a saint was Ponnamal.

The story is told with rare ability—the English language and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ in harmonious co-operation.

Few authors of books have done more for the reconciliation of science with religion than Emma Marie Caillard, or done it less ostentatiously. One great thought is with her always. It is the thought of growth, growth in doctrine as well as in life. She believes in theology, but not in a theology that is stranded on the shore of the oblivious years. And by every device of the true literary artist she seeks to persuade us to go forward in our belief about God, just as the scientific observer goes forward in his faith in the order of the universe. The new book, *A Living Christianity* (Murray; 3s. 6d.), itself throbs with life.

In the chapter on 'The Life to Come,' the author tells us this: 'Here is the experience, positively vouched for by the writer to be true and as described, of a child of fourteen whose dearly-loved mother had passed into the Unseen three months previously. She woke in the night, and saw through the twilight of her room, the door open and her mother advance towards her bed. The child knew her mother had died, and she felt a trembling awe of this visitant from the life beyond. Her mother came up to the bed and took the child in her arms, every shadow of fear

Ponnamal, her Story, has been told by Amy

vanished, and a sensation of unutterable peace and comfort took its place. The mother said no word, the child did not see her face distinctly, but she felt there was no need. "Heart welled into heart." Many years afterwards, when the same child was a middle-aged woman, she had an experience of like nature in regard to a loved sister who had passed from earth a little over two years previously. Both times she was herself greatly strengthened and comforted, but on the rare occasions when in the hope of consoling other mourners she has related what occurred to herself, it is but once or twice that any conviction of the reality of these happenings, that they were more than subjective impressions, was produced upon her listeners.'

The English Catalogue of Books for 1917 has been published (Publishers' Circular; 8s. 6d. net). It is the most wonderful book of the year. For it concentrates the wonder of all the other books. What an astonishing thing that the record of books in 1917 makes a handsome volume, little (if any) less in interest and bulk than that of the year before the war began. And the wonder is the greater that the proportion of purely *war* books has fallen off. Here are many great scientific, philosophical, and religious volumes written, published, and no doubt read while the sorrow and anxiety are so heavy to bear. It is one of the proofs of the greatness of the mind of man, one proof of the greatness of our national mind.

Remember that, besides the record of books published during the year, the volume contains an Appendix of Learned Societies and a Directory of Publishers.

The Rev. Eugene William Lyman, D.D., Professor of the Philosophy of Religion and Christian Ethics in Oberlin Graduate School of Theology, is one of the clearest thinkers and most adequately furnished scholars in the United States. Three lectures which last autumn he delivered at Union Theological Seminary have now been published, with the title *The Experience of God in Modern Life* (Scribners; \$1 net). The question to be answered is, What does religious experience do for progress? By religious experience Dr. Lyman means the experience of an Eternal Creative Good Will. And as there are three lectures the experience is considered in

relation to the individual, to society, and to the universe. In other words, the experience of God is considered 'in its relation to modern life from three points of view—the personal, the social, and the cosmic.'

We have read the book with intense interest, but we can do nothing with it here, for its argument hangs closely together and to repeat it would be to rewrite the book. One point only shall be noticed. Dr. Lyman discusses Mr. H. G. Wells and his notion of a finite God. He says: 'Surely men who in this scientific age are consciously dealing with the universal laws of nature need a God who is infinite in the sense of being able to control those laws to moral ends. This need and the faith which satisfies it are admirably set forth in the following lines of Edwin Markham, who is no more bound by conventional religion than is Mr. Wells:

Keep heart, O Comrade! God may be delayed
By evil, but he suffers no defeat;
Even as a chance rock in an upland brook
May change a river's course; and yet no rock—
No, nor the baffling mountains of the world,—
Can hold it from its destiny, the sea.
God is not foiled; the drift of the world Will
Is stronger than all wrong. Earth and her years,
Down joy's bright way, or sorrow's longer road,
Are moving toward the purpose of the Skies.'

It is not easy to obtain authentic unprejudiced writing upon Swedenborg. So we mention the issue by Mr. Elliot Stock of a paper, *Swedenborg, Servant of God*, by Dr. Charles H. Moore; Professor of Art, Emeritus, Harvard University (1s. net). There is in it much information in little bulk; and there is the insight of perfectly sane sympathy.

In His Strength is the title of a small quarto containing a Selection of Helpful Thoughts and Prayers from various Authors arranged for Daily Reading (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The editor, Constance M. Whishaw, has ranged widely and has not been afraid to place Emerson beside Frances Ridley Havergal. The quotations are arranged in groups, and there is a serviceable index. Here is the page occupied by April 21:

Dreams pass; work remains. They tell us that not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through

space; that not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought, nor a pure resolve, nor a loving act has ever gone forth in vain.

The Reverend F. W. Robertson.

All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,
All we have been, or bravely striven to be,
Makes for our gain, within us still surviving
As power and larger possibility.

All, all shall count; the mingled joy and sorrow
To force of finer being rise at last;
From the crude ores in trial's furnace smelted
The image of the perfect life is cast.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

It is not very long since Dr. Alfred Plummer gave us a Commentary on Second Thessalonians. He has now published *A Commentary on St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians* (Scott; 4s. 6d. net). It is a well-printed demy octavo, furnished with full critical Introduction and Expository Notes and up to date even to the articles in the DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

Dr. Plummer gives the text of the Epistle according to the Authorized Version and what he calls a Paraphrase of his own. The Paraphrase is, however, really a new translation, and it is upon it that the Notes are founded. Take four verses in parallel column, the A.V. in the first, the Paraphrase in the second column.

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

But as touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you: for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another. And indeed ye do it toward all the brethren which are in all Macedonia: but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more; And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands (as we com-

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

There is another subject, that of love of the brethren, about which you have no need that we should write to you. For of your own accord you have accepted God's teaching to the effect that you must love one another. We say this the more confidently, for you are actively following this teaching in your conduct towards all the brethren in the whole of Macedonia. But we do exhort you, Brethren, to do this still more fully than you have

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

manded you;) That ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing.

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

hitherto done, and to make a vigorous endeavour to keep quiet, and to attend each to his own affairs and to work at some handicraft, in exact accordance with the precepts which we gave you. Our object in this is that you should live so as to be in good repute in your relations with your unbelieving neighbours, and should maintain an honourable independence.

Now take a note. Take the note on the words *make a vigorous endeavour* in v.¹¹: 'Lit. "Be anxious of distinction, be ambitious" (*φιλοτιμείσθαι*). In late Greek the verb seems to lose the idea of emulation. The exhortation to make a quiet life an object of endeavour is among the indications that there had been much restlessness among the converts. In Rom. xv. 20 and 2 Cor. v. 9, the other passages in the N.T. in which the verb occurs, it is used, as here, in a good sense. See Plummer on 2 Cor. v. 9. The paradoxical expression, "be vigorous in keeping quiet," is perhaps made deliberately. Cf. "make a desperate effort on behalf of tranquillity of mind" (Arrian, *Disc. of Epictetus*, ii. 16 *sub fin.*); also "with strenuous yielding" (Clement of Rome, *Cor.* lviii. 2, lxii. 2).'

There has never been but one Dean Ramsay, but the Rev. T. Selby Henrey, Vicar of St. George, Brentford, makes a very respectable follower. If the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who writes an Introduction to Mr. Henrey's collection of *Good Stories from Oxford and Cambridge* (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net), had been responsible for the whole book and had carried the manner of the Introduction throughout, who will say that the great Scottish Dean might not have had a real English rival? Mr. Henrey can tell a story all right. But he is content to tell it. The Dean and the President tell it with circumstance.

The President of Magdalen opens his Introduction by quoting Longfellow:

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.

For the smithy is the place where the village wits meet and from the chestnut tree come chestnuts. Mr. Henrey has gathered not a few. The retort of Bishop Boyd Carpenter is a chestnut, but, as the President says again, it is not a rotten chestnut. 'Once, while addressing an open-air meeting, an atheist asked Bishop Boyd Carpenter if he believed that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. "When I go to heaven I will ask Jonah," said his lordship. "But, supposing," the other persisted, "he is not there!" "Then *you* will have to ask him," was the quick retort.'

This explanation of the 'motto' (as Mr. Henrey calls it) of Marischal College, Aberdeen, is credited to Henry Smith of Balliol: 'A friend mentioned to him the enigmatical motto of Marischal College: "They say; what say they? let them say." "Ah," said Henry Smith, "it expresses the three stages of an undergraduate's career. In the first year he is reverent, and accepts everything he is told as inspired—"They say"; in his second year he is sceptical and asks, "What say they?" and 'let them say' expresses the contemptuous attitude of his third year."

There is a chapter entitled 'Old Chestnuts for Young Preachers.' Mr. Henrey is not above an exegetical note. Thus: "'God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. ix. 7): *hilāros*—hilarious, flowing over, bubbling over with thankfulness, a heat of heart that thaws frozen-up pockets.'

In September 1917 was published the first number of the *S.P.C.K. Quarterly Record* (1d.). It is diligence in business and service of the Lord. The S.P.C.K. series *Straight Talks* deserves notice also. They are addressed chiefly to boys and girls (1d. net). The writers have been chosen with evident care and knowledge. They have taken to their work seriously, but they are not too serious.

A Challenge to Girls is a good title. And it is made good in a volume of short essays written by several women of literary instinct and loving service, and edited by M. Gwen Southall (Student Christian Movement; 1s. 6d.). The topics of the short studies are Discipleship, Vocation, Counting the Cost, Joy, and so on, and each topic is presented in a week's lessons, a lesson for every day.

In the Notes of Recent Exposition this month some reference is made to a book which presents

liberty as an ideal for education, and it came out that there is false liberty and true, the false being that which demands the place of lord for self, the true that which is content with the place of servant. These ideas are strikingly illustrated in a volume of lectures which has been issued from the Student Christian Movement under the title of *The Agony of the Church* (2s. 6d. net). The author is a Serbian, the Rev. Nicholai Velimirovic, D.D., of St. Savva's College, Belgrade. Thus: 'Slavery means obligatory service; freedom ought to mean willing service. Only a man or a nation educated for willing service to their neighbours is a really free man or free nation. All other theories of freedom are illusions. Freedom asking for rights and not for willing service means an endless quarrel crowning with unhappiness all its champions. Neither Pericles' republic nor Octavian's monarchy were the States of happiness, but St. Paul's pan-human state, with a single Magna Charta of willing service, will be a State of Universal Happiness.'

The book is a remarkable one. It is quite one of the surprises of the war.

Mr. T. R. St. Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., has resided for many years on *The Lau Islands* and has taken particular interest in their traditions; and now under that title he has published a volume of their fairy tales and folk-lore (Times Book Club).

The Lau Islands lie about midway between Fiji and Tonga, being about two hundred miles east of the former. They act as a barrier against the heavy storms that sweep the Pacific in those months of the year when 'the trades' are at their strongest. And vessels are often thrown upon their reefs. Thus Christianity came to them by way of Tonga, and they passed it on to Fiji. And now it is not easy for the observer to separate the purely native story from the influences of the Bible and Christianity. Says Mr. St. Johnston: 'I was investigating the old snake legend of Vulaga Island (an island, incidentally, on which no snakes are ever found). A man told me his *Kalou Vu*—his ancestral god—was a red serpent, and that Vulaga was *Tauvu*—of common origin—with Totoya Island (where snakes are found). So far so good. I then asked him if he knew the name of this *Kalou Vu*. He replied, "His name was that of the Chief of all the Devils, the Blessed

Pope!" Thinking that this was rather strong partizanship for even the most ardent Wesleyan, I asked again, and this time he pronounced it a little differently, as "Bilesi Popu." He then said it was well known in the Bible, and all at once it flashed across me—"Beelzebub." This man had, with some confusion, read in his Bible of Beelzebub and also of serpents, and consequently adopted, quite wrongly, this name for the ancient *Kalou Vu* of his race.²

Mr. St. Johnston has confined himself to the folk-lore of the Islands and many a weird as well as many a childish story he tells. He has succeeded in making his book entertaining to the ordinary reader of books as well as valuable to the student of anthropology.

A pamphlet on *The Agricultural Labourer and the Minimum Wage* (Letchworth: Wardman; 2d. net), by the Rev. J. R. C. Forrest, M.A., Vicar

of Swanbourne, with a preface by the Bishop of Oxford, states temperately but impressively the case for Hodge, whose case cannot be left unconsidered much longer.

It is quite a small book that the Right Rev. J. W. Diggle, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle, has issued with the title of *Death and the After-Life* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. 6d. net); but there is an astonishing amount of thinking in it. The thinking is clear and the expression of it accurate. Easy to read, the book has all the facts we can be sure of, and it is very helpful.

Dr. Diggle does well to emphasize the difference between death and Christian death. We must sharpen these differences and compel the world to see them.

The four facts which the Bishop of Carlisle believes to be revealed regarding the heavenly life are Recognition, Reversal, Peace, and Awareness.

The Credibility of the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. CANON H. H. B. AYLES, D.D., BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

It is rapidly coming to be regarded as a self-evident truth that the account given by the Synoptists is to be preferred to the narrative of St. John, and that when any statement in the Fourth Gospel contradicts (or seems to contradict) statements in the other three, St. John's presentation of the case must be regarded as unhistorical.

The object of the present article is to investigate how far this presumption is borne out by the actual facts. There is no lack of material for such an investigation. There are many contradictions, real or apparent, between the Synoptic Gospels and St. John, and a careful and unbiased comparison ought to show us pretty conclusively whether or no the preference is always to be given to one of these authorities, and if so, to which.

We have spoken of the Synoptic Gospels, but it is necessary to remember that it is not a case of three witnesses against one. St. Matthew and St. Luke have been content to adopt St. Mark's account practically unaltered. They have in some cases changed his order and in others improved his style, but their account is the same as his, and his limits are (as far as this discussion is concerned)

theirs also. Thus the comparison is not between the Synoptists and St. John, but between the author of the Fourth Gospel and the author of the Second.

The first thing that would strike an impartial observer would be that the author of the Fourth Gospel lays repeated claim to an intimate and personal knowledge of the events recorded. There is no need to labour the point, for it does not depend on one or two isolated passages, but on the whole standpoint of the Gospel.¹

Moreover, the author of the Fourth Gospel repeatedly corrects or modifies the statements of the Synoptists. Such a rejection of established tradition is inconceivable unless he possessed, or wished it to be supposed he possessed, superior information. The claim may be disallowed on closer examination, but no candid inquirer can ignore the fact that it has been made. No such claim is made in the Second Gospel, and no critic has advanced it.

It is sometimes conceded that the author of the

¹ The claim is recognized as early as the Muratorian Fragment.

Fourth Gospel had ample knowledge, but it is maintained that it was no part of his intention to give us the actual facts. His plan was simply to write an orthodox theological treatise. Lazarus—to take a single instance—was never raised from the dead, but the words put into our Lord's mouth in connexion with that fictitious miracle agree fairly well with the ideas contained in the Synoptic Gospels and may therefore represent what our Lord's teaching may actually have been on other occasions.

It is, of course, quite conceivable that the author of the Fourth Gospel—like the author of the Clementine Recognitions—intended to write an historical romance and not to narrate the actual facts. Such a view is, however, in flat contradiction to his own statements: 'He that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe.' 'This is the disciple, which testified of these things, and which wrote these things, and we know that his testimony is true.' When a writer makes such claims as these and yet deliberately composes a fictitious narrative, it is difficult to acquit him of deliberate fraud.

Moreover, we have independent testimony that the majority of the events narrated in this Gospel actually occurred. The Temple was cleansed, the Five Thousand were fed, the Supper at Bethany actually took place; the treachery of Judas, the denial of Peter, the trials before Caiaphas and Pilate, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection were part of the common Christian tradition. The plan of the author was not to disregard history altogether, but to distort it and to insert one or two fictitious narratives of his own. Here again we are driven back on the alternative of intended accuracy or intentional fraud. Intended accuracy is, of course, quite compatible with a large number of serious errors. So we turn to a consideration of the narratives in which the Synoptists and St. John appear to contradict one another.

The first clear instance is the Day of the Crucifixion, and some critics have gone so far as to say that if St. John is correct in this, his account must also be preferred to that of St. Mark in other matters. In this instance the contradiction between the two seems complete. In St. Mark we read that the disciples asked where they should prepare to eat the passover, that they went to the upper room and made ready the passover. Then in the evening our Lord came with the Twelve and sat down to the meal prepared. St. Matthew adds that our

Lord told the owner of the room that He was going to eat the passover there, and St. Luke states that our Lord definitely said at the meal itself that it was the actual passover He was eating.

On the other hand, in the Fourth Gospel we are told that the Last Supper took place a day before the actual Passover. Our Lord's accusers would not go into the hall of judgment lest they should be defiled and so prevented from eating the passover. The bodies were taken down from the cross that they might not remain there on the day following the crucifixion, 'for that Sabbath day was a high day.' They laid our Lord's body in the garden because of the approach of the same Sabbath, 'for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.'

In this case a closer examination shows signs of inconsistency in the Synoptic account and confirms the narrative of St. John. For the fifteenth of Nisan was the greatest day of the Jewish year and was of such supreme importance that the observance of the weekly Sabbath had to give way to it, if the necessity arose. Yet, according to the Synoptists, chief priest and scribe, ruler and multitude, united in disregarding it. The trials before the Sanhedrin and Pilate were alike held on that day. Simon the Cyrenian is depicted coming out of the country and apparently from his ordinary work. The chief priests and the multitudes alike poured out of the city to witness the Crucifixion. The work of preparing the ointments was done without a qualm on the greatest Sabbath of the year, but they put off the actual anointing and rested on the weekly Sabbath, 'according to the commandment.' The Synoptic account of the Day of the Crucifixion, teeming with incident and devoid of any special sanctity, is the best proof that St. John is correct and that our Lord was offered at the very time that the Paschal lambs were being slain for the coming feast.

Another point of contrast is our Lord's Judæan ministry. If we had only St. Mark's account, we should suppose that our Lord's ministry was confined to Galilee until His last journey to Jerusalem. On the other hand, St. John tells us that He repeatedly taught and wrought miracles in Judæa. Here surely the probability is in favour of the Fourth Gospel. It is inconceivable that our Lord, as a pious Jew, should have neglected the great annual festivals. It is equally unlikely, if He were present, that no notice should have been taken of the celebrated Galilean teacher or that our Lord

should have refused to instruct those of His own countrymen who desired teaching. It might be necessary to restrict His mission to the Jews and not to extend it to the Gentiles, but there was no apparent reason why He should refuse to teach a Jew merely because he happened to have been born outside Galilee.

We must not forget that the Gospel of St. Mark is rather a series of episodes in our Lord's history than a complete life of Christ. In this case St. Luke seems to have known of the Judæan ministry ('O Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together . . . and ye would not'), but to have omitted it because he was following the outline of St. Mark. If, however, the Synoptists omitted a whole section of our Lord's work, we can scarcely lay any stress on their omission of particular details. If they left out the whole of the Judæan ministry, they might well omit any incident in it.

One such incident is the Raising of Lazarus. Professor Burkitt¹ takes it as a test case: 'The discrepancy between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptic narrative, i.e. St. Mark's Gospel, comes to a head in the story of the Raising of Lazarus. . . . Is it possible that any one who reads the continuous and detailed story of Mark from the Transfiguration to the entry into Jerusalem can interpolate into it the tale of Lazarus and the notable sensation which we are assured that it produced? . . . For all its dramatic setting it is, I am persuaded, impossible to regard the story of the Raising of Lazarus as a narrative of historical events,' and the Professor asks that we shall keep 'this negative conclusion in our minds' when we 'go on to compare other portions of the Fourth Gospel with Mark.' Without pausing to point out that the story of Mark from the Transfiguration to the Triumphal Entry is very far from being continuous, we may freely grant that if St. Mark had been aware of the influence which the Raising of Lazarus exercised on the final decision of the high priests, he would have inserted it in his work. The author of the Second Gospel, however, may well have been ignorant of the secret deliberations which were known to the writer of the Fourth. The latter claims to have been an intimate acquaintance of the high priest and to have had the right of entry into his palace, while an early tradition asserts that he himself belonged to the priestly

circle. Consequently he would have special information which the general public would not possess. At the present day those who are dependent on the accounts in the newspapers for their knowledge of the deliberations of the Upper House of Convocation are perfectly aware that when there is an important and difficult question, the real debate often takes place before the press is admitted.

If, however, we leave out of consideration the effect the miracle produced on the minds of the authorities, there is no reason why St. Mark should narrate this incident more than any other. Regarded merely as a miracle, the circumstances attending the Raising of Jairus's daughter were much more dramatic. It is quite possible, indeed, that St. Luke (10⁸⁸⁻⁴²) was acquainted with the history of Lazarus, but that the narrative of the Widow of Nain made a greater appeal to his sympathy.

Leaving this on one side, let us consider the probability of the two narratives—one containing the narrative of the Raising of Lazarus: the other without any reference to it. In St. John the episode explains everything. It accounts for the enthusiasm of the crowds on Palm Sunday, the anxiety of the Jewish authorities lest the excitement of the Galilean pilgrims should lead to a rising which would bring on them the intervention of the Romans, and their difficulty in finding a way of seizing our Lord without provoking an uproar of the people.

St. Mark's account, which omits all reference to Lazarus, would leave us absolutely bewildered if from long familiarity with both Gospels we did not unconsciously supplement it from St. John. Quite at the beginning of his Gospel (3⁶), St. Mark tells us that the Pharisees took counsel with the Herodians how they might destroy our Lord. There is nothing in the context to account for such extreme measures, and nothing resulted from them. The verse should evidently come at the end of the Gospel rather than at the beginning, and its present position serves to remind us of the justice of the warning of Papias that St. Mark's Gospel, being based on the occasional discourses of St. Peter, is not in order.² The next statement

² Professor Burkitt (*op. cit.* p. 90) is forced to explain away this plot to destroy our Lord: 'They had, in fact, done little more than complain to the police.' What would have been the Professor's comment on St. John, if the latter Evangelist had been guilty of such an anachronism?

¹ *Gospel History and its Transmission*, p. 221.

in the Second Gospel is in 12¹², where we read that the authorities thought to lay hold on our Lord, because they knew that He had spoken a parable against them, but nothing in the context suggests that it was with any deadly intent. Our Lord's offence was scarcely sufficient, and the word itself, translated 'lay hold of,' denotes restraint rather than destruction.¹ Then suddenly (14¹) we are told that the chief priests sought how they might take our Lord by craft and put Him to death. St. John's narrative fully accounts for their changed attitude, but in St. Mark there is absolutely nothing to account for it. The Evangelist goes on to say (14²) that the authorities dared not make the arrest on the feast day, lest there should be an uproar of the people, but again gives no hint why such a popular rising was considered probable. We think it will be granted that, so far from St. Mark's being a complete and connected account, something must be inserted into his narrative to enable us to understand the course of events. Another apparent contradiction between St. Mark and St. John is the date of the Cleansing of the Temple. In the Fourth Gospel it occurs early in our Lord's ministry: in the Synoptists in the last week of our Lord's life. There is, of course, the supposition that it occurred twice; for all the details that could vary do vary. If, however, we are compelled to assume that it occurred only once, the date given in St. John appears much the more probable. St. Mark's account obliges us to suppose that our Lord went up to Jerusalem for feast after feast, and yet only at the very last noticed the disgraceful state of the temple court. St. John's account is that our Lord noticed it early in His ministry and that His zeal for God's House led Him at once to put it right. Few would venture to deny that such a representation of the case is, to say the least, extremely plausible. Indeed, it might even be said that the earlier the incident is placed, the more probable it becomes. On the other hand, it would be easy to account for the position the narrative occupies in the Gospel of St. Mark. The only visit of our Lord to Jerusalem related by that Evangelist is the one for the last Passover, and so the Cleansing of the Temple would necessarily in his account be connected with it.

¹ It is used previously in this very Gospel (3²¹) of the loving restraint attempted to be exercised, for His own sake, by our Lord's relatives.

It has been objected to St. John that he entirely passes over the institution of the Eucharist and our Lord's command to baptize His followers. Both were fully established Church ordinances at the time the Fourth Gospel was written, and if the reason for the omission was doctrinal, and not merely that the account was to be found in the Synoptic Gospels,² the object of the author could only have been to disparage those Sacraments. Unfortunately for the objection, it is to the Fourth Gospel that the advocates of what is known as High Sacramental teaching usually turn.

A comparison of the two accounts of our Lord's trial before Pilate is scarcely less convincing. In St. John we learn that our Lord's foes first of all attempted to get Him condemned without formulating any charge, but Pilate absolutely refused. They then brought the accusation that our Lord was striving to make Himself king. This was a serious charge, and Pilate carefully examined it, but found from our Lord's replies to his questions that it was baseless. The Jews were consequently compelled to adduce their real reason that our Lord called Himself Son of God, but this only tended to excite Pilate's fears. They then dropped specific charges and appealed to the governor's personal fears. Pilate realized that his position at that time was not too secure and gave way. The whole account of the proceedings is quite reasonable and probable.

Here again St. Mark's account is fragmentary and can be understood only if it is supplemented from other sources. He tells us that the chief priests accused our Lord of many things, but does not mention what the charges were. Our Lord made no reply to Pilate's questions, so that the governor marvelled. Nevertheless he discovered that the charges were baseless, although we are not told how the discovery was made. He then endeavoured to get Christ released as an act of consideration to national feeling, but the chief priests stirred up the crowds to demand a popular favourite instead. Pilate then asked them what they wished done with the person they called the King of the Jews. (This indirectly confirms St. John's assertion that one of the accusations brought against our Lord was that He was trying to make Himself a king.) The people demanded that our Lord should be

² The supplemental character of the Fourth Gospel is mentioned by Clement of Alexandria (*Fragmenta*, Book iv. p. 89, ed. Klotz) as already an ancient Church tradition.

crucified, and Pilate, willing to content them, delivered up an innocent man to their will. St. Mark, however, gives no explanation of the inducement which caused the procurator to take a course so unusual with a Roman judge.

The conclusion of St. Mark's Gospel has been lost, and so his account of the Resurrection cannot be compared with that of St. John. If, indeed, we could assume that St. Matthew reproduces, with some additions, the narrative of St. Mark, a comparison between the Second and Fourth Gospels would be as instructive here as elsewhere. At any rate the concluding words of our present Gospel, 'neither said they anything to any man, for they were afraid,' seem to suggest that St. Mark's narrative would, as usual, have been fragmentary and disconnected.

St. John's account must, therefore, be considered by itself. He tells us that Mary Magdalene went early to the sepulchre and saw that the stone had been removed. She at once ran to tell Peter and John, who hastened to the tomb, found that the body of our Lord was not there, and returned to their own home. Mary, however, remained at the sepulchre, and seeing a man whom she supposed to be the gardener, asked him if he had placed the body elsewhere. On our Lord uttering her name, she recognized Him by His voice. That same evening ten of the apostles were in a room with the door securely fastened—for they were still in great fear—when Christ appeared to them. This appearance is confirmed by St. Luke, and evidently formed part of the common tradition of the Early Church. The following Sunday the disciples met together once more, and our Lord appeared again

to satisfy the doubts of Thomas. In the interval of waiting for the Ascension—an interval which is confirmed by the Acts—the disciples returned to Galilee and resumed their ordinary occupations. The main characteristic of the narrative is its naturalness and simplicity. It is confirmed on all the points that really matter by the writings of St. Luke, but a comparison with them seems to show the difference between personal knowledge and second-hand information.

The result of this investigation seems to be to disprove the view that the author of the Fourth Gospel merely intended to write a theological treatise and invented his facts to suit his theories. It is equally unfavourable to the view that the author was only a follower of the apostles, and got his information second-hand; or the conjecture that, though he was actually present at the events he described, he was too young at the time to obtain an accurate impression of what really occurred.

It has been no part of the intention of the writer of this article to dispute the accuracy of St. Mark. St. Peter was one of our Lord's intimate friends, and a work based on his occasional discourses might well be extremely accurate, but it would be likely to be fragmentary and not in strict chronological order. It is only when the Second Gospel is regarded as a complete and connected account of our Lord's life and work, into which the narratives of St. John—such as the Judean ministry or the Raising of Lazarus—must either be exactly fitted or declared an historical romance, that any careful investigation shows that any such claim can by no possibility be maintained.

In the Study.

Ghimelech.

'Be sure thy sin will find thee out.'—Nu 32²³.

'Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'—Gal 6⁷.

NOTHING shows the extent and significance of Gideon's influence so much as the anarchy that followed his death. In Old Testament history he appears as one of the most successful Hebrew judges in maintaining order. While he was there

in Ophrah religion and government had a centre 'and the country was in quietness forty years.' His burial in the family sepulchre in Ophrah is specially recorded as if it had been a great national tribute to his heroic power and skilful administration. But, the funeral over, discords began.

The trouble is to be traced to his household. Among his wives, who were so many that he is said to have had seventy sons, he had a distinguished Canaanite woman of Shechem. In this

town the old Canaanite noble family of the benê Hamôr lived in peaceful association with Israelite intruders. Their god, who had his temple amongst them, was El berith, also called Ba'al berith, the Lord of the Covenant—perhaps the protector of this very compact between Canaanites and Israelites. The reception of the Canaanites into Gideon's household was doubtless intended to bind the only half-Israelite Shechem to his kingdom.

On Gideon's death it appeared that his rule was regarded as a legitimate kingship, at all events over Manasseh and Ephraim. There happened here what appears in the case of none of the other Judges. Every one took it for granted that Gideon's crown would pass to his family as hereditary right. It was probably destined for the first-born, though possibly nothing had been settled, and so a contest for the inheritance on the part of the brothers was to be feared. Among the claimants there was no man of power. Gideon left many sons, but not one of them could take his place.

1. The confederation of cities half-Hebrew, half-Canaanite, with Shechem at their head, held in check while Gideon lived, had begun to control the politics of the tribes. By using the influence of this league a usurper who had no title whatever to the confidence of the people succeeded in exalting himself. The usurper was Abimelech, son of Gideon by the Canaanitish woman already mentioned. He was in a way just the man to be popular in Shechem. His overture to the people made a decided impression. 'Which is better for you,' he said, 'that seventy men, all the sons of Jerubba'al, should bear rule over you, or one man? Moreover, consider that I am your flesh and bone.'

His mother's kinsmen took up his cause, in which they doubtless discerned their own interest, and easily persuaded the freemen. They certainly preferred a ruler of Canaanitish blood to the legitimate sons of Gideon, and delivered the city to Abimelech. They furnished him with money from the temple-treasure, treasure accumulated from gifts, payment of vows, penalties, and the like, which was drawn upon by the authorities for public purposes, or in times of emergency. If there was any public treasure besides, it was kept in the temple for security; and the wealth of private persons was often deposited there for safe keeping. So it was, doubtless, in a small way, at

Shechem. With this treasure out of the temple of Ba'al berith, he hired a troop, went with them to Ophrah and murdered his seventy brothers 'upon one stone.' Abimelech thus became Lord not only of Shechem but of the whole dominion which Gideon had united under his hand. The narrator even calls him, in so many words, ruler 'over Israel.' Hence, from this time onwards, he does not regard Shechem as the main point. On the contrary, turning his back on it, he resides at another place, and contents himself with leaving Shechem to its civic chief, Zebul, who, without doubt, plays the part of an adherent of Abimelech.

It is a story of selfishness, deceit, and cruelty. From Gideon overthrowing Baal and proclaiming Jehovah to Abimelech bringing up Baal again with hideous fratricide, it is a wretched turn of things. Gideon had to some extent prepared the way for a man far inferior to himself, as all do who are not utterly faithful to their light and calling; but he never imagined there could be so quick and shocking a revival of barbarism. Yet the ephod-dealing, the polygamy, the immorality into which he lapsed were bound to come to fruit. The man who once was a pure Hebrew patriot begat a half-heathen son to undo his own work. As for the Shechemites, they knew quite well to what end they had voted those seventy pieces of silver; and the general opinion seems to have been that the town had its money's worth—a life for each piece and, to boot, a king reeking with blood and shame. Surely it was a well-spent grant. Their confederation, their god, had triumphed. They made Abimelech king by the oak of the pillar that was in Shechem.

2. Jotham, Gideon's youngest son, escaped the massacre at Ophrah. In the Greek mythology there was a divinity who was regarded as the living impersonation of the Retributive Sentiment of the universe. They called this divinity Nemesis. It was her office to pursue evil-workers and avenge outraged justice. She was the impulse of righteousness, as it spontaneously expresses itself in the most sensitive human souls, projected as far toward the infinite as finite conception could carry it, and then, for the purpose of being made a wholesome dissuasive from crime, clothed with divine attributes and placed among the gods. Through her there was heard the sharp, clear voice of celestial resentment against wrong-doing. Through her expression was given to the divine

wrath which wickedness is certain to arouse. To do evil was to invoke her sure displeasure. No immoral outbreak could escape her vigilant watch; and with relentless fury she gave chase to all who dared to violate the divine will.

All seemed safe and prosperous to Abimelech, when from the heights of Gerizim a voice of ill omen—it might seem a prophetic voice, certainly a voice big with unwelcome truth—rang in the streets of Shechem. The passers-by, the throng in the market-place, the base adherents and flatterers of the new-made king, were startled by the sound, and, looking up to the rock which overhung their town, saw Jotham, the youngest son of their great benefactor and deliverer, Gideon.

From a safe position he shouts in the ears of the assembly his fable of the trees who made them a king, giving it a pointed application to the Shechemites and their new lord. It is a piece of satire of the first order, brief, stinging, true. The craving for a king is lashed and then the wonderful choice of a ruler. Jotham speaks as an anarchist, one might say, but with God understood as the centre of law and order. It is a vision of the Theocracy taking shape from a keen and original mind. What was this man to whom Shechem had sworn fealty? An olive, a fig-tree, fruitful and therefore to be sought after? Was he a vine capable of rising on popular support to useful and honourable service? Not he. It was the bramble they had chosen, the poor grovelling jagged thorn-bush that tears the flesh, whose end is to feed the fire of the oven.

Surely the sweet morsel in the mouths of the successful conspirators must have turned to gall and wormwood as their own base ingratitude and treachery and the vileness of their worthless king were thus gibbeted before their eyes. Surely their guilty hearts must have sunk within them as the sure consequence of their misdeeds was held before their eyes with such marvellous power of conviction. It is this inevitable Nemesis, this certainty that men will reap what they have sown, this exposition of the naked hideousness of wrongdoing, this vileness of sin, breaking through all the glitter of success and all the glare of present prosperity, wealth, or power, in a word, the just judgment of God written by the finger of God upon the wall, or declared by the voice of God from the pulpits of His truth, that men so obstinately close

their ears and shut their eyes to, but which the word of God so resolutely declares.

Our deeds are like our children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our own consciousness.¹

No one was ever even the involuntary cause of great evils to others, without a requital: I have paid and am paying for mine—so will you.²

We need to learn—what the fashion of this generation is so reluctant to face—that we live in a world in which this law prevails, that it is the vainest thing to seek to evade it, and that it is next to criminal folly to bring up children in the belief that this law is not true.³

3. While Jotham is a man full of wit and of intelligence, he has no practicable scheme of government, nothing definite to oppose to the mistake of the hour. He is all for the ideal, but the time and the people are unripe for the ideal. He evaded their anger by speedy flight, but the sting had gone to their hearts. For, indeed, he added to reproach and threatening the taunt that in accepting Abimelech they had made the son of a maid, a despised concubine, their king, simply because he was near of kin. The taunt of Abimelech's origin formed the key-note of the whole fable.

If he did nothing else, by his wonderful speech Jotham succeeded in driving a wedge into the unity of the two parties. The Israelitish party in Shechem could certainly not be wholly inaccessible to such reflexions as Jotham's speech gave rise to. They lay in the nature of the case, especially if Abimelech was neglecting Shechem itself.

Jotham's speech is hardly to be deemed historical; it is the way in which the author sets forth, at the appropriate moment, the true nature of the new kingdom, and foretells what will come of it. It is noteworthy, however, that these words are uttered, not, as in so many similar cases, by a nameless prophet, or by an angel, but by the man from whose lips they come with the most dramatic fitness. In this also we may perhaps see evidence of the antiquity of the whole story.⁴

4. Abimelech maintained himself in power for three years, no doubt amid growing dissatisfaction. Then came the outburst which Jotham had predicted. 'God sent an evil spirit between Abimelech and the men of Shechem; and the men of

¹ C. Gardner, *The Inner Life of George Eliot*, 117.

² *The Confessions of Lord Byron*, 73.

³ W. B. Carpenter, *The Spiritual Message of Dante*, 107.

⁴ G. Moore, *Judges*, 246.

Shechem dealt treacherously with Abimelech.' Without troubling themselves about Abimelech and the rest of his dominion, they began to plunder and waylay, and attacked the passing caravans from the heights around Shechem, as much to their own profit as to the injury of Abimelech's rule. Abimelech would have reason to exercise special forbearance towards his native place; he had nothing to gain by further alienating this kindred people.

The movement of affairs is rapid, as if the stage were being cleared for the real and important action that is to follow. The accession to their ranks of Gaal, the marauding chieftain, gives them the requisite stimulus towards open rebellion. So natural does the development of events appear, that there is danger of overlooking the overruling providence of God. What may be termed the 'poetic justice' of the political movements of the time and their results renders it impossible to credit the sublimely neutral forces of nature with the working out of the issues. God wrought through the natural forces and the complications of the political sphere.

The ultimate and greatest triumph of historical philosophy will really be neither more nor less than the full proof of providence, the discovery by the processes of scientific method of the divine plan which unites and harmonizes the apparent chaos of human actions contained in history into a cosmos; and the first attempts, however feeble, to trace such a plan marked the dawn of a new era of thought.¹

5. In Gaal the men of Shechem put their confidence such as it was. At the festival of vintage there was a demonstration of a truly barbarous sort. High carousal was held in the temple of Baal. There were loud curses of Abimelech, and Gaal made a speech. His argument was that this Abimelech, though his mother belonged to Shechem, was yet also the son of Baal's adversary, far too much of a Hebrew to govern Canaanites and good servants of Baal. Shechemites should have a true Shechemite to rule them. Would to Baal, he cried, this people were under my hand, then would I remove Abimelech. His speech, no doubt, was received with great applause, and there and then he challenged the absent king.

Zebul, prefect of the city, being still at least in name attached to Abimelech, heard Gaal's speech with anger. He immediately informed his chief, who lost no time in marching on Shechem to

suppress the revolt. He divided his troops into four companies, and in the early morning these crept towards the city, one by a track across the mountains, another down the valley from the west; the third by way of the Diviners' Oak, the fourth perhaps marching from the plain of Mamre by way of Jacob's well. The first engagement drove the Shechemites into their city, and on the following day the place was taken, sacked, and destroyed. Some distance from Shechem, probably up the valley to the west, stood a tower or sanctuary of Baal around which a considerable village had gathered. The people there, seeing the fate of the lower town, betook themselves to the tower and shut themselves up within it. But Abimelech ordered his men to provide themselves with branches of trees, which were piled against the door of the temple and set on fire, and all within were smothered or burned to the number of a thousand.

At Thebez, another of the confederate cities, the pretender met his death. Men and women had fled thither, and Abimelech adopted the plan which had succeeded in the case of Shechem of taking the tower by fire. As he stood before the barricaded door, he was hit by a millstone which a woman flung on his head from above. Abimelech called his armour-bearer, and said, 'Draw thy sword and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him.' So ended this first and not very well-sustained endeavour to create a stable power in Israel.

Sin, once committed, seems over and done; sinners promise themselves impunity, and earthly judges sleep; but the cry of violated purity—as of yore the cry of an innocent brother's blood, and in later ages the cry of labourers' hire kept back by fraud—fills earth and heaven, eloquently appealing to God to punish the guilty.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale.

This idea of crime demanding retribution pervaded the ancient world; it was exhibited with terrific power in Greek tragic poetry. God acts according to the strict laws of justice, His judgments are preceded by a full and impartial inquiry, He condemns no man without a trial. 'He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.' Vengeance is called His strange work. Still He vindicates His character as the Judge of all the earth, who will by no means clear the guilty. All His judgments have a merciful purpose. His severity has love at its core as its motive. It condemns the wicked in mercy to the rest of mankind. It prevents the torrent of sin from rushing over the world. It seeks the purity of the race when it removes

¹ D. Macmillan, *The Life of Robert Flint*, 235.

those families which have become horribly depraved. 'When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness.'¹

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

August.

'For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'—Is 28²⁰.

There was a boy—his name was Ronald—who lived in a very pretty little cottage at the edge of a pine wood. His father had died when he was only four years old, leaving his mother very poor, and she had other boys and girls to provide for besides 'Ronnie.'

In the month of August she always let her little cottage, and went with her children to live in a wooden hut at the end of the garden. It had been fitted up so that they could eat and sleep in it; when the boys were not doing either the one or the other, you may be sure they were running about in the wood.

The mother was quite happy; she was a very good woman, and felt sure that God would help her to win through her difficulties till the time came when Ronnie and the rest would be grown up. How she planned over the providing of beds for them in the hut. Ronnie's was made out of a box. He did not like it; it was too short even for a little fellow like him, and the one covering that served for a blanket was so small that though his mother wrapped him in it when he lay down, as soon as he turned it was just as if he had no

blanket at all; he could never get it wrapped round him again. He begged his mother to allow him to go into the wood to sleep; when she refused he cried like a baby and told her that his bed was too short and the covering too narrow for any man.

Now, isn't it strange, to have a prophet giving us a text like this, 'For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.' People must have known what a short bed and narrow blankets meant long ago; I believe they were more accustomed to that sort of thing than we are—for the words had come to be a proverb.

What does the proverb mean? Isaiah meant to express great discomfort, the discomfort little Ronnie knew something about—misery, in fact. Isaiah was more than a prophet. He was a statesman as well, and one who never feared to speak his mind. Statesmen who do this generally succeed in making enemies; but Isaiah did not care, he felt that he was speaking the truth. In this chapter he is accusing both Judah and Israel of acting in a way that would in the end bring their countries to ruin. They thought themselves very clever in having made treaties with both Assyria and Egypt. 'Don't you fear,' they answered him, 'we will keep ourselves quite safe. We have made a covenant with death, and hell does not make us afraid; when the trouble you prophesy about comes to us, we shall be all right.' Isaiah saw nothing but misery in front of them. 'Give up scheming,' he urged, 'do what is right, and trust God for the rest.' Then in criticizing the position they took up, he used the proverb, 'For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the cover narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'

'What has the proverb to do with us?' you boys and girls ask. 'We are not like the Israelites, nor are we old enough to have anything to do with the affairs of the country.' That is quite true, but you have to do with your own affairs, and you occasionally manage them very foolishly. I know a girl who decided that when she grew up she would be a fine lady. She pictured herself in grand dresses and gay hats, and when she went to visit at any house, it was noticeable how long and how often she looked into the mirror. But that girl grew older; years made a difference to

¹ J. Strahan, *Hebrew Ideals*, 120.

her face, it was no longer a young face, and it bore an unhappy and discontented expression. The text is quite a fit criticism of what she was in her early days. 'The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'

A boy makes up his mind that when he grows to be a man he will make money and become rich. 'Then I can do all sorts of things,' he says to himself. 'I will build a fine house, and keep a motor to drive home from business; I will take long holidays and travel all over the world.' A teacher had a talk with a big boy like that. 'Here is a sovereign,' he said. 'Look, now it is very small when I hold it up, not an inch across; yet if I hold it close to my eye, it can blot out for me all the beauty of earth, and all heaven too.' That is a case of a short bed and narrow blankets.

But it may be very different. A poor woman lived in a single room; she had to work very hard for a living, she sewed all day, and often late into the night. That surely meant a short bed. But as she looked out at her little window she said, 'There are folks that like a front window, but give me a back one. Mine looks out to the sun and the green grass, and the sky too.'

A writer of stories tells of a working man—a joiner. He was a good workman, and had a lovely voice. Sometimes above the plane and hammer you could hear him singing:

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

That joiner's outlook went far beyond the short bed of the workshop—it went right up to heaven.

But I think the best story of the kind I have ever read is given in a poem by William Blake. It is about a little chimney-sweep who lived in the days when boys were made climb up the chimneys to clean them.

That must have been an uncomfortable life—worse than any short bed with narrow blankets.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, 'Weep! weep! weep! weep!'
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for, when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot soil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight! . . .
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.¹

The little sweep was unhappy; he turned and turned again in his short bed, until he felt there was somebody in heaven who cared for him. To live without faith in God means that 'the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'

II.

A Garden without Water.

'A garden that hath no water.'—Is 1⁸⁰.

Have you ever looked at your garden after a long spell of hot, dry weather? The ground is baked and parched and seamed with cracks, and the poor little flowers droop their weary heads. Of course you go round with a watering-can and do your best to revive them, but if you happen to live in a town where the water supply is limited, sometimes the order goes out to stop watering the gardens. Then you know that if the rain doesn't come soon, the flowers will shrivel up and die.

But away in the East they are much more dependent on water for their gardens than we are. For the sun shines much more hotly and there are

¹ William Blake, *Songs of Innocence*, 14.

long periods when rain does not fall at all. And in these lands you can imagine what a terribly dreary thing a garden would be that had no means of getting water. Everything would be shrivelled and burnt up. It wouldn't be a garden at all.

Now I want to speak to you about two kinds of parched gardens.

1. The first is the garden of our own soul.

It is a very beautiful garden, for God has made it, and there are many fair flowers in it—the flowers of purity and love and gentleness and kindness. But unless our garden is well-watered these flowers cannot grow; they will droop and wither away. Now the strange thing about these flowers is that though they are ours we cannot make them grow. We cannot bring the refreshing showers to water them. Then what are we to do?

What do they do in these hot Eastern countries? In some parts of Persia the rain falls for only a few hours in each year, and yet there are gardens there. How do you think they keep them flourishing? Well, they bring the water in pipes from the mountains many miles away. These mountains are so high that their peaks are covered with the everlasting snows, and so the supply of water never fails.

And if we want our soul-garden to flourish we must get our supply of water from an everlasting source. We must ask God to water it with the pure water of His Spirit, and when they are refreshed with that stream the fair flowers of character will blossom and abide.

2. But there is another kind of parched garden you may find in the world. It is the thirsty garden of other peoples' lives.

Some people have their hearts dried up for want of a kind word or of somebody to love them, and so they become hard and bitter and disagreeable. There are very few fair flowers blossoming in their garden. And other people have become withered by some great trouble, or by a great many little cares, or by love of money.

Now God wants you to be raindrops to water these parched gardens. Perhaps you don't think it is very pleasant work, perhaps you think you would rather water gardens that are fresher and more beautiful, but don't you think it would be splendid to help to make the flowers grow in these dry, barren places? I believe that children can do this work much better than the grown-ups.

Away in the Orange River Colony there is a

wonderfully fruitful farm. Half of it lies on the side of one hill, the other half on a hill opposite, and between lies a valley. On one hill grow acres of wheat, on the other there is a splendid fruit orchard. Now this farm has a history. Once the land was dry and bare and unfruitful because there was great scarcity of water. But one hot day the farmer climbed one of the hills and lay down near the top to rest. As he lay there his attention was attracted to a low gurgling sound beneath the surface of the ground. There was no water to be seen, but he felt sure there must be a hidden spring beneath the rock. In great haste he descended the hill and rode off to the nearest town for an engineer. Very cautiously they opened the rock and out rushed a stream of clear refreshing water.

That stream was the making of the farm. They led it down the hill and up the opposite slope, and now the farm is one of the most fruitful in the State.

What that stream was to the parched land you can be to the parched lives around you; you can refresh them with a kind word, with a loving deed. And then some day, perhaps, the flowers will bloom and the fruits will ripen in these dry, dreary places, and what before was a desert will become a beautiful garden.

III.

The Colour of Virtue.

'I am ashamed and blush.'—Ezr 9⁶.

'Neither could they blush.'—Jer 6¹⁵.

Did you ever hear the story of how the Virginian creeper got its blush? The story is only a legend, but it is very beautiful and worth repeating. It tells that when the plants and flowers were first created they were all green; but God sent down to earth one of His angels, and told him to give each flower a colour of its own. So the angel flew busily over the earth, and each flower he touched turned some lovely shade. He gave the crocus its gold, and the violet its purple, and the rose its red, and the poppy its scarlet, the forget-me-not its blue, and the snowdrop its white. He was a very busy angel, I assure you, as he flew over hill and dale and wood and field painting all the flowers he saw.

But alas! he missed a very small creeper lying hidden in the shadow of a great wall. It felt dreadfully sad to think that the angel had passed it

over, and for a little while it lay on the ground and wept. But after a time it cheered up and said to itself, 'Well, though I may not be beautiful I can always be useful. I'll set to work and cover this great bare wall.' So it climbed and spread, and climbed and spread, till the wall had a magnificent covering of green.

In autumn the angel returned to earth to see how his flowers were looking, and, as he flew, his eye lit upon this wonderful green thing spreading all over the wall. Though it had no colour but green, it looked so glad and busy that the angel stopped to admire it and praise it for all it had so bravely done. And when the angel spoke, the Virginian creeper felt so pleased to think what it had done was good in the angel's sight, that it blushed a glorious crimson. And when autumn comes and flowers decay, the Virginian creeper still blushes crimson, remembering how the angel praised it long ago.

That is a pretty legend—isn't it? 'Yes,' I hear some of you sigh, 'but I'd rather the Virginian creeper blushed than *me*. It's so horribly awkward, I just can't keep from blushing, and the more I want not to do it the more I do do it. I'm so ashamed of myself sometimes.'

Boys and girls, you should never be ashamed of blushing. What you should be ashamed of is *not* being able to blush. A blush is a really good thing, and it is only right that your rosy cheeks should sometimes grow a few shades rosier. Why! we blush for pleasure, we blush because of praise, we blush with honest indignation, and I *hope* we blush for shame or guilt.

Of course I know there's a sort of blush that really is most annoying—the unnecessary blush. It is the blush that you feel when you walk into a room or a public building, and you are certain that every eye is upon you, indeed you feel them boring holes in your back. It is the blush that comes when you and a few others are accused of some fault, and you, who are not guilty and know nothing about it, flush a brilliant scarlet. Well that blush comes from shyness or self-consciousness, and the cure for it is just to forget yourself. A hundred chances to one nobody is thinking of

you or taking special notice of you. At such times try hard to think of some other thing or some other person, and you will be astonished how that will help to keep the blush away.

So much for the unnecessary blush! But there are times when a blush is necessary, and if we don't blush then we are in a sad case indeed.

You will notice we have two texts to-day, and the first says, 'I am ashamed and blush.' That was the prophet Ezra speaking to God. Why was he blushing? He was blushing because he loved the people of Israel so much that he was ashamed of their faults. The second text is from the prophet Jeremiah. He also loved the people of Israel, but what grieved him was that they were so hardened in their sins that they couldn't even blush for them.

Boys and girls, it is a dangerous thing if we can't blush. It means that we are no longer ashamed, that we no longer feel guilty when we do wrong, that we have grown absolutely brazen.

'Courage, my boy,' said Diogenes of old, when he saw a youth flushing. 'That is the colour of virtue.' Diogenes was a Greek philosopher, and he must have known the explanation which the Greeks gave of shame. The Greeks said that Jupiter was so sorry for the miseries that men brought on themselves by their sins that he sent Mercury to implant in their hearts justice and shame, that these two virtues might save the world from ruin.

We are wiser than the wise old Greeks, for we know that it was God who implanted in man's heart the senses both of shame and of justice; but the Greeks were quite right in their idea that justice and shame helped men to be good. If we are ashamed to do wrong deeds, if we are ashamed to listen to evil words and horrid stories, if we are ashamed of meanness, or covetousness, or untruthfulness, if we can blush for all these things, and blush also the hot blush of anger at wrong done to others, then there is some hope for us. People will think none the less of us for such blushes; and God, who sees the faintest tinge of red, will rejoice that His child can fly the flag of virtue.

Is the Weather a Legitimate Subject for Prayer?

By THE REV. JOHN BRETHERTON, SUNDERLAND.

Most people feel that if they believe in prayer for anything they must believe in prayer for everything. They assume that if prayer can concern itself about our spiritual experiences it can just as legitimately occupy itself in seeking modification in our climatic conditions. However, when we come to analyse the matter, do we not find that our reliance upon prayer in these latter circumstances is based upon convention rather than conviction, in that we exhibit the spirit of the farmer who, when the vicar promised to pray, on the coming Sabbath, for much needed rain, said, 'Thank ye kindly, parson. Not as I think it's much good while the wind stays i' the east'?

Yet this is a department of life in which prayer would appear to be pre-eminently necessary, as there is little likelihood of our achieving anything in this sphere by means of effort. The time may come, when man has attained a more exalted stage of mental and moral development, that God will put the control of the weather somewhat into our hands: we see some indication of this in the way in which we are able to modify climatic conditions by afforestation, irrigation, artillery activity, and so on, and by the fact that modern science affirms the manipulation of the weather to be scientifically possible though commercially impossible: but at present we have slender ability to control this sphere, does it not therefore provide special scope for prayer? Has God ordered that as we cannot accomplish our will here by effort, we can do so by petition? Does He thus augment our incompleteness as Christ seems to have done with respect to our bodily ills when human skill had not sufficiently developed to be able to cure?

This is not likely to be the case. There are factors that here operate which make it that there is little objective scope for prayer at all. One is that the weather is a general matter and therefore is not likely to be given at the behest of individuals. We cannot call down rain upon our sprouting corn crops while our neighbour in the next field gets scorching sunshine for the gathering of his hay crops. God cannot answer the prayer of the mineral water manufacturers for a hot summer without disappointing the mackintosh salesman's

hope of a wet one. Weather cannot be suited to each individual as with God's other material gifts, as though we each live in a little world of our own. He can give us health or sickness, poverty or riches, knowledge or ignorance, without having to dump the same upon our fellows, but this does not apply to the gift of rain or sunshine. The old story from Æsop will be brought to mind, of the widow who was distracted in her petitions to the gods, as one son was a potter needing heat, and the other a gardener requiring rain.

If prayer were operative here it would be liable to be regarded as a means of stealing a march upon our neighbour. Miss Strong in her *Psychology of Prayer*, quotes a schoolgirl athlete as saying, 'I don't ask any more that the other team may be beaten, but I ask that our team may play its best, and I guess I rather hope that the other team may forget to ask.' And if we pray for one kind of weather when our neighbour requires the other, we probably trust that he will 'forget to ask.' The Rabbis used to say, 'Listen not to the prayers of those who are about to set out on a journey.'

It may be said that there are frequent occasions when certain specific weather conditions will be beneficial to everybody, when, e.g., during drought, vital crops are imperilled for the want of rain, or, in a drenching season, our food resources blight and wither because of the need of sunshine. But even then there are numerous individuals whom the desired weather will not suit. When rain is urgently needed, there are those who desire the boon most urgently—to-morrow. And when we remember that the weather is a sphere in which God's original purpose cannot be regarded as having been modified by human perversity, should we not conclude that whatever weather we have is the best possible, prayer or no prayer? Disease, destitution, and most of the other disabilities from which we seek relief in prayer, are aggravated, if not caused, by man's sin, but the domain under consideration is one of the few physical spheres in which the prevalence of sin has not increased our difficulty, and in which man's enterprise has not modified the conditions. We can say that the

weather we have is very much what it would have been if man, with his capacity to derange God's plans, had not existed, and can therefore presume that God's will is being completely realized in the climatic changes. And this means that in one sphere, at least, God's perfect, undeflected purpose is being achieved, and this being the case, to seek any modification in the weather is to imply that God doesn't know His own business, or that He will give us the second best if we don't ask, but will give us the best if we worry Him. We may often sincerely feel that a particular kind of weather will be of special benefit to the community, but how are we to judge? Surely if the weather conditions are not such as human sin has imposed upon us, but what God has graciously and designedly provided, it must be the best we could possibly have, whether it be rain or fine, heat or frost, lightning or sunshine. The attitude of many people to the weather is, 'This weather is beneficial, therefore it comes from God.' Should we not rather argue, 'This weather is from God, therefore it is beneficial.' Whatever God sends cannot be improved upon.

Then we recognize that most things, temporal as well as spiritual, cannot be given to us in answer to prayer unless we are spiritually fitted to use them legitimately. God's eagerness to give is limited by our capacity to receive. And hence the need of prayer as a means of qualifying us rightly to utilize God's resources. But prayer can serve no such purpose in requesting modification of the weather, as this is given irrespective of character or prayer. Even if the wicked and the righteous dwelt in separate areas, God would not visit all the sunshine on the one and all the storm on the other; He designedly and impartially 'maketh his sun to rise on the just and on the unjust.'

And this brings us to the consideration of the main reason why it is little use praying for the weather modifications; it is one of the things which appears to be beyond the range of prayer. Because of our circumstances there are factors which God gives quite apart from prayer. He could not delay creating us until we asked for it. The redemptive

scheme had to be provided apart from prayer. These may be said to be above the range of prayer — provisions emanating from the unconditional grace of God—and the light we enjoy and the air we breathe, to receive which, especially the latter, God does not even impose the condition of work, are similarly fundamental but non-committal necessities which He grants without conditions. To recognize this fact is to realize that His grace is bigger than prayer. He gives through the medium of prayer when necessary, but He does not impose this condition when it is not necessary. And surely His provision of weather requisites belongs to this category! As, in this, prayer has no special function to serve it is not demanded. He will not preserve a superfluity merely for the sake of appearance.

Elijah is said to have prayed for the weather, and his prayer was answered, but this does not mean that God's intentions respecting the weather were altered. Elijah did not induce God to modify the climatic condition, but only acted as a mouthpiece in declaring that God would work these changes. The modification arose, not in God, in the changing of His purpose respecting the weather, but in Elijah, in inducing him to prophesy the succeeding drought and rain. Elijah prayed 'according to the word of the Lord,' and if ever the Church feels under constraint to pray for the weather she must undoubtedly do so. It may be that God has inspired as petition that which He has designed to come to pass. But even then we do not change the weather. We only prophesy its future doings.

Yet God loves to multiply our happiness; therefore, when a function is being arranged the success of which depends entirely upon the weather, would it not be better, instead of fixing our date and then praying that God will keep that day fine, to ask guidance from God in the selection of the date, trusting to Him who knows the future to enable us to fix upon a suitable occasion? We thus avail ourselves of God's gracious help without trespassing into that sphere which appears to be outside the scope of prayer.

Contributions and Comments.

Matthew xviii. 17.

ἔστω σοι ὡς περ ὁ ἔθνικὸς καὶ ὁ τελώνης—'Let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the publican' (R.V.).

These words form the concluding injunction of a passage (vv.¹⁵⁻¹⁷) giving directions for the treatment of a fellow-Christian (ἀδελφός) who has fallen into sin. Some scholars suspect the whole passage as being an interpolation, largely owing to the reference which it contains to the ecclesia. The direction to 'show thy brother his fault between thee and him alone' seems, however, to bear the stamp of our Lord's teaching; and the somewhat unexpected and obscure intrusion of the tax-gatherer and the Gentile at the end probably come from the same source. I am therefore assuming in this note that, whatever the origin of the whole passage in its present form, at any rate the concluding words (quoted above) are truly reminiscent of the Master's teaching.

The usual explanation of these words is that, if the offending brother will not listen either to your own remonstrance or to the authoritative rebuke of the Christian congregation, your duty is to treat him as outside the pale of Christian fellowship—to break off intercourse with him. The commentators range from suggesting different forms of excommunication to the idea that you may bring an action against him in the Gentile law-courts (so Weymouth). All these interpretations have appeared to me profoundly unsatisfactory and inconsistent with the usual teaching and practice of Jesus. If a mere Jewish rabbi had been speaking, they would indeed be probable. But Jesus is represented as using words of almost uniform respect and commendation in His references to *Gentiles*, as saying that they were nearer to the Kingdom than were the Jews. He chose Gentile-infected Galilee as the scene of His works of healing, and had especial blessings for the Samaritan and the Roman centurion. As regards the hated *tax-gatherers*, far from holding no intercourse with them, we know how, in defiance of Jewish custom, He habitually took His meals with them.

What, then, do these words mean? I suggest that the true interpretation is to be found in Mt 5⁴³⁻⁴⁸, the passage giving the Christian expansion of the old precept to love one's neighbour as

oneself. There are references in vv.^{46, 47} of this passage to the ἔθνικὸς and τελώνης of our text. As far as I can discover, this is the only place in the Gospels, or indeed in the New Testament, where these two classes of persons are brought into any kind of juxtaposition. This indicates at any rate a presumption that this portion of the great Sermon may throw light on Mt 18¹⁷. Let us consider why Gentile and tax-gatherer are introduced into a passage of which the cardinal words are the new command to 'love your enemies and pray for your persecutors' (v.⁴⁴). After v.⁴⁵, from which we gather that God has loving care over 'enemies' and 'persecutors' and that these classes of people may be otherwise described as wicked (πονηροί) and unjust (ἄδικοι), we come to two pairs of questions which are clearly meant to furnish commentaries on the above-mentioned command to love and pray for enemies and persecutors.

It is first necessary to point out that to the English reader the point of v.⁴⁷ is nearly lost by the usual renderings of ἀσπάζεσθε τοὺς ἀδελφούς ὑμῶν (A.V. and R.V., 'Salute your brethren'). The two Hebrew words usually employed to express salutation literally mean 'bless' and 'ask for the peace of' respectively; and in the East, then as now, a salutation either verbally or implicitly contains a prayer for the person addressed—a recommendation of him to the Divine care. This salutation of peace would not be conferred by a strict Jew upon a Samaritan or other Gentile; nor would a Samaritan (say) confer it usually upon a Jew. So Mt 5⁴⁷ would gain immensely in point (in relation to the rest of the passage) if we translated, 'And if you pray only for the peace of your brethren.' Further, in the quotation from Leviticus in v.⁴³, the primary sense of 'neighbour' (as opposed to 'enemy') is almost certainly 'fellow-Jew.' It is therefore probable that the 'brethren' of v.⁴⁷ also means primarily 'fellow-Jews.'

This rendering of ἀσπάζεσθε makes the close connexion of vv.^{46, 47} with v.⁴⁴ quite obvious. The effect of the four questions is an injunction to love those who do not love us, so that we may rise above the level of the tax-gatherer, who had no love for his victims, coupled with another to pray for those who are alien to our race and religion, so doing better than the Gentile who would not pray

for the Jew. But why these special references to *τελῶναι* and *ἐθνικοί*?¹ Surely because the words are merely variants to the 'enemies' and 'persecutors' whom we were told in v.⁴⁴ to love and pray for. To a Jew *ἐθνικός* and *ἐχθρός* were almost synonymous terms, and the exaction and cruelty of the *τελῶναι* is not unfitly described as a kind of 'persecution.' If we make this equation, we have, it is true, a transposition in vv.^{46, 47} of the love towards enemies and prayer for persecutors of v.⁴³. But this is not important, because the ideas of love and prayer include and do not exclude one another. The conclusion to which we are led is that to the Jewish disciple of the day the words 'love your enemies and pray for your persecutors,' whatever else they meant, were intended to mean 'you must love and you must pray for both the Gentile and the tax-gatherer.'

This form of the new law of love at once suggests an illuminating interpretation of our text, 'Let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the tax-gatherer.' (The vague words *ἔστω σοι* may not improbably contain the meaning of attitude and conduct towards.) The whole passage (18¹⁵⁻¹⁷) therefore means that, if all other legitimate methods fail, if your Christian brother will attend neither to your own remonstrance, nor to that of friends, nor to the authority of the Church, your only resource is—not to spurn him, break off intercourse or treat him as an enemy is usually treated, but to treat him and regard him as some one to be made the special object of love and prayer, just as the Master bade you love and pray for the Gentile and the tax-gatherer. The advantage of this interpretation is that it not only furnishes a parallel to Mt 5⁴³⁻⁴⁸, but seems to express the spirit of our Lord's teaching and example—a condition which the usual interpretations (as to breaking off intercourse, etc.) do not. Jesus came to teach us, among much else, that when all other legitimate methods of dealing with wrong-doing fail, there always remain for us the weapons of love towards and prayer for the offender.

STEPHEN HOBHOUSE.

Hoxton.

¹ In the parallel Lucan passage (Lk 6²⁷⁻³⁵) the word *ἀμαρτωλός* (sinner) is used; in its sense of 'irreligious' it covers both *ἐθνικός* and *τελώνης*, and was a more appropriate word than either of these for the extra-Palestinian Jew who might read the Third Gospel. Its close connexion with *τελῶναι* is of course prominent in the numerous mentions of Jesus' intercourse with 'publicans and sinners.'

The Son of Man.

1. ARE not the writers of the book noticed on page 292 of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES rather rash in basing an argument on the assumption that our Lord really said, 'Who do men say that the Son of man is?' (Mt 16¹³) as against Mk 8²⁷, 'Who do men say that I am?' and Lk 9¹⁸, 'Who do the multitudes say that I am?' especially as all three agree in the words of the repeated question, answered by St. Peter—'Who do ye say that I am?'

2. In the following paragraph, in interpreting what our Lord meant, the writers speak of 'the filial relation' as being 'lost by Adam.' Surely if this conviction is to be expressed to-day in language intelligible to our contemporaries, 'Adam' should be left out. We have most of us long ago accepted the view that the story of Adam and the original creation of a sinless man, as represented in Gn 1 and 2, is a legend designed to combat the polytheistic view of the universe, but without any historical basis or value. We can hardly hope to bring men back to the Christian Faith if we go on using, for purposes of doctrine, material we have laid aside as historically valueless, except in the not unimportant secondary sense that it tells us what was once regarded as historically true.

There is no writer whose best—and really invaluable—books are more marred for modern readers by the incessant appearance of Adam, than William Law, in *The Spirit of Prayer* and *The Spirit of Love*, books that in their essential parts are eminently fitted to meet the needs of the present day. But even Law could write thus in 'The Appeal to all that doubt,' etc.

'Thus it is with the Fall; we have no more occasion to go to Moses to prove that man and the world are in a fallen state than to prove that man is a poor, miserable, weak, vain, distressed, corrupt, depraved, selfish, self-tormenting, perishing creature; and that the world is a sad mixture of false goods and real evils; a mere scene of all sorts of trials, vexations, and miseries; all arising from the frame, and nature, and condition of man and the world.'

Law is here looking at only one side of man and the world, and must not be charged with an absolute pessimism. I give the passage merely to show that even a writer who believed absolutely in

the historical Fall of Adam, was able to see that no such history was needed to prove the fallen state of man and his need of a new birth.

R. SOMERVELL.

Harrov.

Acts ii. 28 and Psalm xvi. 11.

THE quotation in the Acts is a direct copy of the LXX version of Ps 16¹¹ with the minute exception of the transposition of *μου* in v. 26. But the passage breaks off without giving the concluding line of the psalm. This is important because the Greek of the latter half of Ac 2²⁸ is manifestly impossible. The construction of *πληρώω* with accusative and genitive is quite according to rule, but there is no obvious way of fitting in the words *μετὰ τοῦ προσώπου σου*. Turning back to the Hebrew, we find that the whole verse runs:

תְּדַעֲנִי אֵרַח חַיִּים
שֶׁבַע שְׁמָחוֹת אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ
נַעֲמֹת בְּיָמֶיךָ נָצַח:

In this *אֶת־פָּנֶיךָ* is quite correctly represented by the Greek *μετὰ τοῦ προσώπου σου*, but the verb *πληρώσεις* is in the Heb. a noun *שֶׁבַע*. So in the parallel clause the noun *נַעֲמֹת* is well rendered *τερπνότητες*. The difficulty of the Greek can be overcome if we take *πληρώσεις* not as the verb but as the plural of the noun *πλήρωσις*. (This noun is found elsewhere in the LXX some six or seven times.) We thus secure a good translation of the Hebrew and an excellent parallel with *τερπνότητες*. The only difficulty is *με*. But the final *ε* is plainly the initial letter of *εὐφροσύνης*, and if we take the *μ* (in the uncials) as a mistaken copy of *ν* we can restore as our original text

πληρώσεις εἰσιν εὐφροσύνης μετὰ τοῦ προσώπου σου, τερπνότητες ἐν τῇ δέξῃ σου εἰς τέλος.

The loss of the *εισ* is due to the common error of homœoteleuton.

W. H. BASS.

Atherton, Manchester.

'After he begat Methuselah' (Gen. v. 22).

Is the usual interpretation sufficiently illuminative?—that which makes *אֵתֵר* the simple preposition of time.

I feel convinced that there is something of cause and effect in the association of the two clauses, 'after he begat Methuselah,' 'Enoch walked with God.'

This idea begins a new train of thought, for it suggests a beautiful lesson on the sanctifying influences of the children in our homes. The love of God has crept into the heart of many a man when, like Enoch, he has looked upon the face of his child, caressed the little head upon the pillow, or measured his step to the little toddling feet.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

ALEX. A. DUNCAN.

Auchterless.

The Parable of the Hid Treasure.

THIS parable runs (Mt 13⁴⁴): 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; which a man having found, hid, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.' Obviously the second 'hid' should be 'hid again,' and the commentaries which note the omission supply the missing word in their translations. But the question is, How did the word come to be omitted? There are two possible answers. The omission may be a mere scribal error in the Greek, due to the occurrence of the same word immediately before and after. More likely, however, it is due to careless translating on the part of the original author. The first 'hid' (*κεκρυμμένῳ*) would be a translation of the common Hebrew word for 'to hide.' But *κρύπτειν* is also regularly used to render the other Hebrew word *kāchadh*, meaning 'to say nothing about a thing.' Examples are: Jos 7¹⁹ (of hid treasure), 'Tell me now what thou hast done; hide *it* not from me'; Jer 38 (45)^{14, 25}, 'Don't keep anything back'; 50 (27)², 'Publish, conceal not'; 1 S 3^{17, 18}, Job 20¹², and so on. The original words of the parable will therefore have run: 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, which a man, finding, *said nothing about*; and (or, *but*) for joy thereof went and sold all that he had, and bought that field.'

T. H. WEIR.

Glasgow University.

Entre Nous.

The Credibility of the Fall.

It is sometimes said that no one any longer believes in the Fall. Professor David Smith believes in it still. Professor Smith has written a book on *The Atonement in the Light of History and the Modern Spirit* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). He begins with 'Atonement and Evolution.' He says emphatically that if there was no Fall there is no room for Atonement. And so he has to make good the fact of the Fall.

He accepts Evolution. It is the purpose of God that there should be development from lower to higher, from the brute to man, and from lower man to higher man. But how is that possible if man was created perfect? Dr. Smith answers, Man was not created perfect. He was created innocent. And the Fall was a fall, not from the height of perfection, but from innocence to guilt. He quotes the Westminster Catechism: 'Our first parents being left to the freedom of their own will, through the temptation of Satan, transgressed the commandment of God in eating the forbidden fruit, and thereby fell from the state of innocence wherein they were created.' Then he says: 'In its primal state, the state of innocence, the race was in its infancy; and it should, according to the Creator's purpose, have developed sweetly and harmoniously, stage by stage, until it realised its ideal and attained "unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And the Fall was a departure from that course, an arrest of the normal process of moral and spiritual evolution.'

Now if you wish to know what is the origin of the story of the Fall according to those who do not believe in it, you may turn to Mr. Edward Moore's *We Moderns*: 'In very early times Man must have had a deep sense of the tragicality of existence: life was then so full of pain; death, as a rule, so sudden and unforeseen, and the world generally so beset with terrors. The few who were fortunate enough to escape violent death had yet to toil incessantly to retain a footing on this unkind star. Life would, accordingly, appear to them in the most sombre tones and colours. And it was to explain this human misfortune, and not sin at all, that the whole fable of Adam and Eve and the Fall was invented. The doctrine of Original Sin

was simply an interpretation which was afterwards read into the story, an interpretation perhaps as arbitrary as the orthodox interpretation of the Song of Songs.'

But does Mr. Moore disbelieve in the Fall? In another place altogether, though in the same book, he says: 'Has the fable of the Fall still another interpretation for us? Was the Fall of Man the fall from Love? When the feeling of universal comprehension was lost, personality in the individualistic sense arose. And Sin was the child of this Individualism. To the first man bereft of Love, the earth assumed a terrible mien; nature glared at him with a million baleful eyes: he became an outcast in his home. No longer knowing the earth or other men, he experienced terror, hatred, and despair. To protect himself against existence he created Love's substitute morality. And with morality arose sin and perished innocence.' That does not seem so far from Professor Smith.

The Inhabitrass of Lebanon.

If you turn up 'Lebanon' in the Concordance you will be surprised to find how often the name occurs in the Old Testament. And it is always with a sense of the national pride in 'the glory of Lebanon.' If the prophets prophesy evil the climax is reached when the glory of Lebanon is touched by it. 'Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars.' That is Zechariah (111). When Jeremiah foresaw the nation's calamity at the hands of Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, it was as the stroke fell on Lebanon that he felt its severity. 'O inhabitant'—the Hebrew is inhabitrass, for he knew that it would fall most severely on the woman—'O inhabitrass of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars, how greatly to be pitied shalt thou be when pangs come upon thee, the pain as of a woman in travail' (23²⁸).

The prophecy was fulfilled when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Babylonians. But not as it has been fulfilled in our day. The Babylonians were not so ruthless as the Turks. Mr. William Canton has written a book on Palestine as it is passing through its pangs before our very eyes. He calls it *Dawn in Palestine* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 3d.

net). But it is chiefly of the night before the dawn that he has the story to tell. 'The device of a "holy war" proved to be a fiasco. It was abandoned on the return of Enver to Constantinople. But German *Kultur* and Turkish barbarity were equal to the emergency. Look you, Effendi, hunger is more frightful than the sword, and it is as deadly as the sword. It has also this advantage: the cry and the colour of blood drive some people furious with indignation; but the famished seem to die off with much less noise.

'Yes, they died silently, but those last faint sighs are shuddering through the souls of millions, and millions are taking Milton's passionate prayer for their own—

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered people, whose bones

Lie scattered on the Lebanon mountains cold.

'It was in the Lebanon that the fiendish plan was first set in operation. Turkish troops patrolled the roads and were encamped in the villages. The district was harried for food, and no fresh supplies were admitted. The Government seized the plentiful harvest of grain, sent a great part of it to their German allies, and sold the rest to the people at exorbitant prices. Figs, too, were snatched away, and they were the best of an otherwise poor fruit crop.

'The Christian Maronites and their enemies, the Druses, were treated with impartially callous brutality. The pinch of want was soon felt. Old and young—men, women, and children—perished slowly day by day. They died in their homes, they died by the roadside, they died in the fields while they were seeking for berries, roots, weeds to stay the pangs of starvation.

'While making his escape from Syria the eyewitness of these horrors passed through many silent towns in which the only living creatures he saw were birds building their nests in the deserted houses. It was easier, he said, to find death in those places than to find a crumb of bread or a drop of water.

'An American missionary, bravely struggling with the work of relief, takes up the appalling story. In the Lebanon 250,000 have perished. Nowhere in the whole of Syria is there more ghastly want than in the villages of this fair region.'

Baptized for the Dead.

The Rev. C. J. Barry, M.A., Minister of Union Chapel, Islington, is a strong enough preacher to stand the test of skeletons! There is no test like it. The last two volumes of Robertson of Brighton were largely skeletons, and even he could scarcely carry them off. Mr. Barry's book, *The Blurred Mirror* (Stockwell; 2s. 6d. net), is altogether made up of them. One of them is on Baptism for the Dead (1 Co 15²⁹), a difficult enough topic itself. What does he make of it?

'A saying that made History. The early Church, a small army, engaged in a death struggle in a country held in the grip of the enemy. She had to do all her recruiting in that country. She put her soldiers through a severe training *before* she enrolled them.

'Baptism—the solemn initiating rite.

'1. Some of her soldiers in training never reached active service nor even the full status. Some died in training, but the Church then counted them as soldiers and called upon others to fill the empty places. This was being "baptized for the dead."

'2. Some of the Church's soldiers were lost to the ranks of the Church militant by *martyrdom*, in which case the Church felt there was *no recruiting appeal like the martyr's* appeal. For every martyr the Church had dozens who came forward, and some were privileged to take the very name of the martyr in baptism. This was being "baptized for the dead."

'3. The early Church expressed her sure belief in the Resurrection and ultimate Victory. Putting these thoughts together we have: "We must fill up the ranks of the King of Glory if we are to prove ourselves worthy of those whose empty places we see, because we believe in the Resurrection which is the pledge of ultimate VICTORY."

'(Application.)

'(a) *The Church to-day*.—Vacant places. Many are at the war simply because they are Christians. What shall we do to be baptized for them?

'(b) *The Community*.—The Community is suffering because of the withdrawal of useful lives. What can we do "to be baptized for the dead"? The baptism of privation and self-sacrifice.

'(c) *The War itself*.—Many have fallen—most of them good, useful lives. You young men are training to fill their places—be worthy.

'(d) *The greater War that never ceases*.—The

War of Truth, Justice, Freedom, Righteousness, and Goodness. Many martyrs in this war and many lives constantly being withdrawn. What will you do? Think of the noble, holy dead. *Will you be baptized into the ranks of Jesus Christ? We will fill the places of the departed because we believe in the Resurrection, the pledge of ultimate VICTORY.*

They did not have Newspapers down in Judee.

In his book *We Moderns*, Mr. Edward Moore is much concerned about Mr. G. K. Chesterton, because Mr. Chesterton declares himself a Christian. A Christian after August 1914! 'Mr. Chesterton says that Christianity has not failed, for it has never been tried. What! After nineteen hundred years, it has not been tried? Then how can we expect to see it tried now? And if it should turn out to be something which *cannot* be "tried"? That is the question.'

And Mr. Moore answers it. Christianity cannot be tried. For now 'the atmosphere cannot be created in which Christianity may grow young again and recapture its faith. The necessary credulity, or, at anyrate, the proper kind of credulity, is no longer ours. For Christianity grew, like the mushrooms, *in the night*. Had there been newspapers in Judea, there had been no Christianity. And this age of ours, in which the clank of the printing press drowns all other sounds, is fatal to any noble mystery, to any noble birth or re-birth. *That night*, at all events, we can never pass through again, and therefore Christianity will probably never renew itself.'

Running.

'He that believeth shall not make haste' (Is 28¹⁶). That is one of our favourite texts. It reproves enthusiasm. And although we do not now call that which we disapprove of enthusiasm, it is enthusiasm that we disapprove of. Does Isaiah? In this text? Did Christ? What is all that, then, in the Gospels about running? Professor J. F. McFadyen of Hislop College, Nagpur, notices it in his book on *Jesus and Life*.

'Life as Jesus saw it was a serious business, to be taken lightly at our peril; and so we find throughout the Gospels an atmosphere of earnestness, of eager haste. The young man *running* to Jesus to ask Him how to get eternal life is an

emblematic figure. Shepherds hasten to Bethlehem to see the new-born Messiah. The thousands whom Jesus fed had reached the spot running. After the miracle, when Jesus reached Gennesaret, there was tremendous haste through a whole district as the people brought their sick friends to Jesus. Zacchæus runs on in front of the crowd and climbs a tree to get a glimpse of Jesus; and on the resurrection morning there is much running to and fro—Mary running to tell Peter and the other disciples of the empty tomb, Peter and the other running to the tomb to see for themselves. Jesus loved the runners of the Gospel story.'

Edward Henry Blakeney.

The first volume of poetry this month is quite unique. We have never had the like of it, and we have no hope of ever having the like of it again. For the author, Mr. Edward Henry Blakeney, is poet, printer, and publisher. Mr. Blakeney is Headmaster of King's School, Ely, and an old contributor to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. But who would have guessed the possession of so many gifts? The printing and the publishing are highly artistic work, quite out of reach of the professional craftsman in either craft. Those who have an eye for a rare volume had better secure their copy at once, for only sixty-five copies have been printed, and the little book is sure to become scarce and very scarce. In our copy two trifling misprints have been mended by the author's pen, and so mended as to add to the value of it. The title is *Poems in Peace and War: 1912-1918*.

The poetry? We must not forget the poetry, though the price at which the book will be quoted by the antiquarian bookseller will have little to do with the quality of it. The poetry is both true and melodious. Following our usual way we shall quote one poem. But in doing so we say quite frankly that it is by no means the best in the book. We quote it for its quotableness and for its brevity:

THE CITY OF PEACE.

Beyond the verge of the iron years,

Where the Past and Present meet,

Where the dreams we dreamed in the golden
days

Hover on shining feet,

Lies, foursquare, in a land of calm,
Untravelled, strange, untrod,
A City set on the heights serene—
The timeless City of God.

Here, in the region of strife and storm,
Weary, perplex by Fate,
With journeyings sore, in perils oft,
Our spirits watch—and wait;
Yet ever, above the clouds that veil
That pathway still untrod,
The Gates of the City stand unbarred—
The Gates of the City of God.

John Rickards Mozley.

The Rev. J. R. Mozley is a theologian; his book, *The Divine Aspect of History*, is sufficient evidence. He is also a poet. *Seven Lyrics* are issued together (Heffer; 6d. net). The first, 'In Time of War,' is a prayer to God for two gifts—first, courage to win; and next,

that hatred ne'er
Harden our hearts within.

There is a fine sonnet in memory of Lord Roberts, and this brief tribute to Lord Kitchener:

O silent chieftain, resolute of heart!
From the dread billows of the northern sea
To every soul born of our race thou art
Eloquent now, and evermore shalt be!

H. W. P. Danter.

An early lyric in *The Hill of Daydreams* (Macdonald; 2s. 6d. net) tells us that Mr. Danter is a clergyman. Is this his first volume? It has promise; not yet all the finish of performance. There are words and phrases which are less melodious than they should be. But the root of matter is in him. We quote this

SONNET

'This have I done for thee.
What doest thou for Me?'

I did aspire by false ambition fed
To have my name in golden letters writ;
To hold a place of high renown and sit
Empinnacled above the famous dead.
A fadeless laurel wreath to marble wed
Should cap a chiselled bust relit
To animation by the praise, most fit,

Of countless worshippers. By shadows led
I dedicated pain of nights and days,
I lavished all my care upon my dream.
When on a while a pierced hand did raise
My self-filled head; a gentle voice did seem
To plead in love. And I in deep amaze
Beheld a tortured figure on a beam.

Bernard Gilbert.

There is no question of the power of those verses (he would not thank you to call them poems) which Mr. Bernard Gilbert has gathered out of many magazines into one fierce democratic volume with the title *Rebel Verses* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). This is the Rebel:

I live in music, in poetry, and in the life
reflective.
I seek intellectual boldness in man, I worship
mental swiftness in women.
I have no love for lawyers, priests, schoolmasters,
or any dogmatic men.
I am with poor against rich, labour against em-
ployer, women against men; I fight beside
all strikers, mutineers, and rebels.
I welcome foes; I desire criticism.
I loathe prejudice, either social or national; I
repudiate all claims.
I demand freedom of action and leisure for
reflection.
Facing Death, I would say: 'I have tasted all,
tried all, dared all, suffered all, and I repent
nothing.'

There is no more than that in the manner of Walt Whitman, but the *spirit* goes to the end. What is the creed? It is, Do well, but with no assurance that it shall be well with you. Only, Do ill, and there is assurance enough that it shall be ill. The short piece 'Remorse' is relentless as George Eliot's 'Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul.'

Eleanor Farjeon.

First in *Sonnets and Poems*, by Eleanor Farjeon (Blackwell; 3s. net), come eighteen sonnets, 'A Soul's Biography.' There is the sense of power without the opportunity, then the advent of love, the passion of it, and the fulfilment. For here as elsewhere life is just learning the lesson of how 'love may be, hath been indeed, and is.' The poems that follow are variations of one theme,

one that admits so many variations, the outward world's amazing beauty. But not apart from men; least of all from little children. We shall quote one of the eighteen sonnets:

Certain among us walk in loneliness
Along the pale unprofitable days,
Hazarding many an unanswered guess
At what vague purpose wastes us on our ways.

We know that we are potent to create,
We say, I could be such or such or such,
And lo, indifferent death swings back the gate;

And life has never put us to the touch.
So woman with the aching will to bear
Still to the barren grave must barren go,
And men that might again like Titans dare
Angelic secrets, die and nothing know.
Alas! why were we born to woe and bliss
If life had no more need of us than this?

Eleanor Deane Hill.

The chief poem has the story of Demeter and Persephone for its theme, hence the title *Demeter*, by Eleanor Deane Hill (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). The story fits the style; perhaps it has done something to make the style what it is. Here is a fine free rendering of one familiar thought:

And like a yellow butterfly, adrift
Ere the Spring warrants, lovely Proserpine
Came speedily towards the little wood;
Blown by her haste, her garments, primrose-hued,
Clung to her limbs and showed her shape divine.

And as she ran

With motion sweet and swift,
Around her naked feet the Spring began
To swell the buds and stir the sap within;
The earth gave out a savour, and the stream,
Breaking its leashes, woke to happy strife,
And all the land with melody was rife.

Wherever fell her tread
New flowers sprang, the children of the snow,
Like her in durance, sad, with drooping head,

But, still unseen,
Hidden within, for hope, a thread of green.

In the last of all the poems which follow, the author reveals her life here as she expresses her hope for the life beyond:

These things, Oh Lord, in the next world I crave:
Of work I love, enough to fill my hands,
And time and space to answer its demands;
This, and no guerdon for it, I would have.
I would not ask, in that Beyond-the-Grave,
That my hand answer all my brain commands,
So should I wither, self-involved in bands
Strangling all growth, my own most helpless slave.

Let me believe my labour is not vain,
Give me still hope that honest work is prayer,
I am unapt at orisons and bedes;
But give the eyes to see, if I attain
Some pale result, perfection still more rare,
More distant stars, more light, more flaming deeds.

Geoffrey Faber.

In the Valley of Vision: Poems written in Time of War, by Geoffrey Faber, Captain (Blackwell; 3s. net). Every one of them has the war, in some aspect of it, throbbing through its lines. And for the most part painfully—the waste, the ugliness, the anger, the guilt. One of the strongest is a picture of the authors of the war looking at themselves with eyes that are to be given them when it is over. And yet there is a morning coming after this night:

Every day comes
Newly the Sun.
We light up anew our homes,
When work is done.

And as after darkest night
'Tis brightest dawning,
Gladder is the window-spark
For the day of our mourning.

Have Faith; it burns
Through present grief,
Thitherward undoubting turns
All our belief.

We will win back
More than of old:
All that we lost and lack
A thousand-fold.

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THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

THE last lesson that we learn (many men and most women pass away without learning it) is that there is no respect of persons with God.

And yet we ought to be able to learn it. When we read the Bible we might very well say,

This I know

For the Bible tells me so.

Christ spent much of His manhood in illustrating it. And the Apostle Paul gave himself to its inculcation as if there was nothing in the world of half its importance. 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; God, be merciful to me a sinner; I tell you, This man went down to his house justified rather than the other'—that is Christ. 'Where there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus'—that is St. Paul.

It was for this that St. Paul withstood St. Peter to the face at Antioch. It was for this that he fought the Judaizers right through his life. It was for this that of the Jews five times he received forty stripes save one. It was for this that at last he was seized in the Temple and handed over to Cæsar to be put to death.

But, if less dramatic, more significant is the illustration of this great fact in the life of our

Lord. It is well set forth by Professor Joseph F. McFADYEN, M.A., in his new book, *Jesus and Life* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net). The Old Testament saints were impressed with the insignificance of man in the sight of God. 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?' Jesus was more impressed with the insignificance of man in the sight of man.

He saw that it was bad both for those who despised and for those who were despised. There was an aristocracy and a democracy in His day, and it was none the less harmful a cleavage that it was religious. 'This people that knoweth not the law is cursed.' So the religious aristocracy said, and unfortunately the democracy believed them. Jesus spoke more than one parable against those who trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others.

He did not advocate equality. There are those in our day who speak of Him (and not irreverently) as if He were a democrat. But if they mean that He desired to obliterate inequality among men they are wrong. He did say, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom.' And He said, 'Blessed are ye poor.' But He also said that men received talents according to their several ability, and even that in the Kingdom itself they would have their place and their power

according to the use to which their talents had been put.

Certainly He was a democrat, if that means that He was one of the common people. He was one of the common people, and His sympathies were with them. For He had come to seek and to save that which was lost. He called Himself a doctor. The righteous aristocracy were well satisfied with themselves. Why should He attend to them? 'They that are whole,' He said, 'need not the physician, but they that are sick.'

But He was not a democrat if it means that He would have the government in the hands of the multitude because they were the multitude. He was an aristocrat then. He would have the power in the hands of the best. But who are they? Not the self-righteous and not the wealthy. More likely the needy and the sinful. 'If,' says Professor McFADYEN, 'Jesus turns His search-light on to the rich, no less in His presence are we compelled to overcome our repugnance to poverty, even to pauperism, and its ugly accompaniments; to pierce beneath the rags and sores and find the man, with a man's longings, a man's feelings to be hurt or respected, a man's soul to be saved. For here too the Gospels teach, not by preaching but by giving insight. Half of our cruelty is ignorance. We judge whole classes of men after we have first shut our eyes: Jesus compels us to look at people, and when we look at them, often we find them transfigured. We speak of the change which passed over Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. Would it not be nearer the truth to say that the change was in the mind of Peter, James, and John; that for a little while those who had entered most deeply into His spirit saw Him as He was and as He always was?'

One of the ways in which we show that we have not learned that God is no respecter of persons is in our dislike and distrust of foreigners. And yet here the illustration from the life of Jesus is of the most surpassing beauty. When He visited the

village in which He had been brought up they expected a special favour. He told them that at the time of the famine in the days of Elijah it was a heathen widow that was relieved, and of all the lepers in the days of Elisha none was cleansed saving Naaman a Syrian. And these are lessons for us. But the great lesson is the way He went with the woman of Canaan.

She came and prayed Him, 'My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.' But He answered her never a word. How many are the reasons we discover. And they are all good and beautiful. But this is the reason of reasons. One can imagine the surprise of St. Paul the first time that he heard the story. There was first the repulse and then the reception. It was a parable for his own life. The repulse—he had been ready enough for that. Now would he give himself to make the reception better than the repulse had been. 'Where there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus.'

Many are the reasons which are given for the absence of the working man from Church. The Poet-Laureate has a reason also. He states it in an address which he delivered to the Tredegar and District Co-operative Society on *The Necessity of Poetry* (Clarendon Press; 2s. net).

The necessity of poetry—to whom is it a necessity? To the working man. Mr. BRIDGES quotes the often-quoted saying of Darwin: 'Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, Poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare. . . . But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of Poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts.'

Darwin regretted this. He said that if he had to live his life again, he would try to keep the poetic side of his mind alive. And Darwin was a working man. He had more education than most of the members of the Tredegar and District Co-operative Society, and more ability. But in respect of poetry he was as any ordinary working man. And he felt that somehow poetry was a necessity.

The necessity of poetry—to what? To the enjoyment of life. For life cannot be fully enjoyed without some recognition of art, and poetry is the most accessible of all the arts. It was this, no doubt, or chiefly this, that the Poet-Laureate came to say to the Co-operative Society, and he said it.

But he said more than this. He said that poetry is a necessity to morals. It is some time since Shakespeare warned us that the man that has no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. The Poet-Laureate has the same opinion of the man that has no poetry.

And it is very surprising that he proves it by recalling the fact that poetry is an art. For we have been told very often that art has nothing to do with morality. Art for Art's sake—that is the watchword; and it is equally at home with the evil and with the good. But Mr. BRIDGES challenges the watchword. Art for Art's sake—only if art is expression and nothing else. If it is merely expression, then you may by art express a pigsty as truly as a sunbeam. But art is more than expression. It is the expression of beauty. And if any one is indifferent to that art which is called poetry he is indifferent to the distinction between beauty and ugliness, which in the moral life is the distinction between good and evil.

Is that all? No. Poetry is necessary to Religion.

Mr. George Santayana says that Poetry is Religion, and there is no Religion that is not

simply poetry. It is the imagination playing poetically upon the facts of life, and, after making its own gods, falling down and worshipping them. The Poet-Laureate does not go so far as that, though he says two challengeable things about poetry and religion.

He says that ever since the Reformation poetry has stood in the way of religion. At the time of the Reformation the beauty of the Roman Catholic worship was lost because it had become the handmaid of moral iniquity. Instead of it the Reformers fell back on the Old Testament.

Now the religion of the Old Testament is, in the opinion of Mr. BRIDGES, no religion to be held by anybody, since Christ came. How were the Reformers content with it? They read it poetically, and so the crudities of it did not occur to them. Much of the Old Testament is poetry, and very good poetry. But its religion is very bad religion. He quotes just one text to prove his point—'God sware in his wrath that they should not enter into his rest.' The Reformers enjoyed the poetry and swallowed the religion with it. Thus poetry, the poetry of the Old Testament, has stood in the way of true religion.

And religion has stood in the way of poetry. That is the other thing that the Poet-Laureate says. For religion, which is 'the conviction and habit of a personal communion between the soul and God,' finds its best expression in poetry. And when the religion cannot be accepted, the poetry that ought to express it cannot be enjoyed. Working-men might be glad to go to the Old Testament for its poetry if they could go for that alone. But when they have to take the religion with it, they prefer to let both go. Poetry of some kind they must have, for poetry is art, and art is beauty, and no life can be wholly indifferent to the love of the beautiful. So they leave the Bible alone and turn their attention to the modern poets.

That is the reason why working men do not go

to Church. Give them the poetry of the Old Testament and the religion of the New and they will go.

The Book of Psalms is both the delight and the difficulty of the Old Testament. Under the title of *The Psalms Explained*, Professor William SANDAY and the Rev. C. W. EMMET have published a Companion to the Prayer-Book Psalter (Oxford University Press; 1s. net). Their delight in the work is unmistakable. It is expressed without reserve when they reach the 103rd Psalm.

'A truly evangelical psalm,' they say, 'of consummate beauty. We only need to fill it out with the further revelation of the Life and Death of Christ to bring it up to the full level of Christianity. It is the Old Testament premiss for the New Testament conclusion: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." If we feel the love of God as this psalmist felt it, we shall have the key to everything else in the world.'

But Professor SANDAY and Mr. EMMET are not less impressed with the difficulty of the Book of Psalms. The difficulty lies in its vindictiveness. It is scarcely perceptible to the Church in Scotland: In that Church the Psalms have been till lately the sole material of praise. But it has always been the custom to 'wale a portion wi' judicious care.' In the Church of England the difficulty has been felt all along, and recently by very many and very acutely. A series of 'Tracts on Common Prayer' has been undertaken by the Oxford University Press, in the second of which the whole difficulty has been dealt with in three separate contributions. Mr. EMMET offers 'A Plea for a Revised Use of the Psalter in Public Worship'; Dr. C. F. BURNEY contributes a paper on 'The Imprecatory Psalms'; and Dr. SANDAY discusses 'The Language of Vindictiveness in the Prayer Book, in the Bible, and in Modern Life.' The title of the 'tract' is *The Use of the Psalter* (1s. 6d. net).

The Two Houses of the Convocation of Canter-

bury recently agreed to a series of Resolutions regarding the use of the Psalter, of which the second is the most important. The second Resolution is: 'That in the use of the Psalter in public worship the following psalm and portions of psalms be omitted: Psalm 58; Psalms 14. 5-7; 55. 16, 24, 25; 68. 21-23; 69. 23-29; 109. 5-19; 137. 7-9; 139. 19-22; 140. 9, 10; 143. 12.'

That Resolution tells us where the difficulty lies. There is one complete psalm, and there are portions of other nine psalms which it is recommended should no longer be read or sung in public. They should be omitted from the Prayer-Book Version of the Psalter, though they may still be read in the Bible. The reason of the desire for their omission is their vindictiveness.

Now this is the first time that a great principle of interpretation has received public recognition. Professor SANDAY recognizes the importance of the occasion. What is the principle? It is that there are 'degrees of sacredness, that there is (as it were) a Bible within the Bible, that everything that is found in its pages is not necessarily Christian, but that certain things were definitely said "to them of old time" and are as definitely not said to us now.'

Professor SANDAY accepts that principle. He accepted it long ago. He now rejoices that it has been acknowledged by the Houses of Convocation. For he believes that 'no further progress will be made until it is not only acknowledged in a half-hearted way but until it sinks into the consciousness of Christians generally that this distinction rests upon the authority of none other than our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. There must be a removing of things that are shaken in order that those things which are not shaken may remain.'

'Certain things were definitely said "to them of old time" and are as definitely not said to us now.' In the Book of Psalms these 'things' are words of vindictiveness. Dr. SANDAY accordingly asks two

questions: (1) How far were the psalmists justified in using the 'language of vindictiveness' to the extent they did? and (2) How far should we be justified in using the same language?

How far were the psalmists justified? Three things have to be understood. In the Old Testament period, and especially in its earlier portion, the lesson which God's people had to be taught was above all else, to love the good and hate the evil. 'The feeling of righteous indignation against sin was one to be fostered and deepened, and not discouraged.' That is the first thing.

The next is, that the distinction between the sinner and the sin was not yet realized. That distinction was reserved for a later age. Remembering this it is easier for us to understand the strength of the psalmists' language. Even now, says Dr. SANDAY, 'even in these days it does not do to be too squeamish. It is more important that the child should grasp strongly the difference between good and evil than that it should express it temperately. For some exuberance of language in the condemnation of sin every allowance should be made.'

The third thing is that all depends upon the motive. Whereupon we see that we must discriminate. For there is a graduated scale of motives. The worst are those in which personal animus is predominant. That is why the long passage in Ps 109 (verses 5 to 19) is 'one that cannot be got over.' For Professor SANDAY is compelled to 'dismiss as special pleading the view that would put these verses into the mouth of the wicked and not of the psalmist himself.'

And yet we must not judge hastily. There is no psalm in which the personal motive is more unmistakable than in Psalm 55. Yet Psalm 55 is a very pathetic and beautiful psalm. 'The writer expresses the wish that he had wings that could carry him far away from the scene of his troubles, and he also draws that moving picture of his

former friendship for the man who was now as it would seem his bitterest enemy. It is a delicate touch that in this psalm where the plural alternates with the singular and the writer speaks at one moment of the banded company of his persecutors and at another specially of their leader, where he invokes the punishment of God upon them he does this always in the plural number so that the false friend drops out of sight.'

Professor SANDAY contrasts Psalm 58. This is the psalm of which Convocation has recommended the entire omission. It is not 'what we should call an attractive psalm.' But even here judgment must be with measure. Turn to the end. The verse immediately before the last 'is doubtless one of those which led to its omission. "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance: he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly." Our first impulse is to say, What could be more unchristian? This is vindictiveness indeed. And the first line of the next verse seems at first sight to bear out the conclusion. But the last line suddenly flames out and throws a new light upon the whole. "So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

'After all,' says Dr. SANDAY, 'it is not the jealous personal looking for vengeance and reward, but another and far nobler thing. It is the old story. The prosperity of the wicked seemed to cast a cloud over the Justice of God, and therefore over His whole character and relation to the world of men. But at one stroke that cloud is removed, and God stands revealed once more as the Righteous Judge. If the psalmist rejoices because the righteous will be rewarded, it is not so much because he himself is righteous and will share in the reward, as because it will be seen that God does not neglect His own. We can see the smaller and lower motive passing into the larger and higher.'

The second question is, How far are *we* justified in using vindictive language?

It is still a question of the use of the Psalter. If you ask, How far are we justified in using vindictive language on our own account, as against the Germans for example, Dr. SANDAY makes it very plain that he, for one, would not hesitate to say we are not justified at all. No believer in Christ could possibly say otherwise. But he is concerned at present with the Psalter and its use in public worship. How far is it right for us (remembering that 'certain things were definitely said "to them of old time" and are as definitely not said to us now') to use the vindictive language of the psalmists in our approach to God in worship?

Professor SANDAY'S answer is unmistakable. He holds that we have no right to sing or say any of the passages of which Convocation has recommended the omission, with the possible exception of two.

One is the psalm of which he has just been speaking, the 58th. 'Down to the very end it is what may be described as a drab-coloured psalm; until we come to the last line there is nothing specially edifying or inspiring about it. And when we come to the last verse but one we seem to be thrown back into that vengeful spirit which detracts more than anything else from the high level of the Psalter. All this is depressing and disheartening, and would do no good to any one. But there is many a work of art in which the effect is really due to just such a cause as this. The preparation for the climax is all in a low and minor key; but it is just the contrast of all this that invests the climax with its splendour. It breaks out like a sudden ball of light. So it is here with the triumphant vindication of the Righteousness of God. That is really what the psalm has been working up to all the time, even when baser feelings seemed to be in the ascendant. The crowning purpose of the psalmist is not revealed until the end; and when it is revealed it swallows up all besides. That flash of victorious conviction which impels the psalmist to say, "Verily there is

a God that judgeth in the earth" is a touch that we may well be very reluctant to lose.'

'The other passage about which we seem to find ourselves in a harassing dilemma is the end of Psalm 137. It would be easy enough if we could simply stop at v. 6 as Convocation proposes. But is it possible to stop there? We cannot do so without mutilating the poem in a way that one would have thought that, for any one with a feeling for literary form, must be intolerable. The poem would be too short; and it would end too abruptly. We should be conscious all the time that something was missing. I cannot see in this any real solution of the difficulty. The only alternative seems to be to leave the poem as a whole or to omit it as a whole. But it is too beautiful and too moving for omission—the very classic expression of love and longing for the home of the soul in exile. Perhaps, after all, the least evil is to leave the poem as it stands. Dreadful as the last verse is to all our modern ideas, we may perhaps in this one case mentally supply quotation marks and remind ourselves that the language is that of the ancient poet and not our own. In a musical setting like that of the well-known anthem by Coleridge Taylor, or in ordinary chanting by a well-trained choir, the sinking of the voices may be taken as showing that the psalm as a whole, and this portion of it particularly, belongs to another age and to other conditions than our own.'

In Professor Hugh WALKER'S Warton Lecture on *The Revelation of England through her Poetry*, elsewhere noticed, there is a reference to this matter of vindictiveness.

English poetry, says Professor WALKER, reveals the English character in many aspects. He mentions two. 'It reveals that *kindliness* which is one of its most engaging traits, and which is shown conspicuously in love of and humanity to animals. There have been, of course, many exceptions. No reader of Elizabethan literature, and

no student of Hogarth, can deny that there has been much brutality; but a balanced judgment will, I think, come to the conclusion that humanity and not cruelty has been the prevailing spirit from the time when Chaucer's Prioress wept for the pain of her little dog. And unquestionably humanity has more and more prevailed over cruelty as time has passed, and above all in the last few generations. Shakespeare put on record a view of the sufferings of the beetle, which, whether correct or not, is certainly humane; Wordsworth embodied a philosophy of the rights of animals in *Hart-leap Well*; and Coleridge connected prayer with the love of the lower creation on the ground that the Maker of all loves all.

But he proceeds at once to say that there is another side. 'Though kindness is an admirable quality, its opposite, *sternness*, is indispensable in a virile race. The need for this conjunction of opposites has been admirably expressed by a living poet, and the perception of the need is attributed by him to a dead brother-poet:

He saw 'tis meet that man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity—and be pitiless,
To make, and mar;
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far.

Now on the testimony of the poets sternness, fierceness, pitilessness is, in the last resort, English too. Perhaps we should be disposed to look for evidence that it is so first in those verses from the trenches which are as irreconcilable with the popular conception of the English spirit as is the great mass of our poetical literature itself. And it is in truth there; but it is far less prominent than might be expected; indeed, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says in an introduction to a recent little book by a soldier, this poetry of the trenches is "curiously quiet and meditative." Still, an epitome of the whole English character is there—its humour, its easy tolerance, its kindness to man and beast. Its sternness too, but, I repeat, in far less measure than the circumstances would lead us to anticipate. The slowness to anger of the common soldier, now, it would seem, tardily giving way to a deepening resentment, characterises the trench poets too. The illustrations of that sternness which is not only justifiable but, on occasion, indispensable, are to be found rather in the past. It will almost suffice to refer to Milton, in whom it is unmistakable. It is present in Shelley too, ethereal dreamer as he was. Above all it is present in Wordsworth. I repeat what I have said elsewhere: Wordsworth cancelled the line in which he called carnage God's daughter, but he never withdrew the thought.

Is the War 'Re-creating our Supreme Divinity'?

BY THE REV. C. W. INGLIS WARDROP, M.A., BIGGAR.

THERE is a familiar verse in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (3^o) which may easily be taken in a quite inadequate sense, and the real significance of it missed. We are labourers together with God, he says. We may understand that first of all to mean that we have been given the privilege and honour of working along with God in His great works. And that is true, but that is not what St. Paul means, in the first instance, by the words; that is not what he emphasizes.

I.

The whole chapter is a glorifying of God as the great worker and builder. Whatever great thing is done in the world God does it. The supreme idea of the Apostle is: that whatever is done in conversion—either of men or of the world—whatever mighty moral work is wrought, it is God who is the author of it, and God to whom the glory of it belongs. 'Wherefore let no man glory in men.'

The Corinthian Christians were divided in opinion as to whether it was Paul or Apollos to whom they owed their new life of salvation, and there were parties who claimed Paul, and parties who claimed Apollos, as their spiritual father. The Apostle says it is neither the one nor the other. It is God Himself. You owe it all to Him. What are we, he says, but ministers, agents, instruments in the hand of God?

That is the primary message of the whole chapter. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.' And it is the meaning of this verse: We are labourers, certainly, but it is with God we are labourers, and only with Him that we are successful labourers. Apart from Him we can do nothing.

But while this is the supreme message of the Apostle here, there is also a secondary message which it is just as important to remember; that is, that these instruments, agents, servants, and helpers of God are also required in order that the work may be done. There is this distinct thought in the verse, that, in all God's great moral and spiritual works, we must work along with Him, must help and co-operate with Him. Man exists in a sacred partnership with God. Having been created with a free will and a power to work, we have been given a hand in the works of creation and redemption, and in a certain degree these great works depend on us, and cannot proceed without us. The power to work carries with it the power to spoil work, and we can either help or hinder in God's mighty movements for the redemption of the world. If we work and strive with our utmost power, then God's divine and victorious purpose goes forward irresistibly; but if we stop, or flag, or turn back, His hand is stayed.

It is a solemn thought. It is one of the mysteries that lie in the relation between the Divine and the human, the Creator and the creature. God can do all things—He can make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth, He can take away the sin of the world—but He depends on us. He is limited by the goodwill and help of His creatures. It is an inspiring as well as a solemn thought—we can move the hand that moves the world. We are labourers together with God.

II.

Such is the conception of God we have in this chapter. Now, this is the conception of God that

is being forced upon many minds to-day. The war is giving rise to new ideas about God. As Mark Rutherford once said of the poet Wordsworth, we may almost say of the war, it is 're-creating our supreme Divinity'; it is altering in some vital respects our conception of God. If God is absolutely infinite, omnipotent, entirely independent and able of Himself to do all things, then why does He suffer these calamities to befall the world and to befall His children? We may even ask (for the old problem is recurring with a new force), Why does He suffer evil and pain to exist at all? Men have never been able altogether to see it, and the vast extent of the evil to-day has doubly impressed the mystery upon the mind and heart. Is God all-powerful and all-loving, and does He will good to the world? Then why are these things so?

A thought is arising which is by no means new, for it is the essential heart of Christianity, but it is beginning to surge through men's minds almost with the force of a new revelation: God is not entirely independent, but depends on us. If God is alone in His power to save the world, to let suffering go on or to stop it, to let sin rage and destroy or to crush it out for ever, then we cannot explain His action to-day. We have no clearness. Our hearts are full of darkness and doubt. But if He is not alone in His power, if He depends on us, if He can be thwarted by our sin, held back and delayed by our slackness,—then the matter is plain—we see why He does not intervene—He is prevented by man.

There are many writers just now who are saying that the infinite, omnipotent God of our traditional faith must go. If there were such a God there would be no such devastation of the world as we are now witnessing; and these writers are claiming that the God we must believe in is a God who is limited, finite, who strives and suffers like ourselves. But one would like to ask, Why do they not see (as in many cases they do not) that this is the very God whom Christ revealed to us, and whom the Christian Church has worshipped all along—the God who, in Christ, 'laboured, wearied, suffered, died upon the tree'? On Calvary God was not only limited, thwarted, made to suffer by the evil will of men, but was to all appearance defeated by it. He was not defeated. In the end He triumphed. But in that one great act of the Cross we see the way in which God is related to the evil of the world all the time: He suffers at its

hands, is hindered and impeded by it, but will ultimately conquer it. If we are Christians, then, we are not to imagine God sitting in absolute power and allowing this suffering to go on as if He were indifferent to it, or for some inscrutable reason refused to put a stop to it. *Our God* is in Christ striving, suffering in it all, and saying, How often would I have gathered you—saved you—and ye would not? We are labourers together with God.

III.

Let us now try to illustrate, in three directions, this message of the Apostle in the chapter, namely, that God is the Worker in all great moral and spiritual achievements, but that He depends on our co-operation.

1. Take the work that is done in the face of nature—in our gardens, for example, or in the harvest of the fields. It is God who works in our gardens: we plant and water, but He gives the increase. What causes the beautiful colours and scents of the flowers and the wholesome substance of the fruit to spring out of the soil, which in itself is neither beautiful nor nourishing? It is a miracle, a Divine work, and, as such, the secret of it is in God's mysterious laboratories, and in His everlasting love. Chemistry can describe the process, but no human chemistry can give us the secret, or communicate to us the power. It is our Heavenly Father's gift. So with the harvest of grain in the fields. We can only pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' It is God who is the Producer, the Provider, who multiplies the grain, some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred-fold.

And yet His power is limited, and He depends on us. We are labourers together with Him. What happens to our gardens, when we leave them without care and toil, and where would the harvest be if the husbandman failed to do the necessary work in the proper season? By skilful preparation and hard toil—by the work of our hands and the thought of our brains—we are labourers together with God.

2. As another illustration, let us pass from nature to grace, from the natural to the spiritual world, and take the work of moral regeneration. First of all, in the individual life: I think of some heroic

act I would fain do, some act of self-denial, or the casting out of some sin that is holding me down, so that I may be better, holier, less selfish. But I feel I cannot do it, I cannot rise to it, I am under a degrading moral disability. 'The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not, that I do.' But, if I fight on in earnest faith and do my best, what happens? The Divine power appears—God takes up the work and does it for me. It is He that saves me, and I can only marvel. He giveth the increase. Yet my effort was waited for. It was because I tried my best that God did it. If I do not attempt it, the work is not done. If I make no effort to save myself—to be pure and good and unselfish—then these fruits will not appear, and my life will lie like a neglected garden, or a field where there is no harvest, or on which God looks in sorrow. But, if I do my part, God takes up the work and carries it to completion.

3. The same holds true in the wider field of the redemption of the nations. In our fighting and striving and planning to secure a better civilization, a better world where men will live at peace with one another, it is with God we are to be fellow-workers. He alone can conquer the forces of evil, and dispose the nations into a new and harmonious order. We forget that. We are apt to take the matter out of God's hands. It would almost appear as if in our present case we had actually done so, and as if He had consequently given us up to our own efforts. Has this nation—as a nation—definitely shown its recognition of the fact that God is a Fighter—and the supreme Fighter—in this war? Has it—the nation and its Government—shown its belief that religious faith is an actual, and a powerful, factor in hastening the end of the war? I have said that God depends on us. But it is equally true that we depend on God, and it would be a good thing to see our Government commit itself to some act that would show its belief that God can do something for us to-day.

Meantime, let us of the Christian Church do what we can to bring on the Divine power to our aid. Let us watch and pray and repent, and let us be bold enough to cast all our care upon God and to trust in Him.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

A September Morning.

'The wondrous works of God,'—Job 37¹⁴.

I ONCE visited a house that had a large garden attached to it. In that garden there was a most delightful thing that was supposed to belong to the two boys of the house. It was a tent—a regular army tent.

Those boys thought there was no season like summer. They liked autumn too; in September especially there was often glorious weather. My experience of the tent was a September one. Their mother had agreed to let them sleep in it for one night. Of course they were delighted; they did not sleep much, you may be sure. Soon after sunrise there was a call for me to 'come out and see something.' I went, and from the inside of the tent, where I obediently stood, there seemed at first nothing to be seen. There were fruit trees of course, some with rosy-cheeked apples upon them—you have seen Septembers before now. The trees were not what they wanted me to look at.

With their keen eyes they had noticed one of the great wonders of this earth of ours. That morning, everywhere, and over everything was a glistening, trembling veil, infinitely finer than the finest fabric ever made by man. Even the air seemed full of delicate threads; broken bits were quivering and flying in every direction, and there were long stretches like fairy telegraph wires.

'Spiders!' said the boys. 'Do you know how they manage to get the first long thread across in the air? They can strike the exact leaf they want.' There and then in boy's language, they gave out all the information they had learned from their master at school. It was that the spiders first spin their threads with their heads to the wind. When they are long enough for the breeze to grip them the spider lets go and is borne on wings of the wind, sometimes for a long distance. If the wind falls the spider can let itself down by its silken parachute. If the wind rises, it somehow succeeds in sinking gently to the ground.

Hundreds of spiders had been at work in the

garden that morning. Some of the threads had sunk to earth, others had got broken, and many had got entangled in the bushes and amongst the grass. There had been a regular shower of gossamer.

People will stand at a street corner, and watch a juggler take yards of tape out of his mouth. Even if it were not a trick it is a clumsy proceeding. Those little spiders had made the garden a dream of fairyland. The wonder of it is even greater than the beauty.

When we wonder at things, we stop thinking for a moment. But very soon we begin to ask questions. How did it all happen? How did the spider learn? The spider cannot think, yet its work is perfect of its kind. Back our minds go, and it is God we come to, God the Creator, not only of living creatures like the spider but of us all.

God's work is marvellous; and He means our work, however unimportant it may be, to be well done. You are nearly all at school. He expects you to do your lessons well. But lessons are not the only piece of work He has put into our hands to finish for Him. It is beautiful characters He wants from us. Long ago Jesus Christ told the people how to make them. And we know that He just wants boys and girls to be His friend that He may teach them too.

You do not need to live amidst grand surroundings to grow up noble men and women. It is, I believe, easier for the poor than it is for the rich to live like Christ. The old people have nearly lived their lives out, and most of them feel that they have not made of them what they might have done.

You are beginning yours. What do you mean to make of it? God's work is perfect, and He expects a great deal from you, but He is willing to help you all the time; you have only to ask Him.

Whatsoever you find to do,

Do it, boys, with all your might!

Never be a little true,

Or a little in the right.

Trifles even

Lead to heaven,

Trifles make the life of man ;
 So in all things,
 Great or small things,
 Be as thorough as you can.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
 Do it, then, with all your might ;
 Let your prayers be strong and true—
 Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
 Prayer in all things,
 Great and small things,
 Like a Christian gentleman ;
 And for ever,
 Now or never,
 Be as thorough as you can.¹

II.

Watchmen.

'I have made thee a watchman.'—Ezk 3¹⁷.

'Except the Lord keep the city,

The watchman waketh but in vain.'—Ps 127¹.

1. The words of our first text were spoken first of all to the prophet Ezekiel. God made him a watchman to warn Israel of the danger of their wicked ways.

But God is speaking these words also to you and to me. To each of us He is saying, 'I have made thee a watchman.'

Now a watchman is a very important person and he has great responsibilities, so let us see if we can find out some of the things he has to do.

In the Old Testament there is a great deal told us about watchmen. In those days the big cities were surrounded by strong walls, and the gates of the cities were always guarded by watchmen. Their business was to look out for enemies and to warn of any danger. In time of war the number of the watchmen was greatly increased. They were stationed at different points round the wall, and each man was obliged to keep a sharp look-out on his part of the wall and to call out to the others if any danger threatened. The safety of the city depended on the wakefulness and watchfulness of these men, and if one of them had fallen asleep on duty the city would have been in great danger.

But there were other duties which watchmen had to perform. You know that in Palestine grapes are grown. The vineyards lay

out on the hillside and were very much exposed. Sometimes wild beasts broke in and destroyed the fruit, sometimes robbers came and stole it. So the vineyards had to be protected, and for this purpose watch-towers were built here and there upon the hillsides. In each watch-tower there was a watchman, and his business was to guard his own particular bit of the vineyard. If a wild beast or a thief approached he gave a long cry at the very top of his voice to warn the others. The work was dangerous and difficult and only the strongest and bravest young men were chosen for it.

Now God has made us all watchmen. We have each a city to guard. Can you guess the name of the city? It is the city of our heart. God has made us soldiers. We are to fight His battles, and that is very difficult and very honourable work. But He has made us sentinels too, and a sentinel's work is even more difficult and more honourable than a soldier's, for the safety of the army or the city depends on him.

Now if the enemy came with a great flourish of trumpets and beating of drums, it would be easy enough to defend our city. But he very rarely does that. He creeps in very quietly and very cunningly, so stealthily sometimes that we never notice him till he is right inside, and our city is betrayed.

Here is the name of one of our enemies. He is called General Hot Temper. He has a way of taking us suddenly by surprise. He lies in wait close to our wall and rushes on us when for the moment we are off our guard. He makes a big hole in our wall to enter by, and each time he comes he makes the hole bigger. If we don't mend the wall and keep a closer guard, some day he will take possession of our city.

And here is the name of another enemy. He is called Colonel Selfishness. He takes our wall down stone by stone, very slowly, but very surely. He creeps quietly into our city and conquers it bit by bit. So we must see that the stones are put in their places again and that the wall is carefully patrolled day and night.

And here is the name of yet another enemy. He is called Captain Meanness. He has a cunning way of attacking us. He makes a great disturbance at one gate of the city, and when we hurry to defend it he rushes in at quite another gate. So we must be very alert in order to keep him out. He is one of the most despicable of our enemies.

¹ P. Leonard in *A Garland of Verse*, p. 83.

There are other enemies too—Major Envy, and Lieutenant Discontent, and Sergeant Ill-Humour, and Corporal Laziness, and a host of others. You each know your own. The important thing is to keep them out at the beginning. If you don't, they will bring a bigger and a bigger army with them each time, until at last they may overwhelm you altogether.

2. And that is where the second text comes in. We can never be quite sure that our city is secure unless God is watching with us:

Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

These words have been chosen as the motto of the city of Edinburgh. I wonder how many of you have visited Edinburgh. I wonder how many of you have walked along Princes Street and looked up at the Castle built high on the top of a precipitous rock. At the other side you approach the Castle by quite a gentle slope, but on this side is the sheer precipice. It looks as if it would be impossible to scale that rock, yet once upon a time the fortress was taken on this very side.

It happened thus. Six hundred years ago Robert Bruce was fighting for the freedom of Scotland. But Edinburgh Castle was in the hands of the English, and although he very much wished to take it, he did not know how it was to be done.

At last a man called Francis told Sir Thomas Randolph, one of Bruce's leaders, of a narrow path which led up the steepest part of the rock. The Castle wall was low at this side and no guard was set, as no attack was expected there. In the darkness Francis led Randolph and thirty men up the steep path. They leapt over the wall and found the garrison asleep, all except the guard at the gate. So the Castle was taken—even the strong Castle of Edinburgh which depended on its own strength.

Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

If we want to keep *our* city safe we must ask God to watch with us. He is the best of all watchmen, for He is never weary, He never slumbers nor sleeps. He will keep us if we ask Him, and when His love is all round us and over us then we are safe indeed.

III.

What Colour is your Lamp?

'Thou wilt light my lamp.'—Ps 18²⁸.

Have you ever heard of the wonderful game of 'lantern-bearers' played by Robert Louis Stevenson when he was a boy? He and his friends played it on the shore at North Berwick years ago, but you can read about it to-day in his essay *The Lantern-bearers*. That essay doesn't read a bit like the ordinary school essay we all know and some of us hate. It is more like a fascinating story. It tells how Louis stole out of his house in the evenings of late September, when the holidays were almost at an end, and the nights were already dark. He was buttoned up to the chin in his overcoat, but there was a mysterious bulge at his waist, and there hung about him a strong smell of toasting tin. He hurried over the links with a walk that spelt mystery, and by and by he met another figure equally bulging, and equally smelling of blistered tin. 'Have you got your lantern?' whispered Louis anxiously. 'Yes,' was the all-important reply, and together the two hastened to a spot previously agreed upon.

When four or five such figures had gathered they climbed into an empty fishing-boat on the shore, or crouched down in some sheltered hollow of the links. Then the top-coats were unbuttoned, and the mysterious bulge and the tinny smell resolved themselves into a bull's-eye lantern fastened to a cricket belt. In the flickering light of the lanterns, and with the wind sweeping over the links, the boys talked of matters both wild and exciting. But the talk was nothing compared to the joy of being a lantern-bearer. 'The essence of this bliss,' as Stevenson tells us, 'was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping . . . a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while . . . to know you had a bull's-eye lantern at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.'

Now, we don't play at 'lantern-bearers' like Robert Louis Stevenson; nevertheless we all carry hidden lamps or lanterns. The lamps themselves are hidden, but their light shines out plainly whether we will it or no. No buttoned-up coat can conceal their flame.

Many of us have lamps that burn a fiery red

light, others have lamps that show a cold green, others again have lamps that glimmer a muddy purple. But some of us carry lamps whose flame shines steady gold. That sounds as mysterious as the bulge under the overcoat—doesn't it?

What colour of lamp have you? I can tell you; for though I don't see the actual flame I can tell by your face and your actions, the colour your lamp is burning. Is your lamp burning red? Then I'm afraid there will be angry sparks in your eyes and a black line between your brows. Your hands will be often clenched. Your feet will be given to stamping. You will flare up at trifles. And people will say, 'What a dreadful temper!'

Is your light green? Then your eyes will always be looking round the corner at some one else's belongings. 'I wish I had nice clothes like so and so.' 'It's a shame that such and such a person has so many treats.' 'I want this.' 'Give me that.' 'Me too!' will be the words that are oftenest on your lips. Hard lines will grow round your mouth, and your companions will say, 'Grabby thing!' because your lamp will be showing the green light of jealousy and greed.

Does your lamp burn darkish purple? Then your mouth will have a droop at each corner and a pout in the middle. Your eyes will seem only half-open. You will skulk about in corners and look altogether a most unpleasant person, and outsiders will remark, 'The sulks again!'

Does your lamp give a beautiful golden glow? Then your eyes will be clear and bright. Your lips will be ready to smile. You'll be jolly and happy, and willing to run an errand or lend a helping hand. You'll sing or whistle at your work, and your friends will say—well, I think I

had better not tell you what they will say. It might make you conceited.

Have you caught the idea? Our hidden lamps are our characters, our natures, our dispositions, our tempers—whichever you like to call them. They shine out unmistakably in our faces and our actions. We may try to pretend to others that we are burning a golden light when our flame is really red or green or purple, but we shall not be able to keep up the pretence long, for sooner or later the true colour will show.

Now, how shall we contrive to burn a golden flame? It depends on who lights our lamp and how we trim it. You see it is not a case of the glass being coloured. It is the case of the flame itself having a colour.

If we ourselves light our lamps we shall find that our flames will be at the best unsatisfactory. Some days they will burn one colour, some days another. We shall never be able to depend on them. The only way to make sure of the true golden light is to ask God to light them for us. Our text says, 'Thou wilt light my lamp.' And 'Thou' is just God. If we tell Him that we want to be His lamps and to shine for Him He will pour into us the oil of His Holy Spirit and set us afire with His love.

Then when He has lit the flame we must trim it carefully, for, of course, you know that a badly trimmed lamp never burns well. The trimming is our duty—not God's—and trimming our lamps means prayer. That is the best preparation for any day's work. That will keep our flame pure and bright. Then the world will see that we are trying to be God's children, for our lamps are burning steady gold.

Pioneers in the Study of Old Testament Poetry.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. A. R. GORDON, M.A., D.LITT., MONTREAL.

Ley and the Metricists.¹

As the result of continued study of the poetical texts, Lowth's principle of parallelism had become

¹ The English reader will find the most careful and complete survey of this whole field in W. H. Cobb's *Criticism of Systems of Hebrew Metre* (Oxford, 1905), a work to which the present writer is greatly indebted, though he has closely studied at first hand the various systems passed in review.

firmly established; and this being now related to the 'pulse-beat' of rhythm, it was widely assumed by Old Testament scholars about the middle of the nineteenth century that practically the last word had been said on the subject. Representative critics like De Wette, Olshausen, and Hupfeld all operate with the formula of 'rhythm of thought.'

But it was felt increasingly that parallelism was too much of an external form to be an adequate expression of the rhythmical throb of poetry. To communicate to other hearts the 'pulse-beat' he first felt in his own, the poet must impart a rhythmical movement to his words also. This movement being equally subject to the law of 'measure,' Hebrew poetry, like that of other nations, must be in some sense metrical. To this question the succeeding generation of scholarship seriously addressed itself.

No real help was to be derived here from tradition. The Jewish writers, Josephus and Philo, and Christian scholars like Origen, Eusebius and Jerome, had indeed spoken of Hebrew poetry as metrical, and compared the structure of the battle-songs, Psalms and Job, with the hexameters, tetrameters, and trimeters of Greek verse. But the only result of such comparisons was to lead subsequent investigators astray. The first Western scholars to raise the problem of Hebrew metre—Gomarus, Meibomius, Clericus, etc.—all attempted to force the texts into classical *schemata*. It was an easy matter, therefore, for each to expose the weakness of the others' theories, and for a careful scholar like Lowth to dismiss them all as baseless. Yet the instinctive feeling prevailed that their searchings were not after mere delusions. As we have seen, while Lowth recognized that he had 'embarked upon an ocean dishonoured by the shipwreck of many eminent men,' he was convinced that there was a real land to be discovered, if only one could strike the course. For sixty more years this course remained shrouded in impenetrable mists, until a bright gleam was thrown into the darkness by J. J. Bellermand's *Versuch über die Metrik der Hebräer* (Berlin, 1813). Like his predecessors, Bellermand began with the fixed idea that Hebrew metre depended on the quantity of the syllables. But instead of determining this quantity by classical standards of measurement, he fell back on the Massoretic theory of *mora*, or time-units.¹ As a further help in this direction, he introduced the then novel principle of *accentuation*, happily supposing that the accent must rest

on the long syllable of the poetic foot. Treating the Massoretic system as a sufficiently exact representation of the original, he found the prevailing foot to be iambic or anapæstic, thus freeing himself from the old classical tradition of epic hexameters and the like. On this basis Bellermand erected a metrical system which often strikingly anticipates the results of more modern investigators. The most interesting example of this *rapprochement* is seen in the analysis of La 3, where he observed that 'the second hemistich 50 times over consists of two feet, while the first hemistich as a rule counts three.' In consequence he proposed to describe this measure as 'five-footed' (p. 137)—a considerably nearer approach than Lowth had made to Budde's *kināh* measure. Nothing could show more clearly that Bellermand had touched a true line of progress.

The new theory was subjected to a searching analysis by the Jewish scholar Saalschütz in his learned work *Von der Form der hebräischen Poesie* (Königsberg, 1825). The keenest criticism is naturally directed against Bellermand's use of the *mora* doctrine, which is virtually discounted by his own appeal to accent. On one or two other weak spots he likewise lays his finger—especially the treatment of the sh^{va}. But Saalschütz goes much further astray in frankly abandoning the Massoretic system, and placing the accent as a rule on the penultimate syllable, as the majority of modern Jews do. Thus he resolves Hebrew poetry into a scheme of trochaic and dactylic feet, riding roughshod over the difficulties that still present themselves by an indiscriminate elision of troublesome syllables.

At this stage Ernst Meier entered the field. With the more technical equipment of a Professor of Oriental languages in Tübingen he combined a genuine appreciation of poetry, and a long and loving interest in Suabian folk-lore. For the understanding of the literature of the Old Testament he felt he had 'gained far more through his travels of discovery in Suabia than he could ever have done by a journey to Jerusalem.' This preparation, at all events, led him to study Old Testament poetry mainly from the æsthetic point of view. In his prefatory volume on *Die Form der hebräischen Poesie* (Tübingen, 1853) he begins with a clear recognition of the priority of lyrical poetry, and the essentially lyrical character of Hebrew poetry. This, he argues, of necessity involves a rhythmical

¹ According to this theory, a long vowel has two *mora*, a short vowel one, and the sh^{va}, whether simple or composite, none; each consonant again has one *mora*, unless they be divided by sh^{va}, when the two are credited with but one. Thus the normal quantity of each syllable is three *mora*. The tone-syllable has also usually three, though by rule of accent sometimes two or four.

measure, not merely of the thoughts, as Ewald and De Wette had maintained, but of the flow of sound as well, such being the only real channel through which the poet can convey the play of his feeling to other hearts. The many attempts to extract a syllabic measure from the Hebrew texts had failed; but there still remained the possibility of a *purely accentual metre*—as seen, for example, in the old German songs he knew so intimately. This principle Meier found, by repeated experiment to be the actually determining one in Hebrew poetry. 'The rhythmical measure, the musical tact, that can be wanting in no true song, is marked by the accent, which is precisely the same in poetry as in common prose. It depends on the poet's pleasure in the arrangement of the verse which syllables in a word shall receive the chief tone and accent. . . . The accented syllables may be preceded or followed by as many subordinate unaccented syllables as can be pronounced within the given duration of time' (p. 24 f.). Thus at a single stroke Meier freed the accentual principle from its old 'quantitative' envelope. Unfortunately, he insisted on reducing the poetical texts into uniform verselets of two tone-syllables, yielding much the same metrical effect as the modern march-rhythm. To carry out this scheme he had no hesitation in freely altering the texts wherever the theory demanded it. This has naturally exposed Meier to sharp criticism, and in many quarters even to a species of contempt. But he deserves the credit of having cleared the way for more systematic work along natural lines.¹

Julius Ley is justly regarded as the father of modern metrical criticism. Earlier scholars had made valuable suggestions; but Ley was the first to develop an all-round system on a firm basis of principle. For over thirty-five years he laboured incessantly at the subject, passing his views through the crucible of constant scrutiny and revision; quick to profit by reasonable criticism, and never hesitating to amend his scheme when fresh facts required it. His first published work on *Die metrischen Formen der hebräischen Poesie* (Leipzig, 1866) was a renewed attempt to find in the length of syllables the characteristic law of Hebrew metre, with alliteration as the 'binding principle.' But

this crude theory he soon left far behind. The general tendency of the rule of *mora* to make all syllables equal in value seemed of itself sufficient to disprove the various quantitative systems. Thus he was led with Meier to accept the accent as the determining principle of Hebrew metre. This view he elaborated in a series of careful studies, the most complete statement being found in his *Grundzüge des Rhythmus, des Vers- und Strophenbaues in der hebräischen Poesie* (Halle, 1875), the first really scientific hand-book on the subject. The treatise opens with a general presentation of the case for metre, and a vindication of the value of the Massoretic system in determining the position of the accent. Ley then proceeds to build up his metrical structure. The basis, as has been stated, is the accent. In the normal verse each significant word has at least one accented syllable; and as a rule this constitutes the most important element in the word. But the remaining syllables are not metrically indifferent. According to the 'law of ascendancy,' which Ley derives directly from the principle of symmetry, each tone-syllable is approached by a series of accentual gradations, forming a *scale of harmonies* in tone. The actual number of these subordinate syllables is limited by no fixed rule, though naturally a change in the number tends to prolong or quicken the movement, and thus to produce the effect of quiet meditation or pathos on the one hand and animation or impetuosity on the other (p. 14 ff.). This statement of general principles is followed by detailed Grammar of metrical forms and values, which remains the foundation for all future discussions of the subject. Here Ley canvasses such questions as the accentual significance of construct phrases, pausal forms, particles, enclitics, etc., and thereafter proceeds to a classification of metrical lines, on the familiar model of the octameter, hexameter, etc. (p. 22 ff.). The most interesting of these verse-forms is what Ley describes as the 'elegiac pentameter' of Lamentations, that measure to which Lowth and Bellermaun had already directed attention, in the sinking cadence of which he finds 'the most affecting and awe-inspiring expression of pain, despair, and weariness' to be met with in poetic literature (p. 52).

As a practical test of Ley's metrical theory, a number of Psalms and other poetical pieces are selected for rhythmical analysis. Dr. Cobb has

¹ The writer is glad to find himself in such cordial agreement with Dr. Cobb in his appreciation of the value of Meier's work (*op. cit.*, p. 73 ff.).

pointed out that some of the most difficult are carefully avoided. But even in those we are invited to study, after all necessary excisions have been made, there remain irregularities which Ley at this stage can explain only through the hypothesis of 'compensations,' that is, the tacking of a short line upon a long one, or *viceversa*, to enable both to be regarded as normal (p. 77 ff.). This and other glaring defects in Ley's original presentation of his system made him the object of much damning criticism. The most effective attack was delivered by Karl Budde, then a young man of twenty-four, just beginning his distinguished career as a student of Old Testament literature. The subject of his inaugural lecture was 'On certain supposed metrical forms in Hebrew Poetry,' and the most important part of the lecture was published in the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, 1874, p. 747 ff.¹ After a running refutation of earlier theories, Budde opens fire direct on Ley. He assails the whole position. He will not even admit the general principle that a metrical movement is necessary to song and music, pointing to the earliest Egyptian and German melodies, and the chants of the English Church service, which in his judgment prove conclusively that what is demanded in poetry is not a strict rhythmical measure, but rather harmony with musical time (p. 748 f.). He next pours contempt on Ley's supposed rules of metre. 'In reality Ley knows so well how to make a fresh rule out of every exception, that one feels much less inclined to offer objections to the rules themselves, than to pit them against the author' (p. 759). Coming to closer quarters with the system itself, he applies Ley's principles to some thirty poems, with the result that he finds 'not a single one which did not show marked departures from Ley's rules, and many in which he could discover no possible ground on which he might propose to base his system.' Till Ley's actual analysis of texts appeared, he 'must be permitted to regard the system in question as but a huge delusion of the author's,' the only real value of the work, so far as he could see, consisting in the fresh emphasis it had laid

on 'the peculiarly pleasing equipoise of rhythm' which prevails through much of the poetry (p. 764).

From the general wreck Budde was able to bring to land but one precious piece of salvage. Ley had once more called attention to the peculiar metrical structure of Lamentations. Budde submitted the Book to a fresh analysis, and found that, with the exception of ch. 5, the whole was cast in the same 'limping' rhythm, a full *stichos* of three or four words being followed by a broken one of two or three. This measure he traced through many elegiac passages in the prophetic literature (e.g., Am 5^{1ff.}, Is 14^{4ff.}, Ez 19^{1ff.}, etc.), and in Psalms of lamentation, as well as those bearing on the fortunes of Jerusalem (notably the 'Songs of Ascent'), finding in its broken accents a deliberate echo of the usual lament for the dead, and naming it in consequence the *kināh* rhythm. The publication of Budde's observations in the *Zeitschrift für Alttestamentliche Wissenschaft*, 1882, p. 1 ff., and 1883, p. 299 ff., marked a real epoch in metrical research. At least one 'definite rhythmical form' had been established beyond possibility of doubt or cavil. Thus a sure basis was laid for future advance. Pursuing his investigations, Budde discovered that the *kināh* measure was by no means confined to songs of lamentation, but was widely employed in prophetic outpourings and Psalms (like 19^{8ff.}, 27^{1ff.}, 84, etc.) where the feeling rose to unwonted heights of jubilant joy or triumph. In the *Z.A.T.W.*, 1891, p. 234 ff., and 1892, pp. 31 ff., 261 ff., he published these fresh results, with the explanation that the *kināh* note came to be associated specially with 'songs of Zion,' and was thence transferred to others of peculiarly intense lyrical quality. It must be generally felt that this explanation is too artificial to be really satisfying. We should be inclined rather to regard the breaking of the measure as a genuine reflexion in rhythm of the choking utterance which any keen emotion tends to induce, whether the emotion be one of joy or of sorrow. In this connexion one may point out that the elegiac measure in both Greek and Latin poetry came likewise to be extended to love-songs, epigrams, and other outflowings of the passion of affection, friendship or hatred.

While the storm thus raged around Ley's head, the Roman Catholic scholar, Gustav Bickell of Vienna, launched his remarkable *tour de force*. Coming to the subject fresh from the study of

¹ Budde's assault was delivered, of course, not against the *Grundriss*, which only appeared in 1875, but against the earlier statement of Ley's views in the *Jahrbücher für Philologie und Pädagogik*, 1871-72. Here the illustrative examples were wanting, but the general principles were essentially the same as in the formal treatise.

Syriac poetry, he maintained that Hebrew verse also is measured by a strict alternation of accented and unaccented syllables, whether in the iambic or the trochaic mode. This new syllabic system Bickell developed in the Introduction to his two principal works, *Metrices biblicæ regulæ exemplis illustratæ* (Innsbruck, 1879) and *Carmina Veteris Testamenti metricæ* (Innsbruck, 1882), at the same time giving a compendious statement of his general principles in the *Z.D.M.G.*, 1881, p. 415, as follows:—‘Hebrew metrics rest on the same foundations as the *Syriac*, and its daughter the Christian Greek, namely, on the *counting of syllables*, the disregarding of quantity, the regular alternation of accented and unaccented syllables, the identity of metrical and grammatical accent, the exact coincidence of the verse-lines (*stichoi*) with the divisions of the sense, and the combination of homogeneous or heterogeneous *stichoi* into symmetrical strophes.’ The scheme of metrical rules drawn up by Bickell is so cumbrous, and the application of the rules the occasion of so much arbitrary manipulation of the text, the scansion too is often so stilted and wooden, that the system has now become thoroughly discredited, even though Bickell’s poetical instinct, and his many brilliant emendations, have won deserved admiration, and contributed in no small degree towards a more convincing solution of the problem.

Yet another metrical suggestion was put forth during these years of ferment. Hubert Grimme acknowledged himself a grateful and loyal disciple of Ley’s. But he saw certain defects in his system, notably his entire disregard of the time element in rhythm, which he himself proposed to remedy. If poetry was to be brought into spiritual harmony with music, he felt, there must be certain limits imposed upon the length of the feet. To effect this quantitative requirement, Grimme reverted to the old principle of the *moræ*. No difficulty was involved either in the case of the main tone-syllable, on which the full stress rested, or in that of the weak syllable, which was as invariably unaccented; the question of quantity arose only in regard to the secondary accents, the bearers of which were raised to full tone-syllables or reduced to weak ones according to the sum of the *moræ* (cf. Grimme’s articles in the *Z.D.M.G.*, 1893, p. 276 ff.; 1896, p. 529 ff., etc.; and the more systematic treatises, *Grundzüge der hebräischen Akzent. und Vokallehre*, 1896, and *Psalmenprobleme*, 1902). It

may well be questioned whether this yields the true time quantity of which we are in search; and in any case Grimme is far from consistent in his carrying through of the principle. But he has earned the sincere gratitude of students for having set in such clear light an essential element that was almost neglected.

In the meanwhile Ley was quietly perfecting his own system. Amid so much harsh criticism he was greatly encouraged by the sympathy he received from the veteran Olshausen, as well as by Riehm’s appreciative review of the *Grundzüge* in the *Studien und Kritiken*, 1877, p. 573 ff. Riehm still remained convinced that the metrical form was but an accident, and that the only real principle of Hebrew poetry was the ‘rhythm of the sentences.’ He perceived, too, the fatal weakness of Ley’s rule of compensation. But he admitted that, if there is such a thing as metre in the poetry, Ley’s principle of accentuation ‘is the only possible one.’ He cordially acknowledged, too, the great service he had rendered in opening the eyes and ears of students to the fine rhythm of tone that distinguishes Hebrew lyrics ‘to a far greater degree than is usually imagined.’ Ley was not slow to accept Riehm’s suggestion. In his supplementary *Leitfaden der Metrik der hebräischen Poesie* (Halle, 1887) he entirely discarded the objectionable principle of compensation, and allowed a far greater measure of freedom in the metrical movement than his original hypothesis warranted. Nor was this the last of his concessions. In two posthumous articles in the *Z.A.T.W.*, 1901–02, on the metrical analysis of Ps 45 and Is 1, he abandoned the misleading classical terminology of his earlier works in favour of the simple notation, 4-, 3-, 2-pulse measure, etc. In a still further investigation of the metre of Deuteró-Isaiah, published in the *Studien und Kritiken*, 1903, p. 1 ff., he admitted Grimme’s main contention that a certain weight ought to be attached to the number of unaccented syllables in determining the character of the feet, though the nearness of his end prevented his completing the system in this respect.

As his theory developed, Ley was steadily gaining adherents. The most notable was Professor Eduard Sievers, the distinguished exponent of German phonetic principles. He had hitherto taken practically no interest in Hebrew metre, accepting the current *dictum* of Old Testament scholars that Hebrew poetry was non-metrical.

About the beginning of 1898, however, his Leipzig colleague and friend, Franz Buhl, handed him a few selected transcripts of poetical passages, such as Dt 32, La 3, and Job 3. The very first he examined, Dt 32, he was delighted to find 'clearly and almost completely metrical,' in the general form of anapæstic verse. This first impression was strengthened by each successive examination of poetical texts. Within a month he was able to present before the Leipzig Academy of Science a paper 'On the rhythmical principles of Hebrew verse-structure.' Extending his studies over a still wider field, he published in 1901 the first of a projected series of elaborate *Studien zur hebräischen Metrik*, a work that created a profound impression, both from the philological reputation of its author and from the importance of the results.

In his specially valuable 'Preliminary discussions on universal rhythm' Sievers puts himself into complete *rappor*t with the general principles on which Meier and Ley had based their systems. Like all other expressions of musical art, poetry is marked by a 'movement in time,' which is described as *rhythm* when 'regularly measured and articulated.' The substratum of this movement can be no mere relation of thoughts, but must consist in successions of sound and pause. The constitutive factors of rhythm are *division of time and gradation in stress*. In music the time-values are exact, and the rhythm in consequence 'rational'; but in poetry much more freedom is allowed, the rhythm being thus 'irrational.' Much of the confusion regarding metre, according to Sievers, arises from applying musical time-values to poetry, and thus insisting that the normal principle of metre is quantity. He holds that no real progress in metrical theory can be made, unless we admit the equal claims of 'accentual' rhythm. The actual character of the metre must be decided by the ear, the test being the immediate rhythmical effect the poetry produces on the hearer (p. 3 ff.). By this test Sievers finds Hebrew poetry as completely rhythmical as any other. Nor is he long in detecting that the metrical principle here is *accentual*. Thus far he is in perfect accord with Meier and Ley. But their disregard of the falling syllables leaves them without control of the verse as a whole. Ley's verses, in fact, are 'no verse-structures at all, but simply conglomerates of numbered syllable-heaps of rhythmically

indifferent form and length' (p. 83 ff.). Taking both elements into account, and studying the texts with sufficient attention, one must observe, he thinks, that the predominant character of the Hebrew verse is *anapæstic*, though protractions of the previous rise in accent will yield us the iambic, and resolutions of the main accent into its component elements, with 'hovering rhythms' and other such ingenuities, provide us with any required type of foot (p. 149 ff.).

The importance of Sievers' contribution can hardly be exaggerated. For the first time Hebrew metrics stood vitally related to general rhythmical principles. This won the sympathy of many who had hitherto remained sceptical or indifferent. The decision with which Sievers placed himself on the side of the 'accentual' theory accelerated its victory. He filled up, too, various gaps in the system, especially through his clear intuition of the relation of poetry to music, and his recognition of the metrical value of unaccented syllables and even of pauses. But his resolution of the whole scheme of Hebrew poetry into anapæstic feet constitutes a narrowness of vision. His confusion of poetic metre with simple rhythm also leads to an obliteration of the lines that distinguish prose from verse, and hence to a theory which treats practically the whole of Hebrew literature as poetry (cf. his later *Studien* on the metrical form of Genesis, etc.). There was still need, therefore, for a treatment of the problem which should draw the lines more precisely, and yet allow for legitimate freedom of movement. The last important work on metrical principles, J. W. Rothstein's *Grundzüge des hebräischen Rhythmus* (Leipzig, 1909), supplements Sievers mainly in these two directions. At the outset a clear distinction is drawn between poetry and prose, however elevated and even rhythmical the latter may be. For Rothstein the essential connexion of poetry with song and dance involves a *regular measure*, while prose rhythm is restrained only by the movement of the sentence (p. 5 ff.). He is insistent, therefore, on the regularity of the metre. Each poem is a rhythmical unity, the keynote of which is struck in the opening measure, and which maintains its metrical harmony through successive verses and strophes (p. 43 ff.). Thus Rothstein claims the right of eliminating all that offends against regularity. The second main objection he had brought against Sievers was the inadequacy of his textual criticism. And certainly

this charge cannot be laid to his account. No recent scholar has gone further than Rothstein in his merciless excision of words, lines, and verses that would leave us with mixtures of metre. But along with this he combines the truest feeling for poetic freedom. 'The rhythmical speech moves within fixed bounds, and presses forward by well-marked steps, yet within these limits it enjoys a remarkable measure of freedom and elasticity' (p. 27). Rothstein recognizes that Hebrew rhythm is mainly rising, and that the predominant measure is anapaestic; but he refuses to follow Sievers in confining the rhythm to any one definite mould. He holds fast to the principle of freedom in the number of unaccented syllables in a foot, though the musical time of the poetry will hardly find room for more than three (p. 40 f.). In the same way he pleads for more freedom than Ley had allowed in his scheme of metrical values. As we find in the case of modern poetry, the feeling of the poem will often make rules for itself. Thus to catch the real pulse of poetry, it is above all necessary to enter sympathetically into the poet's heart (p. 34 f.). In other respects as well, Rothstein does justice to the importance of the feeling. The broken rhythm of elegiac poetry he explains, in the way we have suggested above, as the natural accompaniment of intense emotion. Other measures are brought into the same immediate relation with feeling (p. 57 ff.). In his Commentary on selected poems this psychological aspect of rhythm receives far more attention than the usual commentator deigns to bestow on the subject. Nor should one fail to notice the admirable reflections on the melodious effects produced by the interplay of vowels and consonants—a subject that has hardly yet been touched by Old Testament scholars, but which is

surely of vital significance for the æsthetic appreciation of the poetry.

The general impression left on our mind by this survey of metrical theories, checked by a study of the texts, and comparison with the rhythmical form of ancient Babylonian poetry and modern Palestinian folk-song,¹ is that the main trend of opinion represented by Meier, Ley, Sievers, and Rothstein marks a real advance, but that much ground still remains to be covered. We imagine few will share Rothstein's confidence that the whole problem of Hebrew metre is now 'solved through positive knowledge of its principle and forms,' only a few details yet remaining to be filled in (*op. cit.*, p. 23). In books like Lamentations, and in many of the Psalms, and large sections of Job, the rhythmical movement can be followed with comparative confidence. But other poetical passages, especially the folk-songs and certain of the Psalms, refuse to be bound within the limits of any fixed metrical form. We must either assume that in these cases the text is corrupt beyond present hope of amendment, or extend Rothstein's principle of freedom considerably further than he would allow. It may be trusted that many of the difficulties will yield to keener criticism of the texts, so that Hebrew poetry may yet be read with the same intelligence and pleasure as classical or modern verse. The results already achieved by metrical investigation encourage this faith. And the nearer it finds realization, the more vital will be our touch on the spiritual pulse of those great men of God, and the closer our access to the heart of Him in whom they had their being.

¹ On the rhythm of Babylonian poetry, cf. Zimmern's articles in the *Zeitschrift f. Assyriologie*, 1895, p. 1 ff.; 1897, p. 86 ff., etc. On that of modern folk-song, cf. Dalman, *Palästinischer Diwan*, p. xxii ff.

Literature.

THE WORK OF CHRIST.

By *A History of the Doctrine of the Work of Christ* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2 vols., 18s. net), the Rev. Robert S. Franks, M.A., B.Litt., Principal of Western College, Bristol, has placed himself in the front rank of British theologians.

What is the Work of Christ? There are two

extreme views of the expression. To some it means no more (though that is much) than the results of Christ's death—in other words, it is a synonymous expression for the Atonement. By others it is made to include the work of the pre-incarnate Logos as well as the expected results of the Parousia. Mr. Franks takes a middle way. By the work of Christ he means all that Christ

accomplished in His whole historical manifestation upon the earth.

Principal Franks' subject is the ecclesiastical development of the doctrine of the Work of Christ. He does not include the Biblical doctrine. The objections are obvious. His answer is: 'The Biblical material cannot be regarded merely as the historical starting-point of Christian doctrine, but from its position in the Canon forms the chief basis of doctrinal proof. It appears therefore to demand a special treatment, involving questions of detailed exegesis and interpretation, that would not arise apart from its peculiar position; as mere hints and suggestions of doctrine, which we should elsewhere pass over lightly, necessarily assume, when occurring in the Canon, an importance beyond their face-value. On the whole, therefore, in spite of the difficulties involved, it seems better to reserve the Scriptural material for special treatment. Such a treatment I have given, though on a small scale, in a previous work.' The work to which he refers is the volume on *The New Testament Doctrines of Man, Sin, and Salvation*, published in 1908.

The book is both systematic and methodical. That also is stated in the Introduction, and it is of the utmost consequence to know its import. Let us hear again what he himself has to say. 'I wish,' he says, 'to concentrate attention, not on those writers who have, it may be, in large abundance put forth a multitude of different views of the work of Christ with little attempt at coherence, but rather upon those who have endeavoured to reduce the doctrine to systematic unity.' And for the method: 'I wish,' he says, 'to bring out the different principles upon which the attempt to systematize the theological material has proceeded, both the principles of exposition and those of proof. I shall endeavour, on the one hand, to bring out the different influences which have guided the different attempts of theologians to form a system, whether historical, as for instance that of the Apostles' Creed or of the Epistle to the Romans, or philosophical, as for instance that of the dialectical method of Hegel.'

So far all is clear. How has he succeeded with his task? It has certainly been no light one, and he has not taken it lightly. His knowledge of the historical theologians is intimate; they are mostly German—Baur, Ritschl, Kattenbusch, Tulloch, Scott-Lidgett, Weiss, Harnack, Kaftan, Heim.

But it is not more intimate than his knowledge of the original writers. They range from Clement of Rome to Moberley of Oxford. He has gone to their writings and taken all he required at first hand, translating them for himself when translating was necessary. It is an essential part of his purpose to let the great creative theologians speak for themselves. The quotations therefore are numerous and are right well chosen. Mr. Franks delivers his judgment in every case, but he always gives us the materials upon which his judgment is based and enables us to accept or reject it.

There is, however, an almost unique absence of preference—at least of such preference as is due to Church connexion. Mr. Franks is a Theologian here, not a Churchman, and he treats every writer with whom he has to do as a Theologian, and not as a Churchman.

The book is divided into four parts. For there are in history, as he understands it, four principal syntheses or total views of Christian doctrine. 'The first is that of the Greek theology, the second that of Mediaeval scholasticism, the third that of the Protestant orthodoxy, and the fourth that of modern Protestant theology.' Let us look at one of these syntheses. Let us see what he means by the modern view of Christian doctrine.

'This modern synthesis appears as the fulfilment of the tendency, already apparent in the Protestant synthesis of the seventeenth century, towards the statement of Christian doctrine as a whole in which every part is the whole over again, and so all doctrine truly one. Moreover, in the theology of Schleiermacher and that of Ritschl, or rather in the ideal to which both point, but neither entirely reaches, we may recognize the fulfilment of the idea, long ago thrown out by Clement and Origen, of a "gnosis," which is the essence of the "pistis" as delivered in Scripture and ecclesiastical tradition. It is, however, a gnosis which avoids the mistake (repeated, indeed, by Hegel and the liberal theology) of attempting to eliminate the historical from the essence of Christianity. The essence of Christianity, as Kähler puts it, must unite the historical and the suprahistorical in one.'

After distinguishing Schleiermacher from Ritschl, Principal Franks turns to the theology of England and Scotland. He begins with Coleridge and ends, as we have seen, with Moberley. A section is given to Thomas Erskine, a long and welcome section, for Erskine has been losing his audience

of late. The only modern English theologian who has struck out a path for himself is Westcott, who has in a remarkable way developed the idea of 'Christ's suffering as a purifying discipline for Christ Himself.' Westcott's book is too slight for a satisfactory estimate of the value of his idea, which in further working out would certainly need considerable elucidation and clearing from objections. But I regard it as a service of real value that Westcott has called attention to the Biblical material existing for our subject in the Epistle to the Hebrews, which has been in the past either too little utilized, or too much interpreted without regard to its peculiar and distinctive character.'

THE SEALED BOOK.

For comfort, comfort not as mere consolation but as strength, the strength which the sense of victory brings, go to the Apocalypse. No doubt the Apocalypse needs interpreting. And it has fallen into the hands of the thieves and robbers of prophetic interpretation. But it is not theirs. And it has not been left to them. The Bishop of Edinburgh is a scholar. He also interprets the Apocalypse. By his interpretation we enter into *The Secret of the Sealed Book*, as he very truly calls his new volume (Scott; 3s. 6d. net), and we find that it is a secret which yields 'a thousand sacred sweets' of the most gracious encouragement. For in the Apocalypse Christ is the Captain of our salvation now. He bids us be of good cheer for He has overcome the world. He warns us, He disciplines us, He hides His face from us for a time; but He returns to us and He becomes our strength and stay in every time of need. It is no distant Christ, it is the Lord who died for us and rose again, come as He said He would come, and making His abode with us now.

Dr. Walpole interprets the Apocalypse in the light of the War. And in interpreting the Apocalypse he interprets the War also. Its incidents are familiar to him. He uses them with effect, sometimes with a fine surprise. But the War is more than its incidents. We can understand the virtue of this deed of valour, of that act of self-denial and sacrifice. What we need the interpretation of is the War itself, what it is as well as why it is; and the Bishop of Edinburgh has done that for us. Read his book, read it with the prayer of faith, and you will understand the War. More

than that, when the War is over (as God grant it may be soon) you will be ready for the peace to follow, a peace which is likely to be somewhat searching to heart and conscience. Here are two sentences which bring one of the sermons to an end; they carry the spirit and purpose of all the sermons: 'Widen the area of sacrifice, see that no one escapes it, that no one fails to understand what it means. For God has great things for us to do when peace comes, and only in the spirit of common sacrifice can we hope to fulfil the great trust He is placing upon us.'

LIBERAL JUDAISM.

If Mr. Claude G. Montefiore had been eager for a sensational title he might have called his new book 'Undelivered Lectures,' as George Macdonald called some of his books 'Unspoken Sermons.' For he prepared the contents of it for delivery in America, but the War came, and he could not go to America. He calls it, however, what it is, *Liberal Judaism and Hellenism* (Macmillan; 6s. net). It is an exposition of Liberal Judaism in its attitude to the Old Testament, the New Testament, Rabbinic Literature, Hellenism, Democracy, and the Future.

In the Introduction Mr. Montefiore tells us that there has come a cross division into Judaism of late. Besides Liberals and Orthodox, there are now Nationalists and Antinationalists. And the Liberals may be either Nationalists or Antinationalists, just as the Orthodox may be. Thus a Liberal and Antinationalist like himself may be found in close association with an Antinationalist who is orthodox. And that is great gain. He has learned to appreciate the value of tradition, and to feel the power of the past.

The lecture of most interest to Gentiles is that on Liberal Judaism and the New Testament. The pleasure of it is mixed. There is no lack of appreciation of the human Jesus—a wonderful achievement for so loyal a Jew. But He is human and quite fallible. He taught men to love their enemies, but He 'found it far easier to preach than to practise. I am no less grateful for, and no less an admirer of, the preaching, though I might have been still more grateful for, and a still keener admirer of, the practice. We have no recorded instance of Jesus praying for his enemies, his real, actual enemies, the Scribes and Rabbis

and Pharisees. He was humanly inconsistent, as no end of great teachers and reformers both before him and after him. Shall I be answered by the noble "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? But is the authenticity of that verse above much suspicion? And are we sure who the objects of forgiveness were? Was it the Roman soldiers? Or was it the Jewish populace? Even if the second supposition be true, there is no conscious inclusion of their religious leaders, the Scribes, the Rabbis, the Priests, the Pharisees. Turn the matter as you will, and try your hardest; you cannot show that Jesus loved, and sought to heal, and freely forgave, and prayed for, those who opposed his teaching and denied his claims.

We have quoted the paragraph. What does the experienced student of the New Testament think of it? He stands aghast at the superficiality of it. There is no lack of candour, there is no weakness of will, there is simply inability to see. Has Mr. Montefiore ever considered these words—they are words of one of his own prophets: 'Make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and turn again, and be healed'? Has he considered them, not as outside the laws of life, but altogether in accordance with them? He is no Pharisee to call the good that is inconvenient and unacceptable evil. But he is the heir of a long tradition, whose weight is heavy upon him. And until he 'comes' he cannot understand. How admirable is his open-mindedness! How completely closed is his mind!

But after the chapter on the New Testament it is a charming book to read. For Mr. Montefiore is a student and he has the inestimable gift of style.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

Any authentic information about Russia is welcome, and yet more welcome is anything enlightening about the Russian Church. It cannot be said that the Rev. W. H. Frere answers the question, Why did the Church prove so impotent in the great surrender? He does not set out to answer it. He does not even profess to write a history of the Russian Church. Modestly enough he calls his book *Some Links in the Chain of Russian Church History* (Faith Press; 6s. net). But at least he fulfils his promise. We do obtain

from the book a clear and sufficiently consecutive history of the establishment of Christianity in Russia and its subsequent fortunes there, in respect of both politics and worship.

Unfortunately the politics and the worship are inseparable. That is the secret of the failure. For it was never the head of the Russian Church that was the sign of religiousness, but the head of the Russian State. Hence it was that the Church made no effective protest against the brutalities of Ivan the Terrible; though protests of a sort were made. The story of Ivan is well told by Mr. Frere; he could easily have made it more blood-curdling. 'At last,' he says, 'in 1584, death came hastily upon him and delivered Russia from an almost incomprehensible misery. For how could the land or the people bear with it so long? The fact that they did, testifies partly to Ivan's power, but partly also to the spirit and temper, of the Russian people and in some degree to their political and religious outlook. To them the Tsar was the hereditary landlord, and Russia was his estate. It was his business to care for the political and religious welfare of his people. The Boiars were a restraining circle of cadet members of the family and members of allied families; collectively they could co-operate or hinder, but no rival candidate for ownership was to be found. Moreover, Ivan had by executions and banishment annihilated their restraining power. As for the rest of the folk, they expected no consideration, and, if it so pleased the autocrat, they received none. They suffered; and being Russians they were content to suffer; and the matter ended there.'

It is an unpretentious volume, but it has cost the author much hard reading. His list of authorities (and he has used them) is impressive. It is sure of the welcome which it undoubtedly deserves.

THE HEXATEUCH.

Dr. Edgar Sheffield Brightman, Professor of Ethics and Religion in Wesleyan University, U.S.A., has published an edition of *The Sources of the Hexateuch* (Abingdon Press; \$3 net). He has published, that is to say, J, E, and P in the text of the American Standard Version, and has edited the same, with introductions and notes.

It was time that this should be done in the United States. It has been done more than once

in this country. And it is a good thing that the man to do it has proved himself so supremely capable, not erring once in taste, not failing once in scholarship. Nor is it so easy a thing to do. Certainly the agreement among scholars as to the sources of the Hexateuch is far more complete than the ignorant imagine. On that matter Professor Brightman has welcome words, which we shall quote. But every editor has to make his own decisions after his own investigations, and sometimes the factors need very careful handling. Dr. Brightman has been conscientious and careful always, and he has never forgotten to consult other scholars when the problem was unusually difficult.

Now about the agreement among Old Testament scholars as to the elements which compose those first six books of the Bible. This is what Professor Brightman says: 'To the existence of such a consensus scholars themselves testify. In 1887 Briggs wrote: "I doubt whether there is any question of scholarship whatever in which there is greater agreement among scholars than in this question of the literary analysis of the Hexateuch." Bacon quotes Briggs with evident approval (*Genesis of Genesis*, pp. 24, 25). George Foote Moore, in 1892, wrote to Bacon (*op. cit.*), "There is no reason to think that the general results on which critics now agree will be overturned." In 1893 Addis reported (p. x) that he had worked out his analysis independently, and that when Kautzsch's work appeared in Germany the two were found in "constant agreement even in minute detail."

'A. Lods, in the new French Bible, 1916, speaks of the critical results as "conclusions which have forced themselves on Hebraists of every school."

'It is sometimes said that the present debate between the so-called "Wellhausen School" and the "History of Religion School" presupposes the rejection of the critical view of the Hexateuch. Such is not the case.

'In 1910, Sellin, a leader of the conservative wing of the "History of Religion School," introduced his account of J with the statement, "Without going into a hair-splitting analysis, we present the sections of the Pentateuch which, with almost complete agreement, are assigned to J." Gressmann, another critic of the newer school, said in 1911, introducing his lectures in OT Theology: "We are in the main at one with Wellhausen in the criticism of the Pentateuch. The matter is in principle

settled. There remain only the problems regarding the history of the material itself."

'In 1912, Smend in his important and suggestive study of the narrative portions of the Hexateuch, asserts that "the main outlines of Wellhausen's Hexateuchal criticism will in the future, as in the past, be shown to be valid; . . . his results have been almost unanimously accepted."

'Even Eerdmans, the successor of Kuenen at Leyden, free lance among critics, destroyer and radical, admits that the consensus of scholars was so complete as to cause him to hesitate long before raising his protest; while Kittel has now become a convert to the Grafian view.'

THE COPTS.

Under the title of *The Modern Sons of the Pharaohs* (Hodder & Stoughton; 16s. net), Mr. S. H. Leeder has published an account of the Copts of Egypt, full and trustworthy. For Mr. Leeder knows the Copts. He has lived among them and made friends of them. And while gaining their friendship, he has been careful to study their customs and beliefs. The book is divided into two parts, the social customs being described in the first part, and the religious beliefs in the second.

The title is a dispute. Mr. Leeder never proves that the Copts are the modern sons of the Pharaohs. But about the name Copt itself he says an interesting thing. 'The very name of the Copts,' he says, 'has been the subject of random guessing by men professing to be writing with authority. The name Copt ought to be written and pronounced Kypt or Gypt, as it is pronounced by the community themselves. It is undoubtedly derived from the ancient Greek name of Egypt, Aiguptos. Whether this Greek name was in turn derived from the ancient Egyptian name of Memphis, Hakaptah, or not, does not specially concern us, but the common error of tracing the word "Copt" to the name of the town of Coptos, now called Keft, in the Keneh province, is absurd.'

In religion the Copts are Christian, and ancient Christian to boot. They 'belong to the unchanged primitive Church which was defined by the Council of Nicæa in the year A.D. 325. They have rejected all later creeds, and claim that not only have they refused to acknowledge any Pope but their own, but that they have remained fixed

in doctrine and organization. Through the stupendous movements of history, represented by two hundred years of Byzantine rule, through the invasion of the Arab Moslems in the seventh century, and all the sufferings and disqualifications of that nomination, lasting for over twelve hundred years, the essential character of the Coptic Church has not changed.

But what their Christianity has done for them is not so clear. Christian writers on the Copts have been in the habit of lauding their virtues at the expense of their Muhammadan neighbours. Mr. Leeder will have none of it. He would not go all the way with an unnamed English writer, 'whom I take to be an official,' who says that 'while the Moslem Egyptian never told the truth except when he intended to deceive, the Copt omitted to tell it on all occasions.' He would agree with Miss Whately: 'I cannot say I ever saw much difference between them; there is no superiority on the part of the Copts, either in manners or conduct.'

Their manners and conduct are described in this volume with much interest, and some amusement. 'There is an illustration of our Lord's saying about the children playing in the market-place. 'The babes, generally from about four to seven years old, stand round in a circle, and, following the actions of the mock sheikh sitting in the centre, in sober unison sway from side to side, making agonized grimaces, as they chant over and over again in their sweet infant tones the "La illah il' allah, Mohammed rasul Allah!" After a time one of them will feign exhaustion, and fall to the ground, to be followed, one by one, by the others, until all have fallen, when the game is at an end. They have been playing at having a *zikk*, one of those religious exercises of the East in which the Moslem seeks to attain to spiritual ecstasy; and it is clear that no detail of the rite has escaped the childish observation.'

And there is a comment on one of Christ's parables. 'The graceful courtesy of Egyptian manners is always a delight to the Western visitor, though I admit it may be because we are not engaged in any pressing business that the pleasant Oriental ways do not lose their charm. It is told of a missionary, that he wished to urge upon a native, who was a hearer of his message, that he should become also "a doer of the Word." He read the parable of the two sons in Matthew xxi., and then said, "Which son is to be commended?"'

The instant reply was, "The one who replied politely to his father, even though he did not go!"'

NEW JOURNALS.

Not many new journals have appeared since the war began, but we are able to welcome four.

The most ambitious is *The Indian Philosophical Review*, a quarterly, edited by Mr. Alban G. Widgery, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, Baroda, and Mr. R. D. Ranade, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, Poona (Oxford University Press; 3s. net). The *Review* is the organ of the recently formed Indian Philosophical Association. The most conspicuous feature of the first two numbers (July and October 1917) is the comprehensiveness that is given to the title. Clearly the *Review* is to include much more than metaphysics, even everything in art, science, literature, or religion that has a philosophical entrance. An article in each of the numbers by Professor Ranade on 'Psychology in the Upanishads' is promising as to the ability of its Indian editor. The other editor we know. He opens the first volume with an admirable article on 'Philosophy and Life.'

The Southwestern Journal of Theology is published quarterly by the Faculty of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary (\$3 per annum). Its fourth number was issued in January 1918, and is at least as rich in theological and homiletical instruction as any of the previous three numbers. After an editorial on 'Redemptive Recruits' (based on Ps 110⁸), comes a strong well-balanced article by Dr. Henry C. Mabie on 'Current Unbelief.'

A Society of Oriental Research has been formed in America, and has begun at once the issue of a journal called *Journal of the Society of Oriental Research*. The editor is Professor Samuel A. B. Mercer of the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, a good scholar, a successful author, and now it seems also a capable editor. Besides the editor, the contributors to the first two numbers of the *Journal* are Dr. Paul Haupt, Mr. John A. Maynard, and Dr. Stephen Langdon of the University of Oxford. In a note on 'The Disease of King Teumman of Elam,' Professor Haupt says: 'We may therefore conclude that Teumman had not a stroke of apoplexy, but an epileptic fit. Several distinguished men are said to have been epileptics, e.g. St. Paul, Cæsar, Mohammed, Alfred the Great

Peter the Great, Rousseau, Napoleon I. Sir W. M. Ramsay's explanation that St. Paul's *thorn in the flesh* was a species of chronic malarial fever is not satisfactory. The epilepsy of the Second Founder of Christianity was not *le grand mal*, but the variety known as *Jacksonian epilepsy* which does not involve complete loss of consciousness and which may be cured by a surgical operation.

The first number of *The Anglican Theological Review* (Columbia University Press; \$1.00) appeared in May 1918. The editors are Professor Samuel A. B. Mercer and Professor Leicester C. Lewis, both of the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago. The first article in the first number is a discussion of the 'Problem of Evil,' by Professor Dickinson S. Miller. Then come papers by Professor Mercer on the 'Morals of Israel,' and by Professor Lewis on 'Troeltsch and Ritschl, a Study in Epochs.' There is also a valuable, because full and accurate, New Testament Bibliography for 1914 to 1917.

Speaking of new magazines we may still speak of *Goodwill* though it has reached the third number of its third volume. Since the publication of Lord Grey of Fallodon's letter, the League of Nations has become what is called 'a matter of practical politics.' Well, *Goodwill* is the magazine in which to learn all about it.

In *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* (Allen & Unwin; 2s. net), the Rev. Walter J. Carey, M.A., R.N., welcomes the try of the human heart as it has found expression in those words, even though they come from the socialist. And he shows that the human heart can have no satisfaction unless liberty, equality, and fraternity are found in Christ. Three things are necessary: (1) Belief in God, (2) discipline and self-sacrifice; (3) harmony with God and goodness. The most powerful part of the little book is the part in which the word 'fraternity' is treated. God's kingdom is nothing if it is not a brotherhood.

The book entitled *Diverting Stories of Clerical Life* (Allenson; 6s. net) is not a collection of clerical anecdotes, for which we are and will remain truly thankful. It is the chatty record of a clergyman's experience with choir boys and other church officials. The author is the Rev. E. W. Leachman. He sees the bright side as often as

another, but the dark side sometimes. Beginning with choir boys, he ends with them. Sometimes they are diverting, sometimes they are disconcerting, and then sometimes they offer a great and joyful surprise.

'On another occasion I went to preach in a church, where some years before I had been working; and after the Sung Eucharist I was talking in the vestry with one of the choir-men, who had been a boy there in my day, but who was now advanced to the age of sporting a moustache.

'While we were speaking of old times, my friend accidentally let fall the book of devotion he was trying to put into his pocket, and when he recovered it he did not notice that a slip of paper had dropped out. As I leant down to pick this up, I could not help seeing the words at the top—*Friends to pray for*. And there, standing first on the list, was my own name.

'For nearly ten years that dear fellow had been praying for me regularly by name, and I'd never guessed it. What a bond of affection suddenly to find uniting you to another! So, Cheer O! when sometimes you're feeling down! There may be many golden links like that, which you've never dreamt of.'

The Feast of the Crucifix: An Augustinian Legend, drawn out of the Latin into English by Gertrude Robinson (Oxford: Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). It is beautifully printed, and it is itself beautiful. Read it at home, in the school, or in church, and leave the children to think about it. The translator found it in a Manuscript in the British Museum (Additional, 15833). The Manuscript came from the Augustinian Monastery of Waldhausen in Upper Austria.

The question whether Virgil was a prophet and prophesied of Christ is again discussed, and that very ably, by the Rev. Thomas Fletcher Royds, B.D., in *Virgil and Isaiah* (Oxford: Blackwell; 5s. net). What is the answer? The answer is that Virgil was a prophet and did prophesy of Christ. But we must not be too rigid in our interpretation of a prophet, any more than of a poet. Poetry, said Tennyson, is 'like shot silk with many glancing colours. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet.' So with prophecy. Virgil prophesied of a divine child;

the child (Mr. Royds believes) proved to be a girl, the infamous Julia, daughter of Augustus. Yet he let the prophecy stand. For it had in it a message of righteousness and peace, of a King and a Kingdom, possibly even of a Messiah, if Virgil had read Isaiah, as he might have done. Mr. Royds discusses the whole question with never-failing interest. At the end he prints the Fourth Eclogue with two translations—one in hexameters, the other in Biblical English.

Davidson's Job, so long familiar, is now (for the Revised Version) to be Davidson and Lanchester's Job. The Rev. H. C. O. Lanchester, M.A., has edited the book for the Revised Version Edition of the Cambridge Bible. The title is still *The Book of Job* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 4s. 6d. net). As much as possible of Davidson is left, but Mr. Lanchester has brought the whole book up to date.

There are many millenarian books, pre- and post-, coming out just now; let us see what they respectively signify? What is pre- and what is post-millenarianism? Professor Shirley Jackson Case of the University of Chicago gives a short and sufficient explanation in his book on *The Millennial Hope* (Cambridge University Press; \$1.25 net).

'Some of the programs offered by present-day millennialists for the solution of the modern world's ills have been worked out in great detail. This is more particularly true of the premillennialists than of the postmillennialists. The latter do not look for early relief through the sudden coming of Christ. On the contrary, they expect a gradual and increasing success of Christianity in the present world until ideal conditions are finally realized. Then will follow the millennium. At its close a brief period of apostasy will set in, when Christians will engage in fierce conflict with evil powers which have been liberated for a short time before their ultimate destruction. After the brief period of final tribulation is past, Christ will come in glory, a general resurrection will occur, judgment will be enacted, the old world will be destroyed by fire, the wicked will be consigned to torment, and the righteous will enter upon an eternal life of bliss.'

'The premillennialists, on the other hand, expect a much earlier return of Christ, and deny all

possibility of a gradual process of betterment as the millennium approaches. The details of their program in the form most widely current at present are as follows. The present world is rapidly growing worse as the catastrophic end approaches. In the meantime the function of the Church is to prepare a group of saints for membership in the new kingdom of Christ later to be revealed. But not all members of the visible Church are to be saved. The true Church is a mystical body of Christ, a select company within Christendom. The task of the Church in the present world is to be a witness especially to the doctrine of Christ's return. When this work of witnessing is completed, or at an earlier date if God so decrees, the true Church will be removed from the world. God alone knows precisely when this change will take place, but premillennialists find ample evidence in the Scripture and in the contemporary world to convince them that the end is imminent. It may occur to-day or to-morrow, and it certainly will occur very shortly.'

Is all this nonsense? Far from it. Professor Case's whole book is written to show that millenarianism in some form was for centuries a Jewish, and has been since Christ came a Christian, belief. We laugh at the misinterpretation of Scripture which the pre-millenarian indulges in, and he gives us occasion to laugh. But if we say that Scripture is always to be interpreted without reference to a Second Coming of Christ and the circumstances attending it, the millenarian will have occasion to laugh at us. Professor Case wisely insists upon giving words like, 'You shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power and coming with the clouds of heaven,' their proper apocalyptic meaning.

The eighth Warton Lecture on English poetry was delivered before the British Academy by Professor Hugh Walker, LL.D. Its subject was *The Revelation of England through her Poetry* (Oxford University Press; 1s. net).

The question is this: England—Professor Walker tells us that he uses the word in its narrowest sense, not including even Wales—England is a practical nation, its enemies call it a nation of shopkeepers; how, then, has it produced so many great poets, among them the greatest poet of all time? The answer is that if practical means prosaic then England is not

practical. But England may be practical and yet not prosaic. 'That sagacity which chooses the best course, though it may be unable to explain itself, rests in the last resort upon the imagination and is akin to that which gives birth to poetry.'

In his British Academy address on *Cosmic Law in Ancient Thought* (Milford; 1s. net), Dr. T. W. Rhys-Davids discusses Animism and Normalism. We know what Animism is, what is Normalism? He says: 'In the course of my ten years' lectures on Comparative Religion I came across quite a number of early religious beliefs and practices which by no stretch of ingenuity could be brought under Animism. They were not explained in the books, and could not be explained, by the theory of a detachable soul. I found myself forced to the conclusion that we must seek for at least one additional hypothesis, as far-reaching as Animism, and altogether different from it, before we could explain all the facts. I say "at least one," for it seemed at first that more than one would be required. But though the number of non-Animistic beliefs was very great, it was found possible to arrange them in more or less overlapping groups; and behind all the groups can be discerned, I venture to think, one single underlying principle. That principle is the belief in a certain rule, order, law. We must invent a name for it—a name that does not imply or suggest a law-giver, and that does not suffer from the disadvantage of being still in common use, and liable therefore to have vague and modern connotations wrapt up in it. Such a word is Normalism, with its convenient adjective Normalistic. To it we can attach a specific, scientifically exact, meaning.'

There are those who will read anything that is written about Palestine, so much to them is the 'least of all lands.' There are those who need to be encouraged to read by lively description and dramatic incident. Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall writes for the second class. He spent the years from 1894 to 1896 in Palestine and Syria and made a point of coming into the most intimate relations possible with the common people. He had nothing else to do. Then when he set out to write his book he resolved to lose none of the picturesqueness or peculiarity of that land and people, and wrote it in chapters of adventure. He

calls the book *Oriental Encounters* (Collins; 6s. net). The conversations are all given in *oratio recta*. That is the author's way. He does not wish us to believe that he wrote shorthand rapidly and had his notebook always ready. He has chosen this method in order to render the atmosphere correctly. And as he seems to possess the necessary ability rather markedly, the reader will make no objection. For it is a method of writing which furnishes each chapter with a separate and thrilling adventure.

Messrs. Constable have done wisely to re-issue the Ingersoll Lectures on Immortality in the midst of the war and at a very cheap price. The volume to hand is *Science and Immortality*, by Professor William Osler, F.R.S. (7d. net). At the same price they publish *A Way of Life*, by the same author.

It may be doubted if any body of men have been so sorely tried, stirred to the depths, by the war as have been the members of the Society of Friends. And one result is the intellectual and emotional weight of every pamphlet they publish. Papers prepared for Meetings of the Committee on War and the Social Order have been issued in one convenient volume with the title *The Next Step in Social and Industrial Reconstruction* (Headley; 1s. net). They are worth studying. They are worth the weighing of every word.

In *Wayfarings* (Headley; 6s. net) is found the autobiography of William J. Jupp. The author does not use the first person, he uses the third, but there is no doubt from the beginning that it is an autobiography; and the confession is made at the end. It is, however, the history of his mind. He calls it 'A Record of Adventure and Liberation in the Life of the Spirit.'

After a few years in business, Mr. Jupp entered a theological college connected with Congregationalism, and was called to a large church (he names no places and gives no dates). But the creed of Congregationalism was too strait for him. He went to London and preached as he could in a small suburban church. Those who were dissatisfied with his doctrine left, others came. Then he gave up preaching altogether. At last 'deliverance came' through Nature. The sentence that brought rest was this: 'The Universe must

needs care for all its creatures.' He explains it in this way: 'That the Universe must somehow care and provide for whatever it brings into being, that the Creative Spirit of Life must be continually present and effective in all forms of its activity, in all creatures through which it lives and has its being—such was the import of the vision granted him in that favoured hour. And this conception, once vividly apprehended thus, would at times seem to him almost a truism, or at most just an obvious and inevitable inference from a recognition of the organic unity of Nature. And to this unity science and philosophy, poetry and religion, reason and love alike, though in different ways, bore witness—a unity from which no particle of matter, no throb of conscious life, could be severed. And thus the law or living spirit of the whole became the all-encompassing Presence wherein everything was included and secure.'

His first teacher was Nature. Then came Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman, and, a little behind, Edward Carpenter. Mr. Jupp was one of the band who founded that Society which afterwards divided into the Fabian Society and the New Fellowship.

A very short and very reliable description of *Religion in Ancient Egypt* has been written by the Rev. Duncan H. Brodie, M.A., B.D., and published by Messrs. Kibble & Company, 18 Berners Street (6d.).

The Coming Dawn, by Theodora Thompson (Lane; 5s. net), is a highly attractive anthology of prose and poetry about the war, and attractively has the publisher prepared the volume. The compiler has a purpose. It is to encourage us, to encourage the whole Empire, to hold on steadfastly till we win through. For this purpose the choice is a great success. Who would have guessed that so many men had written about the war? Who would have believed that they could all have written so encouragingly? We take one utterance, Mr. R. J. Campbell expresses well his thought and quotes appropriately from poetry.

'When people speak of religion as imperilled by the war they know not what they say; the very central principle of Christianity is that which the war with all its horrors has forced us to lift our faces from the flesh-pots and visualise afresh—

namely, that life is only gained in proportion as it is laid down at the call of the higher-than-self.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And the millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some of us call it duty,
And others call it God.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

What has the war done for Family Worship? It has done something. But always there is the difficulty of extempore prayer. Sir Joseph P. Maclay, Bart., has resolved to meet it, and has edited a Book of Morning and Evening Prayers for a month of days, calling it *The Starting Place of the Day* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net). 'These prayers have been written by prominent Christian workers in different parts of the country, and they express the desires of sincere and devout worshippers.' At the end of the book there are suggestions for Bible Readings for a year.

Messrs. Pickering & Inglis of Glasgow have published a new and cheap edition of A. E. Glover's book, *A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China* (2s. 6d. net). It is the ninth edition, and signifies a sale that is not far short of twenty thousand copies.

Mr. Henry Frederick Cope, General Secretary of the Religious Education Association, holds that the Church is attempting too many things and doing no one thing well. And yet in his book on *Religious Education in the Church* (Scribners; \$1.25 net), he expects the Church to undertake the whole round of religious education. What does it demand? It demands six separate things, and every one of the six a big thing: First, trained competent leadership (in colleges, graduate schools, theological seminaries, and the like); next, a local body, board, or committee in each local church for the promotion and general oversight of the educational work; third, provision in the church budget for sufficient funds; fourth, suitable equipment; fifth, 'a programme of instruction and training which is designed for the purpose of growing religious persons and developing them

into a religious society, and which is determined as to its parts and methods by the needs and abilities of these persons at the different stages of their development'; and sixth, 'provision for the enlistment and preparation of the working forces for religious education.' Mr. Cope calls this 'a normal programme.'

Of things by the way in the book one is excellent direction to the preacher how to be a teacher in the pulpit.

Prebendary Denison has written a Foreword to a book by the Rev. W. I. Phillips, M.A., called *The Septuagint Fallacy* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The Foreword is a fairly fierce onslaught upon 'German criticism.' The particular point, however, is not particularly German: English scholars have been as guilty as German (if it is guilt) of giving the Septuagint a hearing in the determination of the true text of the Old Testament. The late Professor Swete of Cambridge is not happily classed as a German critic. Never mind. This is the other side, and there is a good deal to say for it.

The S.P.C.K. continues to publish the Reports of the Archbishops' Committee of Inquiry (each 6d. net). The latest are on *The Administrative Reform of the Church*, *The Missionary Work of the Church*, and *The Worship of the Church*.

Let us increase our knowledge and widen our sympathy by reading Dr. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson's book on *French Catholics in the Nineteenth Century* (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net). Their names are little more than names to many of us—Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Louis Veuillot, Gratry, Emile Ollivier, D'Hulst, Duchesne, Loisy. The last is perhaps the best known, so modern are we and so sensational. Dr. Sparrow-Simpson is no partisan, but he is distinctly antagonistic to authority when it encroaches beyond the sphere of faith and morals. The book has the merits of good history and good biography, both in manifest excellence. But Dr. Sparrow-Simpson had a higher aim than to write a readable book. He had felt the Pauline 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' and he knows that there are many ways of escaping that Woe. This is one—to teach charity by means of history and biography.

The first volume has been issued of *Industrial Peace* (St. Catherine Press, Stamford Street; 6s. net). A fine handsome volume it is in its cream buckram and crimson label. It contains the issues of the magazine of that title from September 1917 to February 1918. What is the purpose? It is to arrest the strife between labour and capital before

it begins, or end it where it has already begun. Is it favourable to capital or to labour? It is as fair as fair can be. Assuredly the workman has his say in it. There is ample knowledge of his needs and a most sincere sympathy with them. But there is no belief in the methods used by many to gain their legitimate ends; there is no belief in the war of class against class. And to all syndicalists and the like there is open and determined antagonism.

Every movement in the struggle between master and man is watched, and the points of it are noted. This alone makes *Industrial Peace* almost a necessity. And there is hope and faith as well as up-to-date knowledge.

Mr. Stockwell has published a volume of *Prayers for the Sanctuary* (4s. net). The author is unnamed. Everyday language, short sentences, reverence, general interests—those are the marks. There are fifty-five prayers, of about two pages each. At the beginning of the book there is a list of 'Appropriate Readings from Old and New Testaments.'

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are in good time with their Christmas books. But Mr. Harry Golding's book of *Verses for Children* (6s. net) is great enough and good enough for all occasions—birthdays, prize-givings, and all else. The coloured plates, forty-eight in number, by Margaret W. Tarrant, are almost too beautiful to be possible in this drab world—but of course it is the children that are painted. The verses are gathered from everywhere and everybody. Sometimes the author's name is at the end, sometimes not. Who wrote this?

If I were an apple
And grew on a tree,
I think I'd drop down
On a nice boy like me.

I wouldn't stay there,
Giving nobody joy;
I'd fall down at once
And say, 'Eat me, my boy!'

We know who wrote this—but notice the correct wording of it:

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, nor dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

The Re-discovery of the Psalms.

BY THE REV. A. R. HOWELL, M.A., KINCARDINE-IN-MENTEITH.

I.

Why they appeal to us.

A Scots Chaplain, writing home the other day from the front, said, 'Oh the Psalms! What a comfort and stay they were through all that time . . . I got my message new from them for the men.' It is not only those in the battle-line who are re-discovering the Psalms to-day. We are all doing so. The old familiar utterances seem to have a new meaning for the times in which we are living. The tragic circumstances of the great war have given them a new significance and appropriateness. More than any other book in the Bible the Psalms are associated in Christian biography and history with times of national crisis and strain. The Reformers in the sixteenth century in the great contest they waged for civil and religious liberty; the Huguenots in France amidst persecution and conflict; the Covenanters in their stern and grim struggle against cruel oppression, found in the Psalms comfort and strength. Many a stirring battle-cry has been taken direct from some familiar verse of the Hebrew Psalter. 'The Lord of Hosts' was the watchword of Cromwell's Ironsides. 'Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered' was his own exclamation in the hour of the fight, and when victory was won it was in the words of the 117th Psalm that it was celebrated. And so with many others in like circumstances. 'The Psalter,' says Dean Stanley, 'by its manifold applications in after times is a vast palimpsest, written over and over again, illuminated, illustrated by every conceivable incident and emotion of men and nations.' True as this is in every variety of experience, it is specially true in time of war.

I.

SONGS OF BATTLE.

That it should be so is not strange when we note to what a large extent the Psalms are Songs of Battle called forth by conditions of individual or national peril, written 'within sound of the guns,' as we would put it, amid circumstances of fierce and sanguinary conflict. War is a great inspirer

of poetry. With appalling suddenness and force it brings us face to face with the elemental things and so touches the great deeps of human nature. The present European war has already called forth some fine poetry, and the wars of the Hebrew race produced many of the sublimest of the Psalms. We have become so accustomed to spiritualize the words of Scripture that we are apt to forget the real historical facts for which they stood when they were written. The Psalmist's enemies were very real and formidable in a literal sense. His struggles were not all, or mainly, spiritual ones, but actual and grim conflicts with a cruel and powerful foe. His cries for deliverance were dictated not merely by the sense of his sinfulness, but by close and pressing physical danger. When we ourselves learn what war is, when we have tasted the joy of battle and know the suspense and anxiety that are so sadly inevitable for the watchers of the conflict, the Psalmist's words seem to have been specially written for our case, so fittingly do they voice the disturbed emotions of our hearts.

II.

SONGS OF THE NATION.

Moreover, if such were the conditions in which many of the Psalms were produced, it follows that they should be also Songs of the Nation. The sacred writers speak often from a national rather than from a personal point of view. Of course the personal, individual note in the book is obvious and distinctive. In many cases it is unmistakably an individual heart that is speaking with God of its own personal burdens and hopes and fears. And just because religion is primarily an individual thing, affecting the relationship to God of each soul singly and separately, this element in the Psalms is, doubtless, the one that is most familiar and cherished. We have all our own feelings at this time when, in John Bright's noble language, 'The angel of death is abroad in the land: we can almost hear the beating of his wings.' The

war is bringing an individual burden of anxiety or loss to most, and it is to the personal Psalms that we naturally turn for comfort. But the war has brought to all of us, also a *corporate* sense not sufficiently realized, perhaps, in times of peace. We are feeling, of necessity, our part and lot in the nation. In face of a common danger, a common sorrow, a common appeal and responsibility, our patriotism is stirred as it has not been in our history since the protracted menace of Napoleon. The Psalms strike the corporate note. Trustworthy students of the Hebrew Scriptures demonstrate to us that in many of the Psalms the writer really identifies himself with the nation. His experiences, his dangers, his distress, his confidence in God, his cries of penitence and of appeal are not merely his own but, in the writer's intention, those of God's chosen people, the 'poor and afflicted' community of Israel. We recognize in these Psalms, therefore, mighty songs of the nation and incomparable hymns of Empire.

III.

SONGS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

With this national character the Psalms have obviously an additional value as Songs of Religious Experience. What a long period of history they cover. It is estimated that from the time of David, 'the sweet singer of Israel,' whose own poetry gave his royal name to the whole collection, to the time when the last Psalm must have been included, a period of five hundred years had elapsed. Comparing it with our own history, almost all that is of worth in our own 'Island story'

has happened within five hundred years. The Psalter thus expresses the soul of the Hebrew people. Here, as we know, is not one voice only. The Book of Psalms is the great anthology of Hebrew verse. The writers speak from many different points of view and in many different epochs of the nation's history, yet, through all, there is a common witness, and a common faith and devotion. What a reflexion of the national beliefs and aspirations, times of depression and of exultation, of misgiving and of hope, of penitence and of trust is thus given us. What a storehouse of religious conviction is here to draw upon. When we come across a confession of faith like 'Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,' we feel it is not the rhapsody merely of some pious but solitary singer, but that it has behind it the life-history of a people, that it is a truth tried and tested by long years of vicissitude and trial, and wrung out of centuries of faith and experience, and, therefore, valid for all time. Remembering, then, these facts, the circumstances of strife that produced many of the Psalms, the national significance they possess, the corporate spiritual testimony they yield, we can understand better why they so strongly appeal to us to-day. They have the note of reality. They are the utterances of men who knew the art and the terrors of war. And they are the finest expressions in all literature of religious patriotism. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.'

In a second paper we shall see what are some of the special teachings of the Psalms that seem to be coming fresh to our hearts to-day with the sense of a new discovery.

Contributions and Comments.

A Text Illustrated.

ST. MATT. x. 28-33.

THE message we need to-day is one of courage and constancy—the message in our Lord's words, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell,' followed by His comforting words of the Father's care for the sparrow accidentally killed, and the

appeal to be steadfast in our Christian confession in any emergency.

Two illustrations from modern fiction have recently come to me. In *A Lame Dog's Diary* (S. Macnaughtan) occur the words: 'Thinking of the Covenanters as they pass slowly before one to the sighing of the pipes, one wonders if it is possible to punish by death the man who is content to die.'

The other is in *The Wild Geese* (Stanley

Weyman): "I cannot go," the Colonel answered, as gently as before.

"And why?" the man returned.

"Because," the Colonel answered, "I am in my duty here, my friends. And *the man who is in his duty can suffer nothing.*"

"He can die," the man replied, breathing hard.

"But he seemed unmoved. "That," he replied cheerfully, "is nothing. *To die is but an accident. Who dies in his duty suffers no harm.*"

I have shortened the last passage somewhat, and the italics of both are mine.

GEORGE CHRISTIE.

St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh.

The Faith of Nathanael.

THE story of Nathanael, given in Jn 1⁴³⁻⁵¹, can hardly fail on first consideration to occasion surprise and doubt in the reader's mind. It is hard to believe that one who was so prejudiced against the very name of Nazareth could be brought so quickly, and with so little apparent reason, to believe and confess that Jesus was the Son of God and the King of Israel. After making all allowance for the fact that the former of these titles may not have had in Nathanael's mind all the meaning that it afterwards came to have for him and for us, there is still so much that is strange that we either reject the story as improbable, or regard it as one of the most obvious of those misplacements of which there seem to be several in this Gospel.

Yet there is a way in which we may read the story, and find it not so improbable after all. Nathanael was evidently one of the best of the religious Jews of his day. His religious life did not express itself in ostentatious prayers and trumpeted almsgiving, but in the habit of prayer and meditation in the secret place. Such was his employment when Philip found him under the fig-tree in his garden. There he was probably reading the story of his ancestor Jacob, his meanness and trickery whereby he wronged and robbed his brother and deceived his father, and had to flee in fear and shame from his home. So his mind would be led to think of the same sins that so sadly marred the life of even the professedly religious men of his own day, and he would long

and pray for the coming of Him who was to 'deliver Israel out of all his troubles.'

Just then Philip burst in upon him, saying, 'We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth.' It says much for Philip's influence that his friend was willing to lay aside his prejudice and to 'come and see.' We can imagine the surprise of Nathanael when, on approaching Jesus, he heard Him say, 'See, here is a son of Jacob, but with none of Jacob's deceit in him.' 'Whence knowest thou me?' exclaims the astonished Nathanael. Not that he accepted Jesus's high estimate of him, for the sincere soul is ever 'conscious most of wrong within,' but he saw that this strange man of Nazareth must have been reading his thoughts. And this impression was made more sure when he heard Him further say, 'When thou wast under the fig-tree, before that Philip called thee, I saw thee.' It was this that led Nathanael, with that ready faith which the sincere soul most easily conceives, to say, 'Thou art the Son of God; thou art King of Israel.'

Then Jesus, willing, as always, to confirm the faith that confesses, said, with further reference to His reading and His thoughts on Jacob's story, 'Verily, verily ye shall see the true (Jacob's) ladder, which brings God near to men, even to sinful men, and binds him to them with covenant promises (Gn 28); ye shall see the Son of man, and the angels of God ascending and descending on him.'

Thus we have only to suppose that Nathanael had been reading that part of the story of Jacob to which Jesus makes such obvious references to find cause for Nathanael's sudden change from scepticism to faith. This strange, intimate knowledge of 'what was in man,' about which John so often remarks, was, we know, most impressive and convincing, so that His disciples are represented as saying to him, 'We know that thou knowest all things: *by this we believe that thou camest forth from God.*'

And it was Nathanael's guileless mind that first believed that such knowledge belonged only to 'the Son of God, the King of Israel.'

GEORGE C. WALKER.

Dilkusna, Lucknow, India.

Ephesians i. 6.

DOES *χαρίτω* here refer to position or condition, to standing or supply? Some, as the A.V., take the former, while others, including most modern versions and commentators, favour the latter, as in Lk 1²⁸. It may be useful to compare various versions of these words:

A.V.—Wherein He has made us accepted.

R.V.—Which He freely bestowed on us.

Lloyd.—Which He bestowed graciously on us.

Fenton.—His glorious gift which He presented to us from love.

Twentieth Century New Testament.—His loving-kindness which He gave us.

Weymouth.—His grace with which He has enriched us.

Moffatt.—His glorious grace bestowed on us.

Ellicott.—In which He imparted His grace to us.

Eadie.—The grace with which He has graced us (liberally conferred on us).

Westcott.—Wherewith He highly favoured us.

Armitage Robinson.—Which He hath freely bestowed on us.

Findlay.—Treated us with grace.

Scott Lidgett.—Freely bestowed on us.

J. N. Darby.—Taken us into favour.

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Toronto.

Leviticus v. 1.

‘If a soul sin, and hear the voice of swearing, and is a witness, whether he hath seen or known of it; if he do not utter it, then he shall bear his iniquity’ (A.V.).

The first part of this verse, now quoted from the A.V., obviously labours under a certain obscurity which prevents the reader from forming a clear conception of the whole enactment; nor is much improvement effected by the R.V., which, probably following a French translation, renders the perplexing portion thus: ‘If any one sin, in that he heareth the voice of adjuration, he being a witness.’ . . . Let it be at once observed that the main difficulty lies with the opening verb ‘sin.’ The last part of the verse plainly shows that the guilt of the offender was incurred when he

neglected to inform the judicial authorities of evil plottings which he had overheard, or wicked deeds which he had seen committed by others; the ‘sin’ supposed to have been previously committed by himself, however, is incomprehensibly passed over, and attention is fixed solely on his failure to report sin committed by others.

The venerable Septuagint by its rendering (*ἐὰν ψυχὴ ἁμαρτή, καὶ ἀκούσῃ φωνὴν ὀρκισμοῦ, καὶ οὗτος μάρτυς . . .*), as well as the Vulgate and later versions, simply confirms the received Hebrew and compels us to examine this carefully, in the hope of discovering there a more probable reading. By changing a single consonant (putting כ instead of ט) in the misleading form *הַטָּט*, and attaching appropriate vocalization, so that the meaning may become the resemblant *הַטָּה* (Niphal of *הָטָה*), we are enabled to render the opening clause, ‘Whenever a person is concealed’ (among trees, Gn 3^{8, 10}; or in a cave, Jos 10^{16, 17, 27}; or in the room of a house, Jos 6^{17, 25}, 2 K 11³, 2 Ch 18²⁴). One in such a hiding-place might involuntarily overhear nefarious plottings, or even see crimes actually committed; but lest he should shrink from the performance of a painful duty, partly perhaps wishing to avoid the odium of being counted a spy, this enactment sternly points out that he would rather incur guilt himself if he refrained from telling the proper authorities.

A further emendation of the Massoretic Text seems to be required. As the expression *וְהָיָה קוֹל* (A.V. ‘the voice of swearing,’ R.V. ‘the voice of adjuration,’ Vulg. *vocem jurantis*) presents too mild and too restricted a meaning to suit the context—for this refers not merely to language overheard but also to evil deeds committed—one may confidently venture to substitute the resemblant *כָּל עוֹלָה* (‘any kind of iniquity’; cf. Lv 19²³, Nu 35²² etc.), which more fully and clearly brings out what is doubtless the sense of the whole enactment, thus:

‘Whenever any person is concealed, and overhears any kind of iniquity, he being a witness—whether he has seen, or knows [by hearing]—if he does not inform, then he shall bear his iniquity.’

JAMES KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

'The Sure Mercies of David.'

WITH reference to the note by Mr. Glynne on this phrase in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for June, it is well to study the words used in the Hebrew, **חַסְדֵּי דָוִד הַנֶּאֱמָנִים**. **חַסְדֵּי** is, of course, the construct form of **חַסְדִּים**, the plural of the word **חַסֵּד**. In THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for October 1915, the writer had an article on this word which is expressed in the English Bible by various words, especially by 'mercy' and 'loving-kindness.' He argued that the main idea might be expressed by 'covenant loyalty,' as fidelity to a covenant rather than mercy was in view.

In later Hebrew it certainly meant 'loving-kindness,' as in the common phrase **בְּמִלֵּיחַ חַסְדִּים**. This may be translated 'the practice of charity,' or 'the bestowal of loving-kindnesses.' According to the Mishnah (Peah, 1¹) this is one of the things the fruits of which a man enjoys in this world, and in another Mishnah tract (Aboth, 1²) we read that it is one of the three things on which the world stands.

We can easily see how a word that was used to express 'fidelity,' or 'covenant-loyalty' came to have the meaning 'loving-kindness,' for God in His faithfulness to the covenant would often show 'loving-kindness' to His people Israel. But a strong case can be made out for the view that, whatever be the meaning of **חַסֵּד** in the Talmud, it is better to take it as expressing 'covenant loyalty' in the Hebrew Bible (see EXPOSITORY TIMES for October 1915).

From this point of view the phrase at the end of Is 55⁸ presents little difficulty. It defines the nature of the covenant God desires to make with those to whom the words are addressed. We may translate: 'Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and let your soul live; and let me make with you an everlasting covenant'; and then follow the words we are considering.

We turn to the well-known passage 2 S 7. There we have a statement of the covenant with David. That may be called 'an everlasting covenant.' According to it, the throne of David was to be for ever (vv. 13, 16), his house and his kingdom were to be for ever (v. 16). He has the promise that the **חַסֵּד** of God would not depart from him. We may read along with this chapter the 89th Psalm, which begins with the words, 'I shall sing

of **חַסְדֵּי יְהוָה** for ever'; and it is well to take 'for ever' as referring to **חַסְדֵּי יְהוָה**. They are everlasting. Several verses in this psalm make it clear that there is a reference to the covenant with David, 'the everlasting covenant' with David.

We take it, then, that in Is 55 the people are made to look back to the old covenant with David. The phrase which is translated 'the sure mercies of David' is an expansion and explanation of the preceding phrase 'an everlasting covenant.' That covenant with David was firm, lasting. And the covenant to be made would be as firm and lasting.

We may compare here the phrase translated 'the sure mercies of David' with Ps 89²⁸: 'My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.' The word for 'mercy' here is **חַסֵּד**, and the word translated 'stand fast' is the same as the word for 'sure' in Is 55⁸. In Ps 89 it is **חַסֵּד** that is 'everlasting,' and the covenant that is 'sure.' In Is 55 it is the covenant that is 'everlasting,' and **חַסֵּד** that is 'sure.'

We may take it then that the words at the end of Is 55⁸ are practically synonymous with 'everlasting covenant.' The covenant to be made will be as lasting and sure as the covenant with David. The promise of this new covenant has also the promise of a new David. It points to a time when 'they will serve Jahweh their God, and David their king, whom I will raise up unto them' (Jer 30⁹; cf. Hos 3⁵ and Ezk 34²³).

DUNCAN CAMERON.

Edinburgh.

Was Jesus called 'the Panther'?

AN article in a recent number of the *Journal of Theological Studies* (October 1917, 79) has opened this question again. It is not an unimportant one. For it is liable to revival on other grounds than that of the quest of the scholar who would know. Two recent examples of this possibility recur to the memory. Häckel, in his book *Die Welträtsel*, used it to demonstrate the promiscuous birth of Jesus Christ; and Thomas Hardy has done much the same in a poem which has some currency. Professor Loofs so answered the biologist, who had ventured here as elsewhere into regions where he was not at home, that there is no need for a poet to write a protest against the novelist. But it may

be said that certain suggestions and findings on the part of scholars have produced, as it were, the material from which the opprobrious legend of Christ's birth could be made. Laible, for instance, suggests that the name Panther would mean that Jesus had been called 'the son of sensuality.' Or Krauss has derived the name from *πόρνος*. Bleek's finding, that it came from a corruption of *παρθένος*; and Deissmann's discovery, that *Panthera* was a name which had been given to some Roman soldiers (e.g. *C.I.L.* xi. 1421), would then lend just those completing factors to the tessallator's mind, for the structure of the legend of Jesus's birth by a Roman soldier which mediæval Hebrew literature sent through the world. Deissmann, however, found that the inscriptions could tell us more than the above fact: *Pantera* was also one of the names of a Sidonian Jew (*C.I.L.* xiii. 7514). This last fact, viewed in the perspective of the other evidence, has caused the Rev. L. Patterson, who writes the article referred to in the opening sentence, to offer the theory that the name was probably known in Roman Syria. There a Jewish controversialist seized on it because of a likeness to *παρθένος*. A touch or two of the pen, and the Roman legend was shaped.

There is at least likelihood about this view. Still it does not answer the question whether the name had been given to Jesus for any other motive than that of controversy. Was there a Christian use of the name? If so, then another explanation of its rise will have been found.

The *Eclogæ Prophetica* of Eusebius is one of the treasure-houses of early exegesis. In it there is a short chapter on Panther as a name for Jesus Christ (iii. 10; *P.G.* xxii. 1136 f.). His proofs for the subject are Hos 5¹⁴ and 13⁷. It will be remembered that the first of these Hosean passages is also the source of an authentic name for Jesus, the Lion of the House of Judah. The whole verse reads: *διότι ἐγὼ εἶμι ὡς πανθῆρ τῷ Ἐφραΐμ, καὶ ὡς λέων τῷ οἴκῳ Ἰουδα*. Why could not the first phrase yield, as well as the second, a name for Christ? That Eusebius had inherited it is plain

from the trouble he has to explain it. For light he turns to the *Physics* of Didymus. Thence he culls these facts: The panther has a beautiful stellated body and is scented as if by all the sweetness of the Indies. Eusebius knows that the Jews declare 'malignantly and opprobriously' that Jesus was begotten from a panther (*ἐκ πάνθηρος γεγενῆσθαι*). But he affirms that the Lord was called the Panther. Therefore the words of the prophet must be taken mystically (*μυστικώτερον*). This he does, and points out that ineffable sweetness was exhaled by the Logos and Lord. Is Eusebius correct in his meanings for the name? When Cyril of Alexandria comments on the animal in Hosea (*Comm. in Oseam*; *P.G.* lxxi. 157 D-160 A-B), he dwells on his celerity of movement. Moreover, it is notable that Isidore Hispalensis, in his *De Fide Catholica contra Judæos*, a work that is a Latin analogue in value and matter to the Eusebian writing, uses Hos 13¹⁴ as a fundamental for Christ's descent into Hades, and the bringing thence those who were captive to the devil (lii.; *P.L.* lxxxiii. 492 A).¹ Have we not, in these two factors, the ancient connotations of and context for the name? There was need for those early simple minds to be able to represent the splendid swiftness of Christ the Releaser as He broke up the world of death, and they turned to the verse whence they had taken another name to express the power of His conquests. It may also be worth noting that the name Ephraim has been taken by the older exegetes to have meanings of springing fresh life in it, for example Origen, *Comm. in Joannem*, xxviii. 24 (19), and Jerome, *De Nominibus Hebraicis*, (sub *De Num. lib.*): 'Efraim, crescens, sive frugifer. While Augustine, *Enarratio in Ps* 59⁹ related these meanings with Jesus Christ: 'Mea, inquit, fructificatio (= Ephraim) fortitudo est capitis mei. Caput enim meum Christus est.'

VACHER BURCH.

Woodbrooke Settlement.

¹ Compare Origen, *Comm. in Ep. ad Rom.* v. 1; Cyril of Jerusalem, *Catech. Lects.* xiv. 17; Bar Salibi, *Treatise against the Jews*, vii. 3.

Entre Nous.

What say they?

We must be exceedingly practical and forestall criticism by ourselves 'scrapping' whatever has ceased to be useful. There is a certain amount of estranged phraseology, which must go. There is some amount of fossilized belief, which must go. There is a large amount of denominational cult, which must go.¹

Jesus deals very tenderly with the outcasts of every sphere; but He deals with them truthfully. The tax-gatherer is forgiven but he is not white-washed, the harlot is forgiven but her past life is neither ignored nor extenuated, the thief enters Paradise, but he enters not as an honest man but as a repentant thief.²

The bluestocking is as old as mankind. Her original was Eve, the first dabbler in moral philosophy.³

The belief in Original Sin—that was itself Man's original sin.³

The candid incline to surmise of late

That the Christian faith proves false; I find;
For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight:

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart.⁴

The Castigation of the Churches.

The Rev. Nicholai Velimirovic, D.D., whose book on *The Agony of the Church* has been commended by Principal Whyte, says that what the Churches need most sorely (and they all need it) is self-castigation. 'The Christian monks of old used to castigate themselves when a great plague came over the world. They used to consider themselves as the real cause of the plague, and did not accuse anybody else. Well, this extreme

method ought to be used now by the Churches, for the good of mankind and for their own good. It would be quite enough to bring the dawning of a new day for Christianity if this self-castigation of the Churches were only a self-criticism.

'If, for instance, the Eastern Church would say: Although I have preserved faithfully and unchangingly the most ancient traditions of Christianity, still I have many faults and insufficiencies. I have much to learn from the Roman Church, how to bring all my sections, all my national and provincial branches into closer touch; and from Anglicanism I have to learn the wonderful spirit of piety, expressed not only in old times, but even in quite modern times through new prayers, new hymns, new psalms, added to the old ones; and from Protestantism I have to learn the courage to look every day to the very heart of religion in its simplest and most common expressions.

Or, if the Roman Church would use this self-criticism, saying: My concentration is my strength and my weakness. Perhaps, after all, my Pope is more a Caesaristic than a Christian Institution, making more for worldly Imperialism than for the Spirituality of the world. I have to learn from the Christian East more humility, and from Anglicanism more respect for human freedom and social democracy, and from Protestantism a more just appreciation of human efforts and results in science and civilization generally.

'Or, if the Anglican Church would use self-criticism like this, and say, I am, of course, an Apostolic Church, but I am not the only Church. I have to learn from the Eastern Church something, and from the Church of Rome something, but, above all, I have to learn that they are the Apostolic Churches as well as I, and that I am, without them, too small an island, and unable to resist alone the flood of patriotic and imperialistic tendencies. And from the Protestants I have to learn to put the living Christ above all doctrinal statements and liturgical mysteries.

'Or, if the Protestants of all classes would abandon their contemptuous attitude towards so-called ecclesiasticism and ritualism, and criticise themselves, saying: We have had too much confidence in human reason and human words. Our worship is bare of every thing but the poor human

¹ Dr. Arthur Jones in *Problems of To-morrow*.

² Professor J. F. McFadyen in *Jesus and Life*, 92.

³ Edward Moore in *We Moderns*.

⁴ Browning, 'Gold Hair.'

tongue. We have excluded nature from our worship, though nature is purer, more innocent and worthier to come before the face of God than men. We have been frightened by candles and incense, and vestments, and signs, and symbols, and sacraments, but now we see that the mystery of life and of our religion is too deep to be spoken out clearly in words only. And we have been frightened by the episcopal administration of the Church, but now we see that the episcopal system is a golden midway between the papal and our extremes. Besides, we have gone too far in our criticism of the Church tradition and of the Holy Scriptures. We have to learn to abstain from calling the Eastern Church idolatrous and the Roman Church tyrannical, and the Episcopal Church inconsistent. We have our own idolatries (our idols are: individualism, human reason, and the human word); and we have our own tyranny (the tyranny of criticism and pride); and we have—thank God—our own inconsistencies.

‘Such a self-criticism would mean really a painful self-castigation, because it would mean a reaction from a policy of criticism and self-sufficiency which has lasted a thousand years, ever since the 16th July 1054—the very fatal date when the Pope’s delegates put an Excommunication Bull on the altar of St. Sophia’s in Constantinople. The primitive monks, who practised self-castigation because of the world-evil, experienced a wonderful purification of soul, a new vision of God, and an extraordinary sense of unity with all men, living and dead. Well, that is just what the Church needs at present; a purification, a new vision of God, and a sense of unity.’

Originality.

Viscount Morley tells us in his autobiography that one of the three things which led him to unbelief in Christ and Christianity was the discovery that the sayings of Christ were not original. What would he say to that now if he were to read the words of a learned and loyal Jew, Mr. Claude G. Montefiore? The passage will be found in *Liberal Judaism and Hellenism*, p. 93. The words are:

‘It seems to be held by many Jewish writers that if a certain saying in the New Testament can be paralleled by a saying of the same sort in the Old Testament or the Rabbinical Literature, that

the saying may forthwith be neglected. It is no longer original. We have, however, already seen that the greatness and inspiration of a New Testament passage do not depend upon its being wholly unparalleled. They depend upon its position of importance, upon its stress, upon its form and passion, upon its relation to, and its place in, the teaching as a whole, upon its ultimate effect upon the world. Thus the New Testament would not lose in greatness, in importance, or in inspiration, if splitting it atomistically into sentences, you could find for every good sentence a Rabbinic parallel, or if you could prove (which you *very* rarely can) that, in each separate instance, the Rabbinic parallel was earlier than the New Testament sentence. As a matter of fact, so far as the Rabbinic parallels are concerned, they are usually a good deal later. But even if you fish up earlier parallels from the Testaments of the Patriarchs, or if you infer the existence of earlier parallels from the Didascalia, originality in date does not settle the question. Over and above originality in date is originality as regards the world, or the originality of fulness and centrality as against the originality of casual utterance and periphery. ‘You may fish up a few sentences from the Testaments’ or from Philo, and we shall honour the authors and admire the sentences, but the question remains whether the thought of the sentences has entered into the world’s spiritual consciousness through the Testaments or through the Gospels, through Philo or through Paul. And the question remains whether the thought is central and burning in the New Testament, and only incidental and exceptional in the parallels. Luther keeps his place, though he had his precursors; Darwin maintains his position, though there were many adumbrations and anticipations of his theories.’

There is one originality in Jesus which is worth much. It is an originality which should make some appeal to Viscount Morley. Let us hear Mr. Montefiore again: ‘As regards the Israelite enemy there is no command in the Old Testament that he is to be hated. But is there any command that he is to be loved? No, there is not. And I am far from approving those criticisms of modern Jewish writers who, instead of admiring the command, “Thou shalt love thine enemy,” positively depreciate and condemn it. I think that Matthew 5⁴⁴⁻⁴⁸ and Luke 6^{27, 28} are among the noblest specimens of human ethics, among

the finest of human ideals and commands. I still think this, though, when I remember the nationality of the commentators who have most exhausted their vocabulary in exaltation of these Gospel passages and in depreciation of Old Testament teaching, I have painful twinges of hesitation and of doubt. But what *is* the love of enemies? How is it to be shown? I do not suppose that Jesus meant that we are to feel for our enemies the same kind of feeling that we feel for our wives, our children, and our friends. The Jewish critics are doubtless right when they say that to ask for such a feeling would be absurd and undesirable. But, as so often when critics of one religion attack the injunctions and ideals of another, the Jewish critics set up a ninepin in order to knock it down. It is an easy and delightful entertainment, but of dubious utility. Jesus, I am sure, was thinking of something which *is* practicable. And the explanation of the "love" demanded is best given in the simple words: "Do good to them that hate you." And so far as feelings are concerned, we *can* avoid the desire of revenge, we *can* avoid delight when the enemy falls into misfortune.

But to be paid for it!

Miss Jex-Blake was asked to take the post of mathematical tutor at Queen's College. The suggestion gave her great pleasure, and she broached the subject to her parents when she next went home. Though startled, they were on the whole pleased at the honour done her, but things assumed a different aspect when her father realized the conditions on which the tutorship was to be held.

'Dearest, I have only this moment heard that you contemplate being *paid* for the tutorship. It would be quite beneath you, darling, and I *cannot* consent to it. Take the post as one of honour and usefulness, and I shall be glad, and *you will be no loser*, be quite sure. But to be *paid* for the work would be to alter the thing *completely*, and would lower you sadly in the eyes of almost everybody. Do not think about it, dearest, and you will rejoice greatly by and bye with all who love you best.'¹

The Prayer Meeting.

I try to make my prayer-meeting as full of life and humour and common sense as possible—I

¹ *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 67.

took to it a Hebrew MS. one night, and a set of phylacteries another—any poor Christian will tell you what they are—and the people were much pleased.²

'After these things.'

Some Christian Hindu women, among them Ponnamal, whose story is told by Amy Wilson-Carmichael, gave up the wearing of jewels and had much to bear in consequence. Afterwards, 'the women who had braved the storm had made a new discovery: they were no more thereafter mere biscuits in a biscuit-box, cut to correct pattern, fitted in rows, each the duplicate of the other; they had found a new thing, even their individuality; and in finding it they had gained in courage and in character. Things impossible before were now undertaken without a thought; they were free from a thousand trammels that before had entangled their feet with invisible threads. And going deeper, those who for love of the Crucified had counted all things loss and vanity, loved Him now with a new love, rejoiced with a new joy. Is there any limit to what God is prepared to do for the one who loves His Son well enough to meet His lightest wish? "After these things"—renunciation of temporal gain—the word of the Lord came unto Abraham in a vision, saying, "Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." After these things—not dissimilar—the word was the same.'

Note the Date.

In one of his letters home, Captain Ball, V.C., wrote (he was then in camp at Bishop Stortford, and aged 18½ years): 'I am going to work hard. I will stop smoking from to-night. Note the date. I do not intend these for idle words, but at times I shall fail. Then, dear dad, I shall want your advice. God will help and He has done.'

The Church's Task.

It is not often that the politician says something that is good for instruction in righteousness. It is not often enough. But the Prime Minister has accomplished it. He attended the Annual Flower Service of the Welsh Baptist Church at Castle Street, Oxford Street, London, on the 23rd of June, and sat with the minister in the pulpit. After the service there was a discussion, as is the

² *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 97.

way in that Welsh Church. The discussion was on 'The Church and the Future.' Mr. Lloyd George made his contribution. It is reported in *The Times* of the 24th. It deserves preservation. Note the points: (1) Reconstruction to be safe must be in the hands of the Church; (2) there must be preparation; (3) there must be justice for everybody; (4) the spirit must be the spirit of the Book.

'I am very glad to think that the mind of the Churches, of the young people of the Churches, has been devoted to these problems, because I feel that the great problem of the reconstruction of the world is safer if the Churches begin to take charge of it.

'We have suffered in the war, perhaps, through lack of preparation before we entered it. Do not let us make the same mistake in peace. The mistakes we might make through entering on peace without preparation would be even more disastrous than the mistakes you might make by entering into war without preparation. The things that you will do will be more permanent. You will give direction and shape to things, and as the world will be very molten at that moment, it will cool down very quickly, and that shape will remain.

'Whatever you do you must be just, just to everybody. The world has got to be everybody's world. It is not going to be a world of any one class. We have all got to live in it after the war, and it must be fit for everybody to live in. Out of this agony of the world let us see that no deformity is born. Militarism? No. Mammonism? No; nor anarchy either. You have only got to look at what has happened in other lands. The only land to which a form of peace has come is a land which was not ready for the problems of peace. We do not want that here; so let us think of these things, and let us think of them in the atmosphere of Christianity, which means the atmosphere of brotherhood.

'Before this war I fought hard to see fair play for the people from whom I have sprung. Such as I got I only got through fighting. I am going to try another way this time. I believe that hearts have been softened. There is a greater sense of community. People have gone through the fiery furnace together. You all know of the three men who went through the fiery furnace, and if they had to settle accounts when they came out I do not believe that there was any quarrel. They did

it round the same table, they shared fairly, and if they quarrelled, it was long years afterwards. We have all been in the fiery furnace, all classes, the middle classes and the lower classes, if there is such a thing.

'Let us settle every account in the spirit of The Book. Let us try it, and if we fail, if any man stands in the way, then we will have to fight with him. We have not forgotten how to fight, but I do not believe it will be necessary. You cannot have the world as it was. It was a libel on Jesus Christ. It was a shame upon His name. Millions of men have not fought for a world of that kind, and let us, all those who are fortunate, those who have special gifts, those who have the gift of turning things into gold—some men have got it in their finger-tips; it does not matter what they touch, it is gold—all who have these lucky gifts, let us remember that there are other people less fortunate, and deal gently and tenderly, as men who are grateful that God has been good to us, in paying our debt of gratitude by sharing with our brothers. That is the spirit in which we should try to start the new world—as men who have come out of the fiery furnace.'

Sadie.

Sadie's poems remained dear to her throughout life: she knew many of them by heart and repeated them almost on her death-bed; and her copy is worn even more 'threadbare' than are her volumes of Robertson's Sermons. One can imagine the feelings with which, after a keen exciting day's work, she went home to her lonely lodgings, with no 'Alice' looking out for her, to write her report to Dr. Sewall or Miss Du Pre, and to copy in her diary—as she did—the lines:

Up the way that is narrow, the path that is steep,

With no guide for my footsteps, no help for my fear:

Only this—that He knoweth the way that I tread,

And His banner of crimson is over my head.¹

Walter de la Mare.

'Motley,' which gives the title to Mr. de la Mare's new volume, *Motley, and Other Poems*

¹ *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 230.

(Constable; 3s. 6d. net), is found in the middle.
It is the Fool's wonder at the War:

They're all at war!—
Yes, yes, their bodies go
Neath burning sun and icy star
To chaunted songs of woe,
Dragging cold cannon through a mire
Of rain and blood and spouting fire,
The new moon glinting hard on eyes
Wide with insanities!

But it is not a volume of war poems. The poet sees before and after. Much as the present has of advantage, being so present and of such a variety, he struggles with the instinct, 'Let us eat and drink'; for there is another instinct, which with encouragement is the stronger of the two, and in any case lasts the longer. It is the instinct that greets the future with a cheer:

What needest thou?—a few brief hours of rest
Wherein to seek thyself in thine own breast;
A transient silence wherein truth could say
Such was thy constant hope, and this thy way?—
O burden of life that is
A livelong tangle of perplexities.

What seekest thou?—a truce from that thou art;
Some steadfast refuge from a fickle heart;
Still to be thou, and yet no thing of scorn,
To find no stay here, and yet not forlorn?—
O riddle of life that is
An endless war 'twixt contrarities.

Leave this vain questioning. Is not sweet the rose?
Sings not the wild bird ere to rest he goes?
Hath not in miracle brave June returned?
Burns not her beauty as of old it burned?
O foolish one to roam
So far in thine own mind away from home!

Where blooms the flower when her petals fade,
Where sleepeth echo by earth's music made,
Where all things transient to the changeless win,
There waits the peace thy spirit dwelleth in.

Ford Madox Hueffer.

It is very good form at present for poets not to take themselves seriously. But does not Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer go just a little beyond the form? His prefaces are defiances, with a yawn all through them. We are not offended. We know that there is something in him and even in his poetry though he will not himself believe it. But when he describes his heaven and tells us that it is a

materialist's heaven, and 'we shall be all the happier if it is a materialist's heaven'; and when we discover that it is simply Islamic, a harem, though of one:

The thirst, and the long, slow ache,
And to interlace
Lash with lash, lip with lip, limb with limb, and
the fingers of the hand with the hand
And . . .

—We are quite sure that it is time for the poet to stifle his yawn and be the man he is.

No doubt it is realistic. It is none the better for that. No doubt

God is a very clever mechanician; . . .
Nor does God need to be a very great magician
To give to each man after his heart,
Who knows very well what each man has in his
heart:

To let you pass your life in a night club where
they dance,

If that is your idea of heaven; if you will, in the
South of France;

If you will, on the turbulent sea; if you will, in
the peace of the night;

Where you will; how you will;
Or in the long death of a kiss, that may never
pall;

He would be a very little God if He could not
do all this,

And He is still

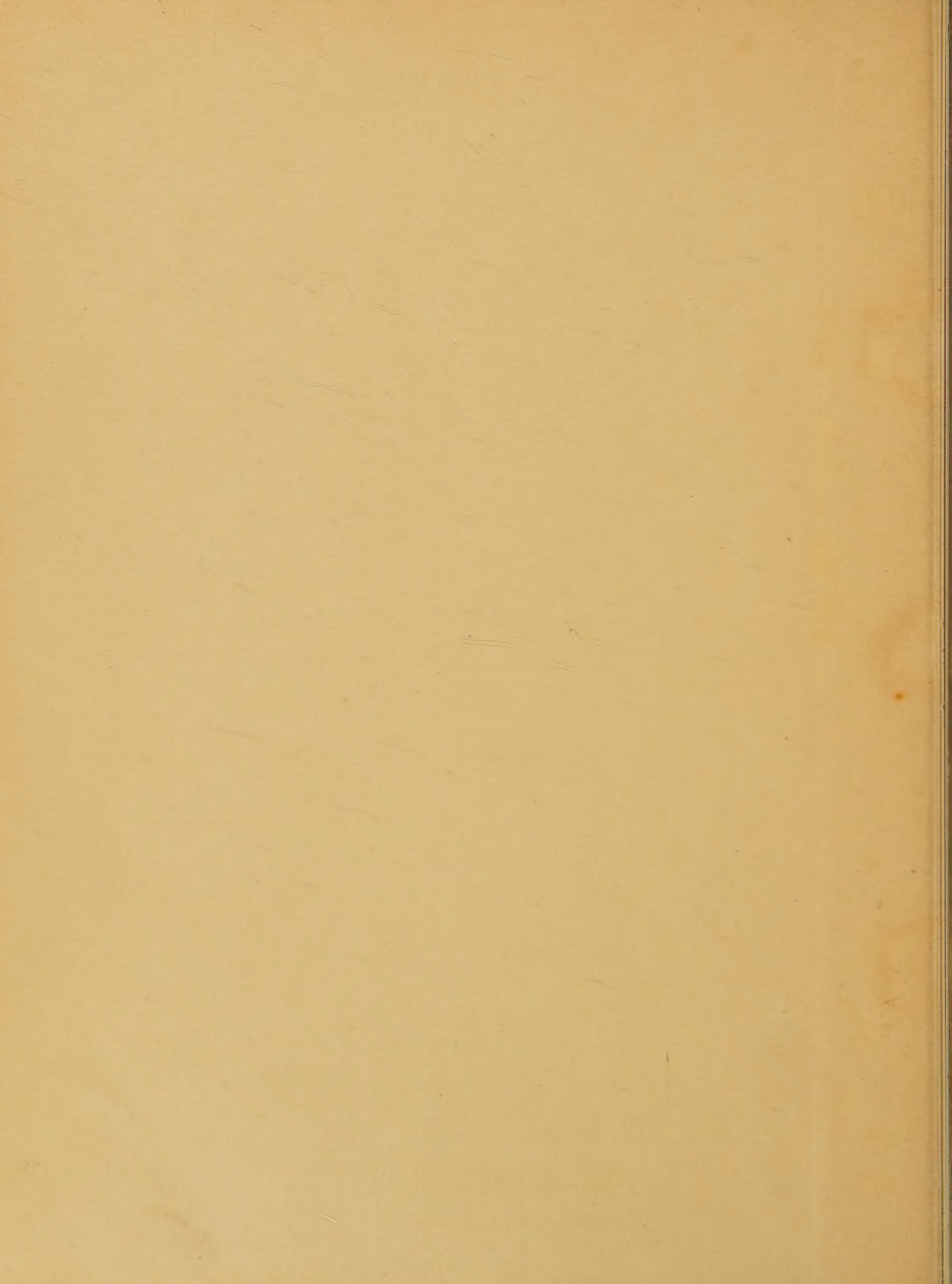
The great God of all.

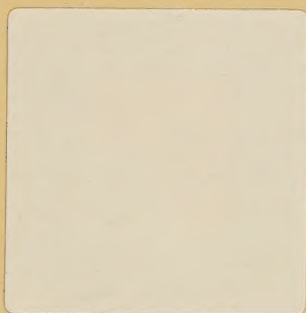
But that is not the signature of greatness.

The volume is called *On Heaven, and Poems written on Active Service* (John Lane; 3s. 6d. net).

The poems written on active service are realistic also, very realistic. And realism is right there. We had better discover what war is and does, whatever the discovery cost us. The whole world had better understand, for the time will come for forgetting, and this one thing must never be forgotten—the naked beastliness of it all. We are learning it. Many poets have helped. One of the most helpful is Ford Madox Hueffer.

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